

Diabolo Prohibits Drawing and the Music at School Afternoon

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Misis Spark went at home and she was amazed that she missed the flash memory on which she had recorded her favorite songs and Italian lessons.

It did not have it in the black jacket pocket, neither in the pocket of the jeans, neither in her pink portrfail, neither in the purse...

She refused to look, because she remembered, that while she was explaining a difficult task, Rachel stuck her hand into her deep pocket and took it away, before Spark could say, "No, that's not the way!" "Just a penny," Rachel said disconsolately.

Misis Spark held her phone with nice game where you can drive a car, you can run other cars, sometimes you crash if you do not care and you do not get around with the other road users quickly. Hmm, yes. The phone was in the place and she sighed with relief.

Whether they had no finger in all the work and Ms. Diabolo's two friends, Ivan and Jordan.

They were already large in the fifth grade and no longer learn in the small school, but they came to look after their younger sisters.

Zellinger was the younger sister of Ivan, and Rachel was the younger sister of Jordan.

These children were from relatively wealthy families, because their parents worked periodically abroad and they received ten times higher wages than parents, who relied only on social benefits.

Maybe that's why it was known, that they are unofficial Diabolo's Helpers. Their role was to report to Diabolo everything they hear and see.

Misis Diabolo has long been an informal school principal.

As she says, it was in most cases. Because there were occasions when the director Ms Angel did not take into her ridiculous, foolish orders.

Nevertheless, Diabolos almost always did, in most cases, achieve her own.

She looked like a real witch with her long nose, slightly curved down, her eyes narrowed. Bird could not fly over the school without her knowledge. She knew absolutely everything and everyone in the little town, even the police were consulting her, did something happen?

Last year, Diabolo banned watercolor painting in the day care room, because someone was pouring out the glass of water and the wooden floor became wet.

Spark heard some shouts at the director's office and she went to see what was going on. Diabolo shouted at the Director's Office that it could not, that you see someone spilling a glass of water again and that Spark is to blame for this disgrace.

Misis Diabolo spied Spark, the Director, and every ones. "Okay, Diabolo, stop screaming," the Director said. What actually happened?

Shenkan bumped Ivan looking at Fiona's painting, and tearing her glass of water down on the floor.

Misis Spark was explain that it nothing really happened, what if it's wet on the floor, Diabolo, every day after the classes, washed the floor.

But the Headmaster was powerless against harsh reproaches and told Spark, that we all need to be mindful of Diabolo and make sure we do not get angry her.

This year, Diabolo decided to prohibit the music in the school. Why is it/learning/ easy, it can be difficult? Let they teach without fun, but with pain...

Then they went out into the yard and the girls jumped on a rubber band and the boys played a game.

It was all fun while Conner handed to Shenkan, who kicked very high and far the ball that the ball fell into the river.

It was a shallow word that crossed the small town. Schenck and Connor skill fully jumped over the two-meter fence and said she was gone, the ball was not visible.

But Diabolo, with her sharp nose, had already sensed that something was going on in the yard. She shouted with a loud voice immediately give her the ball, because she will call the police and it will be very bad.

Who steals, it has some special schools and the criminal learn there. Children's were returned to the school.

How can such a thing that it is utterly outrageous and if they do not come instantly, she will send fines to their parents and they will be deprived of social benefits.

This may by have worked and the cunning plan to steal the ball after the end of the school day was frustrated. Diabolo was retired soon.

Diabolo had shut down the Internet in the director's room, and Spark, despite being on duty as Director, she could not open the mail and check for any letters. Diabolo came early, and she went to the Director s room, and after Spark said that there was no internet connection, the long-nosed person included the cable that had been shut down yesterday at noon after Spark and the accountant had left. There was a big talk topic for chewing. In addition with Diabolo, it arrived an Order of the Regional Inspectorate of Education to retiring Misis Mary.

Misis Mary cried after learning the news and asked the Director to continue working after retirement. But because she had to take vacation for three months, the school had to pay her £ 3,000. The budget of the little school did not cost much money, and Diabolo as a cashier, and the accountant were wondering how to get out of the situation.

