

~~Self-Edit~~
Digitel
Draft



1 **Change the view.**

2 **Whisper aloud.**

3 **Track with finger.**

My Teacher had a Rip in his Pants

Every kid has a dream that their teacher will disappear one day. Well, in our case, it finally came true.

Mr. Friedman was writing our math homework on the board last Wednesday. The list was getting longer and longer. Finally, as he down to write the last list of problems to do from our math textbook, his pants ripped—right in a ver embarrassing spot. We'd all noticed that his pants were getting tighter and tighter over the past few months, but none of us dreamed that they would finally just give up.

Everyone started to laugh, and Mr. Friedman, turned, glared at us, grabbed at the rip and darted out of the room. It wasn't long Mrs. Ahlery came in to finish up the class. She told us all to settle done and get back to work. I think she was trying to hold back a little giggle, but she never talked about what had happened. The good news is Mr. Friedman never did come back that afternoon.

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