

SCHOOL SWAP



GEORGE KIRK

ILLUSTRATED BY - DAMIEN JONES

If Jay thinks being stuck in Mr Jones's class is hard, just wait until he's stuck in his body!

A body-swap story suitable for seven- to nine-year-olds, told in six chapters.

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Chapter 1

“Psst!” said Jay. “I’m bored.”

Adil’s pencil scratched busily over his book. “Get on with your work, then,” he whispered, not looking up at his best friend. “If Mr Jones hears you, we’ll both be in trouble.”

“I’m not worried about Droney Jonesey,” said Jay.

Adil’s pencil paused. “You should be,” he said, glancing up. “If you end up in detention tomorrow, you’ll miss the football team trials.”

“Well he shouldn’t teach such boring lessons,” complained Jay, but Adil’s pencil was already working again.

Mr Jones was sitting at his desk marking homework books. Everyone at Mill Hill School was terrified of him. Jay didn’t understand why. From his hair and moustache to his jumper and tie, Mr Jones was thin and beige all over. How could you be terrified of someone who looked like a cup of cold tea?

Of course, he did have a bark that could break down steel doors and a stare that could turn you to stone. Then there were the detentions. Jay had only been in Year 5 for two weeks and he’d already missed four playtimes.

Jay was still bored. He scrunched up a little paper football. His two fingers dribbled it around the desk, in and out of the books, past the pencil pot and on towards the sharpener goal posts! Pulling back his index finger he sent the ball flying. It sped through the goals...

...and kept on flying up...

...and up...

...and up...

...thunk!

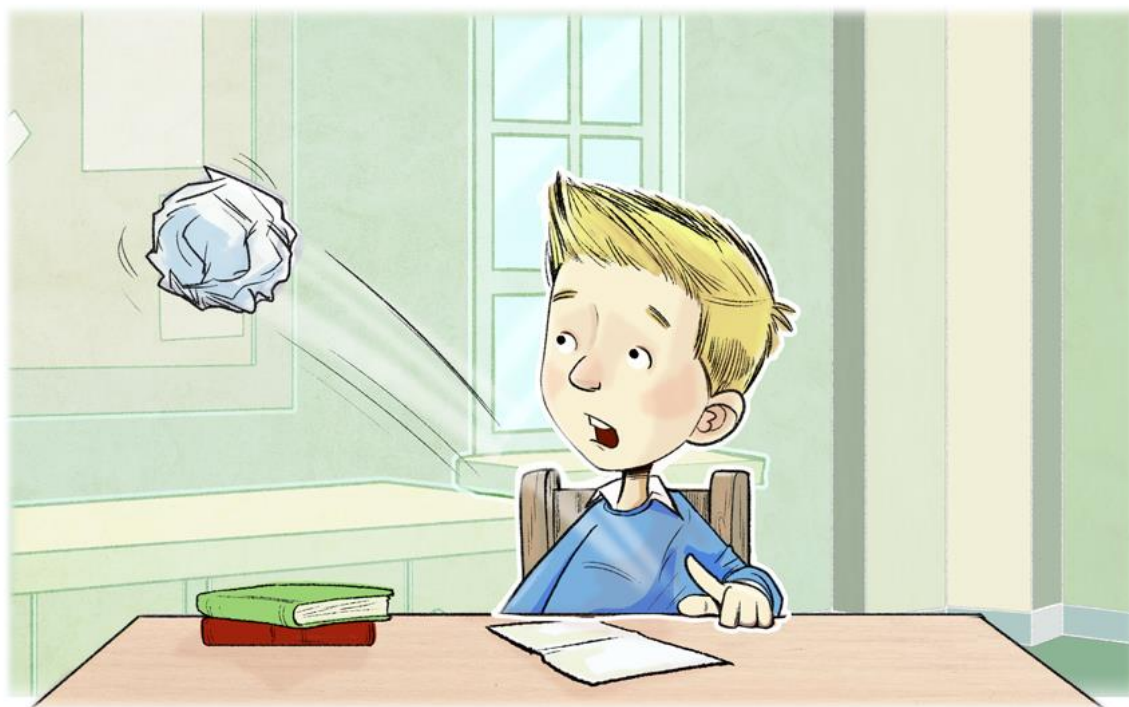
Right between Mr Jones’s eyes.

“Detention, Jay Isaacs!” yelled Mr Jones.

RIIIINNNNGGG!

The bell went and so did the class, out for break. Adil gave Jay a sad ‘I tried to warn you’ look as he went past.

Ten minutes into detention, Mr Jones cleared his throat and beckoned with a finger. Jay walked up to the desk.



“Where’s your homework?” asked Mr Jones, quietly running his fingers along his moustache. “It’s not on my pile... AGAIN!”

Jay didn’t want to risk another detention—not with the footy trials tomorrow, plus Droney Jonesey could sniff out a fib across a crowded playground. It was time to tell the truth.

“I was too busy, Sir. I had to cook the tea last night and then do the dishes and clean the...”

“Ha!” shouted Mr Jones, standing up so he could tower above Jay. “You expect me to believe that load of codswallop? You don’t do any work at school, so why would you at home? Playing computer games and football, more likely!”

“NO!” protested Jay.

“You don’t know how lucky you are!” snarled Mr Jones. “You have your whole future ahead of you. You could do anything you wanted. If I were you, I’d stop messing about. I’d work hard and make something of myself!”

Every one of Jay’s muscles tied itself into a double knot. This wasn’t fair. What was the point of telling the truth if no one believed you?

“Well, you don’t know how lucky you are!” he shouted. “You can do whatever you want right now. If I were you, I’d stop teaching boring lessons that turn kids’ brains to mush and make them exciting!”



They paused and glared at each other, faces turning red. Then, at the exact same moment, they slammed their hands down onto the desk shouting, “I WISH I WERE YOU!”

Time stopped. Jay was standing perfectly still, looking up into the eyes of Mr Jones. Eyes that seemed to be getting bigger and bigger and bigger. Jay started to feel sick and dizzy. He closed his own eyelids before he threw up and... WHAM!

His stomach fell into his shoes then flew up into his head and did somersaults round and round his brain. He clung onto the desk until the world seemed to stop moving.

When he finally opened his eyes again, he was still staring into another pair opposite. Only now, he wasn't staring up; he was staring down, and the eyes that were staring back... were his!