

Three Stories from Francisco de Quevedo School for Adults by Pedro José Maleno Patón

PRELUDE

LUCY: We are going to tell you three stories about some of the students in Mrs. Diamond's class, on the second floor of Francisco de Quevedo School for Adults.

STORY 1

NARRATOR 1: Our first story is about Jennie. One day, Mrs. Diamond kept her in from break.

MRS. DIAMOND: Jennie, you are going to have to learn to count.

JENNIE: But, Mrs. Diamond, I already *know* how to count. Let me go to break!

MRS. DIAMOND: First count to ten.

NARRATOR 4: Jennie counted to ten.

JENNIE: Six, eight, twelve, one, five, two, seven, eleven, three, ten.

MRS. DIAMOND: No, Jennie, that is wrong.

JENNIE: No, it isn't! I counted till I got to ten!

MRS. DIAMOND: But you were *wrong*. I'll *prove* it to you.

NARRATOR 2: She put down five pencils.

MRS. DIAMOND: How many pencils do we have here, Jennie?

NARRATOR 3: Jennie counted the pencils.

JENNIE: Four, six, one, nine, five. There are five pencils, Mrs. Diamond.

MRS. DIAMOND: That's *wrong*.

JENNIE: How many pencils *are* there?

MRS. DIAMOND: Five.

JENNIE: That's what I said! May I go to break now?

MRS. DIAMOND: No. You got the right answer, but you counted the wrong *way*. You were just lucky.

NARRATOR 1: She set down eight potatoes.

MRS. DIAMOND: How many potatoes, Jennie?

NARRATOR 4: Jennie counted the potatoes.

JENNIE: Seven, five, three, one, two, four, six, eight. There are eight potatoes, Mrs. Diamond.

MRS. DIAMOND: No, there are *eight*.

JENNIE: But that's what I said! May I go to break now?

MRS. DIAMOND: No! You got the right answer, but you counted the wrong *way* again.

NARRATOR 2: She put down three books.

MRS. DIAMOND: Count the books, Jennie.

NARRATOR 3: Jennie counted the books.

JENNIE: A thousand, a million, three. Three, Mrs. Diamond.

MRS. DIAMOND: (*bewildered*) Correct.

JENNIE: May I go to break now?

MRS. DIAMOND: No.

JENNIE: May I have a potato?

MRS. DIAMOND: No! *Listen* to me. One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten. Now *you* say it.

JENNIE: One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten.

MRS. DIAMOND: Very good!

NARRATOR 1: She put down six rubbers.

MRS. DIAMOND: Now, count the rubbers, Jennie, just the way I showed you.

NARRATOR 4: Jennie counted the rubbers.

JENNIE: One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten. There are ten, Mrs. Diamond.

MRS. DIAMOND: No!

JENNIE: Didn't I count right?

MRS. DIAMOND: Yes, you *counted* right, but you got the wrong *answer*.

JENNIE: This doesn't make any sense! When I count the *wrong* way, I get the *right* answer, and when I count *right*, I get the *wrong* answer.

MRS. DIAMOND: *(in great frustration)* Ooh!

NARRATOR 2: Mrs. Diamond hit her head against the wall five times.

MRS. DIAMOND: *(turning away and butting her head)* Uh . . . uh . . . uh . . . uh . . . uh . . . *(turns back to JENNIE)* How many times did I hit my head against the wall, Jennie?

JENNIE: One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten. You hit your head against the wall ten times.

MRS. DIAMOND: No!

JENNIE: Four, six, one, nine, five. You hit your head five times.

NARRATOR 3: Mrs. Diamond shook her head no and said,

MRS. DIAMOND: *(shaking head)* Yes, that is right.

NARRATOR 1: Just then, the bell rang.

JENNIE: Oh, darn.

NARRATOR 4: . . . said Jennie.

JENNIE: I missed break!

(ADAPTATION FROM LOUIS SACHAR: THREE SIDEWAYS STORIES FROM WAYSIDE SCHOOL)

STORY 2

NARRATOR 3: Our second story is about Ann.

NARRATOR 1: Ann was the fastest draw in Mrs. Diamond's class. She could draw a cat in less than forty-five seconds, a dog in less than thirty, and a flower in less than eight seconds!

NARRATOR 4: But of course, Ann never drew just *one* dog, or *one* cat, or *one* flower.

