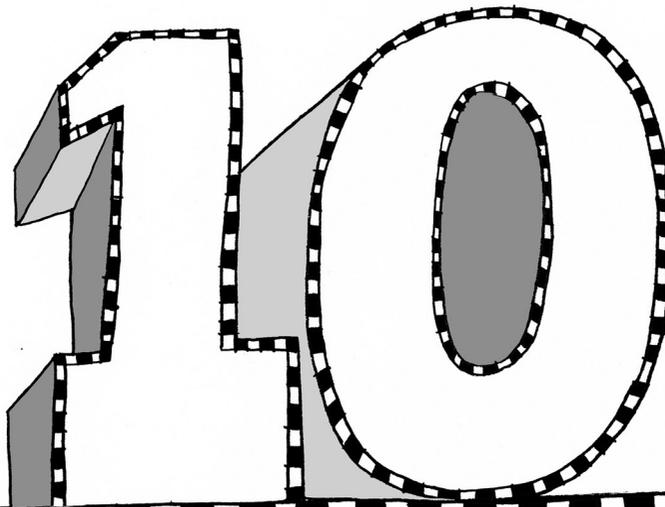


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Tremendous
Tank Top

School's been a bit **TRICKY** for me this week because I keep forgetting things. 
(There's a LOT going on, so it's not ALL my fault.)

**THE
QUICK-FIRE
SPELLING
TEST**

The **first** thing I forgot was when Mr Fullerman said,



**Are you ready
for the quick-fire
spelling test?**

I kept what I thought was a nice, relaxed expression on my face. 

But Marcus, who was sitting next to me, said, "Ha! You forgot about the spelling test, didn't you?"

"NO, I've been practising," I replied.

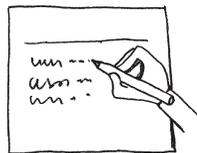
(I hadn't.)

"Ignore him..." **AMY** told me.



SOMEHOW, I managed to get through the test by using a combination of

★ **SUPER GOOD SKILLS:** ★



①  My sneaky side-eye spying (heavily disguised as serious THINKING).

②  Actually knowing how to spell SOME of the words (which was unusual for me). 😊

So, in the end I didn't do too badly - but it was touch and go.



Then, the next day, Mr Fullerman came into class and said,



Good morning, Class 5F!

Everyone replied apart from me, because I'd been THINKING about an **ADVERT** I'd seen on TV the night before.

Suddenly I heard myself SAYING...



GOOD MORNING, Mr SUNSHINE!



"Who's **MR SUNSHINE?**" **AMY** asked.

"I mean **Mr Fullerman!**"



I corrected myself, but it was **TOO LATE.**

The class started to **LAUGH. HA!HA!HA!HA!HA!**

Even **Mr Fullerman** was smiling.



I felt like I had to explain who **MR SUNSHINE** was, so I **BLURTED** out,

"It's from an **ADVERT! MR SUNSHINE** makes people happy when they book a holiday.



 The **TUNE** on the advert really sticks in your head, sir," I added.

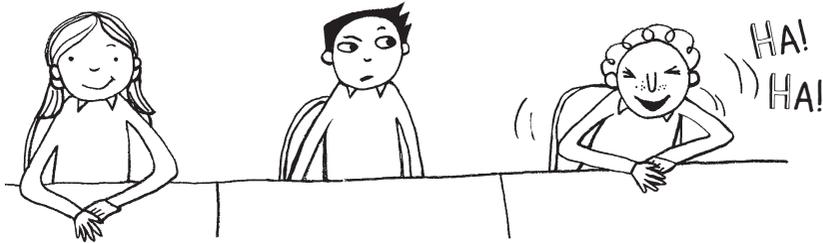
"MR SUNSHINE isn't the worst thing I've been called," Mr Fullerman told me.



It took a while for the class to calm down. Even **AMY** laughed, but Marcus went **RIGHT** over the top and was doubled over in **HYSTERIC**S.

 "It wasn't that funny, Marcus," I told him.

"It ... Ha! Ha! HA! ... really ... Ha! Ha! ... was."



Then he stopped laughing because he got a stitch.

"It's your fault," he told me. (It wasn't.)

At least the stitch calmed him down though.



Mr Fullerman stood at the front of the class and started CLAPPING out a rhythm to get our attention. We clapped back.



“If ANYONE has forgotten their dinner money or PACKED LUNCH today, put up your hand NOW, please.”

I HAD my packed lunch, so there was no need to put MY hand up.

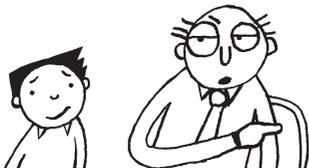
(Or that’s what I THOUGHT.)

TEN MINUTES before the bell went for lunch, I realized my packed lunch was AT HOME.



When I told Mr Fullerman, he sighed.

“QUICKLY – go and tell the office so they can add you to the list for a free meal today. Otherwise you won’t get any lunch.





But DON'T run!" he said in a weary voice.

I did my excellent **SPEED** walking all the way to Mrs Mumble, who raised her eyebrows at me.



"OK, Tom, I'll put you on the lunch list. Please don't forget to bring in your money tomorrow."

I nodded. "Shall I email your parents just in case?" she checked.

"No need, Mrs Mumble - I will bring it in,"

I told her confidently.

When I got back to class, Mr Fullerman said EXACTLY the same thing! It was like no one believed I would remember.

"Shall I give you a note, Tom?"



"I REALLY won't forget, sir..." I assured him.

I sat down and **AMY** smiled while Marcus pulled a **FACE**. (That was annoying.)

