

Shirin

Is it Easy
to be President?



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Illustrator: Sennur Işık



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Print and Binding: Seçil Ofset
100. Yıl Matbaacılar Sitesi 4. Cad. No: 77
Bağcılar / İSTANBUL
Telephone: +90 (212) 629 06 15

2014



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The Duty in my Dream

A strange silence had fallen over the class that day. We were all still asleep because the clocks had been set forward an hour over the weekend so we had to wake up an hour earlier. At that time last week, I was still in my bed wearing my pajamas. Now I am sitting at my desk wearing my school clothes. How can a person deal with such a thing? She can't. That's why a strange silence had fallen over the class that day. Even our teacher.



After our teacher had called the roll, it was time to choose the hall guard. Our teacher looked at the class list to choose the hall guard.

I was very excited, because I was sure it was my turn.

But our teacher looked at Curly.



Curly stood up smiling but three other students had stood up before him. I was one of those three students, of course!

But teacher
Curly has already
been the hall
guard!

He was the hall
guard last Friday

Since our teacher looked at Curly to see if this was true, Curly had to admit it:

Yes teacher
I was the hall
guard just last
Friday.



When our teacher looked back at the list, my heart began to pound. I knew I was after Curly on the list, and what did that mean?

It meant it was my turn to be the hall guard.

If you are the hall guard, you are like the police, the nurse and the teacher's assistant. There is even a special name-tag lanyard that goes with the job. It says, "Hall Guard" on it in big red letters. Every time I put it on, I feel like the mayor of my city, like I have the most important job in the world. Everyone is always dying

to be the hall guard, but too bad for them, because today, it is my turn...



Our teacher looked at the list again. She stopped and tho-

ught about something. Why was she thinking so much? I knew it was my turn, but I was shocked when I heard our teacher call Brittany's name, not mine.

"Teacher!"

"What's wrong, Shirin?"

"Isn't it my turn to be the hall guard?"

Our teacher looked at me earnestly.





“Why don’t you hand out the class’s books today?”

“Okay, I can do that. And I’ll be the hall guard too!”

“You can’t be the hall guard today!”

“But why not?”

Our teacher was losing her patience.

“Shirin, don’t you remember what you did last time?”

What did I do? I did exactly what a guard should do. I do that every time it is my turn. I take my job very seriously.

“What happened which time?”

“Every time you are the hall guard, something crazy happens. One day you wanted to clean the class with a bucket of water.”

“But teacher, I didn’t have any wet towels so I had to use the bucket of water. I turned the dry towels into wet towels and I cleaned the class. Would you rather our class stay dirty?”

“It is not your job to clean the classroom. That’s the janitor’s job.”

“But you wanted us to keep the classroom clean. I did my best to keep it clean.”



“Last time you were hall guard, you used the school intercom to announce to the whole school that...”

As soon as our teacher said this, I flashed back to that moment. The bell had rung but some of the students in our class hadn't entered the class, yet. I asked them very politely to come to class, but they didn't listen. I had tried everything, so I went to the principal's office.

