



"Thomas, since you can't stay in your place, take the seat in the corner!" Mr. Engle ordered.

"But the balloon is disappearing over Lake Huron." said Thomas as he pleaded to look out the window at the balloon.



Mr. Engle whacked his cane across the desk. Thomas jumped up and scampered to the corner. Then Mr. Engle plopped the dunce cap on his head.

In a strange way, sitting in the corner comforted Thomas. He would not have to recite lessons. He would not have to bow his head in shame when he didn't know an answer. And he would not have to see the look on Mr. Engle's face when he gave a wrong answer. He was free to daydream about balloons.