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TEACHERS ARE FUNNY

A Dramatic Reading

by
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Francis' yellow head gleamed gaily above the red sweater that belonged to the little girl in the back seat. The teacher had taken off his rain-soaked blouse and borrowed the sweater for him. He looked at his blouse drying on the radiator, and felt very important. From the radiator his gaze drifted out of the window. It had stopped raining. He could see the grass, all sparkly green, and the leaves that were floating down upon it like little multicolored fairy boats. Perhaps each one had a fairy steering it!

"Francis! You're the only little boy in your row who isn't ready for Miss Lane. Put your paper away quickly, dear."

He looked at his desk. His paper wasn't done at all. She'd notice that, pretty soon, and be sad or cross. It was hard to remember everything, all the time--to finish silly papers by writing the same thing over and over; not to say anything even though you knew the answer, unless it was your turn; and not to look out of the window when you should be working. Teacher was nice, though, and she smiled if you remembered. He put his things away and sat rigid with his hands clenched in the most approved manner.

Miss Lane came in briskly. She was the new singing teacher, and so pretty! Francis smiled at her approvingly, but she didn't seem to notice today. She was biting her lip and frowning a little.

"I hope you are all lovely tall children this morning," she said. "Dominick has a fine straight back! Let's listen for a minute and perhaps we can hear the clock tick."

Francis was much more interested in the jingling bracelets on Miss Lane's arm than in the clock. Teacher came across the room and he heard Miss Lane whisper:

"The Boss is around, and he's on the warpath. He hasn't observed me yet, either. I'm a nervous wreck!"

Francis thrilled with a touch of apprehension. So Miss Lane knew the Boss, too! His father talked about him lots of times, but he never said anything about the Boss being an Indian. No wonder Miss Lane was scared! Indians painted their faces and carried hatchets when they went on the warpath. He'd seen them in the movies.

He watched, absently, while the rest of the class sang up the scale and down the scale. Miss Lane's mouth opened very wide and round when she sang. He wondered if you could see away down to her toes if you were near enough. He leaned forward on his elbow to find out, but just then Miss Lane noticed him.

"Why, Francis! I haven't heard your voice at all this morning. You sang beautifully last week. Stand up and sing for me."

--- END OF FREE PREVIEW ---