NARRATOR 2: Art was from 12:30 to 1:30. Why, in that time, she could draw fifty cats, a hundred flowers, twenty dogs, and several eggs or watermelons!

NARRATOR 3: You see, it took her the same time to draw a watermelon as an egg.

NARRATOR 1: Johnny sat next to Ann. He didn't think he was very good at art. It took him the whole lesson just to draw one airplane.

NARRATOR 4: So instead, he just helped Ann. He was Ann's assistant.

NARRATOR 2: As soon as Ann would finish one masterpiece, Johnny would take it from her and set down a clean sheet of paper. Whenever her crayon ran low, Johnny was ready with a new crayon.

NARRATOR 3: That way, Ann didn't have to waste any time. And in return, Ann would draw five or six airplanes for Johnny.

NARRATOR 1: It was 12:30, time for art.

NARRATOR 4: Ann was ready. On her desk was a piece of yellow cardboard. In her hand was a green crayon.

NARRATOR 2: *Johnny* was ready. He held a stack of paper and a box of crayons.

JOHNNY: Ready, Ann?

ANN: Ready, Johnny.

MRS. DIAMOND: All right, class.

NARRATOR 3: . . . said Mrs. Diamond.

MRS. DIAMOND: Time for art.

NARRATOR 1: She had hardly finished her sentence when Ann had drawn a picture of a leaf.

NARRATOR 4: Johnny took it from her and put down another piece of paper.

ANN: Red!

NARRATOR 2: Johnny handed Ann a red crayon.

ANN: Blue!

NARRATOR 3: He gave her a blue crayon.

NARRATOR 1: They were quite a pair! Their teamwork was excellent.

NARRATOR 4: Ann drew pictures as fast as Johnny could pick up the old paper and set down the new.

NARRATOR 2: A fish.

NARRATOR 3: An apple.

NARRATOR 1: Three cherries

NARRATOR 4: *bing,*

NARRATOR 2: *bing,*

NARRATOR 3: *bing.*

NARRATOR 1: At 1:30, Mrs. Diamond announced,

MRS. DIAMOND: Okay, class, art is over.

NARRATOR 4: Ann dropped her crayon and fell over on her desk.

NARRATOR 2: Johnny sighed and leaned back in his chair. He could hardly move.

NARRATOR 3: They had broken their old record. Ann had drawn three hundred and seventy-eight pictures! They lay in a pile on Johnny's desk.

NARRATOR 1: Mrs. Diamond walked by.

MRS. DIAMOND: Johnny, did you draw all these pictures?

JOHNNY: No, *Ann* drew them all.

MRS. DIAMOND: Well then, what did *you* draw?

JOHNNY: I didn't draw anything.

MRS. DIAMOND: Why not? Don't you like art?

JOHNNY: I *love* art. That's why I didn't draw anything.

MRS. DIAMOND: I don't understand.

JOHNNY: It would take me the whole lesson just to draw one picture. And *Ann* would draw a *hundred* pictures. But with the two of us working together, she can draw three hundred and seventy-eight pictures! That's a lot more art.

NARRATOR 4: Ann and Johnny shook hands.

MRS. DIAMOND: No, no! *That* isn't how you measure art. It isn't how *many* pictures you *have*, but how *good* the pictures *are*. Why, a person could spend their whole life drawing just one picture of a cat. In that time, I'm sure Ann could draw a *million* cats.

ANN: *Two* million.

MRS. DIAMOND: But if that one picture is better than each of Ann's two million, then that person has produced more art than Ann.

NARRATOR 2: Ann looked like she was going to cry. She picked up all the pictures from Johnny's desk and threw them in the garbage.

NARRATOR 3: Then she wants to run away from the room.

NARRATOR 1: Mrs. Diamond saw her.

MRS. DIAMOND: Where are you going, Ann?

ANN: I'm going home to draw a picture of a cat.

MRS. DIAMOND: Will you bring it to school and show it to me tomorrow?

ANN: *Tomorrow?* By *tomorrow* I doubt I'll finish even one of *its* legs. (*rushes off*)

(ADAPTATION FROM LOUIS SACHAR: THREE SIDEWAYS STORIES FROM WAYSIDE SCHOOL)

STORY 3

NARRATOR 1: One day, on Mrs Diamond's Spanish class, her students found out how difficult is to learn a foreign language.

