

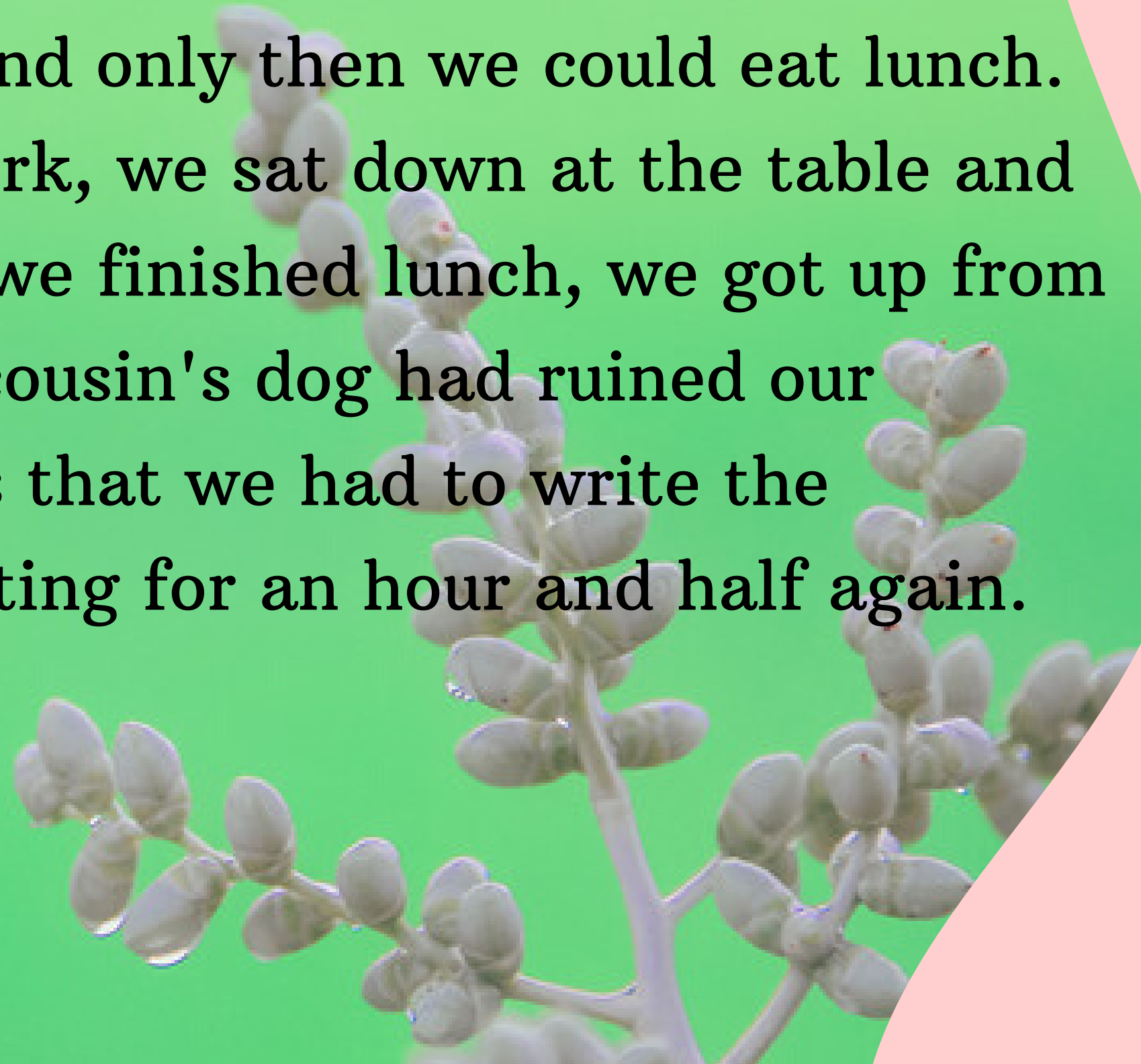
# *My Farewell to Primary School*

*eight anecdotes from our  
school days*

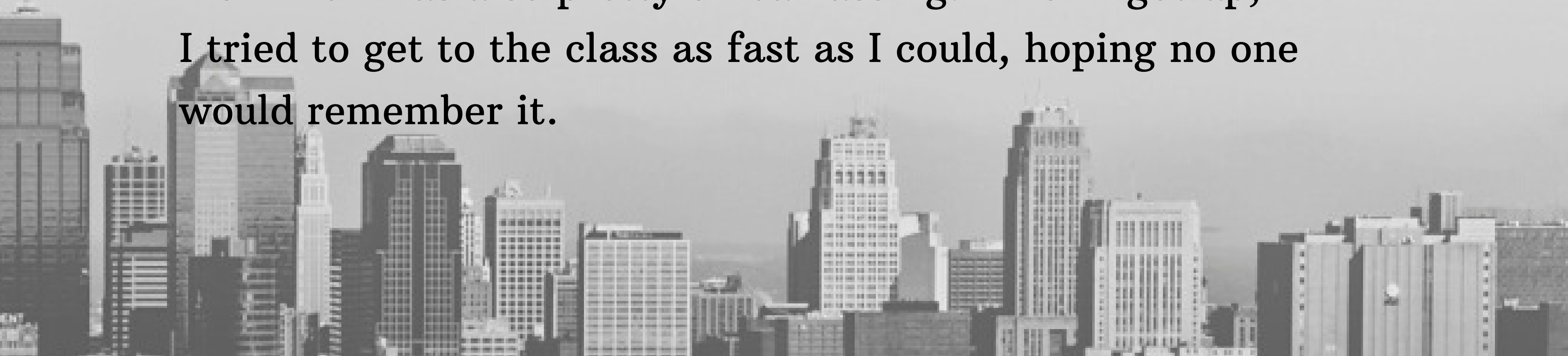
**BY 8A / 8B**

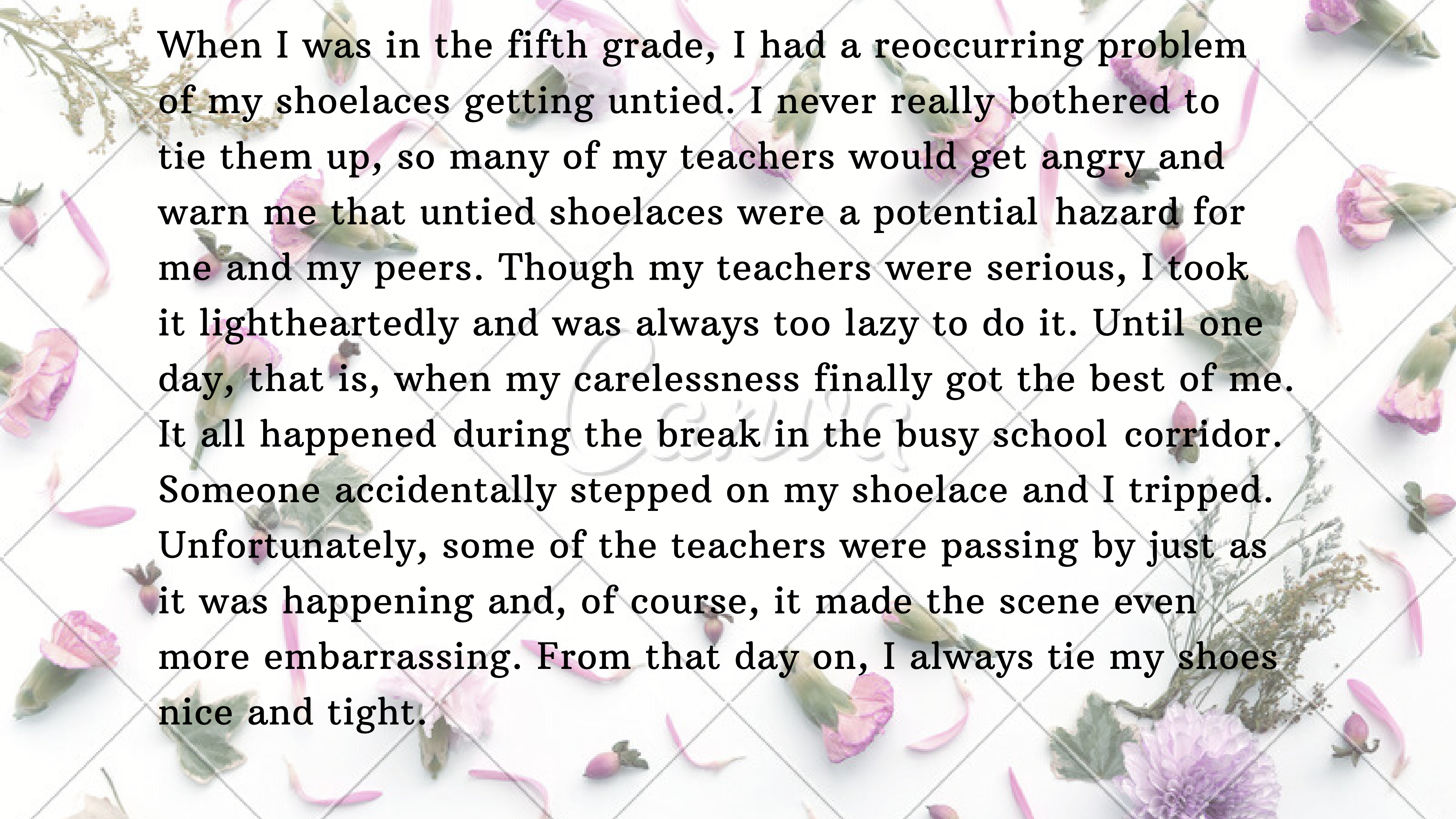


When I was 9, my uncle picked me up from school and we went to his place. He told me and my cousin that we had to write our homework first, and only then we could eat lunch. After we wrote the homework, we sat down at the table and started eating lunch. After we finished lunch, we got up from the table and saw that my cousin's dog had ruined our homework. We were furious that we had to write the homework we had been writing for an hour and half again.



It happened last year. As usual, during the break time in school I was going towards the class. Everything was just fine, until my clumsiness interfered. Someone dropped their bag in front of me and I didn't see it on time so I fell over the bag. I got up as quickly as it was possible so no one would notice. It was too late. I fell in front of the fifth graders and they weren't laughing at me but staring at me which was also pretty embarrassing. When I got up, I tried to get to the class as fast as I could, hoping no one would remember it.





When I was in the fifth grade, I had a reoccurring problem of my shoelaces getting untied. I never really bothered to tie them up, so many of my teachers would get angry and warn me that untied shoelaces were a potential hazard for me and my peers. Though my teachers were serious, I took it lightheartedly and was always too lazy to do it. Until one day, that is, when my carelessness finally got the best of me. It all happened during the break in the busy school corridor. Someone accidentally stepped on my shoelace and I tripped. Unfortunately, some of the teachers were passing by just as it was happening and, of course, it made the scene even more embarrassing. From that day on, I always tie my shoes nice and tight.



