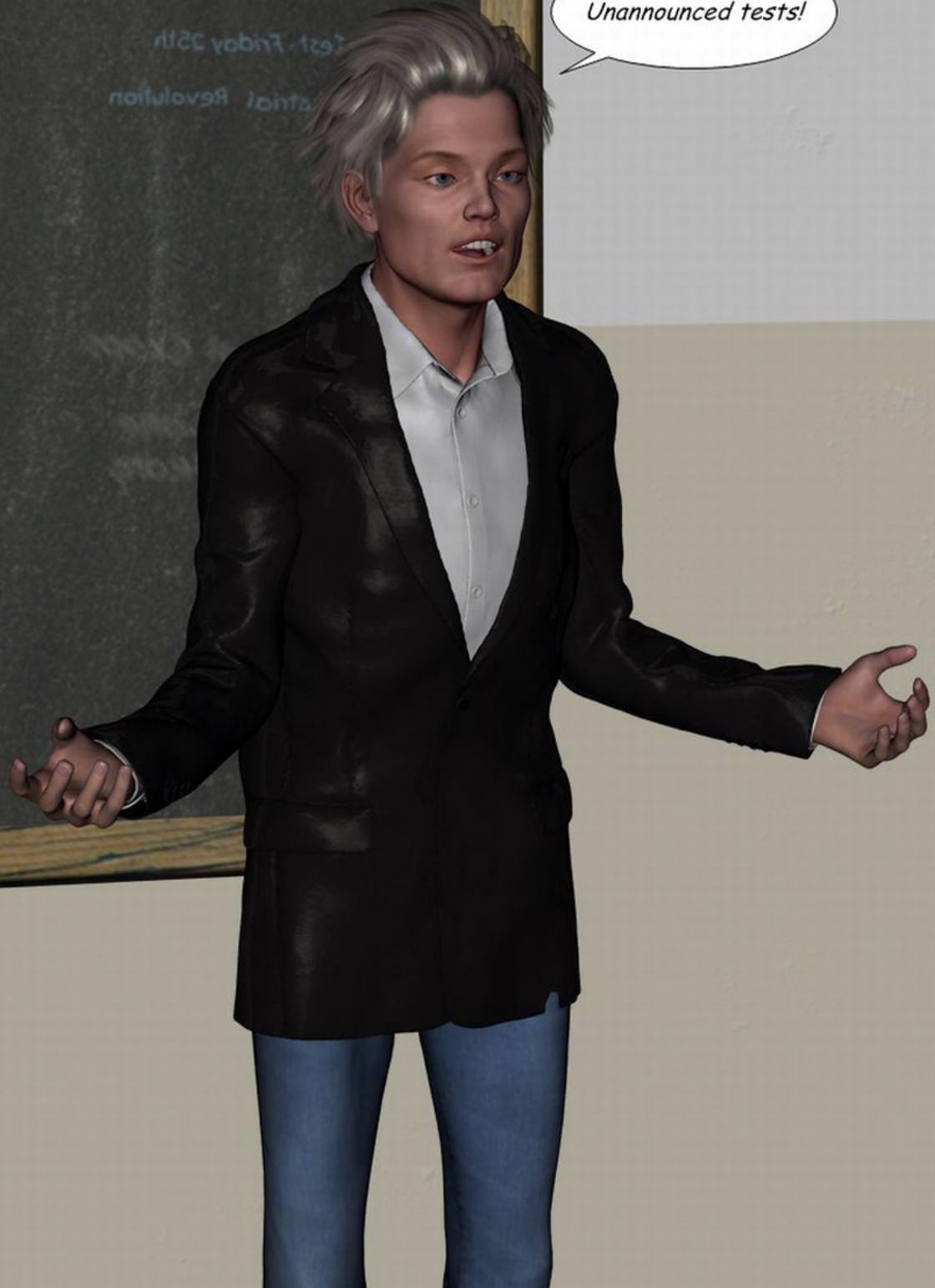
A digital illustration of a classroom. A male teacher with grey hair, wearing a black leather jacket over a white shirt and blue jeans, stands at the front of the room. He is looking towards a group of students. The students are seated at desks with red chairs. In the foreground, the back of a student's head with dark hair is visible. To the right, a blonde girl with her hair in a ponytail is seen from the back, wearing a red spaghetti-strap top. Another student with dark hair is partially visible on the far right. In the background, a chalkboard displays some text, including "WorldTime - 25:20", "GMT = Greenw", "London", "Paris = G", "New York", and "Tokyo = C".

One thing which initially doesn't make me very popular among my students, but which they realize pays off in the end, is that I love...

Oh, good to see you! So I'm Marjorie. See the big girl in the front of the classroom? That's me! Like my classmates, I'm listening to Mr Evans introduce himself as the new substitute teacher for Mr Richards, who is on sick leave... The real reason for his 'sick' leave is a whole other story in it's self! But I won't go into that now...

Unannounced tests!

