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# THERE'S A BOY IN THE GIRLS' BATHROOM (English Edition)



There's a Boy in the  
Girls' Bathroom  
A Play by Louis Sachar

*Par Louis Sachar*

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**Par Louis Sachar : THERE'S A BOY IN THE GIRLS' BATHROOM (English Edition)** before purchasing it in order to gage whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised THERE'S A BOY IN THE GIRLS' BATHROOM (English Edition):

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**Description :** Description du produitWinner of 17 Children's Choice Awards nationwide, here is Louis Sachar's most beloved novel. An IRA/CBC Children's Choice

Prsentation de l'diteurBradley Chalkers, a fifth grader at the Red Hill School, has trouble getting along with his classmates until he meets Carla, a new school counselor. She not only listens to his wacky stories, but encourages him to use his powerful imagination. But just when Bradley's social world begins to broaden, the school board decides to let Carla go. What will happen to Bradley now? This heartwarming story of a young boy's search for friendship and acceptance is one of Sachar's most popular novels, and readers will identify with Bradley's troubles and eventual transformation when he finds a friend in Carla..co.ukThere are so many

ways that a boy like Bradley Chalkers can humiliate himself at school. Most of them are explored by the hero of *There's a Boy in the Girls' Bathroom*, a story of isolation, bravery and gradual acceptance told with great humour by Louis Sachar, the author of the brilliant *Holes*. Bradley is the only one in Mrs Ebbels class without a gold star next to his name on the wall chart. He doesn't have any friends and that's the way he likes it. Nobody wants to sit next to him at the back of the class, until Jeff Fishkin starts school. At the same time Carla, the new school counsellor shows Bradley that with a huge amount of courage and a bit of self-belief he can break the repetitive cycle of heartbreaking rejection by his peers, disappointment from family and weary indifference from teachers. Bradley has a long road to travel with the help of his new friends but the resultant changes aren't pious or predictable but slow, painful and humorous. The witty, thoughtful exchanges between Bradley and Carla are exceptionally well written and the slow and delicate process of building trust is completely believable. A touching, warm and funny tale with no saccachrine aftertaste. --

Rachel Ediss Extrait Bradley Chalkers sat at his desk in the back of the room-last seat, last row. No one sat at the desk next to him or at the one in front of him. He was an island. If he could have, he would have sat in the closet. Then he could shut the door so he wouldnt have to listen to Mrs. Ebbel. He didnt think shed mind.

Shed probably like it better that way too. So would the rest of the class. All in all, he thought everyone would be much happier if he sat in the closet, but unfortunately, his desk didnt fit. Class, said Mrs. Ebbel. I would like you all to meet Jeff Fishkin. Jeff has just moved here from Washington, D.C., which as you know, is our nations capital. Bradley looked up at the new kid who was standing at the front of the room next to Mrs/ Ebbel. Why dont you tell the class a little bit about yourself, Jeff, urged Mrs. Ebbel. The new kid shrugged. Theres no reason to be shy, said Mrs. Ebbel. The new kid mumbled something, but Bradley couldnt hear what it was. Have you ever been to the White House, Jeff? Mrs. Ebbel asked. Im sure the class would be very interested to hear about that. No, Ive never been there, the new kid said very quickly as he shook his head. Mrs. Ebbel smiled at him. Well, I guess wed better find you a place to sit. She looked around the room. Hmm, I dont see anyplace except, I suppose you can sit there, at the back. No, not next to Bradley! a girl in the front row exclaimed. At least its better than in front of Bradley, said the boy next to her. Mrs. Ebbel frowned. She turned to Jeff. Im sorry, but there are no other empty desks. I dont mind where I sit, Jeff mumbled. Well, nobody likes sittingthere, said Mrs. Ebbel. Thats right, Bradley spoke up. Nobody likes sitting next to me! He smiled a strange smile. He stretched his mouth so wide, it was hard to tell whether it was a smile or a frown. He stared at Jeff with bulging eyes as Jeff awkwardly sat down next to him. Jeff smiled back at him so he looked away. As Mrs. Ebbel began the lesson, Bradley took out a pencil and a piece of paper, and scribbled. He scribbled most of the morning, sometimes on the paper and sometimes on his desk. Sometimes he scribbled so hard his pencil point broke. Every time that happened he laughed. Then hed tape the broken point to one of the gobs of junk in his desk, sharpen his pencil and scribble again. His desk was full of little wads of torn paper, pencil points, chewed erasers, and other unrecognizable stuff, all taped together. Mrs. Ebbel handed back a language test. Most of you did very well, she said. I was very pleased. There were fourteen As and the rest Bs. Of course there was one F, but She shrugged her shoulders. Bradley held up his test for everyone to see and smiled that same distorted smile. As Mrs. Ebbel went over the correct answers with the class, Bradley took out his pair of scissors and very carefully cut his test paper into tiny squares. When the bell rang of recess, he put on his red jacket and walked outside, alone. Hey, Bradley, wait up! somebody called after him. Startled, he turned around. Jeff, the new kid, hurried alongside him. Hi, said Jeff. Bradley started at him in amazement. Jeff smiled. I dont mind sitting next to you, he said. Really. Bradley didnt know what to say. I have been to the White House, Jeff admitted. If you want, Ill tell you about it. Bradley thought a moment, then said, Give me a dollar or Ill spit on you.