



God... how am I supposed to pull this off? I'm really nervous.

Why the hell am I even doing this...? I should just go home... but that'll only make it worse.



I don't even  
know what to  
teach...  
Or how to  
teach...

How the hell  
am I gonna  
survive in  
there...



Okay... I'm  
finally here.  
Don't be  
nervous.

I've got her  
memories...  
This'll go  
smooth...  
right?





This View Is  
So Weird  
And  
Different



What do I even  
say...? God... I knew  
I should've gone  
home instead.


I need answers,  
not... this  
nightmare.



Alright...  
I have her  
memories... just  
let instinct do the  
work.

I can do this...  
just breathe.  
Don't be  
nervous.





Silence, students!  
Can't you all see  
I'm here!?



I hope you've all done your homework. Don't disappoint me.

Now, open your books.  
We're starting a new chapter today.




After 15 Minutes

We use the simple present tense to talk about things that happen regularly.

For example, He plays soccer every Sunday.




1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28
29	30	31				

A woman with long brown hair, wearing a dark blue business suit over a red and white striped shirt, stands in a classroom. She is holding an open book and looking towards the left. The background is a green chalkboard with some faint purple markings. Two speech bubbles are present: one on the left and one on the right.

What the hell are those two whispering about back there...

The verb plays ends in -s because the subject is he — third person singular.



Dude, I'm  
telling you... the  
principal totally  
banged Ma'am.


Bro! Keep  
your voice  
down! She'll  
hear you!



Ah-no!

I-I'm sorry,  
students...






Dude... check out that rack and that thick ass! You see that cleavage?


And you're telling me the principal could resist that? Hell no, man!

Have you got a death wish, man?! Keep it down!



These  
loudmouths  
seriously think  
I can't hear  
them...

If I wasn't stuck  
playing teacher  
right now...  
I'd shut them up so  
hard they'd forget  
how to talk.



But who am I kidding  
I was just like them  
yesterday. Hell, I've  
said even worse stuff  
about Ms.  
Yamashita...

Makes me  
wonder... did she  
ever hear us like  
I'm hearing them  
now?


Ugh... just  
forget it.  
Let's get this  
damn class  
over with.

Later, as class  
ends



Alright, students— I  
hope you understood  
everything.  
Make sure to do what I  
told you at home.


Class  
dismissed!



Sigh... I don't know how I managed that for a whole hour.


It's like there's a whole damn Oxford dictionary crammed into my brain...

Let's just go home... I'm so done.

A woman with long brown hair, wearing a dark blue business suit with a red and white striped shirt, stands in a hallway. She has a slightly weary expression. The hallway has wooden walls and a carpeted floor. A door is visible behind her to the left. Two speech bubbles are present: one on the left containing pink text and one on the right containing blue text.

Huh... finally.  
A little peace at  
last.


Took you long  
enough.



I was starting to think you weren't coming home.



H-Huh!?



What... you saw a ghost or something, Mom?



T-Toshiro...?