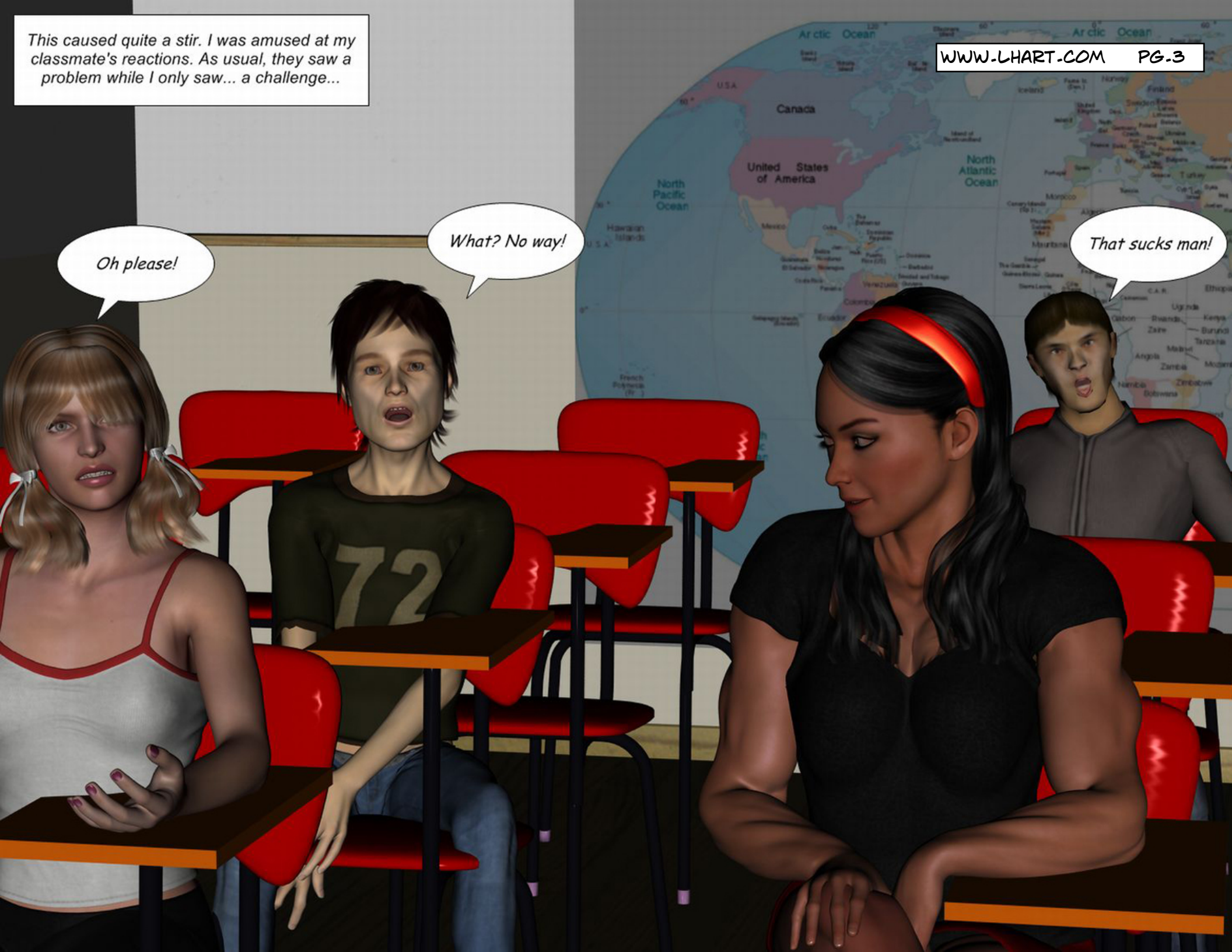


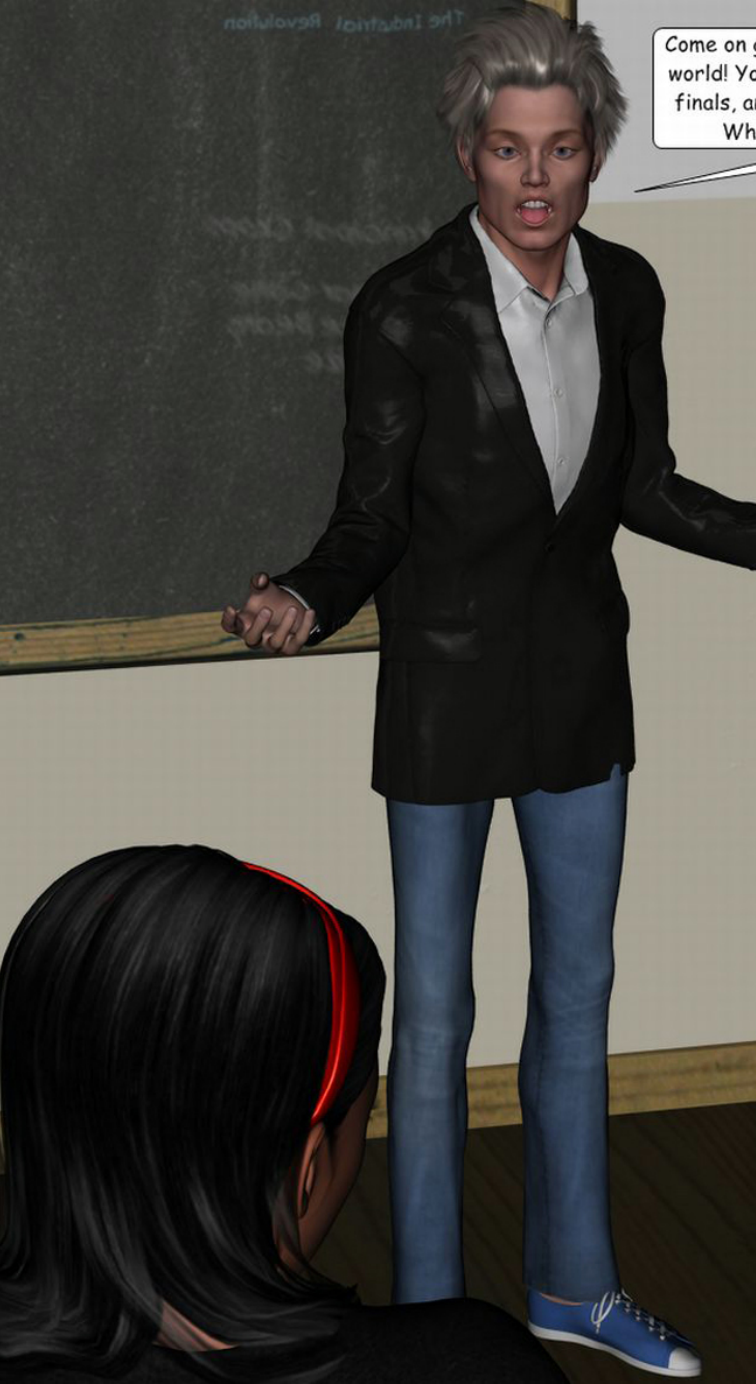
This caused quite a stir. I was amused at my classmate's reactions. As usual, they saw a problem while I only saw... a challenge...

