

The Teacher Turneroo

By Lynn Kim, Fifth Grade

Have you ever turned into a teacher? My name is Person Jeffries, and I actually have! Anyway, this whole “turning into a teacher thing” started at school. My science teacher, Mrs. Gerdfidge, had told us to start on a project that involved science. As soon as she told us about it, I knew what to do. I would make a volcano.

When school was over, I started running home to get started on my volcano when a little boy named Percy came up to me and said, “Mrs. Gerdfidge, why are you running?” I stopped running and told her I was not Mrs. Gerdfidge. She stared at me, bewildered, and then walked away. I was confused. I went back to school and went in the girls’ bathroom. I looked in the mirror and there I saw Mrs. Gerdfidge, staring back at me.

I ran out of the bathroom and went to Mrs. Gerdfidge’s house. You see, she’s my neighbor. So luckily, I knew where to spend the night. When I arrived at “my” house, I knocked on the door, and waited. A man came out smiling.

“Megan, you’re here. I was waitin’ for you. But, how come you didn’t unlock the door?”

“Well, I guess I thought I’d just knock on the door for a change.”

I walked inside the house and threw myself onto the couch. Mr. Gerdfidge laughed. I wasn’t sure what to do, so I laughed too. Then he said, “You better start cookin’ dinner. I’ll be in the kitchen in about twenty minutes.” Then he left the room. I was left alone on the couch.

I was in big trouble. I don’t know how to cook a dinner! Then I saw a cookbook on the counter and grinned.

“This should be easy,” I thought, “all I need to do is read the directions!”

I was wrong. When I finally finished cooking, I ate some food and put the rest aside for Mr. Gerdfidge, and then went upstairs. I found a room with a bed and bathroom. I took a nice, warm shower. Then I brushed my teeth with a new toothbrush. After that, I went to sleep in the giant bed. When I woke up the next morning, I found myself in my room. Yep, I was surprised... Now, I won’t bother finishing up the rest of the story. I’ll let you decide how it ends...