



"What's that **SMELL**, sir?"

"I'm not sure, we might have to open
a window."



Marcus is clutching his stomach and pretending to be sick.



"It's disgusting!"

It's not great and as I get closer to my chair I realize that the **SMELL** is coming from around ... my desk?



Even with the window open the smell is still really **BAD** I sit down and open my bag.

AND THAT'S WHEN THE **SMELL** GETS EVEN



Marcus is pointing at



and saying,

"It's Tom Gates, sir!"

WHAT?

"It's not ME, sir, it's my bag ... I think."



Mr Fullerman is telling everyone to

"SIT DOWN AND BE QUIET, PLEASE!"

at exactly the same time as a SCHOOL INSPECTOR appears with his clipboard.



From the look on his face I think he's just got a WHIFF of the smell too.

Mr Fullerman peers into my bag and WINCES...

"I think your cheese is a bit RIPE, Tom."



"Ripe? Like a piece of fruit?" I wonder.



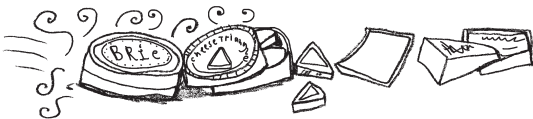
Mr Fullerman tips ALL my cheese out on to my desk. Which makes Marcus **LURCH** away and say,

 "EEEEEEEEEWWWWWWW."

(He's so annoying.)



"Did you want all this cheese on your pizza, Tom?"

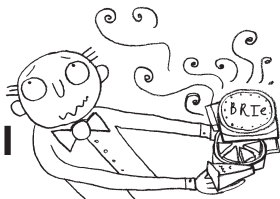


"Not really, sir," I tell him while holding my nose.

"How much cheese did you bring?"

"I panicked, sir. I was in a hurry."

Mr Fullerman says, **"Don't worry, I'll deal with the cheese"** and takes it away.



Marcus keeps **COUGHING** and overreacting.

"Very funny, Marcus. The smell's gone now,"

I say. (Well ... nearly.)

