



Barry Yourgrau

NASTYbook
ISBN13: 9780060579784

Acclaimed author and performer Barry Yourgrau has written an original piece just for you. Read on for a taste of his upcoming title *NASTYbook*—available in May!

UNDERPANTS by Barry Yourgrau

A substitute teacher hurries to a new school in the morning, to take over a class for the day. Right as he enters the building, it dawns on him that something is badly wrong. Somehow, he realizes, from nervousness no doubt, he has neglected to put on clothes. He is wearing his T-shirt and underpants.

And that is it.

He's in the middle of the crowded main hall. He freezes. Incredibly, no one seems to notice. The buzzer goes off harshly for the start of classes. The substitute teacher gulps. Too late now for him to rush home and change in time. And no teach, no pay. Desperately, he decides he'll just have to trust in his luck, and start teaching, and hope people's noticing remains zero.

And it seems to, unbelievably, as he stands in front of the class at the blackboard. No giggles, no wisecracks, not the slightest hint of an alarmed scream. Even so he feels miserably self-conscious. Here he is, barefoot, with his not-so-clean intimate garments and his bare skinny legs on display to the whole world, if anyone cared to pay attention. Whereas the kids in his charge, he now becomes aware, are stupendously well-dressed. Every boy wears a tidy suit. Every girl sparkles in an immaculately elegant dress.

Shame floods the substitute teacher. He's been put briefly in charge of all these beautifully groomed, developing souls (meaning the kids), and he's shown up for the job half-naked! It's almost criminally negligent of him, an insult to the whole profound educational enterprise. Red-faced with guilt, he calls forward the most haughtily dressed girl—Phoebe Binkley—and instructs her to take charge of the class while he has to go out for a moment.

He slinks out into the hall. Pulsing with shame, he tiptoes away frantically down the corridor, to get out of the building, the scene of his outrage, as fast as he can.

Suddenly a voice booms behind him.

"Hey you!" it cries. "Where you think you're going?"

The substitute teacher gasps. He freezes. In horror he slowly turns. A portly, gray-haired older man stares at him.

"What's going on?" demands the man. "Are you the substitute teacher?"

The substitute teacher turns even redder, if that's possible, staring back in shock.

"Well, are you?" the portly man demands. "I'm the principal here." He lifts an arm and points back down the hall. "So you get back in your classroom, buster, right this minute, you hear?"

Then he winks at the flabbergasted substitute teacher. "Hey, you're gonna fit right in, dressed like that," he chuckles softly.

"Boy, I think so."

And since he's stark naked, he should know what he's talking about.