

Scholastic

# The Noisiest Class in the School



Pauline Hill

*illustrations by Joan Beales*

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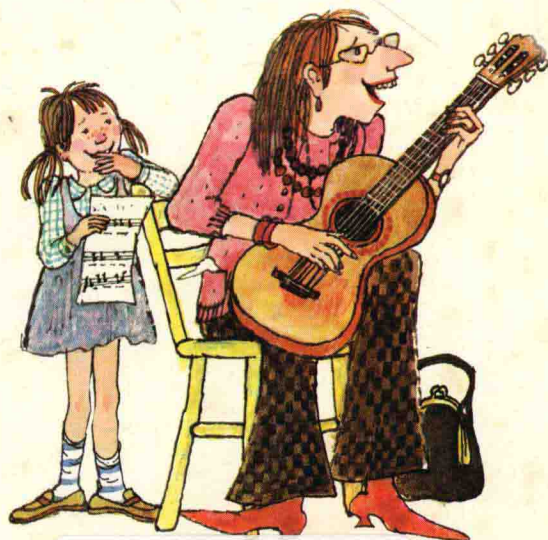
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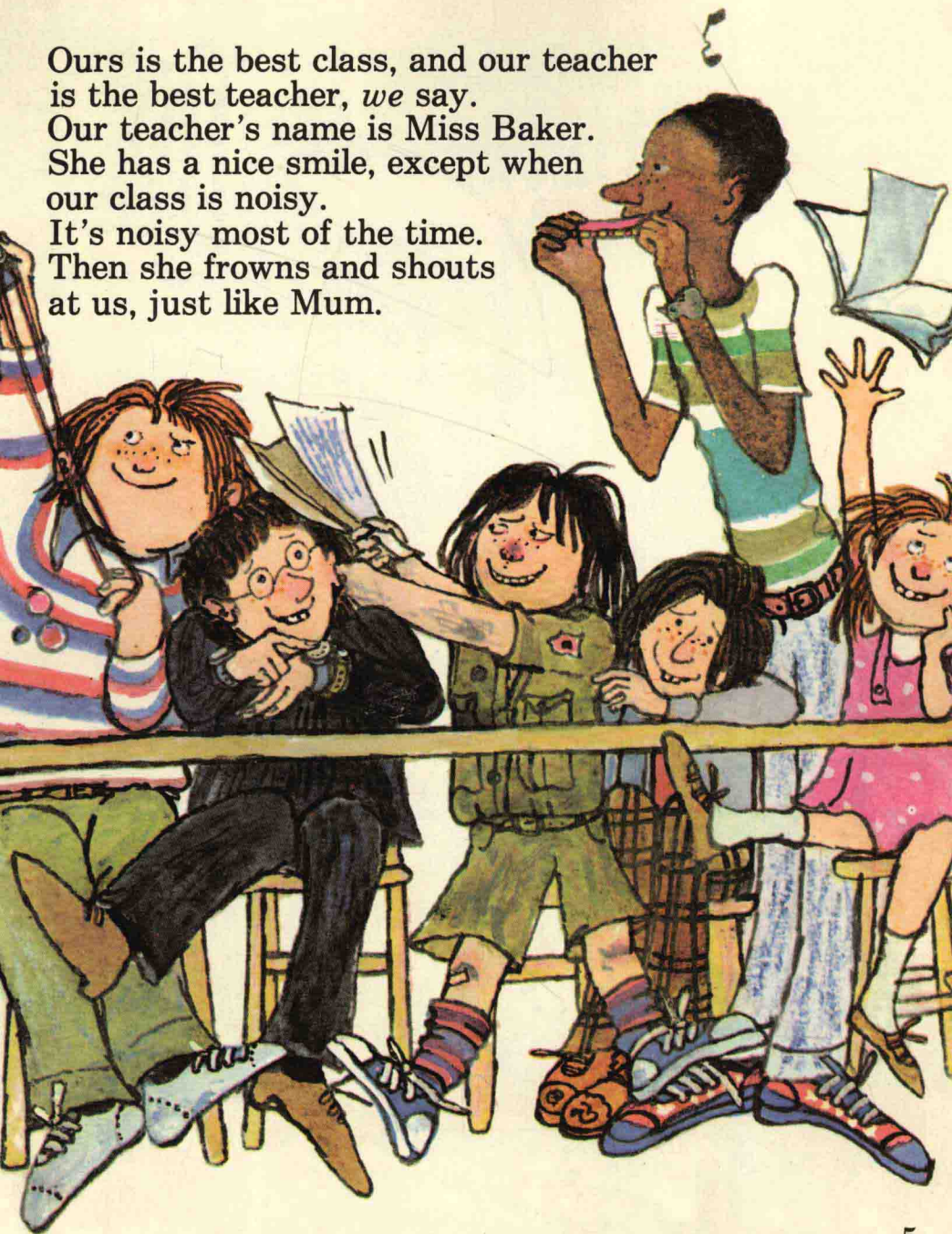
Our school has houses all round it.  
Lots of houses.  
Lots of busy streets.  
Lots of traffic.  
**LOTS OF LOVELY NOISE.**



