

elbow bro elbow
yd
inord

wads and wads
by henri

whiz-----plop! the teacher, who was writing on the blackboard, turned slowly around rubbing the back of his head all the while. he glared at his pupils and cautiously resumed his work. again a whiz-----plop! and the pedagogue went over the same routine of rubbing his head and glaring at the class. now, on the floor, two paper wads nestled side by side near the instructor's feet. another rolled by and settled in a crack on the floor.

now, dear readers, we shall trace it to the source of this confusion. no, it wasn't a freckled-faced, red-nosed tomboy, neither was it a fuzzy-headed, good-for-nothing rascal. a rowdy-dow was not the cause of it all. it was dear old percival --"pet percy" as his classmates called him.

a big lump in his left cheek was moving up and down. at every bite he made a wry face--the kind of expression you make when you had gulped some medicine that the doctors had prepared for you. after chewing the paper for quite a while, each chew producing a shudder from him; percy set the wad on his desk besides more of the same thing. he then tore a big piece of paper and stuffed it in his mouth. a few minutes later another wad was placed besides the others.

while i was walking home with him from school that day, i asked him how he liked chewing papers.

"oh," he said, "at first it feels terrible. the paper is dry and needs lots of saliva to get it wet, then the ink on the paper--ugh! well, confidentially, the first ten wads are the hardest and dryest to chew, after that you get used to it."

the end

wads and wads
by
henri

wads and wads
by henri

whizz-plop! the teacher, who was writing on the blackboard, turned slowly around rubbing the back of his head all the while. he glared at his pupils and cautiously resumed his work. again a whizz-plop! and the redogone went over the same routine of rubbing his head and glaring at the class. now, on the floor, two paper wads nestled side by side near the instructor's feet. another rolled by and settled in a crack on the floor.

now, dear readers, we shall trace it to the source of this confusion. no, it wasn't a freckled-faced, red-nosed tomboy, neither was it a fuzzy-headed, good-for-nothing rascal. a rowdy-bow was not the cause of it all. it was dear old petroy -- "pet petroy" as his classmates called him.

a big lump in his left cheek was working up and down. at every bite he made a wry face -- the kind of excrete you make when you had missed some medicine that the doctor had prepared for you. after chewing the paper for quite a while, each crew producing a shudder from him petroy set the wad on his desk besides more of the same kind. he then tore a little piece of paper and placed besides the others.

while I was walking home with him from school that day, I asked him how he liked chewing papers.

"oh," he said, "at first it was terrible. the paper is very and made lots of excrete to get it wet, then the ink on the paper -- well, confidentially, the first ten wads are the best and easiest to chew, after that you get used to it."

the end