

The English Lesson:

We were writing stories - and, not to brag, but I'm *really* good at this (that sounded like bragging, didn't it?). The teacher, grumpy old Mrs 'Meanie' Mea, was devising ways to destroy our creativity: she had put up a *list* (Shock! Horror!) of *spellings* (Argh!!) and *punctuation* (Nooo!!!) and my mortal enemy: a reminder to use... No, it's too painful. I won't tell you. Ok, fine. If you really want to know - she had put up a reminder to use *CAPITAL LETTERS!!!* Oh, that's funny, I used capital letters while talking about capital letters. But I hate capital letters: always sneakinG in to the middle of sentEnces where they don't beLong - look, there they go again! They are so tricky, but the worst is yet to come - she had told us to use a semicolon!!! And pathetic fallacy, whatever that was. Ok, well, I'd better start; don't want to get a detention...

Once upon a time... there was a land. And in that land there was a book. And in that book there was a story. And in that story was you, and me, and all the cats and dogs and hippos and camels and crocodiles and pigs and hippo-croco-camel-pigs in the universe. This story contained everything that could happen, should happen, will happen at any point in space or time in the cosmos. Some people said it was a pretty big book. But that wasn't the best thing about that book - it was sitting in the singularity ring of a supermassive (and when I say massive, I don't mean just your ordinary 100 km-wide black holes, I mean your substantially, immensely, gargantuanly, mammothly, monstrously, colossally, BIG black holes that would drag the Sun in without any effort - yeah, those kind of black holes) black hole that lived in the centre of the galaxy, slowly digesting any unfortunate planet foolhardy enough to fly close to the deathtrap. All of this was in a book. And the animals and plants and trees who lived in this land were unaware that all of this was happening around them because they were in the black hole but also in the book and that's really confusing and this sentence is getting really long now so I'd better put a full stop in. That's better. And everyone frolicked because they were happy and a mini Sun came out and lit up the land and *there's* your pathetic fallacy Mrs Mea! But then everyone *simultaneously* tripped over (Ha, Mrs Mea, bet you thought I'd never sneak that tricky spelling in, with the four vowels in a row. Ha!) and, consequently, everyone cried because they had scraped their knees from frolicking and put up banners saying 'Semicolons Are The Best' because they were so sad. They set up a new club in town, called 'The Society of the Semicolon' but no one came because a rainbow had come out and all the people had come to look at it; the sky was full of *beautiful* colour - oh yeah Mrs Mea, here's another tricky spelling for you, and a free semicolon!

See Mrs Mea, I can also use paragraphs! The land and all the creatures in it and the book and the black hole lived happily ever after. The End.

"Mrs Mea, I'm done!" I called. I thought I was: I'd used everything on the board - 'consequently', repetition, a semicolon, a colon, brackets, dashes, extremely imaginative storytelling, *TICK*. She waved to me, signalling for me to show her my work; this was the feedback she gave - 1) It's

very... imaginative (thank you for the compliment) 2) It *technically* meets all the criteria (thank you... I think) and 3) I'm still giving you detention because we were supposed to be writing about the Romans (not thank you. Not at all.). Hmph. That's what you get for showing a little bit of creativity. Still, Maths next. It can't be that bad...