

**TOM
GATES**

SPECTACULAR

SCHOOL TRIP (Really...)

BY LIZ PICHON

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WHAT EVER
YOU DO
DON'T
LOOK AT

THE ACHIEVEMENT CHART

The title is presented in a highly stylized, celebratory font. The word 'THE' is at the top, followed by 'ACHIEVEMENT' in a larger, bold font, and 'CHART' below it. The text is set against a background of a jagged, starburst-like border. Above the word 'THE', there is a horizontal film strip with sprocket holes, flanked by several five-pointed stars of varying sizes. The overall aesthetic is reminiscent of a classic movie poster or a celebratory graphic.

CLASS
5F


ACHIEVEMENT CHART

AMY 	PAUL	TOM 	SOLID
INDRANI 	MARK	MARCUS 	TREVOR 
NORMAN 	FLORENCE 	LEROY 	JULIA
ROSS	PANSY 	AMBER 	BRAD 





It's not like I MEANT to get **THREE SAD FACES** ☹️ ☹️ ☹️. It just sort of happened.

MARCUS didn't help much. →  He's only got ONE sad face. ☹️

(Or two if you count his ACTUAL face.)

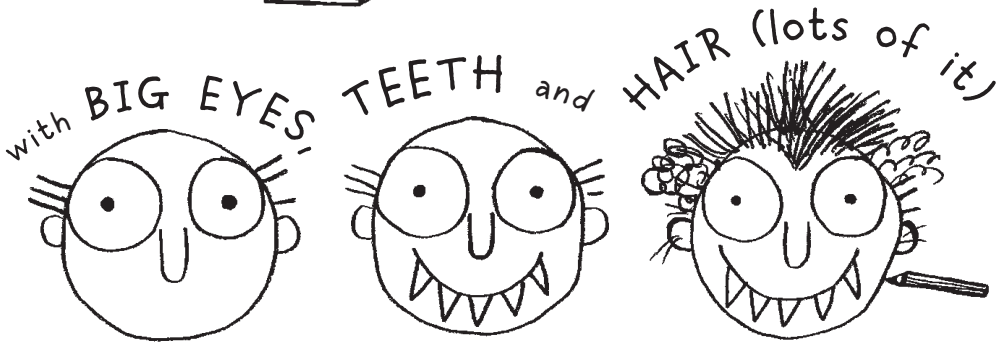


AND the worst part is, NONE of them were my fault.



I got THIS → ☹️ sad face in quiet time.

I was just doodling a nice picture of Mr Fullerman



when Marcus Meldrew (who's a nosey parker) started **LAUGHING SO LOUDLY.**



You'll get in trouble if
Mr Fullerman sees that!



"Shhhhhhhhhhhhhhh! He won't see it if you
keep QUIET!" I said... (Too late.)

Awww



TOM!
That's **ONE SAD**
FACE for you!

(See what I mean? NOT my fault.)



THEN last week I was round at Derek's
house getting my homework done **ON TIME**
(for a change) when Rooster jumped up ...





Mr Fullerman was NOT impressed.



**So let me get this right – the
DOG ATE your homework AGAIN?**

"YES, SIR," I said. "IT'S TRUE!"



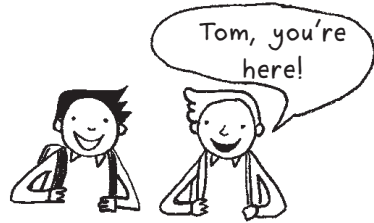
**That's your SECOND sad face of
the term, Tom. ☹️ ☹️**

"AWWWWWWWWWWWW."

(I couldn't believe I had two sad faces.)



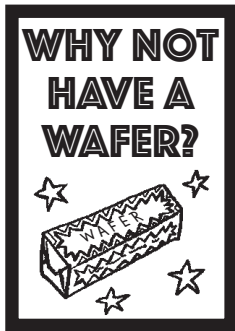
THEN this morning I **W**OKE up **R**EALLY **E**ARLY for school and went to meet **D**erek, who was surprised to see me **O**N **T**IME.



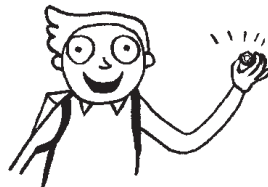
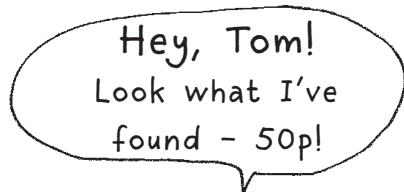
"Don't sound so surprised. Come on, **L**ET'S **G**O.


We don't want to be **L**A**T**E!" I said.

Derek and I did **F**AST **W**ALKING and tried not to get distracted by **A**NY**T**HING.



