

Thomas's First Day at School

Thomas was a very curious, eight year old boy. He liked to ask questions. You might think that would be a good thing, but he asked too many questions. Thomas also had a habit of interrupting people.

It was Thomas's first day at school. The first subject was Math. "Today we are going to learn about pie charts," Mr. Jack said. He drew a pie chart on the board. "Alright, here's a problem. Let's say we spent the whole day doing math. How would you draw that on a pie cha-" Thomas raised his hand. "What's your question, Thomas?" asked Mr. Jack.

Mr. Jack was a very impatient teacher. He got angry if someone asked too many questions. He liked it when there were no interruptions delaying him from doing his work.

"If that's a pie, where's the plate?" said Thomas, pointing at the pie chart on the board. "This is different from the pie you eat, Thomas," said the teacher. "I eat blueberry pie. Is this the apple kind?" asked Thomas. "Not different like that!" exclaimed the teacher. "Then what is the difference?" asked Thomas. "The difference is that this is a chart," said the teacher, his voice growing louder. "Where's the chart?" questioned Thomas. "There!" said the teacher, pointing at the pie shape on the board. "But you called that a pie!" said Thomas. "That's the chart al-". Thomas cut off the teacher impatiently. "But then where is the pie?" he asked. "There!" said the teacher pointing at the pie shape. "What? You just said that was the chart. If that's the pie, where's the chart?" said Thomas. "There! The chart is in the shape of a pie. That's why we call it

a *pie chart*,” said the teacher angrily. By then Math time was over and the teacher hadn’t got to any of the problems.

It was at 10:50 a.m. and Thomas and the other students got in a line to go to the gym. “Today we are playing badminton!” said the gym teacher jubilantly.

The gym teacher, unlike Mr. Jack, was very easy going. He didn’t get angry unless you did something utterly annoying or wasted *a lot* of class time. This was still very unlucky for Thomas.

“Why are we going to play this?” asked Thomas.” “What do you mean?” asked the gym teacher. “If it’s *badminton* it must be a *bad* game,” said Thomas. “Well, I think it’s a good game,” said the teacher. “But then why do they call it bad-minton?” asked Thomas inquisitively. “I don’t know. Maybe they didn’t like the game when it was invented,” said the teacher. “Why do people like it now?” asked Thomas. “People’s ideas can change,” said the gym teacher. “Why?” asked Thomas. “They probably added more rules to badminton to make it more interesting,” said the gym teacher. He was a bit annoyed by Thomas’s questions. “Then why didn’t they change the name from bad-minton to good-minton?” asked Thomas. “They probably forgot. Names aren’t that important,” said the gym teacher anxiously, trying his best to end the conversation. “But if names aren’t important how would we know what to play?” asked Thomas. “Alright fine. Names are important. But I don’t know why they call it badminton. But let’s just play and see if the game is really good,” said the gym teacher. So they got started with the game. Everyone loved the game. “The name of this game is very misleading,” Thomas remarked. “I wonder what other games have strange and misleading names.”

It was recess. Thomas found it the easiest part of the day. There wasn't anything that confused him. But that didn't last long. Right after recess was history. Thomas was having a hard time learning the presidents in order. "George Washington, John Adams, Thomas Je-" Thomas raised his hand. "Yes, Thomas?" Mr. Jack said. "I'm not the president." "That's right, Thomas. But I knew that already. So back to where we were. Thomas Je-" Mr. Jack was cut-off by Thomas again. "How many times do I have to tell you I am not the President?" Now Mr. Jack was confused. "And how many times do I have to tell *you* that I know you are not the president. Let me show you his portrait." He showed him a portrait of Thomas Jefferson. "That's a horrible drawing of me! Did you draw that?" asked Thomas. Mr. Jack was boiling with rage. "Go get a timeout!" said the teacher. Thomas walked to the corner of the room and sat down. "Thomas Jefferson, James Madison..." *"My last name isn't Jefferson! And I'm also not the president!"* Thomas thought.

School was over for the day. While walking home, Thomas's mom asked him how school was. Thomas replied "Well, you learn something new every day".

THE- END

Please see poems on following pages

The Zoo

Yesterday, I went to the zoo, most incredible sight to see.
But when I got there, the gate was locked and there wasn't a key.
So I climbed over the gate.
I don't know why they closed it, maybe I was late.
I jumped onto the ground.
I was surprised, I didn't hear a sound.
I thought I would go away,
Then come back the next day.
But I had come so far,
Up those tall metal bars.
I walked over to the lion cage, to see if the lion was there.
But when I saw nothing, I walked away in despair.
I was walking to another cage when I heard a noise,
I looked behind me to see a large tortoise.
I went over to the tortoise and looked at him.
I was surprised when the lights got dim.
I looked up at the lamp to see
A monkey jumping from a lamp to a tree.
Now I was puzzled, what could be causing the matter?
When all of a sudden I heard a loud clatter.
I looked to my right to see a large croc.
Then I looked down to see something on my sock.
I looked more closely to see a baby alligator.
That wasn't a big problem, I would deal with it later.
I quickly ran away.
Now everything was okay.
I realized why nobody had gone to this zoo.
Everybody had left and I wanted to too!

Halloween!

It's Halloween night,
That gives me a fright,
When I sleep, I turn on the light...

Ghosts and goblins roam the street,
Yelling, 'TRICK OR TREAT!'

Orange pumpkins full of light,
Witches, vampires, what a sight!

Frightening hags,
Wearing tattered rags,
Warty chins,
Toothy grins...

It's Halloween night, you're in for a scare,
Go inside a haunted house if you dare!