I was (and in a way still am) bad at adapting to a new environment. In the 5th grade it was just adapting to another floor, but still it was hard to remember where which class was. It was even harder to remember the schedule. One time I went to the toilet during class. When I was returning, I forgot in which class and classroom I was. I started panicking, but then I thought that probably it wasn't that hard to find the right classroom. I opened the first door I saw. I was pretty sure it was the right classroom, but it wasn't. I shut the door and hoped that nobody noticed me. I was smarter at the next door. I leaned my ear on the door and hoped to recognize someone's voice. After a few missed shots, I found my class. From that day on I go to the toilet only when I really have to.



In the 8th grade I was presenting in front of class and, since the presentation was on a smartboard, the slides would change whenever you'd touch the screen (obviously). As I was presenting, I accidentally touched the screen and the slides changed. I tried to go a slide back but I couldn't so I 'ran' to the other side of the board and realized the slide actually went back to the previous one. Now this part is kinda hard to explain because I was panicking a little (I thought this wasn't really professional, you know) so I'm just going to skip it and go straight to the point. I bumped into the board and yelled a curse word out loud, apologising to the teacher afterwards. I never felt dumber in my life, honestly.

I was in the 5th grade and the class was writing an IT exam. I didn't study much for it so I couldn't help but look at my friend's answers. While I was copying them, the teacher noticed multiple times. She told me that the only way to save myself from getting a bad grade is by writing a poem about computers and basically all the information from the exam. It even had to rhyme. I obviously couldn't miss the chance so I wrote the poem and read it in front of the whole class. The teacher loved it and it made everyone laugh so I ended up getting an A.



One of my character traits is that I am dramatic. Once in the third grade we were writing a science exam. I prepared for it days in advance. The test was given to me and I didn't know any answers to any questions. I immediately started to cry. My teacher told me to calm down and answer what I knew. I did that while crying and shaking with fear.



As anyone would, I tried to cheat but I couldn't find anybody with the same questions. Thirty-five minutes into the test I got up and walked to my teacher to ask her a question. She saw that the whole time I was writing a test made for the fourth-graders. Since that day she calls me the drama queen. Even some of my classmates still call me that in situations when I overreact.



In the 8th grade in Croatian class we had to recite a song and I would always switch two words at the end of the song. It was my turn and when I recited the last part, I switched those two words again. When I got back to my seat I was angry at myself and I banged my head against the table even though I didn't want to do it. Fortunately, it didn't hurt and I still got an A.

