

What!?!!!!! It says here to write a review of Macbeth. Well I'm not doing that and if Miss Fielding thinks I am then she's got another think coming. Because I'm not.

My school is having some sort of Arts Festival or something after GCSE's and Mr. Goodyear, Deputy Head, says we need something to keep Year 11 'on the straight and narrow' till the end of term so we have all got to write about something. Well, Mr Goodyear is neither 'straight', we all know about that and he certainly isn't 'narrow', he must weigh at least twenty stone and he's not telling me how to spend my Saturday afternoon. They'll get me a ticket and I have to go to some theatre in the Town Centre and watch this play that's all about a bloke in Scotland a long time ago who wants to be king and some witches egg him on and his wife eggs him on too so he kills people who are in his way and then is sorry and his wife is an insomniac and can't get to sleep and worries about it because she hasn't got any children to worry about. My Mum always says that if you have got kids you realise just how lucky people are who do not have them and that I am not going to get any GCSE's but she hasn't got any and nor has my Dad so they shouldn't put pressure on me.

Anyway I am NOT going to see Macbeth and especially when some of the others in my class have got easier 'assignments' as Mr. Goodyear likes to call them. He wants to be a Headmaster so is going all out to impress Ofsted when they come round by saying 'I organised an Arts Festival you know for Year 11. They did some wonderful things.' Well Gary Harding isn't going to do Macbeth. It's one of Shakespeare's shortest plays because he ran out of ideas, it's obvious, and had to get the audience's attention by having witches in it and black magic and stuff or else nobody would have gone to see it. Jason in the other class says Miss Fielding is a witch, not the pointy hat kind with a broomstick and stuff but just a witch and checks up if you haven't handed in your homework and gives out detentions and stuff for doing nothing. In my case I probably have been doing nothing (my Dad says I have 'elevated doing nothing into an art form' but he doesn't do anything either and hasn't even got a proper job) but that's no reason to keep you in after school. She's just an old saddy with no boyfriend although Jason says she has got one and he's actually seen them out together. If she has he must be a bit of a perv to fancy Miss Fielding.

Anyway some of the others have got 'assignments' like going round the town looking at statues like that big fat man in a long coat smoking a cigar who was supposed to have won the war for us or the head in the park of a poncy young bloke looking like he's on something who wrote the worst poem I have ever read about a nightingale or something but which Miss Fielding raved about for some reason. Liam has to write a review of a picture in the art gallery called 'Birth of Venus' where some woman with no clothes on seems to have come out of a shell and looks embarrassed and is trying to cover herself up. When I asked Miss Fielding the other day why all the blokes in these pictures seem to have their

clothes on but the girls don't she told me not to be so stupid and threatened to put me in detention but I hadn't said anything, just asked a question. Freedom of speech seems to be in short supply in this school. They've given Damien who's a bit posh a classical music concert to go to, rather him than me, these things go on for hours and you can't really leave half way through unless you've had a heart attack or something or your wife has just texted you to say she's having a baby and you had better come quick or else.

So, I'm not going to see this play, no way, I'll just make something up and go to the football instead which is what I do every Saturday. When I told Miss Fielding this she looked a bit sad and asked me if I had ever seen 'Romeo and Juliet' because she thought it was 'relevant for young people today' as she put it but when I looked it up it seemed to be about street fights and under-aged sex and teenage suicide and I was very surprised she even mentioned it to be honest. If Ofsted found out they were encouraging us to read stuff like that the school would be in big trouble and Mr. Goodyear could wave goodbye to his promotion. And anyway you don't have to go to Italy to see stuff like that. Like I told Miss Fielding, it goes on in the town centre every weekend after the football.

*Gary-you are in detention for an hour after school on Wednesday-Ms. F.*