












<p><b>The ghost of John Dewey.</b></p> 	<p><b>Zombie B.F. Skinner.</b></p> 	<p><b>Darth Vader's lightsaber.</b></p> 	<p><b>A half chewed number two pencil.</b></p> 
<p><b>Lollipops.</b></p> 	<p><b>Snow days.</b></p> 	<p><b>John Locke's secret diary.</b></p> 	<p><b>Homework the dog ate.</b></p> 
<p><b>The gum stuck to the underside of your desk.</b></p> 	<p><b>The teacher's pet.</b></p> 	<p><b>Scratching your fingernails across a chalkboard.</b></p> 	<p><b>Breaking wind in the principal's office.</b></p> 
<p><b>Climbing the rope in gym class.</b></p> 	<p><b>Crying in the teachers' lounge.</b></p> 	<p><b>Pulling the fire alarm.</b></p> 	<p><b>The rise of the paste-eaters.</b></p> 
<p><b>The new kid in class.</b></p> 	<p><b>Playing hooky.</b></p> 	<p><b>That awkward feeling you have the first day of sex ed class.</b></p> 	<p><b>Being the class clown.</b></p> 