

# MS. RABOTO

BY KYLE KHAN

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Deon and Doreen Khan

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# Chapter 1

## *Those dreaded reports*



"Two days till school," said Mom. "This is ridiculous!"

She scowled at me, but I kept looking at the floor. I had a spot there which kind of looked like an exit door. I wish it was, but sadly, it wasn't. It was actually just a paint mess my sister Michaela had created when she was four years old. The paint stain lasted more than 15 years because she is now at university and comes home four times a year.

My little brother Michael looked confused at what my mother had said. "What is ridiculous?" he asked.

My Mom suddenly turned into Miss Lovely and said in a soft sweet voice: "Kyle left his report in his room without giving it to me."

"I didn't open it," I said, hoping that would help me.

Big mistake.

Mom turned into "Miss Someone Whom Nobody Wants to Mess

With" again. She was looking at me with her angry eye. Her angry eye twitches when she's angry.

Just in the nick of time, Dad came out from his room with his laptop in his hands.

"I've been promoted!" he shouted. "Mr. Longsmith emailed me now. I'm now a Senior Scientist!"

"You... You've been promoted?" Mom asked.

"I'm a Senior Scientist," Dad kept saying proudly.

That distracted Mom. She was hugging Dad and Michael, who just seemed irritated that she was interrupting 'The Simpsons'.

"Finally we can buy a car that doesn't stop in the middle of the road every twenty minutes!" Mom shouted again.

"Thank you," I said under my voice. Not that we would get a new car, but that Dad's boss promoted him before Mom took away my cellphone as a punishment. I was already facing six weeks without computer and Playstation 3.

I looked at Mom jumping up and down, and left for my room.

It was 1 a.m. and I was still awake. Mom was out celebrating with Dad, and Collie, the next door neighbour was with Michael and me. I took this time to think about my options. Perhaps Mom wouldn't read my report until I'd saved up enough money to buy a plane ticket for the first plane out of South Africa.

I told her my first report was eaten by my dogs.

She surely didn't believe me about having to go to the school and asking for a new one. What she did believe was that I had taken my time and gone a week after my dogs ate the first one.

And she probably didn't believe that I had to wait for four weeks until I got the new one. But I fooled her! I mean, she actually thought that fake report I gave her was for real. I printed such high marks on the fake one that she took us to Sun City for a week. So when I got the real one from the school, I didn't want to give it, but she found it. I don't know how she found it, either Michael had told her or she found it by herself, because she said that she had smelled something fishy going on. Maybe that was just the piece of fish Michael put there for when he 'hibernates'.

Then minute by minute I drifted off to sleep.

I heard something but it had to be a dream because in front of me was a chocolate fountain the shape of Africa! It was a dream but the sound wasn't. Seriously, what was it?

Suddenly I woke up and my cellphone was ringing. I slapped myself awake and checked the clock.

Two in the morning. Typical time for Ned to call. He wasn't really my friend. Last year we did a Natural Science project together and he got my number somehow.

I answered the phone:

"H-e-l-l-o," I said stretching my words.

"Hi, Kyle," Ned said. It sounded like he'd been awake for hours.

"How-long-you-been-awake?" I asked.

"Not long," he said. "Guess what, bro?"

"What?"

"I'm in Ms. Fairway's class."

"Congrats," I said not even knowing who Ms. Fairway was. I had

a sudden happy thought that Ned would be leaving our school, but then I remembered Ned had failed Grade 5 and was in the new teacher's class. "Now-can-you-go-back-to-bed?" I said, now irritated.

"We're at a swimming pool," he said.

"Don't lie, it's too early," I said waking up.

"Early?" he asked. "Its six in the afternoon."

I looked at the clock again. "No, it's two in the morning."

"Oh that's right you're still in South Africa," Ned said.

"Where're you?" I asked.

"Mexico."

That conversation must've woken Mom up because she was now in the kitchen making coffee (or tea) (or hot chocolate).

Then she sat down and reached for the TV remote.

It was then that she screamed, "Aaaaahhhhhh!"

She sounded like a baby screaming when it's hungry.

Dad ran to Mom with a baseball bat, thinking it was a robber.

I got up too. "Why not?" I thought.

Mom was holding my report.

"KYLE RADON KHAN! What is the meaning of this!" she shouted.

"KYLE RADON KHAN!" Dad shouted as he grabbed it.

"Your highest mark is 46%! AARGGHH!!"

