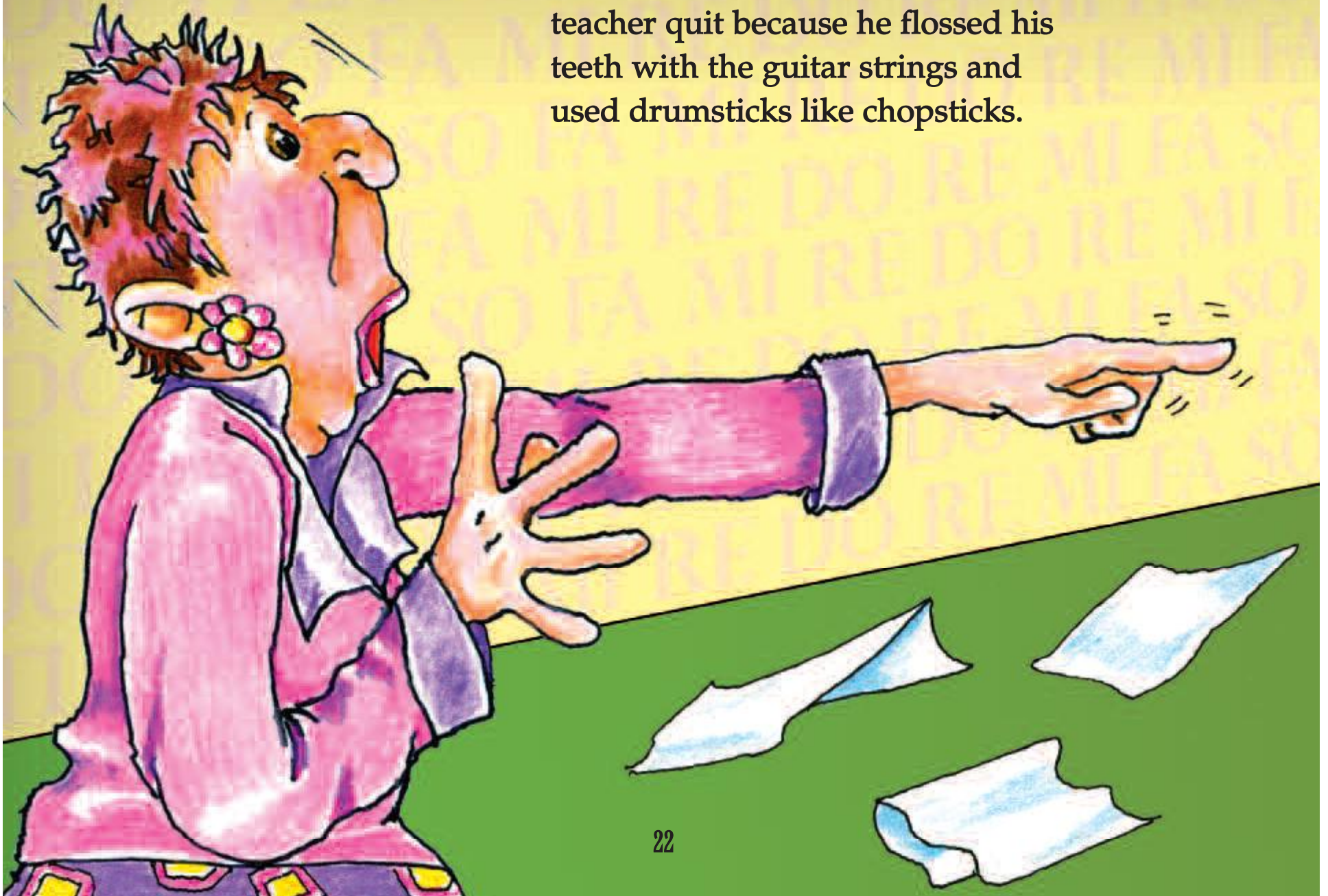
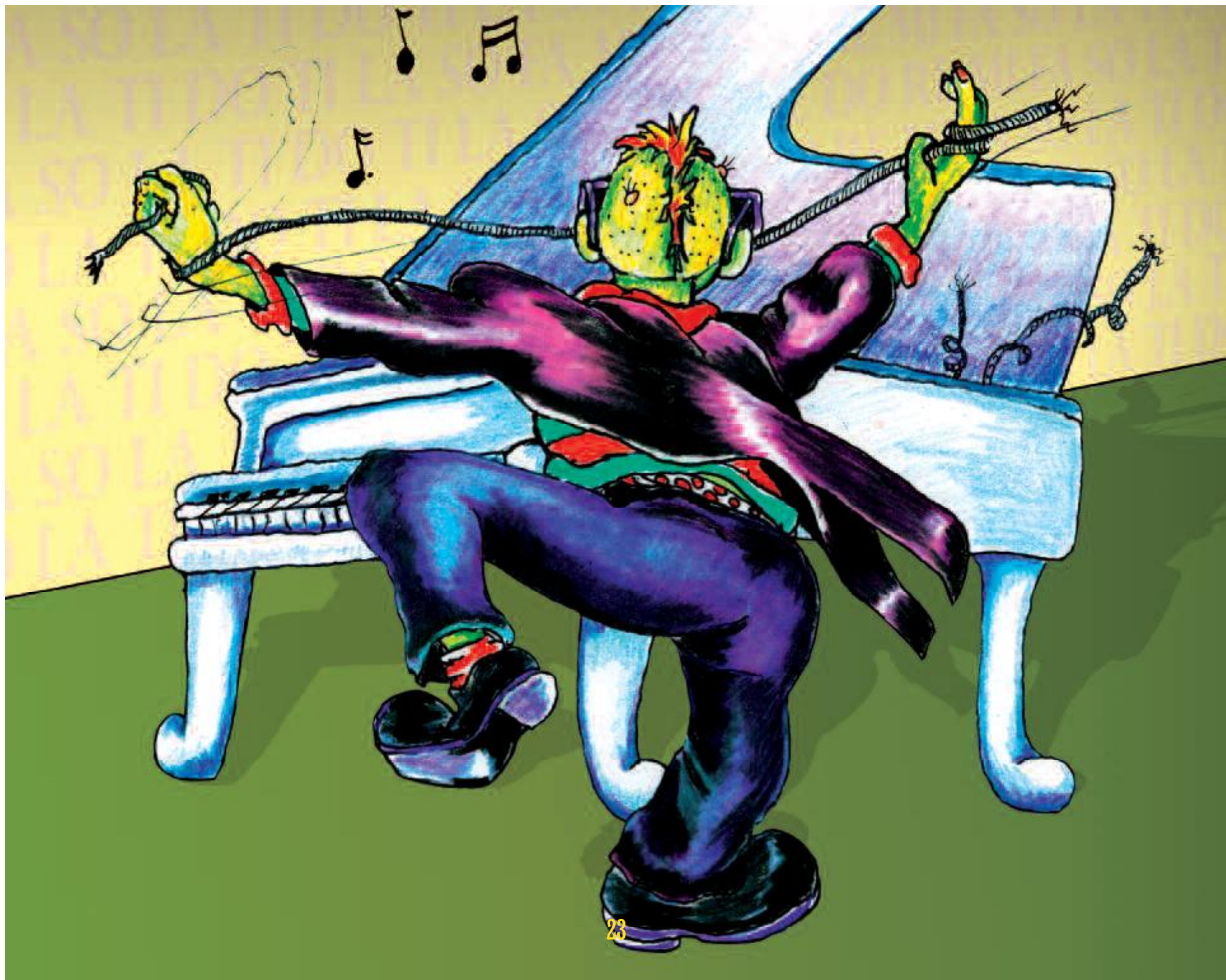
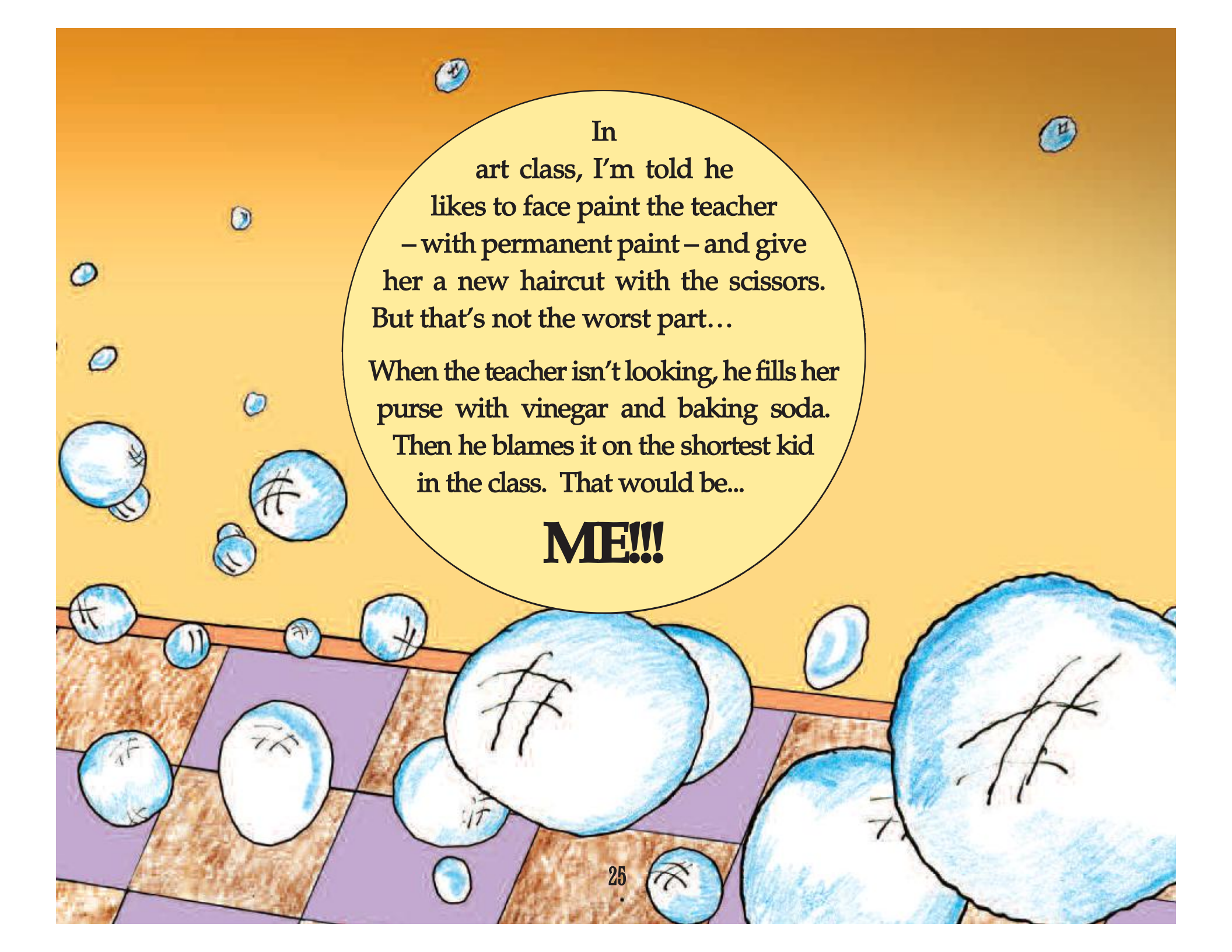


I'm dreading music class. Tim Rock heard Bill's last music teacher quit because he flossed his teeth with the guitar strings and used drumsticks like chopsticks.









In
art class, I'm told he
likes to face paint the teacher
– with permanent paint – and give
her a new haircut with the scissors.
But that's not the worst part...

When the teacher isn't looking, he fills her
purse with vinegar and baking soda.
Then he blames it on the shortest kid
in the class. That would be...

ME!!!



During math,
instead of
crunching
numbers, Willy
McNilly says
Bust 'em Up Bill
crunches all the
light bulbs. Then
you have to do
math in the dark.



I hope I don't have to sit next to Bill in a dark room. He might accidentally bite my head off. And I need my head to do math!