



## *A Note From The Author:*

***I do not wish to offend anyone in this story. I respect all people's beliefs and religions.***

*I am a new student in a catholic school, and I have only been in public school until now. There are many strange and exciting things for me in this culture, and at one point I had a thought, "What would Jesus do if he came to a Catholic school?" And that was the start of this unique and (hopefully) funny book.*

*I believe Jesus has a good sense of humor and likes jokes.*

*Thank you for reading.*

*-Anna Bananna*

*P.S.*

*Please email:*

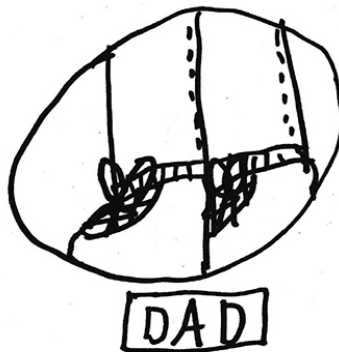
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# CHAPTER 1

I woke up in my bed, sown by the angels who were living right next door to me. There was indeed a lot of space on my desk, usually, but as I checked it today, I saw it was overflowing with prayers to me. I read the first one:

*“Dear Jesus almighty,  
Please help us through the day” -  
Our Lady of Peace Catholic School*

The second, third, fourth, fifth and sixth were from schools too. The seventh was from a farmer who's crops were not growing well, but the rest of my mail was from schools. “That's weird,” I thought. As I went to the living room, my Dad was sitting on His chair, stroking His beard thoughtfully.



“Hi,” I said. “Oh, hello.” said my Father in the same tone He used when He sent me to Earth. His cat, Thunder, hopped down from the bed to greet me.

“Listen, Jesus, I need you to do me a favor. Those Earth catholic schools, I am not sure what they are teaching there.” My Father explained in that careful, reassuring tone.



“OK.” I agreed, stroking Thunder, who was now on my lap. I wasn't really focusing, thinking that Dad wanted me to send some bread there or something.

“I need you to go to those schools for me, as a human again, and find out how religion is being passed on through the generations.” Now, I was not expecting **this**.

“Go there as a human boy, Jesus, (or girl if you prefer) and learn there as a human. Now, go in disguise. We don't want the...” Dad quieted His voice, so only I could hear. “We don't want the cross incident to repeat, do we?” I felt the very same way.

“Now, what's the fashion this year?” Dad asked, scrolling on His I-phone-Infinity. Beep-beep!



“All right,” He proudly said. He snapped His fingers and my robe disappeared, being replaced by a Tie-Die T-shirt and ripped jeans.

I looked at Dad's smiling, confident face. “Ummm... May I just wear my robe?” I asked, trying not to ruin Dad's mood. “No, your robe will give you away. Besides, don't you like this outfit?” He asked hopefully.

I gave up trying to convince Him. I raised my hand and shifted myself into a child with red hair and brown eyes. Only Dad and Mom would be able to recognize me now, if I were lucky.



As I was going down the stairs, the perfect, still temperature of Heaven began to fade away, being replaced by a cool breeze. I stepped onto the ground, remembering how uneven it was, and I felt the grass against my sneakers. I felt something warm on my face.

“Sunbeams... of course!” I thought. I stood there, enjoying the grass, breeze and sun. We don't get grass or sun in Heaven, just clouds, clouds, clouds, and a lot of harps.



## CHAPTER 2



“I am Suzie, what's your name?” A human child's voice interrupted the calm moment I was enjoying. I have long forgotten what humans sounded like. Suddenly, I remembered why I was here, and the mission.

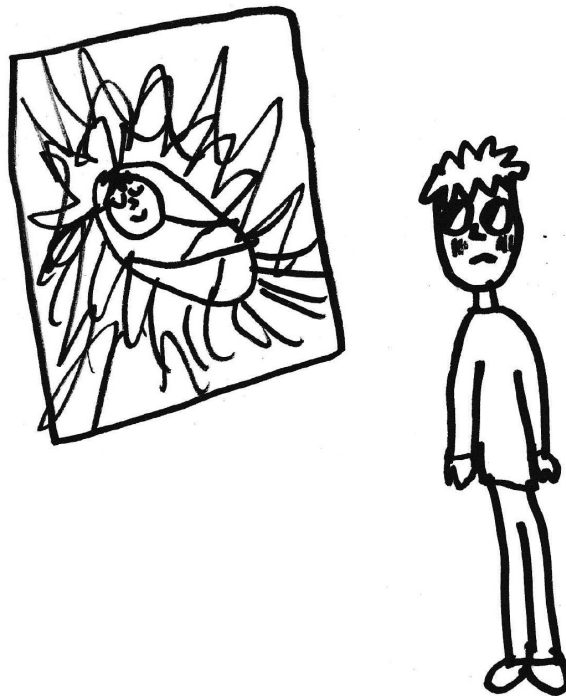
“Oh...uh... I'm J-... just enjoying the sun. My name is... Oliver,” I stammered. Oliver was the first name in my head, being my cat's name. Oh, great. Now let alone a room, I share a name with my cat as well.