Oh please!

What? No way!

That sucks man!





Come on guys, that's not the end of the world! You'll need to study less for the finals, and it will improve your grades. What's bad about that huh?



So all I can advise you is: always be ready!

Excuse me sir?



Yes?

I'm sorry, but that's not really gonna work for us...

Oh, I see, it's not gonna "work for you". And what may be the reason for that, pray-tell ?

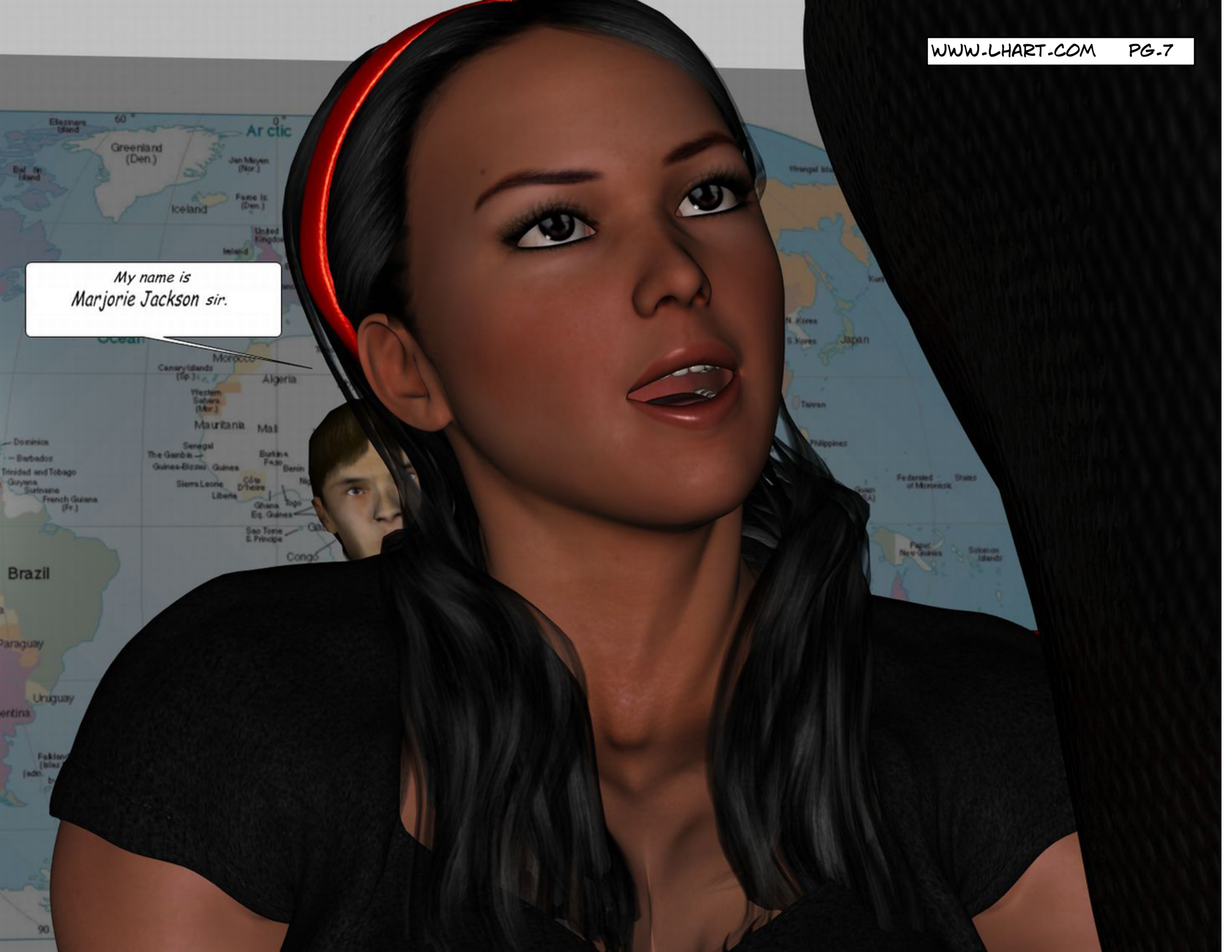
It's just not. We don't like it, Mr. Evans. We really don't want it.

