

LO: To write a story openerProfessor Professor SmartypantsChapter 1

There was ~~once~~ once a man called ~~Prof~~ Professor Smartypants. Professor Smartypants was a tramp as you know. No one knew why he had the word Professor in his name. But they knew that ~~Smartypants~~ Smartypants was his last name. Professor Smartypants had smelly, ripped ~~sm~~ clothes. He has broken, sellotaped, foggy glasses. He wore a moldy, coffee stained jacket and he preferred wearing tight, ~~rip~~ ripped bousers. His shoes were scruffy, ripped shoes. His hair was as scruffy as a yeti, coming down from his beaten up face to his bony ~~shoulders~~ shoulders. Professor Smartypants face and personality was contorted beyond repair. The smelly bench ~~sellers~~ sitter's legs were bandy, rickety, shivering and thread like, suddenly reaching Big Ben and then falling down because they were too weak to stand for a second.

Professor Smartypants soon found a home. Can you guess what it is? A BENCH!!! Yes Professor Smartypants new home was ~~an~~ ~~withered~~ a withered, splinting, wooden bench. The bench was located in the street underneath an apple tree. The apple tree was ~~was~~ where he would get his lunch, breakfast and dinner. Professor Smartypants viewed the local neighborhood as some rushed by going to work with their tie flying in their face as they hurried by. Some were listening to rock music while

eating pancakes. And some ~~→~~ (Try not to laugh) were ~~riding~~ playing video games and ~~know~~ knocking into people and objects and saying "Argh I lost just because of what's in front of me." And then they would run off. But of course not anyone stopped for a chat. Until, one day a boy ~~was~~ stopped to talk to him. ~~The boy~~ and this is where our story begins. The boy's name was Mithun and Mithun was walking up the ~~street~~ street when he saw the old man.

"Hello," the boy said. His nerves trembling. "Hello to you young man." Said Professor Smartypants. His voice was unexpectedly posh. "I was just wondering if you need some money." Mithun held out ~~ten~~ ten ~~old~~ pounds from his pocket. "You see I had got it for my birthday." "Ah I see young man but I'm afraid I have to ~~deny~~ deny it." "Why ever not"? Said Mithun confused. "You see, I can't take money that is not mine".

"Okay then what would you like?" Asked Mithun

"Nothing, I do not want anything, not even a rock." Said the tramp.

"Oh sure." Said Mithun annoyed, that he couldn't help.

"What is that in your bag, boy?" Asked Professor Smartypants?

"Oh just some science homework." Mithun answered. The tramp took the science homework from Mithun's bag. He took out an old leaking pen. In half a tick the man gave the worksheet back to Mithun. Mithun looked at it in ~~amaze~~ amazement. "Wow, how on ~~earth~~ earth did you do this?"

"I'm a bit brainy at science that is all." Said the man laughing at Mithun's gasp. "Now I ~~definitely~~ definitely have to buy you something." The tramp laughed again. "Okay. Okay you win, I would like a nice chemistry set, I really do love science." Said Professor Smartypants.

"Score!" Mithun ^{said} looking at his watch.

"Oh no I need to go now" Said Mithun, he soon was walking the street. Mithun was a healthy, happy boy. He had everything he could possibly have, friends, video games, and lots of ~~or~~ other things. He was soon at his house.