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"I hate the sun, the moon, and the stars."
"And what else do you hate?"
"I hate songs, cats, and birds."
"And what else . . ."
"I hate men. I hate women. I hate children."
At this moment the teacher shouted, "Shut up! You are an incor-
rigibly ignorant boy!"
I instantly produced an atomic weapon, and flung it as hard as I
could. It exploded, and the sun shone down upon rubble.

THE THUNDERBOLT

Zakariyya Tamir



THE CLOUDS DID NOT GO TO SCHOOL in the morning. I com-
manded the sun not to rise, but it refused to obey me. Accordingly I
resolved upon vengeance when I am bigger.

I fixed the math teacher with a stare: he has a face shaped like a
triangle. When he noticed me he shouted, "Stand up, boy!"

I stood up, as the teacher continued to address me sternly, showing
his disgust, "Stop wiping your nose with your shirt-sleeve!"

I froze, as the teacher continued, "Answer quickly! You have ten
million people. You hang seven million. How many people are left
alive?"

I answered straightaway, "I don't know."

The teacher replied in exasperation, "How long is your crass
ignorance going to continue?"

I answered listlessly: "I hate math."

The teacher's face turned red as he snapped "Oh, so you hate math,
do you?" He scowled for a moment. Then he inquired sarcastically,
"And what else do you hate? Please enlighten us."

"I hate winter."

"And what else do you hate?"

"I hate winter, summer, autumn, and spring."

"And what else do you hate?"

"I hate day and night."

"And what else do you hate?"

"I hate Saturdays, Sundays, Mondays, Tuesdays, Wednesdays,
Thursdays, and Fridays."

"And what else do you hate?"