MRS. DIAMOND: ¡Hola chicos! ¿Habéis hecho los ejercicios? ¡Porque eran muy fáciles las preguntas!

SOPHIE: Sorry? Fáciles! No! The questions eran fáciles but the answers no eran fáciles.

OTROS ESTUDIANTES: Ja, ja, ja, ja, ja!

MRS. DIAMOND: Pero es que soy yo lá única que trabaja aquí en clase.

ANDY: Yes, Mrs. Diamond. But, tenga en cuenta that you eres la única que tiene aquí un salary.

OTROS ESTUDIANTES: Ja, ja, ja, ja, ja!

NARRATOR 2: Suddenly, two students are late to school. Mrs. Diamond ask them.

MRS. DIAMOND: MARY, ¿por qué llega tarde?

MARY: Es que estaba soñando que viajaba por todas partes, conocí tantos países, y me desperté un poco tarde.

MRS. DIAMOND: MICHAEL: ¿Y usted?

MICHAEL: - ¡Yo fui al aeropuerto a recibirla!

OTROS ESTUDIANTES: Ja, ja, ja, ja, ja!

NARRATOR 3: Mrs Diamond was very angry and dissapointed and thought of a good lesson for her students to learn.

MRS. DIAMOND: ¡Stop it! ¡You, two sit down! (she breaths) ¡Olvídenlo! Hoy vamos a aprender cómo presentarnos y hablar de nosotros mismos y lo aprovecharemos para cuando los estudiantes de España vengan la semana que viene.

OTROS ESTUDIANTES: Great!

MRS. DIAMOND: Michael, Mary! Come here!

NARRATOR 4: Both students stand up and go in front of the teacher.

MRS. DIAMOND: Para presentarse, decimos: ¡Hola! Me llamo...¿cómo estás?

NARRATOR 1: Then, both Michael and Mary copy!

MICHAEL: (talking to Mary) ¡Hola! Me llamo Michael. ¿cómo estás?

MARY: (talking to Michael) ¡Hola! Me llamo Mary. ¿cómo estás?

MRS. DIAMOND: Well done, boys! Ahora, para seguir y hablar de uno mismo, decimos. Soy un chico muy tonto y me gusta que se rían de mí.

SOPHIE: What does that mean?

MRS. DIAMOND: I am a nice guy and I want to go out with you.

OTROS ESTUDIANTES: Great!

MRS. DIAMOND. Y para las chicas decimos: Soy una chica muy tonta y me gusta que se rían de mí también.

SOPHIE: Does that have the same meaning?

MRS. DIAMOND: Yes! (talking to Michael and Mary) Now, your turn!

MICHAEL: (smiling) Soy un chico muy tonto y me gusta que se rían de mí.

MARY: (very happy) Soy una chica muy tonta y me gusta que se rían de mí también.

MRS. DIAMOND. Muy bien! Go back to your seats.

NARRATOR 1: One week later, Mrs Diamond appear with two Spanish students.

MRS. DIAMOND: Hola chicos! Aquí os presento a Julia y Amelia. Who wants to speak to them in Spanish?

NARRATOR 2: Michael and Mary stand up and go in front of them.

MICHAEL: (very happy and talking to Julia) ¡Hola! Me llamo Michael. ¿Cómo estás?

JULIA: (surprised) Hola! Me llamo Julia, y estoy muy contenta de estar aquí.

MARY: (very happy and talking to Amelia) ¡Hola! Me llamo Mary. ¿Cómo estás?

AMELIA: (surprised too) Hola! Me llamo Amelia , y también estoy muy contenta de estar aquí.

MICHAEL: (very happy) Soy un chico muy tonto y me gusta que se rían de mí.

JULIA: (surprised and laughing) ¿Qué?, jajajajajaja! Ya veo que eres muy tonto. Jajajajaja

MARY: (a Little afraid of speaking) Soy un chico muy tonta y me gusta que se rían también de mí.

AMELIA: (can't stop laughing too) jajajajajaja! Ya veo que eres muy tonta. Jajajajaja

NARRATOR 3: Both Michael and Mary found out they are laughing at them and go back to their seats heading down.

NARRATOR 4: Mrs. Diamond is very proud and says to her students.

MRS. DIAMOND: Don't laugh at the teacher because HE LAUGHS BEST o quien rie el último...

TODOS: WHO LAUGHS LAST.

WRITTEN BY PEDRO JOSÉ MALENO PATÓN