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It was Wednesday which gave me new opportunities. My parents tell me I should get up early. Only I have no such need at all. When I wake up, nothing is more important than my relationship with my warm bed. After many tries, I finally got up and ran. It's very strange that despite my laziness, I hate being late. I entered class 2 minutes before the bell rang! Managed to! I did it!

The first lesson was history, which is usually very boring. Our teacher was late.

Marcin, the class bully, shouted:

-Let's play truant!

Within seconds, the entire class was ready to leave when the door suddenly opened. An old man came in, and we all had to return to our seats.

Hania shouted:

-Oh no a substitute teacher again! We could sleep an hour longer!

The elderly gentleman stood in the middle of the class and said:

-My name is Jan Zamojski. I will tell you the story of the Swedish Table. I promise this lesson won't be boring. Hide all your books and notebooks.

We did it. At one point, we found in a completely different place.

Terrified Eryk asked:

-Where are we?

-I've already told you that today's lesson won't be boring. I'll be your guide. Listen carefully to what I say. - Mr. Zamojski replied.

-Do you know where we are now? - asked Mr. Zamojski.

-We are on the battlefield! - screamed Nataalka.

-Yes, you're right, but luckily the fight is over. - the guide replied.

-Who are those men? - asked Michał curiously.

--These are the Swedes who occupied Poland in 1656. These three Fortresses that you can see now, despite continuous fire, did not give way to the Swedish army.. - Jan Zamojski replied.

- This nobleman is very similar to you Sir. Who is he? - Iga asked.

- This is my grandson Jan Sobiepan Zamojski. - the guide replied.

-Why are they eating dinner together? - asked Przemysław.

- The Swedish king, Charles Gustav, invented a trick. He told my grandson that he would withdraw his army but at first he would like to have lunch together within the fortress walls. Sobiepan discovered the Swede's trick. He knew that when the troops entered the city, he would lose. Polish hospitality, however, ordered the king to be hosted. My wise grandson ordered tables to be set. However, he did not give them chairs. And the king and his army had to eat standing. Since then, the standing meal has been called the Swedish Table. - said Jan Zamojski.

We heard the bell sound and we went back to the class. Our guide disappeared.

- Today the history lesson was really cool - Kinga said, and the whole class agreed.

Further on, there were two PE lessons. We changed clothes and waited for the teacher. And for our surprise we could see someone new coming toward us.

-Good morning. My name is Marcin Gortat and from today I will teach you PE. - the new teacher said.

First there was a warm-up and then we played basketball. Unfortunately, someone threw the ball so hard that it hit Hubert in the nose and he had to go to the school nurse. Fortunately, nothing serious happened. PE was over and we rested for a while and went to physics.

Physics is the worst lesson in the world. I hate physics and so does my all classmates. Mr Archimedes demands too much from us, we don't understand what he is saying. He doesn't even speak Polish!

The penultimate subject was mathematics. It would be a really nice lesson if not for the fact that Ms. Kociakiewicz gave a million tasks of 20,000 examples to the power of 100. And tomorrow is another maths!

The last lesson was Polish. Mr. Stephen King showed us a movie. He let us eat in class. Most of us had nothing to eat anymore. Laura pulled out her chips. The sound of a crunchy snack was heard throughout the class. As you can guess - after a few seconds, she had one chips. Some watched a movie, but most of us fell asleep. Only the sound of the bell woke us up, and then everyone went home. This is what a typical day of my school life looks like. Sometimes it gets really interesting.