“Well, Oliver, school begins in a minute, so we'd better get going!” smiled Suzie. I suppose humans changed over time, 'cause I don't think that Suzie would nail me to a cross and slowly kill me. Being a God does not take away all your pain, when you become human.

I followed Suzie to the school. The school was a big building, full of laughter. “So, are you new?” asked Suzie. “Umm... sort of,” I said.

**BZZZUBZUB!** The school bell rang and I, not sure what to do, followed Suzie into the classroom.

“How strange,” I thought as I saw pictures of me everywhere. As I walked on I saw a horrible sight. My baby picture was hung up in the middle of the room!!! And you know what that means: Mom submitted my baby photos to the public!



Doesn't She know that it is every man's worst nightmare to have their baby pictures hung up in a school?! I tried my best not to cringe and continued walking.

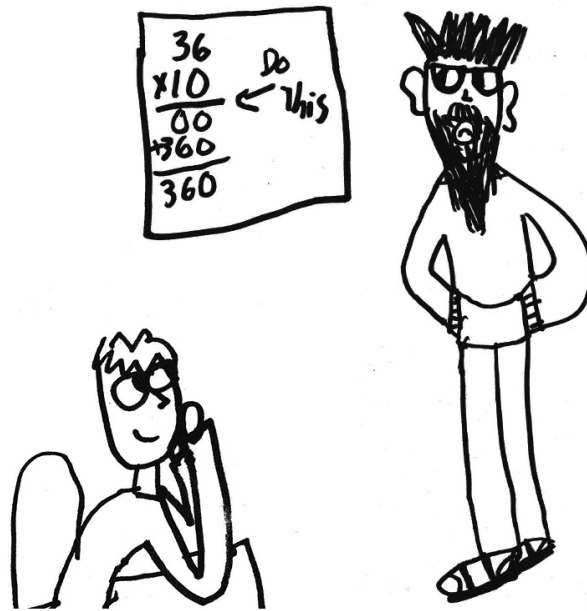
“So do you like our pictures of Christ being born?” a kid walking up to me said. “AAAAAAGH!-bsolutely...” I tried to squirm out of myself screaming.

I sat down in a chair, ignoring the whole class mattering “What the...” under their breath.

“Today we will start the day with religion.” A tall guy, who I assumed was a teacher, said.



“My name is Mr. Parker, but you can call me Mr. P.”  
Mr. P. turned to the board.



“Today we are looking at how God created the Earth in just 6 days. On the first day He created the...”

I raised my hand before he could carry on.

“Yes?” Mr. P. said, looking a bit annoyed.

“What about how He created the Big Bang? He spent two weeks working on that one.” I inquired.

“The Big Bang is just a science theory, boy, and you should know better than to question the Bible.” Mr. P. responded.

“The Big Bang is not in the Bible?” I asked, very confused. “How could you just forget about God's two weeks conjuring up the Big Bang? And, no, why do you say it isn't real when God Himself shouted **“Let 'er rip!”** as the Big Bang blew up?”

“Go to the Principal office! Right now!” bellowed Mr. P.

I got up, astonished of Mr. P's ignorance about the Big Bang.

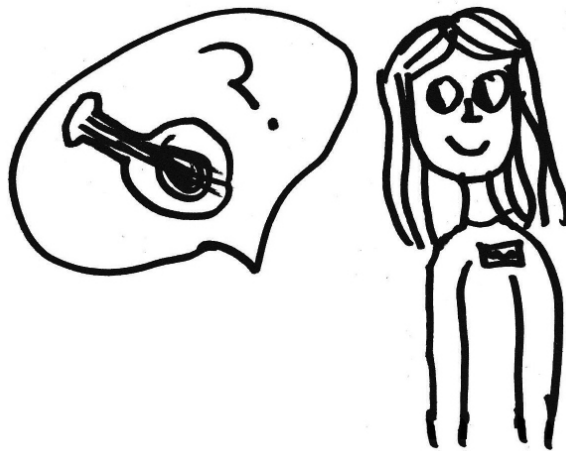
“Oh, one more thing, your parents have to come tomorrow for a parent-teacher conference.” I heard Mr. P. add. I have no idea what Dad's gonna do about THAT.

