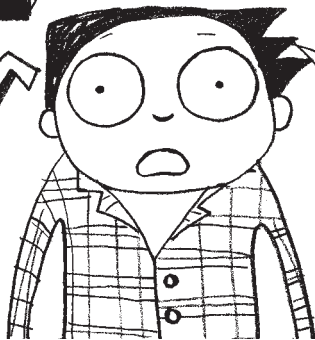


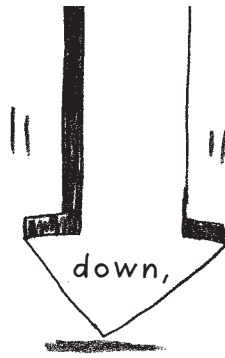
If my writing looks a bit "wobbly",
it's because I've just had a


TERRIBLE

SHOCK!



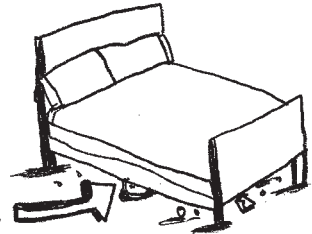
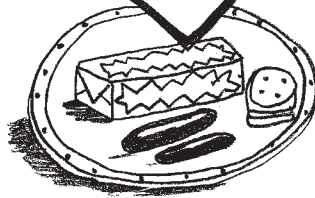
So to help me  calm



I'm searching  for the

SPECIAL

**EMERGENCY
BISCUITS**



I keep hidden under my bed.

(This is definitely an emergency.)





PHEW! That's better.

OK, let me explain what happened. I was in the bathroom, pretending to have a shower while reading my comic (like you do).



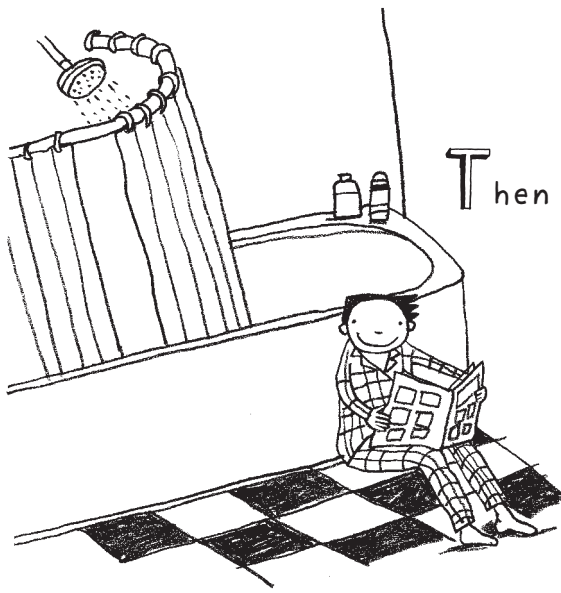
When **SOMEONE** started **KNOCKING** really loudly on the door.

I assumed it was my sister Delia ...





... so I ignored her.





Then she did it again ...
... and again ...
... and again.



The noise was ⁴⁴⁴⁵very annoying. But I managed to carry on reading  EVERY single page of my comic REALLY slowly. EVENTUALLY when I'd finished, I very CAREFULLY opened the  bathroom door.




I was expecting  Delia to SHOUT at me for taking so long. I wasn't expecting to see  this.









It was a **HORRIBLE**
Sight! I let out a




Which made Dad  come running out of the
bedroom to see what all the **noise** was
about. He said, "What's the problem here?" 
So I said, "Delia's the problem. She **loo**ks
SCARY without her  ← sunglasses!"

Then Dad said it would be **nice** to have
just ONE morning without being **disturbed**
by the two of us **ARGUING.** 



Delia got **REALLY CROSS**  and  pointed at ME,  saying I was the only one who was "DISTURBED". Then she told Dad that he looked

