

Freyne

King Missile

I was lucky in high school, I went to a wuss high school, Stuyvesant. I didn't have hardly any trouble, but in the 9th grade, I went to Brooklyn Tech because they weren't giving a test for Stuyvesant High School that year, and I hated my junior high school. I had to get out, so I went to Brooklyn Tech for a year, and I had this English teacher, Ms. Freyne, and she was the worst teacher ever, and one time, she took a shit in class. She was sitting at her desk and there was this bad smell which got worse and worse and we all figured Freyne farted but this kid in the first seat in the first row could see it by leaning over a little, and he passed a note, "Freyne took a shit", so that everyone in the class would know what was going on. See, people always think that note-passing is just this frivolous grade-school thing that serves no purpose, but see, sometimes important information is disseminated. For example, "Freyne took a shit", see, that's important. So anyway, one kid asked, "Could he open a window?" and Freyne said, "No", and he said, "But it smells really bad", and she said, "Sit down." She was about 60, white-haired and really crazy. After the class, I waited in the stairwell 'cause he had Freyne the next period, and I would always meet him there everyday, that time and tell him what fucked up things Freyne had done that day so I told him, I told him he wasn't gonna believe it. Then I told him and he didn't believe it, so we walked up together to the door, there were 3 other kids standing in the doorway too, looking, and just then, she got out of her chair to close the door saying, "Get out of here", and we could see it dripping down her brown stockings, brown dripping down, dripping down her brown stockings, and the God-awful smell was so bad now, and my class was only in the last 20 minutes or so, but David Miller's class was gonna have to sit through 45 minutes of that shit while I was in "Mechanic of Drawing" class with Mr. Pronsky. The next period was lunch, and David Miller and I went to the vice-principal's office and told him that Freyne went to the bathroom in class. "#1 and #2?", he asked. I said, "Diarrhea", and he thought it was funny, and so did we, I guess, but we also thought Freyne should've been fired, but she never was