Then **D**erek suddenly stopped and shouted...



We did a high-five  and went straight to the shop. BUT deciding what to buy was **TRICKY**.

Hmmm

Hmmm

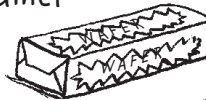


Should we get ...

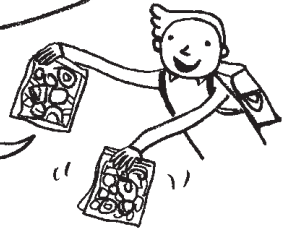
ONE packet of cheesy **PUFFS**
and TWO fruit chews?



Or how about ONE caramel
wafer to share?



Maybe a **WHOLE** bag
of broken biscuits?



Derek suggested, which was a good idea.

BUT the shopkeeper spotted us checking which
bag was the biggest and said.

"Come on, you two - they're all the same **SIZE**."



(They're NOT the same size.

EVERYBODY knows that.)



While I checked the bags, Derek spotted that the LATEST copy of **ROCK WEEKLY** had **DUDE 3** on the COVER.



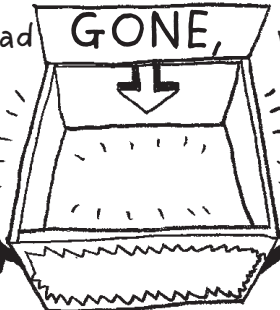
Tom, look at this!

SO we took a sneaky peek through the **WHOLE** magazine while the queue went down, then decided to buy **ONE** caramel wafer (to share).

"It's a good plan," Derek agreed.

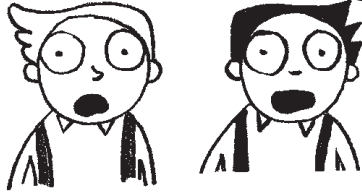


BUT when we got to the front of the queue, all the wafers had **GONE**, which was a



DISASTER

NOOOOOOOO!



Luckily the shopkeeper SAVED the day and found another box, so we got a wafer after all.



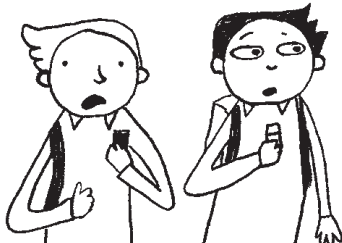
"That's a relief," Derek said, and I agreed.




I split the wafer in two and enjoyed eating it slowly.


The trouble was we spent so much time in the shop that we missed the start of SCHOOL!


Ding! Ding! Ding! Ding! Ding! Ding!




Uh-oh...




"You're LATE, Tom. That's THREE SAD faces now." 

"But, SIR!"  I say in a "please don't give me another sad face" kind of way.



"If you get ONE more sad face, Tom, do you know what will happen?"

Mr Fullerman asks.

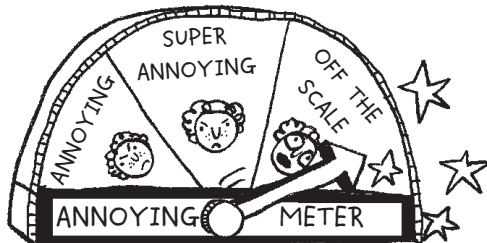
"Sort of, sir..." I reply. 

Then Marcus sticks up his hand and starts saying,

"SIR! SIR! I know what will happen."



(Marcus is so annoying.)





"He'll get a DETENTION, sir, AND he'll have to do **LOTS** of extra homework, too."



"Thanks for reminding me, Marcus," I say.



"You can put your hand down, Marcus. Right down. As I was saying, ANYONE with FOUR SAD FACES ☹️ will NOT be allowed to go on the SCHOOL TRIP,"

Mr Fullerman tells us.

"SCHOOL TRIP?" WHAT SCHOOL TRIP?"

I ask.





"The school trip that YOU won't be going on with your **FOUR SAD FACES**," ☹️ Marcus says.



So I point out, "I don't have FOUR sad faces, Marcus."

YET,



he adds.

Quiet down! I'll tell you more about the school trip later. Right now here's something else to look forward to ... this week's homework.



"AA," we all groan.

"It's **VERY SPECIAL HOMEWORK**," Mr Fullerman says, trying to make it sound interesting.



Like that even exists...

I whisper to **AMY**.



"It's going to be displayed for the school OPEN day, when parents and carers come to look around our FANTASTIC SCHOOL and see if their own children would love it here. And who wouldn't want to come to Oakfield School, right, Class 5F?"

(S I L E N C E .)

Then Marcus sticks up his hand and says, "SIR! SIR! I can tell them how GREAT this school is."



"That's excellent, Marcus. I'm sure we can all think of lovely things to say about the school."

(S I L E N C E .)