

The perfectly reasonable explanation of why I missed school.

Chaya Sandler

Dear Mrs Jacobson,

~~There is no way you can give me detention~~

~~You so totally cannot give me detention because~~

~~The reason it is totally unfair of you to give me detention~~

There is a perfectly justified reason I missed school yesterday and therefore you ~~can't~~ shouldn't give me detention. The explanation goes like this ~~— I was recruited by Mi5 for a top secret mission of national importance. —~~ I went to visit my sister in seminary for Shabbos, and I stayed by my other sister. She (the sister in seminary) stayed in her (the older sister's) house. She (ok too confusing let's call them Rachel and Leah ((no way will I tell you their real names, hello personal!)) oh hey I'm called Rachel, um let's call them Bilhah and Zilpa), Bilhah, has two yummy mushy little boys. (I'm telling you they are literally the world's cutest little boys, I mean seriously yum!)

We like totes had an amazing time Friday night, yada ,yada ,yada. Anyways we went to bed at like 2am (that was Zilpa and me, Bilhah is way too sensible to do such stuff. Plus the aforementioned yummy little boys don't let her sleep much so...). Then at about 3ish this blaring siren woke us up. I was terrified! I thought a bomb had gone off or something. My sis and bro-in-law came running out the bedroom (yep bedroom in singular, I know my tenses, I do pay attention in your class sometimes y'know, they live in a shoebox) in each other's dressing gowns! ~~Mordechai~~ My bro-in-law, let's call him Yaakov, was in Bilhah's fluffy purple dressing gown with a pink heart on the back! And her bunny slippers (she may be sensible but she can be so soppy sometimes). Bilhah was in this blue silk thing (my brother in law likes to think he's sophisticated) and yellow emoji slippers (but not that sophisticated). ~~Me and Zilpa~~ Zilpa and I (told you I pay attention in your grammar classes sometimes) were in hoodies and slinky skirts.

Yaakov yelled "It's the carbon monoxide alarm!" all heroically (actually so not, he sounded like a 7-year-old girl but whatevs don't dare tell him I said so, told you he likes to think he's sophisticated).

We all grabbed the poor little babies (like all of us, Bilhah and Yaakov bashed heads over one of them) wrapped their poor shivering little delicate bodies in their blankets and fled the house trying not to breathe.

We collapsed outside coughing and choking, huddled in a heap. Yaakov was doubled over, then he straightened up, wheezed and flopped to the ground, "I don't think I'm

going to make it..." A few seconds later a spider crawled up his leg and he shrieked and jumped up and down.

"You seem to have miraculously recovered," noted Bilhah. He cleared his throat in an attempt to regain his dignity but it came out a bit squeakish so we all waited as he attempted it a few times until he felt manly again. When he was finally done he assumed a heroic pose. Then he noticed Bilhah's dressing gown and looked at himself with "yeh, erg gah!" or words to that effect.

It was freezing. Like seriously freezing, have you ever been to Gateshead?! And it was snowing! Hashem was like getting rid of all our sins or something. So as I was saying, we were shivering to death, huddled pitifully in the cold like beggars, the babies swaddled in tattered rags (ok, ok, muslin blankets, but it's close enough), the poor things. As the man of the house (or rather, shoebox) Yaakov decided he would go and knock on the neighbour's door. Did I mention it was 3am? He marched off determinedly (in his purple fluffy dressing gown with a giant pink heart on the back, bunny slippers and bare hairy legs) and proceeded to knock, bang, pound, hammer and shout through the letterbox, on the neighbour's door. Once this brilliant plan of his failed, he was at a bit of a loss.

Noticing the neighbour's window was ajar, he ignored our protests and climbed in. The plan was to go wake the neighbours and ask them to take us in for the night but he never got that far. They have a burglar alarm... now the street was filled with two ear splitting sirens...at least it woke all our neighbours up.

The police and the fire brigade arrived at the same time. The good news is that it was a false alarm and we could trudge back into the house and rest our weary, aching, shivering, soaked to the bone bodies, and get the babies inside. The bad news is that the police arrested Yaakov and yeah, well... He tried to be all

and brave "Don't cry dear, I'll be back in no time." But it's hard to look serious in a purple fluffy dressing gown with a giant pink heart on the back and bunny slippers. I think the policeman was trying not to laugh.

So the reason I didn't go to school yesterday is ~~that there was no way I was going to miss seeing Yaakov in prison~~ because Bilhah needed moral support as she went to pick up Yaakov. Therefore I came back a day later. Besides, somebody had to carry the change of clothing.

Anyways, that is my perfectly reasonable excuse for missing school yesterday.

Yours sincerely,

Rachel.

