

Those Teeth (selection)

He discovered that 10D didn't take it as well as he'd hoped. Peter explained he wanted them to write a class play and maybe act it at the end of term. There was an initial burst of enthusiasm but when it sank in that they had to do the writing, there were cries of 'I can't write nothin', 'What do we write about?'

"Look class, it'll be easy if we work together. All you need do, each one of you, from now until the end of the period, is to write down something important to you. Not even for someone else to read necessarily. Maybe in the form of a diary entry, you know, something you want to remember exactly, like it's really important to you. Don't worry about spelling or grammar. Just get the words down okay? And don't write your names on the paper. Then I'll take them home tonight, go through them. Next lesson we can make up the general plot of a play, and we'll take it from there."

There was a bit more interest at that, particularly when they realised their work was going to be anonymous. Peter knew he was asking for obscenities and put-ons from many in the class, but he thought there might just be enough gold amongst the dross to work something out with them. Boy, if he could get this lot working creatively, it would be an achievement.

They were writing away in reasonable silence. He started to pace the class, to look over the shoulder of each pupil at least once, when he checked himself. He knew how much poetry he'd write if some wanker, whom he didn't like anyway, stood peering over his shoulder. So he remained out the front, where all could see him.

Suddenly there was a muffled buzzing sound. A couple of girls giggled. It had come from the desk of a quiet girl Peter had hardly noticed, sitting towards the back against the wall, her head down. He walked towards her desk enquiringly, when she lifted her face and stared at him with green slanted eyes.

The shock rooted him to the spot. Some of the class had turned round expectantly. Twenty years of experience took over the dazed automaton that stood there.

"Right, back to your work you others. What have you got there?"

"An alarm clock. Sorry it went off – *sir*. Like it was an accident. True."

She had changed her position and was lounging back, the attitude she had adopted when she first sat in Peter's car.

"Give it to me, please."

"Oh no, *sir*, I couldn't do that. You see, Mr. Morrison, it belongs to a very special friend of mine. I'm like lookin' after it for 'im.' Her smile slowly widened as she spoke, and one green eye winked at him, inviting, insolent, challenging, and provocative.

His programmed routine had now run its course. Fortunately it was the last period of the day. Unfortunately, in his panic, he forgot the most basic of the schoolie's rules.

"I see. Well in that case ... stay behind after the others have gone. I can't waste their time on this now. We haven't enough time as it is to get our stories down. Back to work."

Peter sat at his desk shaken to the marrow. He'd assumed his pick-up was a young adult – she couldn't have even been sixteen! Sexual relations with a student, was bad enough in itself, but this technically made him a paedophile! He'd go for a row of Jack Gillson's proverbial shithouses if this got out! She could ruin him, finally and absolutely. He desperately tried to appear normal; he glanced sternly at Ginette's desk. She caught his eye, held it, and smiling slowly, lowered her head back to work again.

The others had gone, and she was standing beside his desk. In school uniform she looked any kid, only her mini-skirt was a little higher and her blouse stretched tighter. Her hair was brushed back and was shining, in good condition. She was no street slut. She looked down on him, smiling that maddening smile. Of course this was why she'd looked familiar. He'd taken her class last term. Whores in school-girl uniforms may exist on pornsites, but you don't expect a school-girl in a whore's uniform in real life.

"Give you a surprise did I, Peter?"

So she was going to play it tough. "Ginette, I hope you're not ..." He stood up, to gain height advantage.

She finished his sentence for him. "Not goin' to dob you in? Prob'ly not. I don't want to. True." She sighed and looked up at Peter. "Trouble is I gotta lotta bills to pay. Like I got expensive tastes." She slid

her leg between Peter's and raised it, so that the top of her thigh gently touched the crotch of his trousers. Her face only inches from his, that smile still on her lips, her buck teeth on display, she said: "Twenty dollars, now, and we call it quits. And while it's there y'can 'ave a feel if you like."

He looked down and saw the afternoon sun from the windows picking up the fine golden hairs that stood out against the brown skin. He pushed her leg aside roughly.

"Stop that. Of course I won't."

"Alright, Mr. Morrison, just for that it's thirty dollars. Like now."

All he could think was that he had to get rid of her. He paid her and she was out the door in a flash. Christ, he thought, here's a rod for my back! He'd acted too quickly. Paying her anything at all had been a bad, bad, mistake.