

*My teacher had  
a rip in his pants*



Identify the  
**POINT OF VIEW**  
of each version.

# *A Kid's Dream Come True*

Every kid has a dream that their teacher will disappear one day. Well, one day in Room 5 of Case Elementary, it finally came true.

Mr. Friedman was writing the math homework on the board Wednesday morning just like normal. The list was getting longer and longer, and finally, as he bent down to write the last list of problems from the math textbook, his pants ripped. And they ripped in a very revealing spot.

The students had all noticed that his pants were getting tighter and tighter over the past few months, but none dreamed that they would finally just give up the battle.

All the students laughed. Mr. Friedman gulped hard and turned red. What a day to wear Superman boxers! He glared at the class for a moment and then grabbed at the rip and darted out of the room.

It wasn't long before Mrs. Ahlery came in to finish up the class. "Settle down, class," she said. "And get back to work."

Although she never talked about what happened, the smile lines around Mrs. Ahlery's eyes were obvious. But she held back her temptation to giggle.

Mr. Friedman did not return to school that afternoon.

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OF VIEW**

3<sup>RD</sup>-PERSON POV  
**NARRATOR**

# *Mr. Friedman Wears Superman Underwear*

Every kid has a dream that their teacher will disappear one day. Well, in our case, it finally came true.

Mr. Friedman was writing our math homework on the board last Wednesday like he always does. That day, the list was getting longer and longer, and finally, as he bent down to write the last list of problems to do from our math textbook, his pants ripped—right in a very embarrassing spot.

We'd all noticed that his pants were getting tighter and tighter over the past few months, but none of us dreamed that they would finally just give up.

“What?! Superman underwear?” Joe hooted from the back of the classroom.

“Mr. Friedman, you’ve got a rip in your pants!” Susie yelled.

We all just burst out laughing. We couldn’t help it.

Mr. Friedman, turned, glared at us, grabbed at the rip, and darted out of the room.

I turned to Kris, my best friend and said, “Can you believe that just happened?”

“Yeah, maybe we won’t have to do our homework!”

But it wasn’t long before Mrs. Ahlery came in to finish up the class.

“Settle down class and get back to work,” she told us. But I think she was trying to hold back a little giggle. She never talked about what happened, but her eyes looked like she was smiling inside.

The good news is that Mr. Friedman never did come back that afternoon. The bad news is that we still had to do our homework.

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1<sup>ST</sup>-PERSON POV  
**THE CLASS**

# A Teacher's Nightmare

For a few months, I admit it, I had let myself go. It was cold outside, so I didn't walk. It was warm inside, so I sat. And I ate. I ate a snack mid-morning and found myself back in the teacher's lounge after school, picking up the leftover cookies from the day. Evenings were no better. I enjoyed trying new recipes, and my wife and I both love to eat ice cream after dinner.

Well, after a few months, I started noticing that my pants just weren't fitting like they used to. The nightmare was inevitable.

That Wednesday morning started out bad from the start.

"Honey, where are my brown pants?" I called from the bathroom.

"They're in the laundry," my wife responded.

My brown pants are the only ones that "fit" at this point. That left the black pants. Not the black pants! Those black pants have been around for a while. It was just a matter of time.

Things seemed to be going fine. I made it through most of the morning without a hitch. If I sat down, I felt the waistband cutting off most of my circulation. *And I thought these were the pants that fit.* Most of the day, I stood which is normal for a teacher anyway.

"Okay, class, I'll write our math homework on the board while you copy it in your math notebook." I started at the top of the board, and the class began taking down the problems.

As I listed their homework on the board, it happened. I leaned down lower to keep writing and had to bend down to reach the very bottom of the board. That was all it took. I felt the seam give. Rrrrrrip! My stomach lurched at the sound of tearing fabric.

*Of all days to wear my Superman boxers!* I felt the heat rise to my face and head.

I tried my best to cover the gap as I ran out of the classroom. I sprinted to my car, jumped in, and slammed the door. I hadn't breathed since the rip. I finally exhaled.

From the safety of my car, I called the office. "Could you please find a sub for me for the rest of the day?"

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1<sup>ST</sup>-PERSON POV

**MR. FRIEDMAN**