

PARENT: Hello, is this my son's teacher, Mr. Johnson?

TEACHER: That's me. Who is this?

PARENT: This is Ben's father, Mr. Grey.

TEACHER: Hello, Mr. Grey! Why are you calling?

PARENT: I wish to make a complaint.

TEACHER: I see. And what is it you are complaining about, may I ask?

PARENT: You keep making puns on my son's name. For example, on his maths homework you've given him an A, and have written 'Ben Grey slays! :D.'

TEACHER: Oh that? A harmless joke.

PARENT: There have been other complaints...

TEACHER: Go on...

PARENT: You've also written Tim Green is a machine!

TEACHER: A simple compliment!

PARENT: Maybe. But how do you explain 'Kevin Smith is rubbish'? Or even worse 'Harry Davies has rabies', when commenting on his chaotic writing style?

TEACHER: Just a small push in the right direction.

PARENT: You've called Matt Brown 'Twat Brown'.

TEACHER: If he was better behaved, maybe I would have said...

PARENT: Yes?

TEACHER: Something about crowns, possibly? Can I come back to that one, please?

PARENT: I think you're missing the point of this call.

TEACHER: Poor quality puns?

PARENT: No! Insults and immature behaviour!

TEACHER: I see. With all due respect, Mr. Dick Spray...

PARENT: Dick spray??

TEACHER: Yes, Dick Spray. With all due respect, I'm just trying to keep my lessons

fun. Otherwise people won't pay any sort of attention.

PARENT: No, I disagree. The school was happy before you came along. Everyone was. Now people are afraid to even talk. If anyone says even a word, there's the genuine worry you'll be there. Punning.

TEACHER: You can't deny silence is a virtue?

PARENT: Yes, I can. Complete quiet in playtime isn't right. And people are scared to ask you any questions.

TEACHER: Can I have your first name, please?

PARENT: Why?

TEACHER: You know why.

PARENT: No, you can't have my name.

TEACHER: Fine. I'll ask the headmaster.

PARENT: So you can pun on MY name?

TEACHER: Deal with it.

PARENT: Look, if you're not going to take my complaint seriously, I know who will.

TEACHER: Who?

PARENT: The headmaster?

TEACHER: Ha! He's the one who called Dennis Tall a tennis ball!

PARENT: That was SO obvious.

TEACHER: Yes, but we all laughed!

PARENT: I could get a news article written about you.

TEACHER: If you think ANYONE can out-pun me, you're seriously mistaken.

PARENT: No, not for the puns, so the whole school gets shut down!

TEACHER: How are children going to learn, then?

PARENT: Ok. So the whole school gets reformed!

TEACHER: So the whole school gets deformed?

PARENT: No, reformed! And that's another thing I want to talk to you about - my son

isn't learning properly because when he does dare to speak and ask you questions, he gets told gibberish. We all know you're deaf.

TEACHER: What do you mean?

PARENT: He asked you 'Can you explain how to do long division' and you looked at him like he was crazy and replied 'How do you do long collisions? Like lorry crashes?'

TEACHER: I'll buy a hearing aid.

PARENT: Another pupil said 'I made an error' and you accused him of being a terrorist.

TEACHER: If someone makes terror, you have to take that VERY seriously.

PARENT: But he didn't make terror! That's what I'm saying! And make terror isn't even proper English!

TEACHER: That's why I graded him badly.

PARENT: I don't have to take this anymore, I'm going to the press, right now.

TEACHER: They won't listen to you.

PARENT: Why not?

TEACHER: Ok, that didn't work. They'll pun about you too, you know. They'd say you're a bellend.

PARENT: That doesn't make sense.

TEACHER: Don't care. I'm hanging up, now.

PARENT: You're hanging up on me??

TEACHER: Yes, it's a twist!

PARENT: What??

TEACHER: Bye!