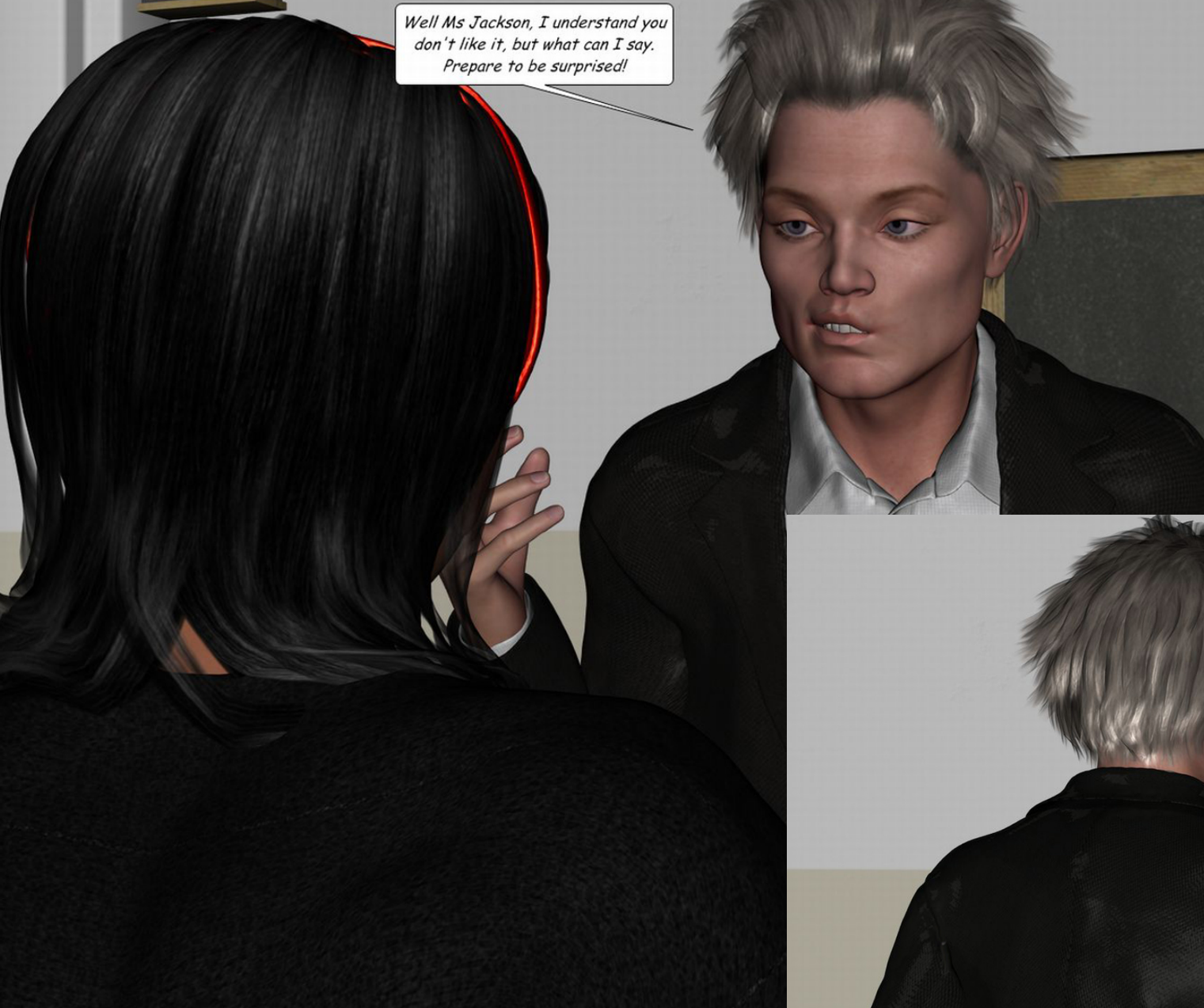
Quite right, I see. Well ahm... With whom do I have the honour of speaking?

Is this girl like a bodybuilder or what? She looks huge...