The question arises as to how it is possible for this cunning Mary to accumulate so much vacation, so that when her employment is terminated, the employer, in this case the school, must be obliged to pay her three more months of salary.3 months of £ 1000, because if they were paid at once, there would be no salary money for other teachers and auxiliary staff.

Diabolo was blue-green from anger. When the Director of the Year said, "Everyone should make requests for vacation, Mary said, " I will go to work because I have a job, "and no one dared to tell her," What kind of work do you have? "And so every time.

There was no cheeky colleague to turn back to cheerfulness and say: "Once you have a job, it means that you have not compacted well enough like your other working hours, but anyway the vacation must be taken in time, it is meant for rest!

Mary ten years allowed her not to rest enough, and it unfortunately turned out to be detrimental to her personal life and even to her health. Her husband left her, a child was unable to create, and last year she was operated by a huge tumor, fortunately benign.

The money earned in such a way was obvious to all that they did not bring happiness.

Only the poor Mary could not see how her bad little habits changed her life to a worse, negative direction. Spark sat down on the couch in the corridor to rest and record her ideas while she was resting, and Diabolo yelled out loud,

-Spaaaaaark!

-Yeeees ?! What happened?

Spark ran into the teacher's room and saw the cashier with the pointed nose glance at the computer screen.

"Come and find me information about the Eniovche herb!"

She looked at her cleverly from under her eyeglass.

Meanwhile Spark uses the strong internet and downloads Italian lessons, fairy tales, movies and interviews in Italian and French.

Even 25 lessons in French are good to refresh your knowledge. Spark get French internet lessons. Diabolo behaved suspiciously well, which meant she had planned something.

But what was it? Diabolo has calmed down for half a year because her daughter managed to successfully implant a kidney. She received happiness from the accidental misfortune of another.

It not in vain, the name of the cashiers in English means Devil. Once Spark had accidentally seen Diabolo to put some in Ms. Marlene's open yogurt pot. Marlene had left yogurt to eat after the classes or at some intervals. Diabolo put something in the milk, but Spark wondered if she did.

Then Marlene complained that she did not feel right that her head "did not listen to her." Spark wondered if there was a connection between Diabolo's interest in foreign yoghurt buckets and Marlene's persistent discomfort.

The Diabolo's nose showed an unguarded envy for Marlene's work, especially for the salary supplements due to the additional work on the Projects. She envied and sighed, just as only a real Evil could envy an Angel.

Yesterday, Diabolo brought a sack of cherries, and after a whole day of eating, the rest was given to Spark, who eat the healthy fruits at home.

Then Spark put a snail on her eyelid to remove one little wart.

The snail lived in Spark's apartment in a box of boots. She picking up fresh grass every day for him.

For the magical properties of the snail Spark learned from Ms. Anne, who was a real lady, she taught in the neighboring village, and she was a proponent of a healthy and natural lifestyle. She was wearing long skirts even in the winter.

Yesterday, Angel pulled out a pack of honey from her purse and showed it in the nearby crowd, praising it as an unrivaled means of enhancing immunity.

"I'll take advantage of Angel's advice, not that I do not know them, Spark thought.

She simply recalled the usefulness of other bee products.

Spark spoke to her yesterday about how the honey was good for her health.

Diabolo envied everything to everyone, finally she wished them to close the school, and the children and teachers to go to another place.

The probability exists one day and that maybe will happens, but there time.

Spark said to her, "Come on, everything will be fine, but let us want to be alive and healthy above all!" Diabolo came to the school to see the old colleagues.

Diabolo visited the school again, and as she gossiped with Marlene, and she locked herself in the classroom.

Marlene called on Spark to say that they locked up and somebody came to unlock them.

Spark went to see what was happening and to tell you this was one of the most ridiculous sights you've ever seen.

Spark glanced through the hole of the wooden door that played the spy and saw Diabolo with a hunching, cunning nose muttering: Open this door at last!

Aunt Dorston had called the mayor, who came lightningly because the town hall was on the lower floor of the school building. He dug a little the door lock but failed to open. Mean while, Diabolo's heir, aunt Dorston, murmured that no one had dialed Diabolo at school, what he was looking for, how he could, and that it was unheard of.

After one hour a master recalled the lock.

After retiring, Diabolo started working in the shop opposite the school. She could not live without working and mostly without knowing everything about everyone in the town.