Our teacher says *we* are noisy too.  
'A noisy class,' she says.  
'THE NOISIEST CLASS  
IN THE SCHOOL.'  
We like it that way,  
but our teacher doesn't.



Ours is the best class, and our teacher  
is the best teacher, *we* say.  
Our teacher's name is Miss Baker.  
She has a nice smile, except when  
our class is noisy.  
It's noisy most of the time.  
Then she frowns and shouts  
at us, just like Mum.

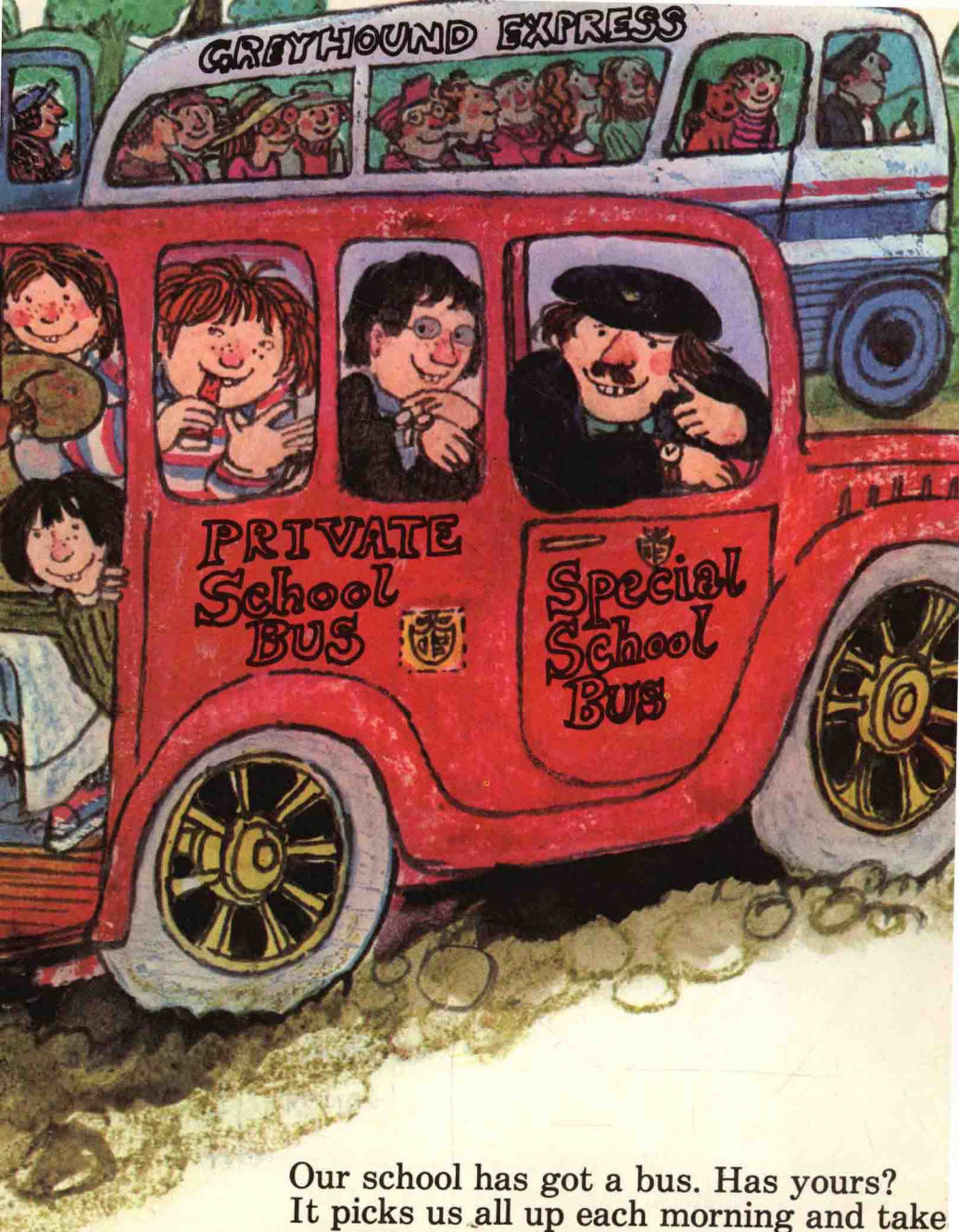




The friends I like best in my class are:  
Peter Purley (he's always early),  
Clean Gene, tall and lean,  
Mary Bate, who's always late,  
Dirty Bert, with his tatty shirt,  
Fat Pat, yowls like a cat,  
Steven Fast, always last,  
And Hazy Daisy  
('cos she's crazy).







Our school has got a bus. Has yours?  
It picks us all up each morning and take  
us all home each night.  
Our school bus wheezes and sneezes whe  
it takes its load up the road.



Our bus waits for us at the corner,  
outside the school, as a rule.  
But sometimes it is late.  
We get cold in winter, waiting,  
hot in summer, waiting.





Peter doesn't mind waiting.  
He is used to waiting.  
He says, 'What's the fuss?'  
He says there are lots of things to look at.  
Numbers on cars.  
Place names on buses.  
Peter Purley, always early.





The others don't mind either:  
Clean Gene, tall and lean,  
Dirty Bert, with his tatty shirt,  
Fat Pat, yowls like a cat,  
Mary Bate who's *always* late,  
Steven Fast, who's always last,  
And Hazy Daisy ('cos she's crazy).





Our school has got a real playing field,  
with real trees and grass.

Who goes to our playing field?

All of us.

Boys with footballs, playing games.

Girls with ropes, skipping, skipping.

Balls to throw, balls to kick.

