

There's something odd about our teacher

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My science teacher is an alien and he tried to eat me



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He is an alien!!!

I am Kareyha and I am 14 and about three days ago I was none the wiser but today; Yes i am sure. Aliens do exist and my science teacher is one. You see about a week ago I would have thought his lack of taste and his babbling on was the only things that were wrong with him, but lately I have realised that a lot of things have been going wrong, but I didn't really at first think he was behind it all. A few days ago... I was like to my best friend Mitchilo his that this teacher is weird. We've only had him for a month and I never realised up until now. His skin colour is a little palish green and he has sharp nails. Mitchilo replied with, "Kareyha you think too much. It's probably nothing. You're so paranoid and gassed. Honestly the things you make up are so ridiculously funny." Then we entered the classroom. It was almost as if he guessed that I was up to something. He moved me to the back of the classroom. That lesson I couldn't be bothered so instead of looking at his bald patch and pop belly I looked at the writing that people wrote on the tables. It was actually interesting, "Mimi like Kingston," I knew a Kingston and a Mimi. I even took out my pen to add something I was going to write Mr Paul is a dickhead. As I took out my pen it dropped. I had to search under the table. It was as if I was in my own dream world. I found it under the table. Normally I would hesitate touching the floors but the pen was special to me. It was like a doll to me. When I found it I got up and I banged my head. I screamed. Fuck sake. I was so pissed. The thing was I never realised that anyone had actually head me. I got up to see the teacher in front of me. He screamed at me. "What the hell do you think you were doing?" Normally I wouldn't talk back but I was simply pissed. "Haven't you heard of deodorant or mouth wash?" The class laughed. "And secondly say it don't spray it. Haven't you heard of manners?" I left him speechless and finally he came back with, "Detention tomorrow after school!!!" I still never wanted to shut up so I said "Screw you. You can't give me a detention." Then he whispered wait till tomorrow it'll be the last time you see the sunlight! The next day I went to his stupid detention, it was only me there and he was awfully smiley. Then he was like, "Oih I'm nipping out to prepare. Don't touch anything," It was like I heard but I just didn't care. I was in a lot of trouble already. I couldn't help myself. When he exited in a hast I walked to his storage room. Then I saw.....It was my previous teacher, we were told he went on holiday and there he was sitting there tied up in a storage room. I realised the cloth covering his mouth and his told me to run. I turned back to run and there Mr Paul was with a knife in one hand and a fork in the other then he came closer till he was within breathing position from my neck.

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