Instructions: Using this Page you will fill out all of the prompts that are given you and use the drop-down menus provided to show that you have *Changed Places!* You can *change places* after five sentences for each prompt, but you must *change places* after you have twenty sentences. Then you will take what you have scripted and create your story in a web based program called StoryJumper.com.

Each of the drop-down menus pertain to different topics that have been covered in your classes. From History to Science and from English to Math, include information that pertains to your topic for each section.

Another Monday morning in Mr. Lynch’s boring History class. Why do they have to make me take this class first period every year? Last year the other teacher looked like Professor Snape from Hogwarts and it wasn’t even a science class! Mr. Lynch had it out for me, I felt. Probably, because I slept the first ten minutes of each period.

“Oh, good.” I mutter to myself mildly sarcastic as the projector turns on. Mr. Lynch seems to be motioning me to turn off the lights as the last student strolling in found their seat. Projectors can be anything in his class. Another droll documentary on World War I spewed by a shell shocked former British Soldier, the creation of the United States Judicial system, a lesson on The Roaring twenties, or on that rare occasion, a history lesson on superheroes.

Mr. Lynch swiftly presses the play button and says “I think you’ll enjoy this one. It’s a special one from my private collection.” He always has odd trinkets laying around his desk from his travels, his collection must have been from them. Even the old handle of a weathered whip handle that was described as a gift from an old friend from Indiana state, or Jonestown.

Before the screen could load the title screen, a tiredness I had not felt before took hold of me as my head drifted to sleep on my desk.

What felt like mere moments later, I awoke to find no one else in the room but me. Turning my head side to side to jar the sleep from my eyes, still no one appeared. Had everyone left? Walking towards the door noises rustled from the hallway.

As I approached the door, it slowly opened. I checked the room once more for my fellow classmates. It was still light out and the sun hadn’t risen any higher in the sky. Watching quite a bit of Science Fiction shows made me hesitate briefly as I protruded my head into the hallway.

*Continue your story on the next page.*

**History**

As if pushed by wind from the open classroom windows I fall into the hallway on to find it is Change Places and continue your script there! ! How can this be? What’s that over there?

**Science**

All of a sudden I black out and end up Change Places and continue your script there! ! How can this be? What’s that over there?

**English**

I get a phone call, a weird tone comes screeching into my ear, the next thing I know I am Change Places and continue your script there! Where am I?! Why does this keep happening? I wonder if I wish for:

**Math**

All of a sudden the Twilight Zone music starts, wait I don’t think I have really seen that show. Ahhhh wait no I am in, Change Places and continue your script there! ! This is really weird why is that:

**Computer Technology**

All of a sudden Mr. Lynch is standing in front of me asking you questions about something I forgot to look up on the computer, this doesn’t look like my normal classroom it is Change Places and continue your script there! ! He is giving me a test on:

**Art**

The fumes of something strange take over my mind. A purple smoke turns green and my surroundings seem to change as suddenly as the hue of the smoke. Someone starts speaking. Rubbing my eyes I can see it is Change Places and continue your script there! ! They are:

**Gym**

This is starting to get out of hand. Why does it smell like gym socks? My clothes have even changed. I close the locker standing in front of me, it reflects that I am wearing a sports uniform. I walk out of the locker room into a sport facility. This isn’t my normal gymnasium it is Change Places and continue your script there! ! The spectators:

**The End.**

A ball zooms past my head as I pass out from the shock. My life starts to flash before my eyes. The sound of knuckles rap against my desk. Mr. Lynch is making the song of Super Mario Brothers on my desk in an attempt to rise me from my slumber. “Did you enjoy the movie?” He asks as I rub the sand from my eyes as the rest of the students open a new Microsoft Word document to type a response to the movie. I look up as he addresses the class. “Alright class, write what you took away from this class period.” He winks at me and walks away as I start typing about: