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Subject: School Troble

Posted by [\\_ToXiN\\_](#) on Mon, 13 Sep 2004 14:50:04 GMT

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This topic is too good not to reply to.

Well in my schhol years, I think it was seventh grade when a teacher wanted us to pick a complex word with many definitions and uses, and define as many as we could orally... Guess what I picked? "Fuck" I stood up, walked to the front and just started saying what I remembered out of the dictionary on the many meanings and uses of fuck, now the teacher laughed his ass off, but since the school I went to was a feckin' christian school over here it got around and the principal was seriously pissed.

for once who class I imitated Alex from "A clockwork orange" he didn't like it when I called everyone "brother" and reffered to my "zoobies" being too large to answer certain questions.

Well once the shop teacher (this was the coolest teacher ever, seriously) taught us how to take the safety off of nail guns, so we were testing this when suddenly this guy I know, real military brat, use to be in Korea before his dad quit and moved to Shanghai to start some fucked up business or such, he started pissing down on me like there was no tommorow, so I got somewhat violent with the nail gun, his hand got nailed to the table by the skin thats in between your index finger and thumb. (It's not lethal really, but he screamed like an animal being slaughtered, funny as it is the shop teacher sided with me and thus no suspension, had to promise not to do it again though <\_<; )

The 'eggs flung with bra off the roof at school brats' incident, apparently we hit a teacher, bless my ex for donating the bra though.

Super glue in the lock of the principles car incident I was suspected for, Alas I can't claim I did it, because I really didn't do it.

mixing hand lotion and water in to a water-gun and shooting it at random passers by, now known as the 'sp00j gun' =D

Messing up in chemistry and blowing up one perfectly good table and getting some shirts burned, I still insist that it wasn't my fault! How was I supposed to know it would react baddly to an open flame.

spilling super-lax in to the teachers coffee pot in the staffroom, they suspected me, and rightfully so.

Hmm, most of this is pranks and such I did in school and got detention or warnings of detention for, hehehee, fun to recall.

Getting me and friends to go to the school halloween party as 'islamic terrorists' with replica AK-47's, seriously, imagine a group of ten muslim looking guys charging in screaming in strange languages, chaos insued untill we pulled our masks off.

oh and once the guy who sat behind me slipped a pin on to my chair in a class while I was standing up to answer something, when I sat down ... well I went up and over my desk on to the back of my friend sitting in front of me, and they blamed me. <\_<;

Did some other things, lots actually, funny thing is that I passed highschool with flying colours.

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