 **totally ridiculous.**

Before disappearing into the bathroom and

slamming 

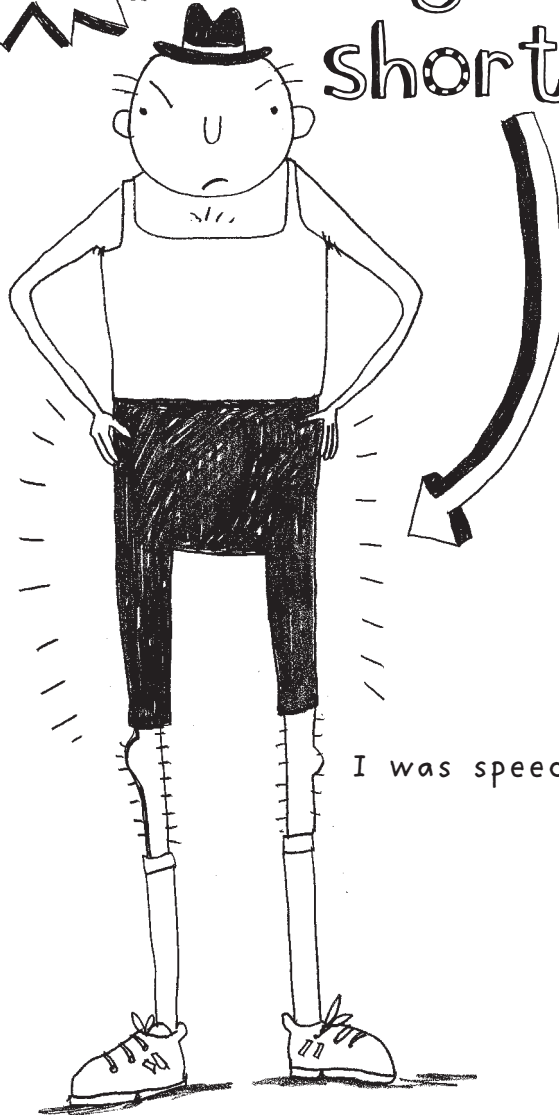
Which left me in

FULL VIEW 

of what Dad was wearing.




BRIGHT blue cycling shorts.






I was speechless.



I couldn't decide who looked WORSE:

Delia without her sunglasses or Dad in his cycling shorts ? Mum wasn't much help either. She came upstairs and

 SHOUTED,
"Why is everyone shouting?"

Followed quickly by "And what on EARTH are you wearing?"  Dad pointed out that she was the only one who was shouting and the  cycling shorts were all part of his

Carefully planned new fitness regime.



Which made Mum LAUGH out loud.



I decided that this was probably a good time to head back to my room because:

NASTY SURPRISES + SHOCKS =



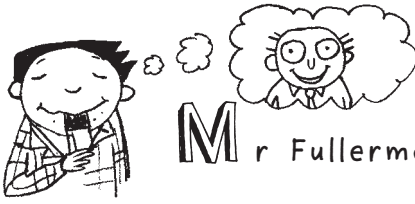
It's a good job I keep a few hidden for these kinds of situations. I just hope there are no more unwanted surprises today.

Sigh... I eat half of the (second) emergency wafer and start to imagine what MY idea of a ^{*}FUN

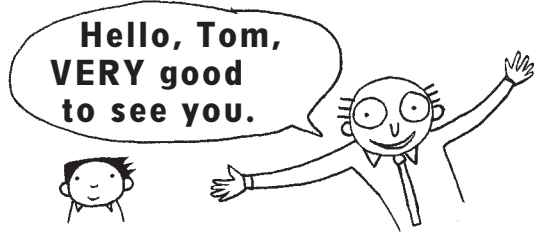
AND VERY **RELAXING**


day at school would be. Mmmmmmm ... I think it would probably go something like this...

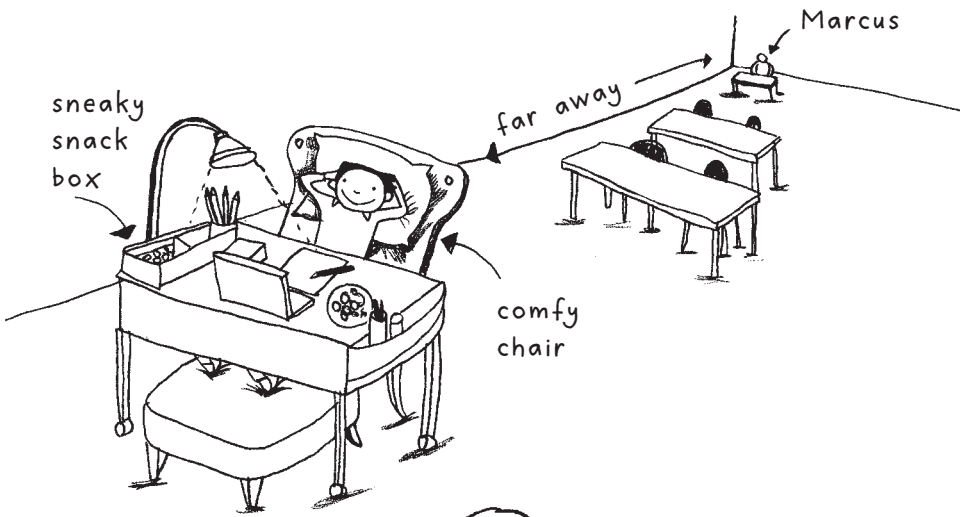




Mr Fullerman is DELIGHTED to see me (even though I'm late).



I have my own special **COMFY** chair and table that are as far away as possible from that very annoying **M**arcus **M**eldrew. 



Lessons are **OPTIONAL** so I can choose what I want to do (which is easy).

