

The Cheese Sandwich

When I was twelve years old, I attended an all-boys high school. It was very strict, and the teachers were pretty scary. In my class, all the good students sat in the front rows of the classroom, the normal students sat in the middle rows, and the naughty students sat at the back of the class.

Where do you think I sat?

I sat in the very back row of the class with the naughtiest of the naughtiest students!

One very hot Friday afternoon, it was nearly time to go home.

Everyone in the class just wanted to get out of the classroom and buy a nice, cool slushy. But we couldn't go home yet because our teacher, Mr Grim, had to call the afternoon roll. Mr. Grim. Mr Grim was super scary. He never smiled. He was tall and thin, and he always wore a black suit, a white shirt, and a black tie. He had a nickname. We called him the Undertaker.

Today Mr Grim was reading the roll really slowly ...

Jones.....Here!.....Smithers.....Here!.....Gibbs.....Here!

I was hot and bored...."Oh, hurry up Undertaker" I sighed. I was leaning my chair back against the wall.

On the back wall next to my chair was an old bookcase. As I was sighing, I saw something stuck behind the bookcase. It was black and shiny. I reached behind the bookcase and pulled it out. It was a black plastic bag. It was tied up tightly with a knot. Squeezing the bag with my fingers, I could feel something soft inside. I showed the bag to Mike. "Let's open it" said Mike. So slowly, I untied the knot.

What do you think it was?

I opened the bag. Mike and I peeked slowly inside.

POOOOOF!!

We were hit with a terrible smell explosion ...it was the smell of very, very old cheese.

"Ugh...that smells disgusting", said Mike.

It was a triangle-shaped cheese sandwich.

"Wow!" said Mike, "This sandwich must be a hundred years old. It should be in a museum."

What shall I do with it? I said

"Throw it", said Mike, "Throw it at Doe!"

"That's a great idea!" I said

Doe was the best student in our class. He was very smart. He had a very big brain. So he had a very big head. Where do you think he sat in the classroom?

He sat at the front of the class. Right in front of Mr. Grim.

I looked at the back of Doe's big head. Slowly, I lined up the cheese sandwich....beep beep beep....target locked and fire!

I threw the cheese sandwich.....It flew through the classroom. A spinning triangle cheese sandwich, spinning like a helicopter. It flew past all the middle students on its way to Doe's head. Perfect! Mike and I gripped each other's arms with excitement.

"Yesss!", we said together

Then, just before it hit Doe's head, Doe dropped his pencil on the floor. He bent down to pick it up. The triangle cheese sandwich flew straight past Doe's head.

"Nooooo!" Mike and I groaned together.

"Brown.....Here....Baker.....Here....Hopper"

"SPLATTTT!"

What do you think happened?

The cheese sandwich flew past Doe's head and exploded all over Mr Grim.

All of the class gasped.

Mr. Grim just stood there frozen with bits of cheese all over his black suit, tie, and white shirt, and a few bits stuck to his face. Moments passed. Then, slowly, Mr. Grim walked to the door and locked it.

Ok. Nobody is going home until I find out who threw the sandwich. Every boy turned around and looked at the back of the class. They looked at Mike and me. Then Mike slowly looked at me.

I nervously put up my hand. "Um ...It...It was me Sir."

"Ok, everybody can go except Scraggs." said Mr. Grim.

I watched, terrified as everyone left the classroom one by one. Mike gave me a pitiful look as he left.

Finally, it was just Mr. Grim and me.

"Right then Scraggs. Sit down. Here is a pencil. Here is some paper.

"You will write 'I must not throw cheese sandwiches' Five hundred times!"

"It could have been worse" said Mike later.

"How could it be worse?" I moaned, rubbing my poor, aching hand.

"It could have been a Bacon, Lettuce, and Tomato sandwich!"

The End