

John looks up to his brother, standing on the ledge above him. His brother has a wide grin on his face, confident that he has seen the last of him. He was wrong.

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John was your everyday schoolboy. He had decent grades, lots of friends, and he desperately wanted a girlfriend. However, no matter who he asked or how many times he asked them, no one would ever go out with him. Oh well, that's how these things go, John.

Right now, John is talking to a girl that he used to have a crush on in fourth grade. He's talking, she's listening, it's looking good, and... nope! She walked away. John looks crestfallen. John hurries to his next, and final class of the day, Algebra, taught by the Wicked Madame Raúkevitch.

That woman, John thought, is literally the devil. Like, actually Satan. How does no one notice...? John sits down, as far away as he can from Madame Wicked. She stands at her desk, scratching a blood-red finger across her lightly-singed eyebrow. The bell rings, and she calls attendance.

"Jones, John?!" She booms.

"Here," John replies, meekly.

"All here!" she yell-mutters to herself. "Okay John, today we will be learning Algebra! What is Algebra?! It's MATH John! I told you yesterday!" She turns, and writes " $1 + 1$ " on the blackboard with her sharpened nails.

She points dramatically at it, screaming "MATH! MATH, John, this is MATH! Copy it down, John!" Dutifully, he writes the date and copies what's on the board onto his arm with the usual needle.

"So, John, do you understand MATH now?!"

"Yes Madam"

"Copy it down a couple more times, just to be safe!" Satan curls her hair around her finger, and licks her lips ever so slightly. Madame Raúkevitch thinks longingly about the previous sacr—students she has had in the past.