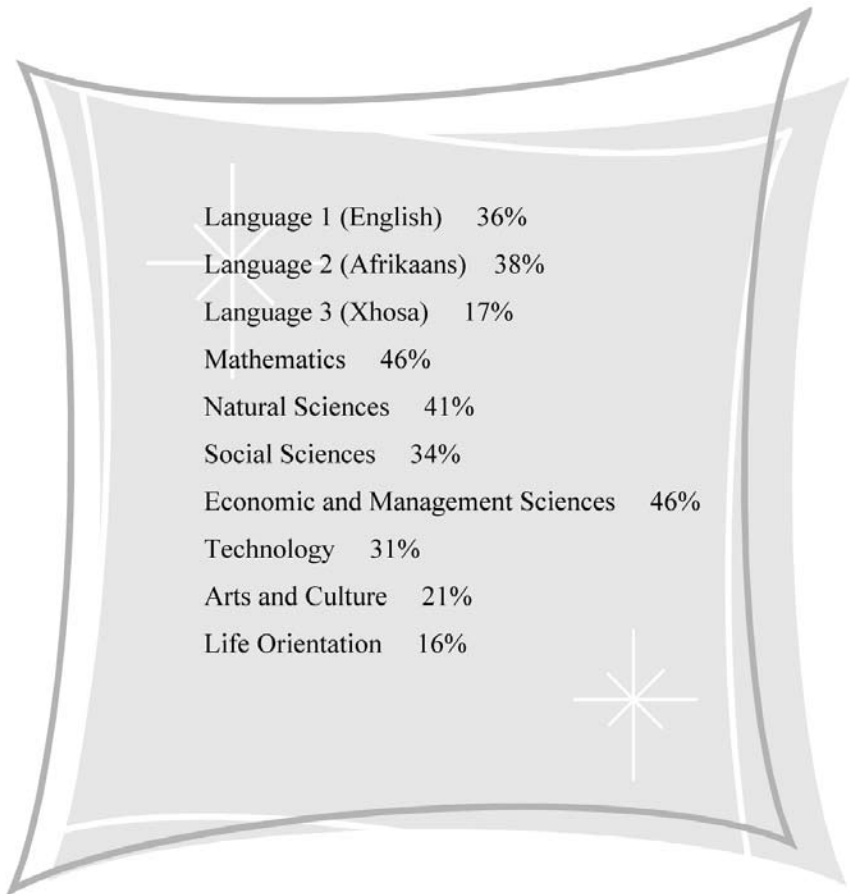
"That can't be true," I said.

“Check,” Dad said handing the paper to me.

“Wow this is my best report ever!” I said in humour.

“No, it’s your worst,” they answered together.

This is a complete copy of the report. I surprised myself at the marks.



**GENERAL REMARKS:**

**English:** *“Kyle has not cooperated with me throughout the year. I am glad to be rid of him.”*

**Afrikaans:** *(Mrs. Francis has been unable to comment due to a mild heart attack.)*

**Xhosa:** *(We were not able to understand what Mrs. Gcayica said.)*

**Mathematics:** *“In a way, I thank Kyle Khan. He has given me a reason to retire.”*

**Natural Science:** *“I have found that Kyle has no interest in the natural world.”*

**Social Sciences:** *“Please, I do not want to comment on Kyle Khan.”*

**E.M.S:** *“I have been offered a post at another school, which I will gladly accept.”*

**Technology:** *“Kyle understands things like cellphones and computers, but nothing else.”*

**Arts and Culture:** *“I will not accept Kyle next year. He can fail. He told me to my face that he wanted to.”*

**Life Orientation:** *“Do not bother me about Kyle Khan. I have suffered enough scars from him (emotional and physical).”*

I turned my report around eagerly, hoping that I had more quotes, but instead, another paper flew out, with the bold heading of:

***Congratulations!***

I picked it up. *“For Mrs. and Mr. Khan,”* I said.

Dad took it and read it aloud. "Congratulations," he looked at me again.

*Your son has been chosen to participate in the experiment we are proceeding with. Your son's teacher will not be a human but a robot that is programmed to improve your son/daughter's grades. This robot is called Ms. Raboto, who is the first of her kind. If the pass rate increases by 23.7% or more, robot teachers will be part of the new century.*

*Yours educationally*

*P. Langsmith*

"Well, Kyle, you have no reason to fail this year. Good night," said Dad.

Dad skipped into the kitchen to get himself a slice of cake (which he always does when he is happy).

He was right. I had no reason to fail the grade. I would have failed Grade 5, but I knew that none of the teachers would want to take me for a second year.

Why did I get this letter? I wasn't in last place in the class. I was third last.

Did they send it because my grades were so low?

I then turned into the amazing detective Kyle Khan.

Our hero scratches his head and thinks, "These questions must be answered, but not now, now it's sleeping time."

"Good night," I said softly.