

MR. HIGGINS' LASSROOM CHAOS



Mr. Higgins and the Month of Mishaps

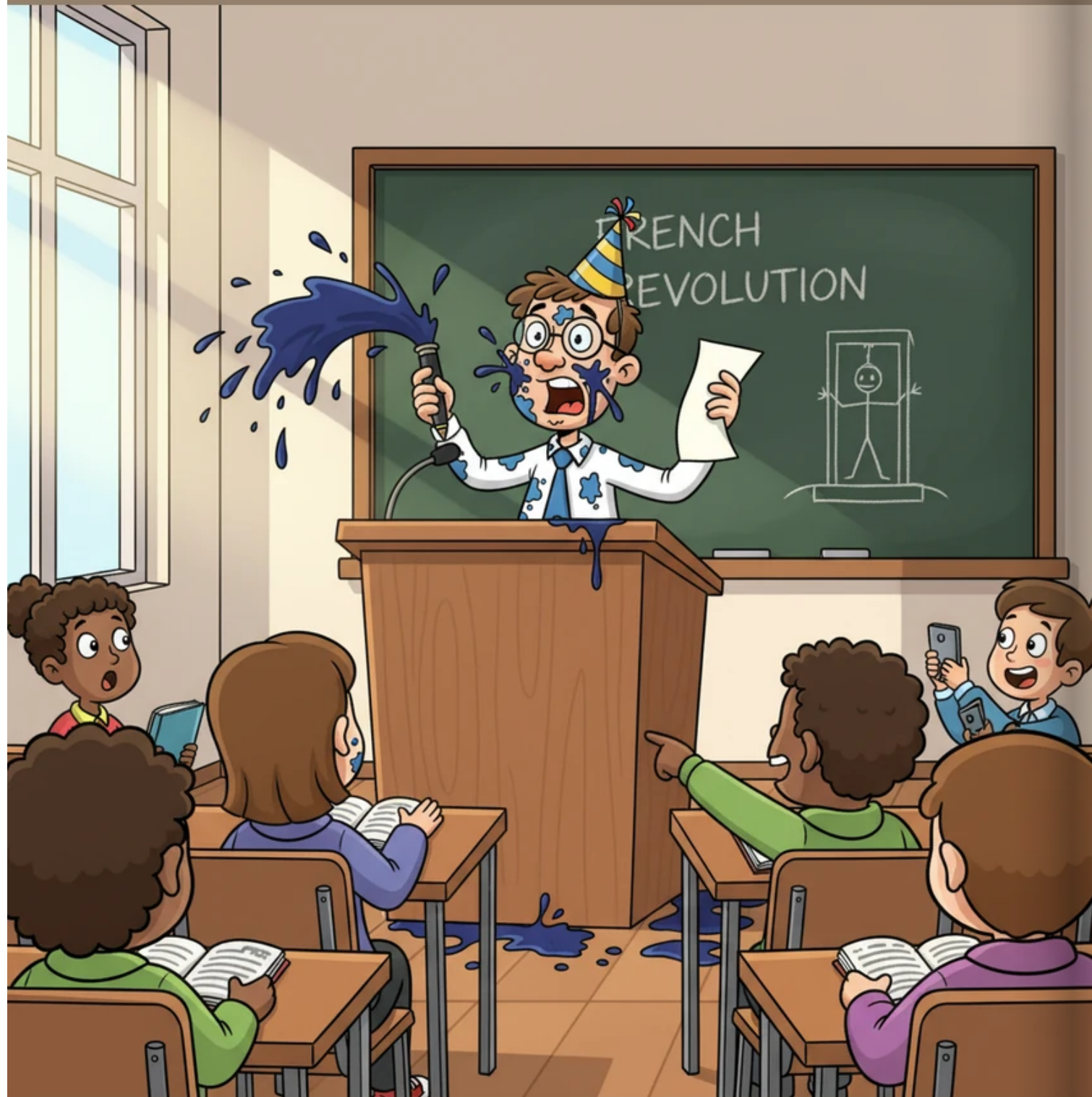
MITRA KALA A/P VIJAYAN IPG-Pelajar



Mr. Higgins was a teacher who loved his job more than anything, even if he was a bit clumsy. He started the new month with a bright smile, a polished apple on his desk, and high hopes for a perfect four weeks of learning and fun.



On the very first morning, Mr. Higgins proudly carried a three-tier chocolate cake into the school to celebrate the start of the month. Just as he reached the hallway, his shoelace caught on a stray backpack, and the cake performed a spectacular somersault before landing upside down on the floor.



By the third day, the bad luck continued when his favorite fountain pen exploded during a very serious history lecture. He looked like a Dalmatian with blue ink spots all over his face and white shirt, but he kept right on teaching as if nothing had happened.



On the fifth day, Mr. Higgins scheduled a silent reading hour for his students to enjoy some peace and quiet. Suddenly, a massive brass band parade marched right past the classroom window, with the tubas and drums shaking the pens right off the desks.



Mr. Higgins tried to signal for quiet, but the parade was followed by a troupe of loud performers and a very noisy fire truck. He eventually gave up, picked up a pair of maracas from the music corner, and joined his students in dancing along to the rhythm of the street.



The middle of the month brought a strange localized rainstorm that seemed to follow only Mr. Higgins during recess. While the children played in the bright sunshine, he stood under a single dark cloud, getting soaked to the bone while holding a dry umbrella for a student.



One afternoon, Mr. Higgins misplaced his glasses and spent twenty minutes explaining complex long division to a tall wooden coat rack in the corner of the room. The students giggled quietly until he finally realized the student he was teaching was wearing three hats and a scarf.



Finally, the thirty-first arrived, and Mr. Higgins decided to throw a grand party to turn his luck around. He blew up fifty colorful balloons and set out a mountain of cookies, waiting eagerly for his students to arrive for the after-school celebration.



The clock ticked loudly in the empty room as the sun began to set, but not a single person walked through the door. Mr. Higgins sat alone at his desk, wearing a lonely paper party hat and wondering if he truly was the unluckiest teacher in the world.



Just as he was about to pack up, the school principal peeked in and led him down to the gymnasium. The entire school was waiting there with a giant banner that read We Love Mr. Higgins, proving that even the worst month can end with the best surprise.