

Marcus Meldrew  (who sits next to me) is very IMPATIENT. He sees the new planners and tries to **SNATCH** one from the pile.



"Give me MY planner, Tom ... hand it over."

Which is a bit **rude**.


So I say, "Calm down, Marcus, you'll get yours eventually."


Then I take a planner from the top of the pile and pass it over his head right round to

**AMY PORTER.**



"Here we go, **AMY** - your planner."

This winds Marcus up.  He tells me, "Hurry up, I WANT my planner **NOW!**"

 He's tugging at my jumper, which is annoying. So I ignore him and begin giving out the planners from the **BACK** of the class, working my way to the front.

By the time I reach Marcus, he's practically **tearing** his hair out with frustration.



"Last but not least - your planner."

Marcus goes to **GRAB** it from me and **Mr** Fullerman says,

**"Don't snatch, Marcus."**

