

Back At Good Ol' EJS

Ok... I must have been mistaken to think that I previously posted on my small junior high school's science teacher and his intriguing way of chastising craziness in the classroom. Mr. Stoll had a copy of the 6,7, and 8th grade spelling books. Every week, there was a list of 20 spelling words that we had to learn. In science class, if a student stepped out of line, he had to write that list of 20 words 15 times.

On two very rare occurrences, I found myself on the short end of that punishment (and almost a third time). The first time (the only time I remember the particulars but I know I had one more) was at the sink following an experiment as we were cleaning up. I guess I got a little carried away with the water because all of a sudden I heard the dulcet tones of

MISTER SHAFFER... FIFTEEN!

Another time, my cousin was given his turn. A classmate had borrowed his pencil and he was attempting to reclaim it. Apparently, he was a bit more vocal than needed because once again came the all powerful howl:

MISTER MAXWELL... FIFTEEN!

However, this did not stop Dan. He was adamant that he did not deserve the cursed punishment. At the teacher's suggestion that the fifteen might be turned into thirty, he reluctantly gave up the fight, but recovered the pencil.

How did I fit into this drama you might wonder? I don't know why but something about two students fighting over possession of a pencil just struck me as hilarious. Even after Mr. Stoll inquired whether I would like to practice my spelling skills, I still found it hard to contain myself much to my cousin's disbelief. BTW Dr. Maxwell, if you can help me remember my

second time...

Miss Shaffer, Fifteen.

I have already posted on my junior high science teacher's most famous reprimand for students who step out of line. Today, I discovered that he may just be getting rather lax in his distributing of "15" in his old age. I found it ironic that Shelby should bring it up because I thought that he had retired a few years ago... my mistake.

It seems that my oldest niece stayed up WAY too late last night. She was sleeping in class. Her friend sitting next to her attempted to revive her to no avail. Moments later, Mr. Stoll went to her table and (apparently) quite gently nudged her and revived her. **HA!!!! I got fifteen for two separate incidents (and ALMOST a third) in my day for less than that!!!**

A few years ago, I had a cousin who passed through the hallowed door of the science teacher. I would periodically hear her relate tales that would have led to her writing spelling words as well. I don't think she ever got the pleasure. To this day, I think Charnel was his pet. It sounds like he has another.