

Strict.

We had a teacher who was so strict, you weren't allowed to breathe in her lessons. She used to stand out the front going, "No breathing!" And you had the *whole morning* to get through. *[Takes deep breath and holds it, then exhales.]*

The weak ones just used to keel over and die, you'd hear them going down behind you! Ka-boom! Ka-boom! Ka-boom! And there was always a whiny kid going, "Miss, can I go out and do some breathing?" and she'd say, "No, you've got all playtime to do it!" "And oh come on Miss, oh come on!" Did you know at the beginning of the week there were forty-eight kids in my class, and at the end of the week there were only five of them left. Yeah, d'you know at the end of the day you'd be stepping over kids just to get out of the room. Oh no! There's Melanie! That's a shame, she was really nice! There's Dave. (chuckles) Hard luck Dave, always knew you were a bit weak. You know people say to me "If that's true, how come you're here to tell the tale?". Fair enough and I'll tell you. It's because, when I was at school, we used to sit at desks. We didn't sit around tables like you do now, we used to sit at desks, with lids.

And some of us figured out, what you had to do... was snatch a quick breath under the desk lid when she wasn't looking. So once more from the beginning. "No breathing!" *[Takes deep breath and holds]*

The weak ones, Ka-bum, ka-bum, ka-bum. The whiny ones, "Miss, can I go out and do some breathing?" "No, you've got all playtime to do it!" and "Oh, go on Miss, oh go on!" Us lot, *[Holds breath, pretends to lift up desk lid, puts head underneath, pants a bit, takes head out, and slams desk shut]*

Ahh! That was the mistake; slamming the desk lid down! If you made a noise with the desk, lid it was... "Out! School Prison!" There was a prison underneath the school hall where they used to string you up from the wall bars. *[Holds hands up, as if hanging to the wall by some chains]*

FWOP! "Miss, I've been up here for 3 weeks! And there's rats... and they're nibblin' my toenails!" So I figured it out, what you had to do was put your thumb 'round the edge of the desk lid, so when it went down, it didn't make any noise at all.

Once more, from the beginning. "No breathing!". *[Takes deep breath and holds]*

The weak ones, Ka-bum, ka-bum, ka-bum. The whiny ones, "Miss, can I go out and do some breathing?" "No, you've got all playtime to do it!" and "Oh, go on Miss, oh go on!". These other kids, *[Holds breath, pretends to lift up desk lid, puts head underneath, pants a bit, takes head out, slams desk shut]*

"Out! School Prison!". *[Holds hands up, as if hanging to the wall by some chains]*

FWOP! "Miss, I've been up here for 3 weeks, and there's... rats! And there nibbling... my toenails, Miss!".

Me , thumb 'round the edge of the desk, *[Holds breath, pretends to lift up desk lid, puts head underneath, pants a bit, takes head out, puts thumb around the edge of the "desk" and closes it quietly]*

No noise at all. Survival!