

# The Class Project



After weeks of invention and painstaking assembly (well, one week, anyway), Heather and Trudy had finished their ninth grade home economics project. It was a special “tribute” to their teacher, Mrs. Finster (who insisted on calling her class “household arts,” *not* home-ec). The crabby old educator had instructed her students to make “a new something useful out of an old something useful.” It was typical of her miserly nature that she intended to keep all of the projects for herself once she’d graded them. One classmate, Anne, had made a perfectly hideous skirt out of scraps from a harlequin bedspread. Lucille had melted together dozens of leftover soap scraps and formed the blob into a statue of Mrs. Finster. (The old taskmaster was thrilled, even if the thing did look like a harpie holding a slide rule.) Donna had rewired a crystal radio and turned it into a toaster. (It didn’t work, but Mrs. Finster gave it an A anyway, no doubt because its inventor was her cousin’s nephew.) Then it was time for Heather and Trudy’s presentation. With great drama, they wheeled their project to the center of the room. Sensing a confrontation, their classmates looked on, mesmerized. Mrs. Finster frowned and gave them a demerit for unnecessary intrigue. Then she demanded to know what they had made. Smiling fiercely, Heather said “We took all of the failing test scores you gave Trudy and me this year – unwisely, I think – and turned them into this mobile abattoir!” She threw a switch and the device came to life, its great, slashing knife blades cleaving the air. She flipped another switch, and the weapon of mass vivisection began to creep across the floor towards a flabbergasted Fulvia Finster. No, there would be no more Fs for Heather and Trudy in *that* class!