

Why Is My Teacher Out today?

By
Janett Venegas

Illustrated by
Ignacio G.

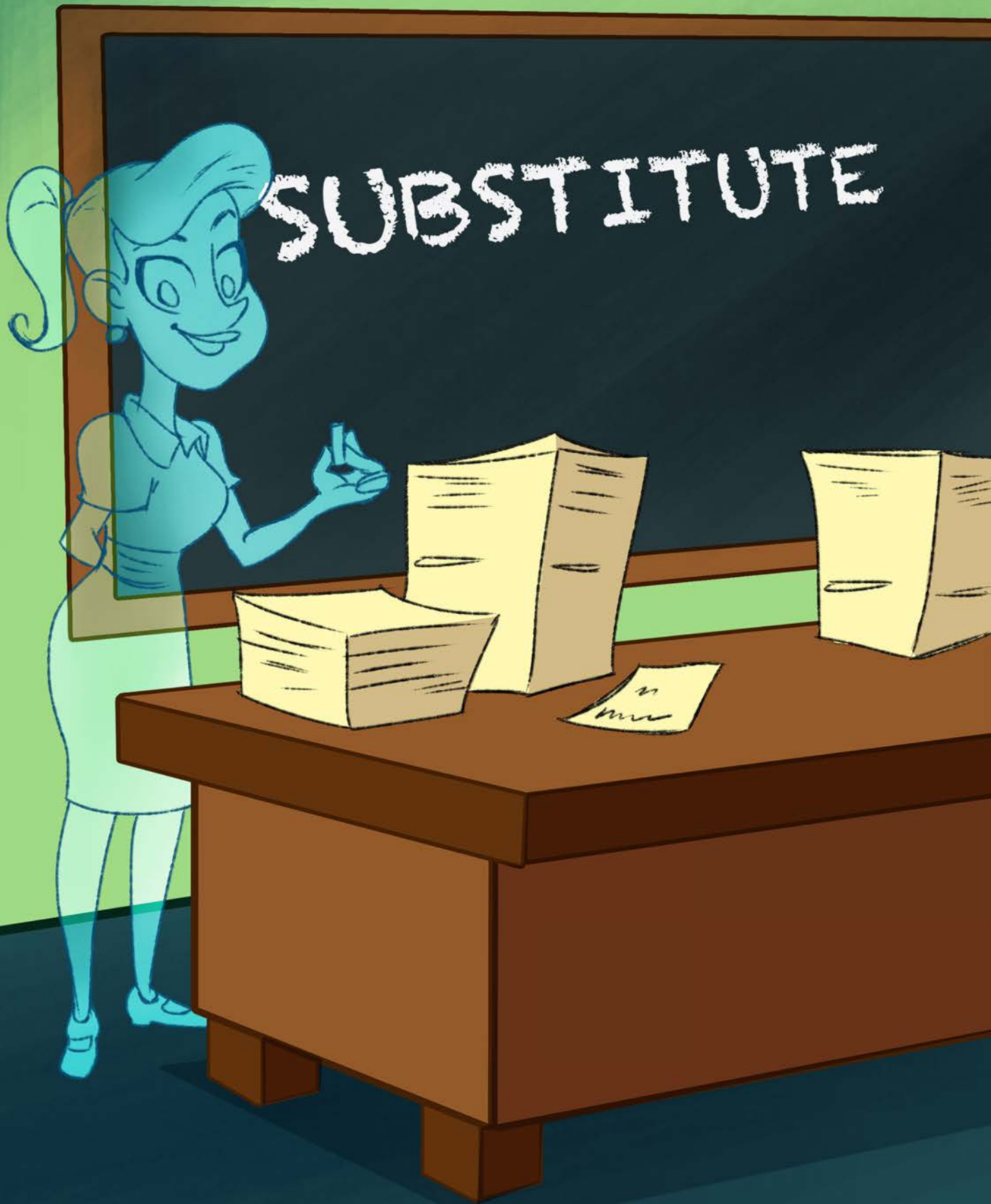


Why is my teacher
out today?

All I can say
is that she's absent,
not here.

We had a different substitute
for every class.





SUBSTITUTE

For First Period Math,
the substitute Mrs. Beauty
was painting her nails
and putting on makeup
for the whole period.




Mrs. Beauty



For Second Period Science,
the substitute Mrs. Text
was texting and playing
on her phone
the entire time.

For Third Period English,
the substitute Mr. Stamp
(who looked an awful lot
like our old mailman)
made us work
on his stamp collection.



Mr. Stamp



For Fourth Period History,
the substitute Mr. Nap
slept for the whole period.
(So for us it was party, party,
texting, playing, having fun.)





For Fifth Period P.E.,
the substitute teacher
Mr. Teeth taught us
the proper way to floss,
since we had lunch
just a little while before.





And now
it's Sixth Period Art,
and the substitute
Ms. Angry
is so furious
she's torturing us
by making us write
an entire book
(B-O-O-K!)
about why we think
our real teacher
is absent.



Ms. Angry



This is awfully,
awfully hard.
So let us get started,
because this is going
to take a while.

It is a lovely,
beautiful day.
(As you the reader
can notice,
I am writing
whatever.)






Possibly, my teacher
got gobbled up
by a giant
prehistoric dragon.

Or maybe
she went to outer space
and got sucked up
by a giant black hole.

Or maybe
she went scuba diving
in the Pacific Ocean
and got eaten
by a shark.






Maybe she went
in a broken time machine
and can't get back
to this modern world.

Or maybe
she got squashed
by a giant
talking squash!

Maybe
she went sky-diving
and landed
in an active volcano.





What if
she got ran over
by the taco truck?






Well, I am
closing down
my assignment.
(Bing-bing-bing-bing)
There goes
the 6th period bell.
Finished!



P.S. The next day,
our real teacher
came back.

During homeroom,
she opened up a closet
filled with disguises
and said,

"I was spying
on you children
all day yesterday.
Ha ha ha ha!"





We all looked
at each other
in astonishment.

THE END





Janett Venegas
(Age 12)