

# School Begins

“Ben? What’s wrong?” Dexter nudged his best friend, who had been frozen, lost in thought for most of the morning.

Ben suddenly snapped out of his trance.

“Ohmygodyou’llneverbelievewhathappenedtomelastnighti wascoming...”

“Calm down,” laughed Dexter, “Say it slowly!”

Ben took a deep breath and calmly explained what he had witnessed the night before. As he finished, Dexter stared at him in disbelief, “No way, you must be kidding me! It was probably just the manager.” Just as Ben was about to say something, the loud bell rang.

Ben walked solemnly into classroom eight. All the uniformed boys automatically walked to their seats; opening their Dell laptops, switching them on ready for the oncoming lesson. Suddenly, a bulky, bearded teacher thrust open the old oak classroom door. Mechanically, the smart students rose from their seats and stood proudly like soldiers. “Good morning, please take your seats,” said the stocky teacher, standing behind the desk. The class obediently chanted back, “Good morning, Sir!”

“Allow me to introduce myself, my name is Mr Wilson and I will be your supply teacher for a short period of time, because your usual teacher is indisposed.”

Ben inwardly groaned; he was just beginning to like his form teacher, having only arrived at Eltham Collage a few

months previously. He had been awarded a scholarship at the age of eight (he was the youngest student to ever qualify for this prestigious award). Without hesitation, the rest of the class had sat down quietly, leaving Ben standing solo, staring at the new teacher. Mr. Wilson and Ben exchanged eye contact. Ben scanned the teacher's face; noticing the stubble beard and his blood-shot eyes. Squinting, Ben studied Mr. Wilson's thick blue - rimmed spectacles, noticing the eyes behind them had become dark narrow slits. Ben began to feel uncomfortable.

“Sit down, boy!” Mr. Wilson roared, slapping a ruler against the table. The teacher pulled out the creaking chair from under his desk. He picked up his as yet unseen, bible black brief case, so shiny it looked like it had been polished. Ben felt like he had been punched in the chest. It was the robber...