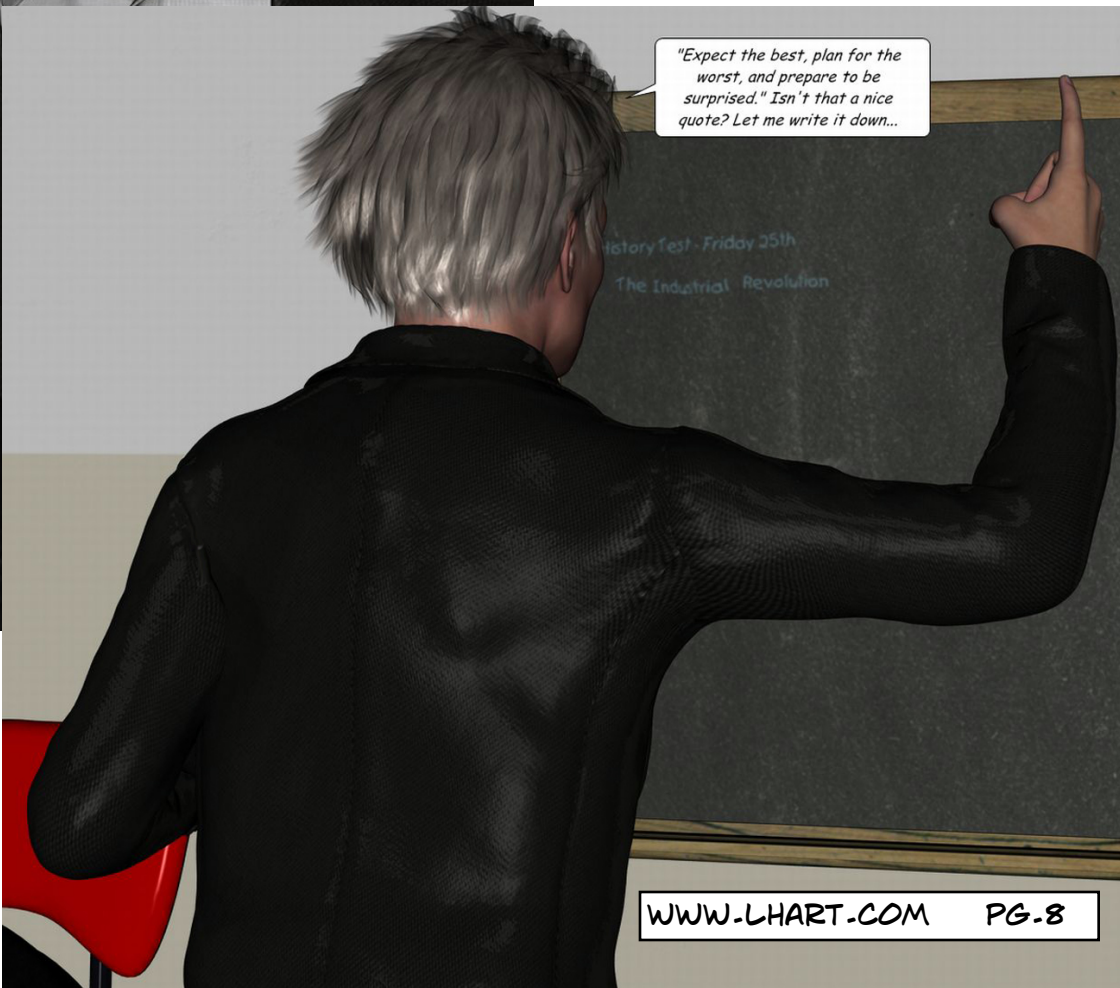


*My name is
Marjorie Jackson sir.*



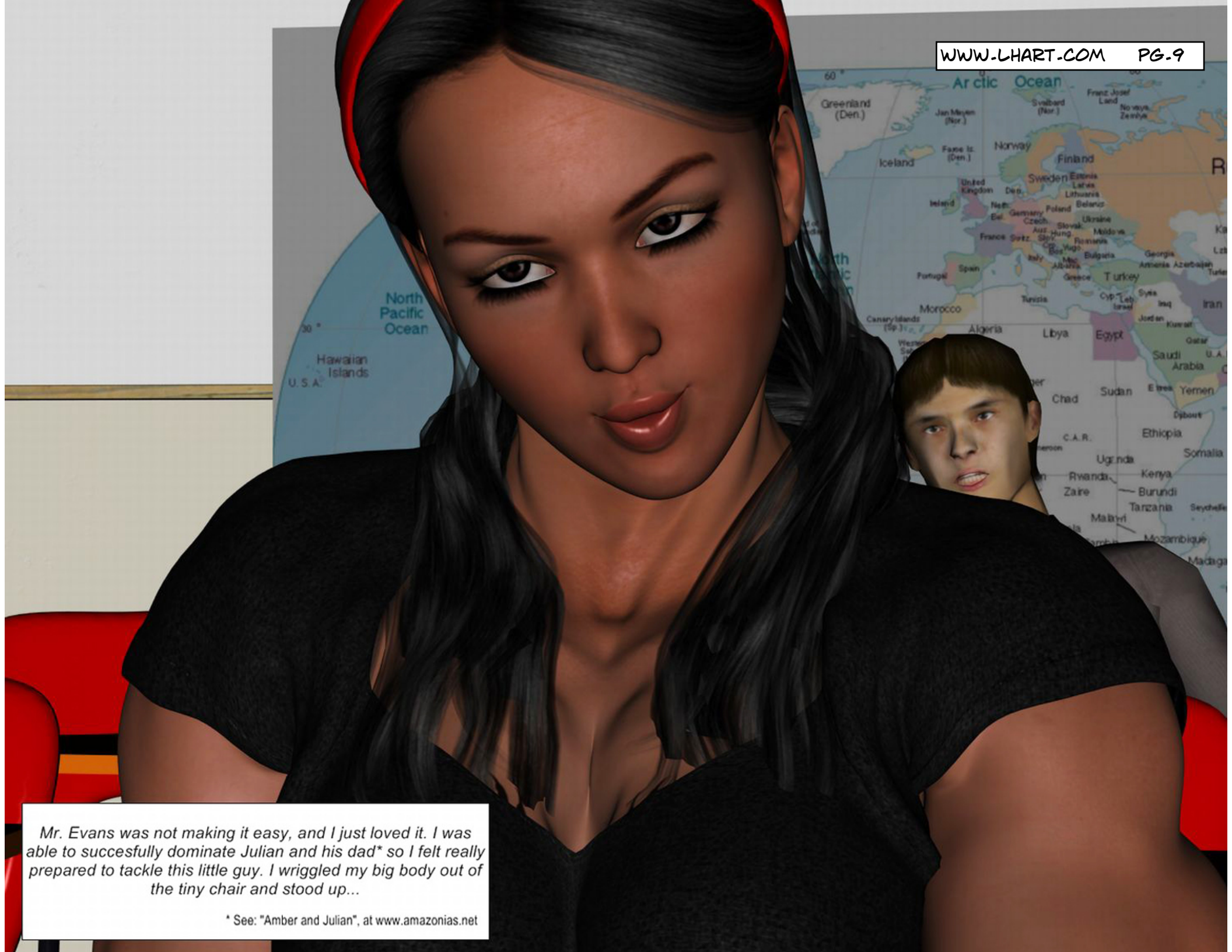


Well Ms Jackson, I understand you don't like it, but what can I say. Prepare to be surprised!




"Expect the best, plan for the worst, and prepare to be surprised." Isn't that a nice quote? Let me write it down...

