

Alien Alert in Seattle

"Karen, are you afraid of your worm?" asked Mr Kent, smiling. "Give me your knife and I can help you."

His arm touched mine and I got an electric shock – I jumped up from my chair.

"What's wrong Karen?" asked Mr Kent.

"Oh, nothing, nothing," I said, trying to smile. He cut the worm and then walked to the next table to help other students.

I wrote a note to Walter and told him about the electric shock.

"Walter!" I whispered. He turned around and I gave him the note.

"Walter and Karen, what are you doing?" asked Mr Kent.

"What do you have in your hand, Walter?"

His voice scared me. Walter and I were in big trouble with the teacher.

"Ah, n...nothing," said Walter.

"Please pay attention!" said Mr Kent. "Next time you'll have to give me the note."

"I'm sorry, Mr Kent," said Walter.

When the science lesson was over Mr Kent called me to his desk. "Oh, no....," I thought.

"I'm sorry I scared you during the lesson. Two years ago I had a bad car accident and lost my arm. My left arm is artificial – it's an electric arm. Sometimes it gives electric shocks."

I was surprised and sorry.

At lunch I told Walter and Barbara about Mr Kent's electric arm. They were both surprised.

As we walked out of the cafeteria we saw Mr Wilkinson.

"Hello, Mr Wilkinson," said Barbara.

2. **artificial** : not real.

