

Another half day

It happens from time to time that I will only get a half day. Due to the advent of online systems though, it is relatively easy to accept a job and then later cancel when a better one comes up. I don't do that too often, but a half day is one reason I try. Since this half day was for the afternoon I could try even the day of, as long as it's early enough in the morning that they can get another sub easily. As it worked out though no other job was to be found. I was up until about 11 and then woke up just after 6 to try again. Nothing. Finally, at around 7 I decided to give up and go back to bed, mostly due to not sleeping well the last couple of nights. As I write this I am exhausted *again*. I don't know why I usually wait until the end of the evening to write. Oh, well.

So as it worked out, not only was it a half day but it was at probably the furthest school from me, at the opposite corner of one of the further districts. It took me about 25 minutes to get there. It was in one of the mentally impaired rooms, but I knew this at the outset as I have subbed in this school many times. It was easy. Silent reading followed by computer time. Then they wrote a letter to a classmate that had transferred schools (moved I guess) a couple of weeks before. The writing varied, but generally the kids were pretty slow, letters not well-formed- but remember these are mentally impaired kids. One couldn't really write at all, but that didn't matter. It will get sent with the rest to the girl's new school. After that they went to language lab where it should have been a nice rest for me since it is run by another teacher. Nope- I was told I would be needed in another classroom while their teacher went to a meeting. It was another mentally impaired room. I had worked with several of the boys in that room before, but oddly enough I do not remember ever being in that room. Maybe from last year? I will have to go through my past positions to figure this out.

I *do* remember subbing for that teacher in the past so maybe my memory is just bad. Anyway, they cooked some muffins. Well, the boys only got to stir a little, taking turns, but that could be considered a life skill for them anyway. One of the IAs brought them to the lounge to cook in the oven. In the meantime, we played some bingo while waiting for the muffins. The teacher still wasn't back from her meeting by the time the original class was back from the lab, which by the way is simply working with the kids on communication skills in case you were wondering, so the kids actually stayed in the lab a little longer since I couldn't be with both classes and a certified teacher or sub is required to always be in a classroom.

As it turned out the teacher never did come back so I stayed until the end in that one room. I'm thinking the language teacher came back with the other class after a while, but I'm not sure on that. I do know they came back eventually. I pushed one of the wheelchair-bound boys to the bus at the end of the day. It's interesting that at that school there are about a dozen short buses lined up at the end of the day, half of them wheelchair-capable, as the kids come from all over the district. So that was it, end of the day. Until tomorrow folks!