

Mr Majeika by Humphrey Carpenter

Mr Majeika is a supply teacher and has just arrived at a new school. Unfortunately, he is late and Mr Potter, the head teacher is not pleased.

"Now, you're rather late, Mr Majeika. You might have telephoned me."

"I'm so sorry," said Mr Majeika. "You see, my magic carpet took a wrong turning. It's normally quite good at finding the way, but I think the rain must have got into it. I do beg your pardon."

"Never mind," said Mr Potter. "And now ... Wait a minute, did I hear you say *magic carpet*?"

It was Mr Majeika's turn to look bothered. "Oh, did I really say that? How very silly of me. A complete slip of the tongue. I meant - *bicycle*, of course. I came on a bicycle."

"Quite so," said Mr Potter. "Bicycle, of course..." His voice tailed off. He was staring at the magic carpet.

"What's that?" he said rather faintly.

"That?" said Mr Majeika cheerily. "That's my magic – " He cleared his throat. "Oh dear, my mistake again. That's my bicycle." And as he said these last words, he pointed a finger at the magic carpet.

There was a funny sort of humming noise, and the carpet rolled itself up and turned into a bicycle.

Mr Majeika leant cheerily against the handlebars and rang the bicycle bell. "Nice bike, isn't it?" he said, smiling at Mr Potter.

You could have heard a pin drop.