When I went into the hallway, a woman with a tag that read “Principal is your Pal!” stepped in front of me. “Well, isn't it Oliver, the new student?” she asked, not looking like she wanted to punish me but smiling.

“I want you to talk to me about why you were sent down here. Did you make fun of religion?”

I thought for a moment. “I did not make fun of religion, it's that they teach religion differently at my old school. I graduated and got sent here by my Dad.”

The “got sent here by my Dad” part was true.



“Okay, then, how about I offer you a favor?” the smiling principal said. “You stay out of trouble, and I teach you to play Bass Guitar!”

That certainly sounded good to me. In Heaven, you either play the harp or watch people play the harp.

“I would love to learn Bass Guitar!” I exclaimed.

“Okay, I’ll tell your teacher about your old school, and you get Bass lessons.”  
principal replied.

“Sure, Ms. Principal,” I agreed.

“You can call me Ms. Lily!” she called after me as I went back to class.

## CHAPTER 3

I went back to class and heard kids chatting.

“Oliver, in PE we go to the pool! Aren't you excited?” Suzie screamed in my face while jumping up and down.

“I certainly am,” I said.

“That's **great!**” shrieked Suzie. “Let's go!”

I went down the hallway with Suzie and we arrived at the pool. Honestly, I've never been in a pool before. A lake, pond, bath, sea, tub – yes, but no pool. Suzie grabbed my hand and dragged me towards the diving board.

“Um, Suzie, I've got a bad feeling about this...” I told her.

Something in my guts was screaming to run away. But the rest of me that watched as Suzie dove into the water thought it looked very, very fun. As I ran off the board, however, I realized what that bad feeling has been. But it was too late.

When my feet touched the water I hit it like solid cement, standing on it like in the sidewalk. Everyone looked over at me, standing on the three meter deep water and looking like a weirdo. The teacher looked too, but then turned away, rubbing his eyes.

I hurried over to the edge of the water, sheepishly waving to Suzie, who was swimming nearby and watching as I jogged over the edge of the pool. Suzie climbed onto the edge as well, dripping wet, looking in amazement as I was absolutely dry. All the kids had turned away by now, except Suzie. “You are so COOL!” she exclaimed. Then, a moment later: “But the water was so deep! Can you teach me to do that, too?”



“I don't know. It just comes naturally. It is a fancy swimming stroke I do with my toes,” I told Suzie. I could almost hear my Dad laughing at me.

After “swimming” I went back to the classroom, Suzie skipping besides me like nothing happened. I sat down in my chair, trying not to look at my baby pictures.

“Today we all have to write a Prayer to the Great God Jesus” said Mr. P.

I smiled.

“We will each write why Jesus is The Greatest and we will praise Him.”

As I got my paper I remembered that praising myself would not be humble, which I am suppose to be. I chose the few words that described me and were not praising me, and wrote my prayer.

***Name: Oliver***

***Date: Oct.29***

***I pray to the long-haired God Jesus, who is so mustached and smiles above all humans with his perfectly white teeth.***

***He is the owner of a cat.***



I think I did perfectly well, but guess what I got? A big, fat, actually-not-fat-but-normal-size,

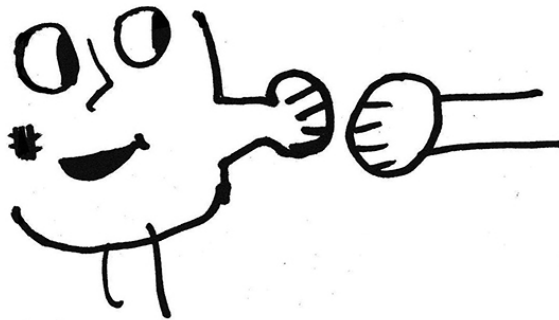
***F+***

Well, that stinks. At least it was a PLUS though. Ring-a-ling! As I was mourning my F+, the recess bell rang. “WOO-HOO!” Suzie shouted as she sprinted out the door.