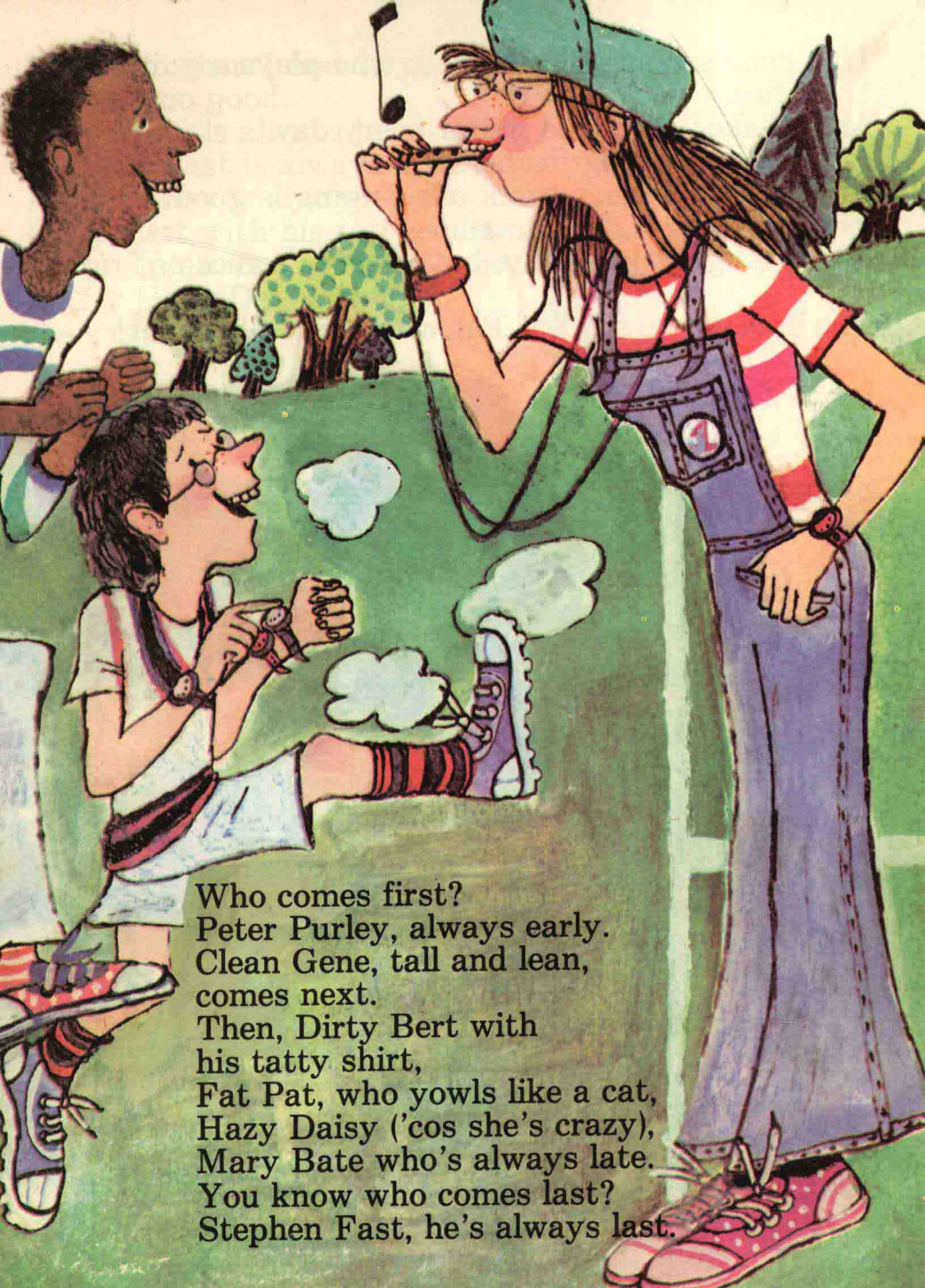
Races to run, lots of fun.





'Run away,' says our teacher.  
She blows a whistle.  
We always come back, huffing and puffing.





Who comes first?  
Peter Purley, always early.  
Clean Gene, tall and lean,  
comes next.  
Then, Dirty Bert with  
his tatty shirt,  
Fat Pat, who yowls like a cat,  
Hazy Daisy ('cos she's crazy),  
Mary Bate who's always late.  
You know who comes last?  
Stephen Fast, he's always last.



Has your school got a teacher who plays a guitar?  
Ours has.

Miss Baker plays the guitar every day.

Every day we sing for her.

Miss Baker doesn't think our singing is good.

'Sing,' she says, 'don't shout.'

So we sing again, softly, but it never comes out right.

The noisiest boy is Fat Pat who yowls like a cat!