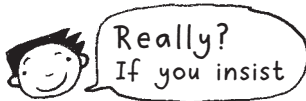
Choose Your LESSONS Today	
ART	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>
MATHS	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>
Doodling	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>
MUSIC	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>
Spelling	<input type="checkbox"/>
FUN Experiments	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>

Our **NICE** new art teacher Miss Straw



insists I do a **WHOLE**

art project on ...



Really?
If you insist

I have ^{*}**f**^{*}**u**^{*}**n** ^{*}arranging them

into towers before spending as **MUCH** time as

I want drawing and doodling.

Miss Straw is **VERY**

impressed and lets

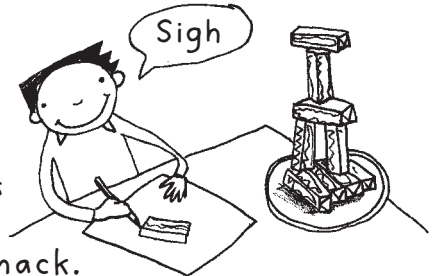


Well done,
Tom!

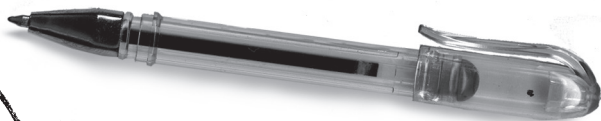
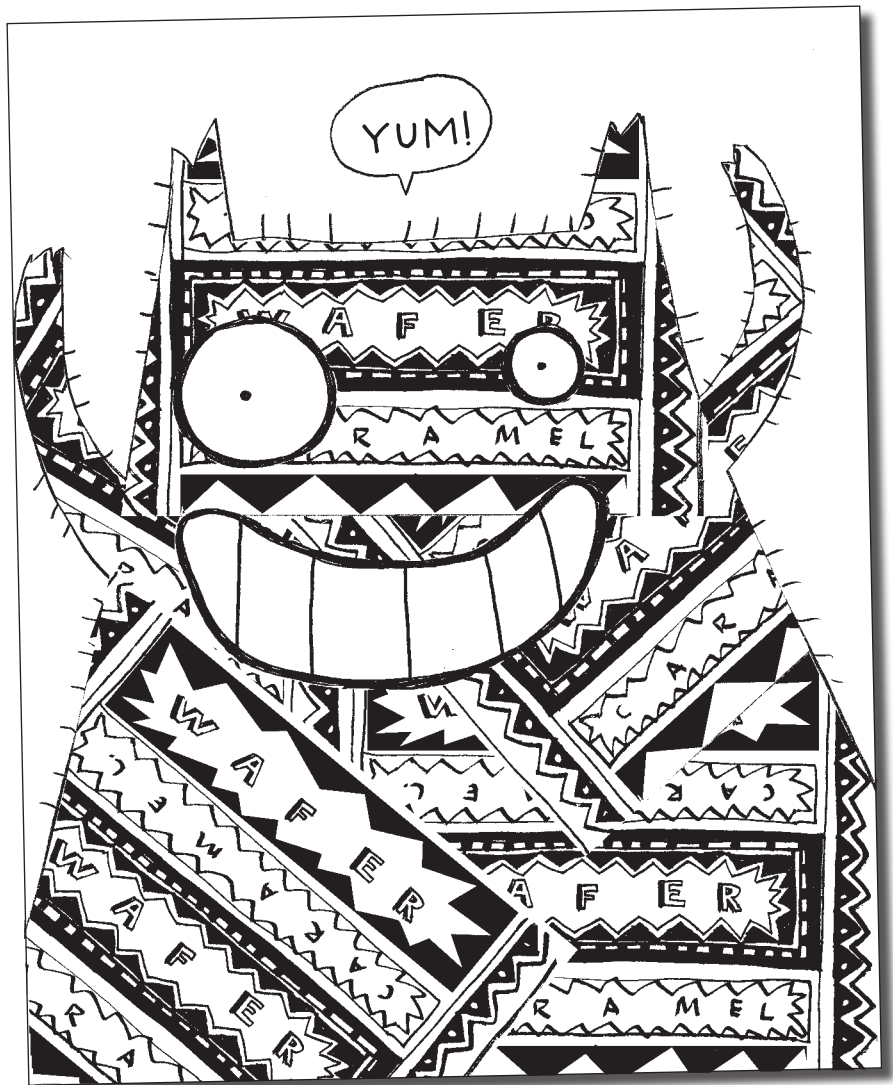
me eat **TWO** wafers for my snack.

AND I'm allowed to unwrap the others and use

the foil for my interesting wafer collage.



(The wafers I can save to eat later.)



Miss Straw thinks I am an

ART BISCUIT



I agree.

Well done, Tom.

*What can I say? You
deserve 100 merits for
this AMAZING collage!*

Miss Straw

(I show my 100 merits to Marcus, which annoys him.)

