

April Fools on us!

I would like to introduce myself. It is pretty hard to describe what I am like but I know I am nine, I am a boy and I HAVE to go to school. School is BORING. Well sometimes it is OK. It is OK when you are doing sport or art but otherwise it is plain old boring. I try to keep myself entertained.

April Fool's Day is my favourite day of the year because you can do naughty things and not get into very much trouble. For example, last year I decided to put frogs in my teacher's pigeon hole. Oh boy she screamed but all she said was, "Ted you are not going to get a laugh from anyone today, no matter what you do."

Finally, it had arrived, April 1st, and this year I put a lot of thought into April Fool's Day with my best friend Gerry. After careful planning, we had officially decided to put Bi-carbonate soda and vinegar in the teacher's toilet. On the morning of April Fool's Day Gerry had a box of Bi-carbonate soda and I had a bottle of vinegar. We crept sneakily into the toilets and then we simultaneously tipped the goods into the toilet. We were praying to God that we would not get caught. During break time, on the way back from the canteen, Gerry and I saw our teacher go into the staff room toilet and waited. Foam and white smoke exploded everywhere! White water was going down the steps like a wild rapid. It was huge. We were in stitches.

Gerry and I just kept high-fiving each other and saying, "Good job mate." However, when we got to class... BUSTED!

We pleaded to our teaching, saying, "It was just a joke for April Fool's Day Miss," but she wouldn't listen. We had to go straight to the principal's office. I mean, ok it was messy, but it was just a joke. Why does everyone get so upset?

"I'm ringing your parents." the principal told us in a very serious tone, "This joke has gone too far."

Gerry and I looked at each other, scared for our lives, "Please don't, our dads will kill us." "Yes," said the principal, "You boys deserve it. I'm going to tell your fathers that you're the worst boys in the school." Gerry and I looked at each other again, minds in sync, we knew our lives were over. No more fishing, no more hunting, football, soccer, cricket. No more anything that makes a boy's life fun. We went back to class. I did forty five pages of Maths. I wrote two poems. I thought about all the jobs I could do for Dad. I felt sick. The bell rang. "Good bye mate," I said to Gerry. "I hope I see you again." We hugged each other and I picked up my bag and walked slowly to the gate.

"Hi darling," said Mum. "Did you have a good day?" My annoying little brother laughed. I gave him the death stare. We arrived home and to my surprise my Dad said nothing. I did all the jobs I could around the house. I did my homework and even listened to my little brother read. I asked Mum if there was anything I could do for her. I went to bed early, however it was difficult to sleep because I was so worried as to why Dad had said nothing.

Next morning I got up, got dressed, made breakfast, made lunch, packed my bag and read a book while I waited.

When we got to school there was the principal grinning evilly. "Did you have a nice night boys?" she asked sweetly. Gerry and I just looked at each other, our minds in sync as our cheeks went bright red.

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