

# Humour in Class Room

Children Are Quick and Always Speak Their Minds

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TEACHER: Maria, go to the map and find North America .

MARIA: Here it is.

TEACHER: Correct. Now I ask the class, who discovered America ?

CLASS: Maria.

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TEACHER: John, why are you doing your math multiplication on the floor?

JOHN: You told me to do it without using the tables.

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TEACHER: Glenn, how do you spell 'crocodile?'

GLENN: K-R-O-K-O-D-I-A-L'

TEACHER: No, that's wrong

GLENN: Maybe it is wrong, but you asked me how I spell it.

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TEACHER: Donald, what is the chemical formula for water?

DONALD: H I J K L M N O.

TEACHER: What are you talking about?

DONALD: Yesterday you said it's H to O.

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TEACHER: Winnie, name one important thing we have today that we didn't have ten years ago.

WINNIE: Me!

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TEACHER: Glen, why do you always get so dirty?

GLEN: Well, I'm a lot closer to the ground than you are.

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TEACHER: Millie, give me a sentence starting with ' I. '

MILLIE: I is...

TEACHER: No, Millie..... always say, 'I am.'

MILLIE: All right... 'I am the ninth letter of the alphabet'

( You Asked for it) \_\_\_\_\_

TEACHER: George Washington not only chopped down his father's cherry tree, but also admitted it. Now, Louie, do you know why his father didn't punish him?

LOUIS: Because George still had the axe in his hand.....

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TEACHER: Now, Simon , tell me frankly, do you say prayers before eating?

SIMON: No sir, I don't have to, my Mom is a good cook.

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TEACHER: Clyde , your composition on 'My Dog' is exactly the same as your brother's.. Did you copy his?

CLYDE : No sir, It's about the same dog.

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TEACHER: Harold, what do you call a person who keeps on talking when people are no longer interested?

HAROLD: A teacher

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# TWO-FACED MASK a poem by Adriana Scanferla

Behind the first feature  
blood is filtered mixed with sweat  
a consequence of the effort  
over a mouth twisted by an eager grin  
hangs an indignant forehead.

The other mask is sweet and passionate  
sharing and merciful in God  
one who has learned suffering and absence  
Sweet kisses lavished on tender flesh  
in the fragments of instants  
stolen from life's cares.

Translated by:

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