

A YEAR AT SCHOOL

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A year at school by Tom Brown

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TOM BROWN

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AT SCHOOL**



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BY

TOM BROWN



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A YEAR AT SCHOOL.



CHAPTER I.

AFTER THE HOLIDAYS.

IT was a clear, cold, frosty morning, in January, 186—, and the first school day in the new year. It wanted quite half an hour to school time, yet in the large playground of Copsley School was a little group of boys who had come thus early to meet their schoolfellows, and to chat over the fun they had had in the holidays. They looked sturdy, jolly fellows, as they stood there wrapped in their warm overcoats, their faces ruddy with cold, and three or four of them talking all at once, as they described what sports they had had.

“Back to school again” is never shouted quite so enthusiastically as “Home for the holidays,” and yet most intelligent boys are glad to get back to school when the time comes for them to do so. When they “break up” they feel as if they could enjoy a perpetual vacation, and for the first week or so, while everyone else is taking holiday, they certainly do enjoy themselves immensely. But when father and elder brothers have again to attend closely to business, when mother is fully occupied with household cares, when there are no more little parties, and no more entertainments or friends to visit, the leisure time begins to hang heavily on their hands, and all boys, who are not downright idlers, are glad to get off to school again. Although they do not put it before them in so many words, they soon find that holiday is only pleasant as a change, and they for the first time learn the useful lesson that work is better than play.

It was so with these boys. Before they left