

SELİM

and the Haunted House



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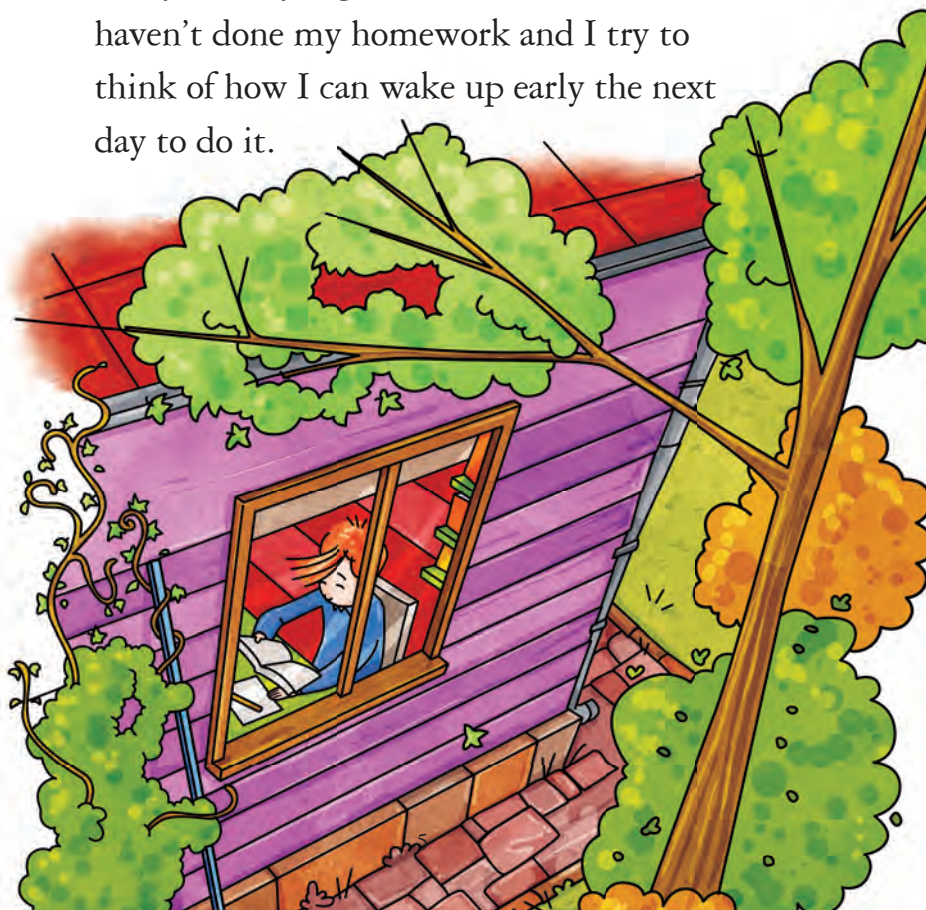


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The cleanest classroom

Monday is the first day of the week. I get anxious on Sunday afternoon because I know the next day I have to go back to school. I've been going to school for many years, but I still can't shake this feeling. Every Sunday night I remember that I haven't done my homework and I try to think of how I can wake up early the next day to do it.



To top it all off I've got another problem, too. **The clean class, dirty class** situation. I know you don't know what I am talking about. Every Monday the cleanest class and the dirtiest class from the week before are announced at school. It has been a long time since they started doing this but we haven't been chosen as the cleanest class yet. In fact, we are chosen as the dirtiest class almost every week. You can imagine how the other classes tease us when we're named the dirtiest class.



I spent Sunday all stressed out over this. In the morning, I eventually got to school, but my feet were trying to walk back home. I could already hear the other kids teasing us,

“You guys were picked to be the dirtiest class again? That’s unbelievable! Ha ha!”



I got to school just in time. Nobody was talking. The principal repeated the talk he made every Monday. After him, Mrs. Robertson went up to the podium and made the expected announcement.

“Students! The cleanest class of this week is 5-B.”

Everybody cheered. We were proud of class 5-B. Then Mrs. Robertson said,
“And the dirtiest class of this week is...”
Then he paused.



All the students shouted turning to us,
“4-A!”

Mrs. Robertson continued,

“You’re right children. Unfortunately the dirtiest class didn’t change this week, either. The dirtiest class is 4-A again.”

The Mrs. Robertson’s words set off a roar of laughter in the auditorium. The principal could hardly be heard over the students.



We all went to our classes. Everybody was quite sad. Our class president said,

“Guys, this problem is annoying all of us. We have to fix it.”

We all said, “yeah!”

Our class president continued,

“Let’s keep our classroom clean and be chosen the cleanest class. How about it?”

“Yeah!”

I think it was the unity. I hadn’t seen my class like this for a long time.





After that day everybody did their share in cleaning the class. Nobody left any pieces of paper on the ground. The hall monitor told people not to drop litter. The class was cleaner than it had been last week. Now we were excited to be chosen as the cleanest class.

We were lined up excitedly on Monday. After the principal's talk, Mrs. Robertson went up to the podium.

"The dirtiest class is..."

Wow! Mrs. Robertson started by telling us the dirtiest class rather than the cleanest one. When Mrs. Robertson was about to announce it, the other students shouted all together,

"4-A!"

Mrs. Robertson said smiling,

"No, you're wrong this time. The dirtiest class is 3-C."

We all let out a sigh of relief. We had got the first good news. Now, we were waiting

to be chosen as the cleanest class. We were hanging on Mrs. Robertson's every word.

"The cleanest class is..."

