

SpY School

Murray and I

Me and Murry were suffering Professor Crandall's dreary classes. After carefully waking up ~~and~~; slumping out of bed; slowly proceeding to the classes; consuming my unpleasant lunch and ^{finding} my way into this class all in another day at spy school.

Professor Crandall's class smelt like old people with simple grey walls, a few desks and chairs with ^{his} ~~one of~~ his own ^{chair} which was 1000 years old. ✓ Good description.

It was horrifically loud in the classroom before Professor Crandall came in. It was like your ordinary classroom: children throwing paper balls, sticking freshly chewed gum under tables, paper aeroplanes flying everywhere. ✓ Also well described!

But in the corner sat Sally Witworth. ✓

She was a shy person who had a fear of anything and everything. She had clothes that had no life left in them because she chewed them when she had all her phobias. Her skin was pasty white and she had a thing for going mad with blusher ^{due to her} embarrassment of her white skin.

sp "Hey Murry!" I ^{wispered} "what do you think he's got hidden under that blanket?" Not to my surprise, Murry was asleep ^{taking} ~~with~~ no notice of anything. He could of slept there all day if someone didn't wake him, but I woke him.

"What?" he mumbled, "nothing exciting would possibly happen so leave me alone!" He didn't even open his eyes he just slumped back down. I woke him again.

"Stop it mum!" said Murry waving his hands in the air.

I gave up on Murry but couldn't take my eyes off the massive box in the middle of the room with a cover over it. I was looking at it ^{when} I saw a sudden jolt. It moved!

paid sp
caught sp

The cage moved. Eventually I ^{payed} attention to Professor Crandall who was cauk away in his lecture.

"Crash!"

paid sp

Suddenly, everyone ^{payed} attention to the cage.

Professor Crandall dropped his papers and waddled over to the cage.

"I was going to show you this later but I guess you're more interested in this than my lecture!" he gave everyone a poisonous stare that sent a shiver down my spine.

Obviously sp

Obviously, he liked the lecture more than this.

"What's in it already!" I shouted not meaning to say it.

Ben Ripley don't call out!" he replied. I nodded. ✓

He swung ^{off the} sheet ^{off the cage} and underneath was something you don't see everyday.

A lion!

"Wow!" I said to myself, "I wonder what he is going to do with that thing?"

"Aaarrr!" all the girls screamed. And believe it or not Murry still slept!

"Class, to see how good you are at fighting I am going to pull someone's name out of the hat and you have to fight the lion!" The person he chose was nother than: Sally Witworth.

Everyone rushed out of the room in a stampede hoping they're not the last person to get out. Children all peeped through the windows.

Back in the classroom, Sally was having a moment she would never forget. Being stalked by a lion. ✓ Good short sentence!
"Get a weapon! You should have one on you!" Professor Crandall screamed. He wasn't even looking at her. I thought she was at spy school for the same reason as me. As bait. ✓

"I have my mobile!" she muttered.

"That thing will not do, or what is it?" he replied. She wasn't like