History Test - Friday 25th
The Industrial Revolution



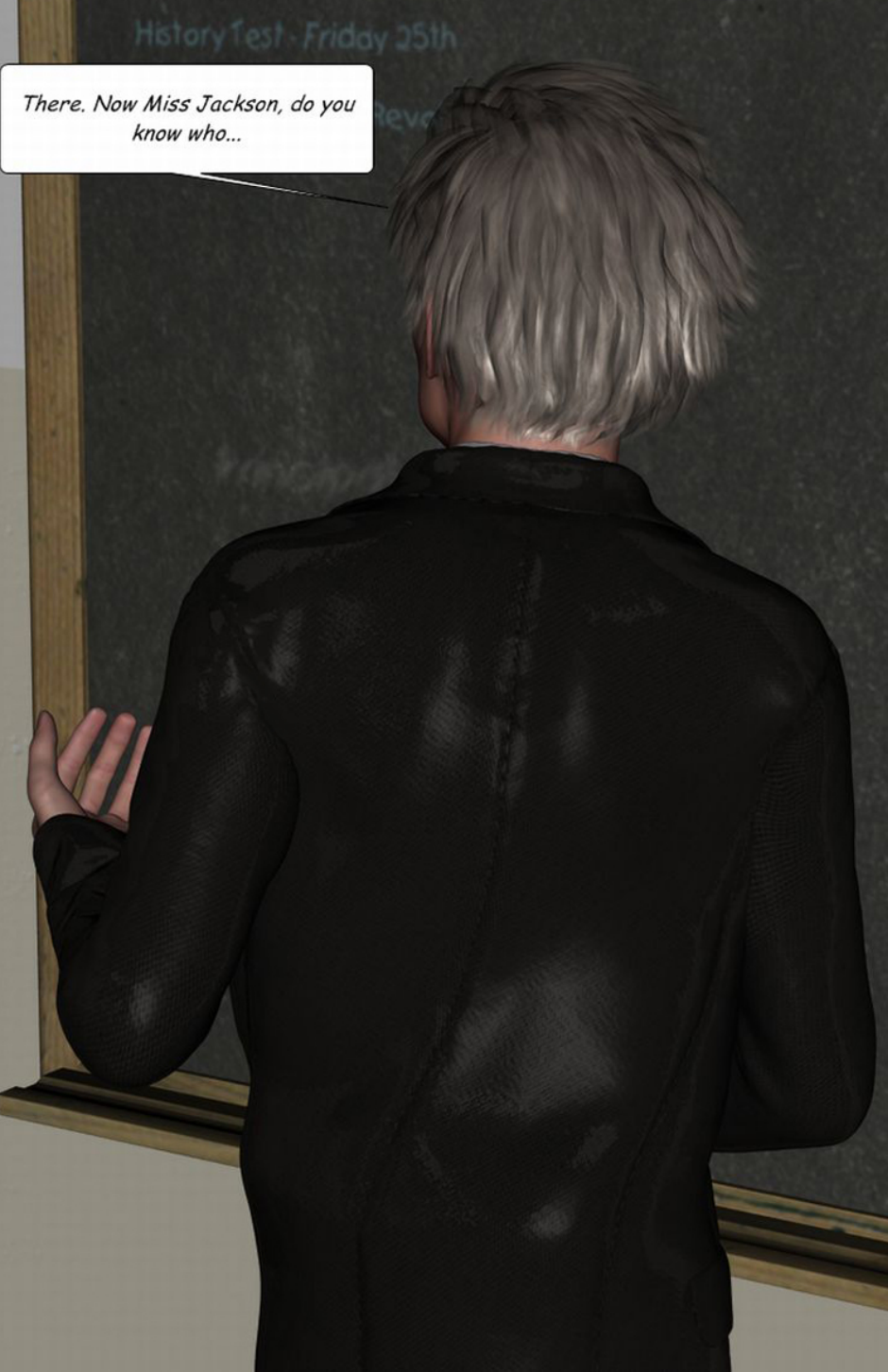
Mr. Evans was not making it easy, and I just loved it. I was able to succesfully dominate Julian and his dad so I felt really prepared to tackle this little guy. I wriggled my big body out of the tiny chair and stood up...*

