

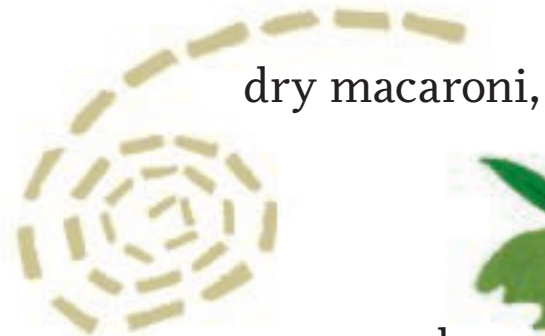


Isobel loved going to school because she knew exactly what to expect there.

It was always, 'Hello,' to Miss Parker,



letters,



dry macaroni,

a snack,



Lilian,

checking on
Tofumi, Ashini,
Leoni, Gianni,
Kavini, and
Rambo,



lunch,



PE,

$$2 + 5 = 7$$

$$5 + 2$$

numbers,



RING



the bell,

and then a hug
from Grandma, and
home to Steve . . .

But one day, something happened
that Isobel didn't expect at all!
'I'm Mr Ford,' said Mr Ford.
Oh no! thought Isobel.
Mr Ford was *not* Miss Parker.



'What's this?' asked Isobel.

'It's called farfalle,' said Mr Ford—who
wasn't Miss Parker. 'It will work just
as well as macaroni.'

Just as well?! Isobel was not happy. This
pasta was a *completely* different shape.

And then, things got even worse . . .



‘It’s too wet for PE today! So, what if I read you all a story instead?’

Everyone cheered.
Everyone except Isobel.

‘The weather is meant to change tomorrow,’ he carried on. ‘We’ll go outside then . . .’



TOMORROW?!

Isobel didn’t want to see
Mr Ford back tomorrow!

She wanted Miss Parker,
macaroni, an apple, Lilian,
and PE. Just like before!

Isobel’s tummy
felt hot.



The heat moved to
her chest, her throat,
her cheeks, until . . .

