

Advanced English

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(NOTE: This story is pure fiction and should not be related with local incidents)

"In the School Cooler"

Our school was not one of those big, metropolitan schools nor was it one of those one-room schoolhouses in a hick-town; our school was somewhere in between with about seven hundred students. It was located in Hicksville which was the county seat where Judge Screwball always came through the town with much pomp while on the court circuit.

We were very proud of our school because it was the only school for miles around that had a radio station; I guess that showed up those hicks-in-the-sticks from our rival school Bridge Great

High School (not that they were great, mind you).

Our principal, Mr. Scott, was going bald, walked around the school a lot, and talked very little; he was the real administrator type. Then there was our vice-principal, Mr. Fader. He was always drinking coffee in the Teachers' lounge and doing nothing else except handling the books of the school. In the general office there was the secretary, Miss Pickle, and the treasurer, Mrs. Pottscrew, who was getting a little plump.

I really must tell you these things because one must know the layout of things to know how things things happened.

Well sir, the incident happened in school one day during our second class period. Mrs. Pottscrew had just waddled, with two large money bags, into the large school safe which

was painted a rather nice shade of black. The light was on in the safe. Then, Miss Pickle, just getting back from one of those teachers' conferences, saw the safe door open. Miss Pickle, afraid of hijackers, slammed the safe door shut and twirled the combination dial. Mrs. Pottscrew, being in the safe at the time, did not hear the door shut because she was so busy with "her" money. Then Miss Pickle remembered that she forgot to turn the light out in the safe; so she stomped into ^{Mr.} Scott's office and throws the master light switch for the safe to off.

Pottscrew screamed, money and files flying everywhere, but no one heard her because the safe was sound-proof.

at the same time the school was in a slight uproar because the general office could not locate Mrs. Pottscrew.

Meanwhile, Mr. Scott, while fumbling through his bookcase, accidentally turned the safe light back on (in his office, of course). At this point, Mrs. Pottscrow has been locked in the school safe (painted black) for two hours, one of which in the dark.

Then it happen: Mr. Fader, just back from the lounge (with a cup of coffee), went and unlocked the safe to get some files. When he opened the door, Mrs. Pottscrow fell on Mr. Fader and they were heaved upon the floor, coffee, money bags, and all.