* See: "Amber and Julian", at www.amazonias.net

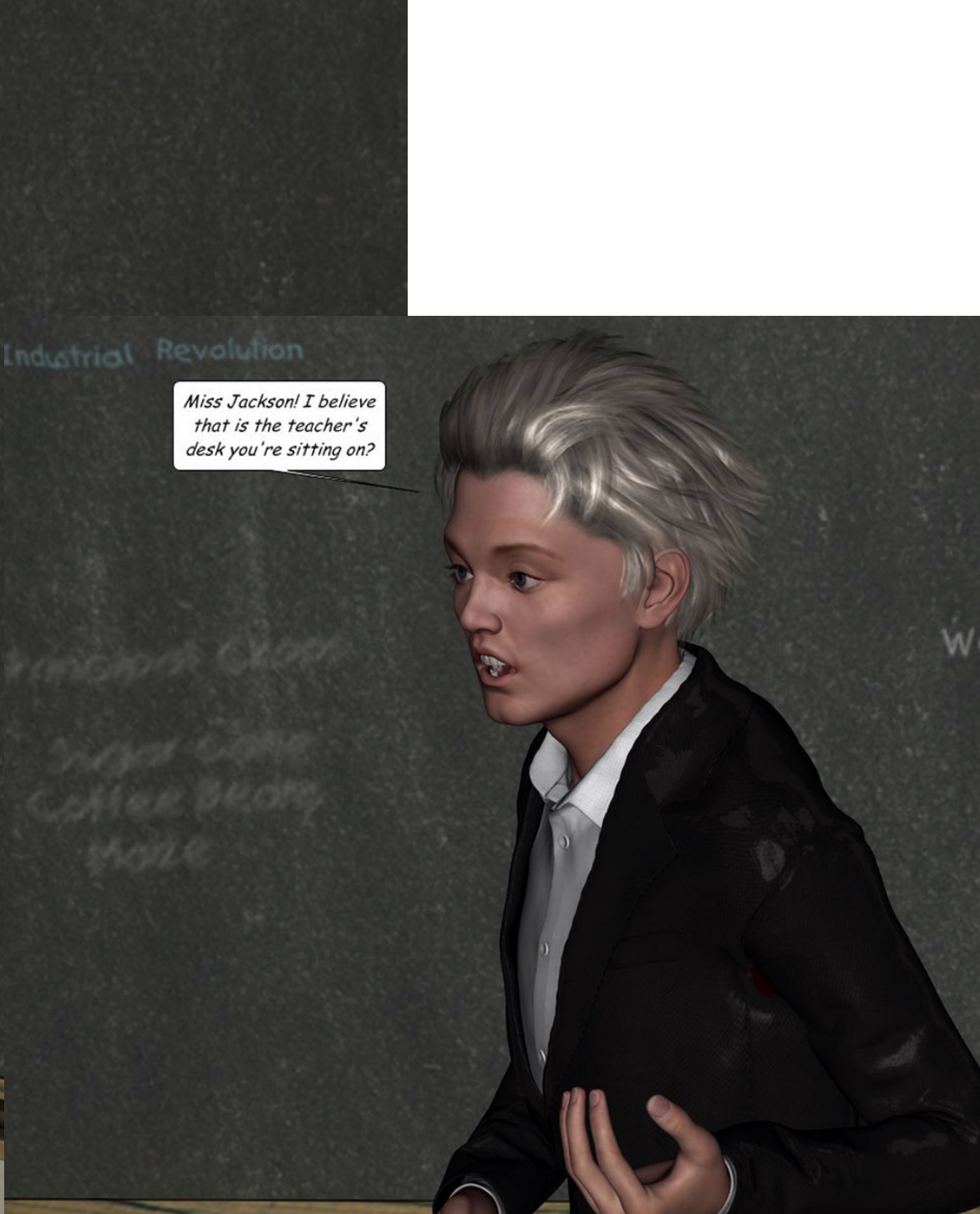


to... be... sur-

I sat down on the teacher desk and winked back at the class. The look of amazement in their eyes was just golden. I felt huge and awesome and there wasn't the slightest trace of nervousness. Instead, there was a tremendous feeling of excitement.



There. Now Miss Jackson, do you know who...



Miss Jackson! I believe that is the teacher's desk you're sitting on?

Just trying to surprise you, Mr Evans. Don't you like surprises?

Oh I do, I do. But there's a time and place for everything, Miss Jackson...



*Oh, you mean this isn't a good time,
Mr Evans?*

*Kindly go back to your seat now,
Miss Jackson.*

[whispering] What do you think Carol? Surprise him some more?

Ooh, definitely!


Miss Jackson...



Your seat please. Before I get angry.

Okay, let me get up...





Now, Mr. Evans, I don't want to make a big problem out of this...

*I'm afraid you already ***have*** a big problem, Miss Jackson...*



Go. To. Your. Seat!

Aww, Mr. Evans...

First let's cut out this silly
dictatorial commanding, ok?
It doesn't become a little
man like you...

HEY!

Miss Jackson, I swear, if you don't take your seat this very second, you're looking at a couple of weeks detention.

Ewww, detention! I don't like detention...



*Unless, of course, you'd be there with me,
late at night, in the detention room...
You know Mr Evans, I asked you not to be so
dictatorial...*



*Last time I checked, this country
was still a democracy...*

*Get your hands off me, Miss
Jackson. NOW!*

WorldTime - 25 zones of 15 Longitude
GMT = Greenwich MeanTime
London = GMT
Paris = GMT +1
Jerusalem = GMT +2
Kuwait = GMT +3

*So why don't we ask the class
what they want, ok?*

Goddammit, you will...

Class, do we want unannounced tests?

NO!

You want me to make that really clear to Mr Evans?

YES!

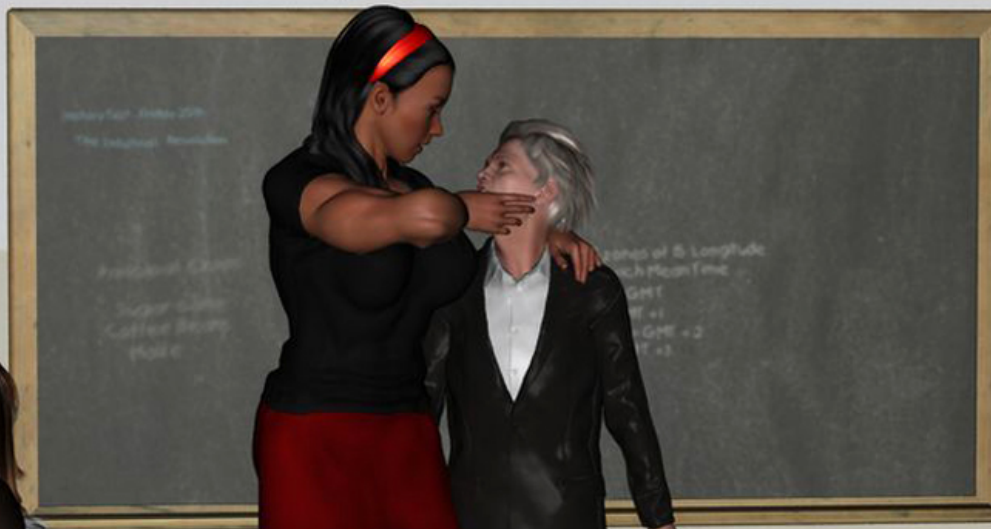




Ok Mr Evans, seems to me the majority has spoken pretty clearly. Unanimously, in fact.

I can assure you, Miss Jackson, that we're no longer talking about detention, but about permanent suspension! Get your hands off me and take your seat!

*Let me tell you something, Mr Evans.
Detention, suspension, whatever... You
really have nothing to threaten me with.
First of all, when I'm done with you, you
won't dare to take any action. Secondly,
even if you would, I just don't care.*





I, on the other hand, have real means to threaten you...

Miss Evans, I...-

He was getting really on my nerves with all his Miss Jacksons, so with all my body weight behind it, I pushed him hard against the blackboard with my arm...

SHUT THE FUCK UP!
You little turd!

WONK!!




He momentarily flew through the air, his feet off the ground. On impact, chalkdust fell down from the blackboard. Doing this to this annoying little worm felt terrific. There were ooohs and aaaahs from the whole class...



You see, Mr Evans, where my authority comes from, what I'm threatening you with, is something more... basic, more raw, more visceral...






My threats come from my physical power, Mr. Evans. The power to really hurt you with my muscles...

CAK!


And as you must have noticed when you walked into the classroom, yet chose to ignore at your own peril, I have big muscles. Everywhere.





*I... I'm sorry... Ughhhh... There won't...
be unannounced... tests... Gasp!*

*Of course there won't be, Mr Evans. Big
Marjorie already said that, right?*



Unfortunately, we're already beyond the point of no return. I hope you are ready to be surprised, Mr Evans... These babies are gonna have some fun with you...

*Huh? Wha- what babies?
O-ooww...cough!*



My biceps, you idiot!

Uggggghhhh

Afraid now, aren't you, little pedantic fuckwit! But don't worry, it's not your time yet...



*Kyle, come over here and take off
Mr Evans' shoes...*

*What? Please
-GACK!!*

SHUT UP!



25 zones of 15 Longitude
Greenwich Mean Time
London - GMT
Paris = GMT +1
Jerusalem = GMT +2
Kuwait = GMT +3

WWW.LHART.COM PG.37
(END PART 1) CONTINUED
NEXT MONTH...