I went outside, but a mean-looking kid stepped in front of me. “Hi there, fat nose.” he sneered. “I hear you have got F today.”

“Well, yes. But honestly, I've heard better insults,” I responded. “Maybe next time you could try to...” But I didn't get to finish my sentence because he punched me in the cheek.

I have said in my last visit here as a human that when somebody punches you, you turn the other cheek, the cheek that had not been punched. So that is exactly what I did. When the bully hit my cheek (the other cheek), he was very surprised, because my other cheek was so muscular, that it punched him back.



“OOWEE-OOWEE-OOWEE!” screamed the bully, having been punched by my extremely buff cheek.

“You see,” I said to the surprised crowd watching me. “This is a power of peace at work.”

This is  
The Power of  
Peace at Work.



Owww...





## CHAPTER 4



After school was over, I needed to find a place to sleep. This was not hard for me. I jumped up on a cloud, and it caught me, and, surprisingly, a cloud makes a comfy bed. So I fell asleep, and when I used the cloud as a blanket, I became invisible.

Unfortunately, all kids have a habit of jumping on the bed, but when I jumped on the cloud it became upset and let me go.

As the cloud let me go, I plopped into a puddle and spent the rest of the night sleeping on the ground, pleasantly dry and thankful that I can walk on water.

When I went back to school in the morning, Mr. P. told us that we will be working on computers. As I got my computer I saw a rectangular button. I

pressed it. Nothing happened. Suzie was sitting nearby, and she told me how to turn it on.

“Today we will be writing a 60-world essay poem about fractions.”

“Done!” I said.

“But I haven't finished talking yet!” said the teacher.

“My fingers type fast.” I said as I showed him my essay.

This is my essay:

***Hello. Fractions are the same as division. The division sign  $\div$  is similar, a more exact world is “same”, which consist of four letters. S, the nineteenth letter of Alphabet, A, the first letter, M, the thirteenth, and E, the fifth. Nobody knows who exactly invented the Alphabet except God, who knows that the Alphabet was invented by Bobby Baritoneésh.***

***a 60-world essay by Oliver.***

“Come here!” shouted Mr. P. He took my hand and dragged me to the office with my essay. “There goes my Bass lesson,” I thought.

Mr. P. stormed into Ms. Lily's office.

“My student is making fun of God again!” he told Ms. Lily, handing over my essay.

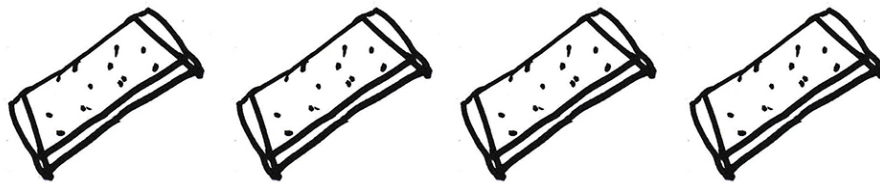
As Ms. Lily read my essay, she started smiling, and burst out laughing!

“I admire you showing Oliver's creativity to me. He is indeed an artistic student! As you are here, would you each like a juice box?” Ms. Lily complimented me.

“Umm... Yes?” me and Mr. P. said at the same time, shared a surprised glance, and took our orange juice boxes.

“Thanks!” I thanked.

As I went back to class, I realized I liked computers very much. When I fed thousands with five loaves of bread, I copied and pasted the bread. The computer can do that as well! “They learn from the expert.” I thought.



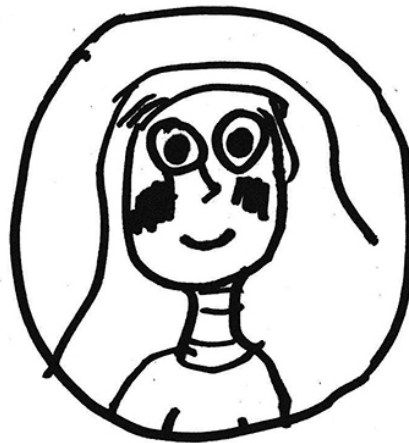
“Now it's time for math.” said Mr. P. I looked at my worksheet.

***If  $A=B$ , and  $B=F$ , and  $F=E$ , is  $A=E$  correct?***

This is easy. I wrote:

***No. Bobby Baritoneésh did not invent the Alphabet to make people smudge A and E together.***

## CHAPTER 5



**MOM Mary,  
the pro Guitarist**

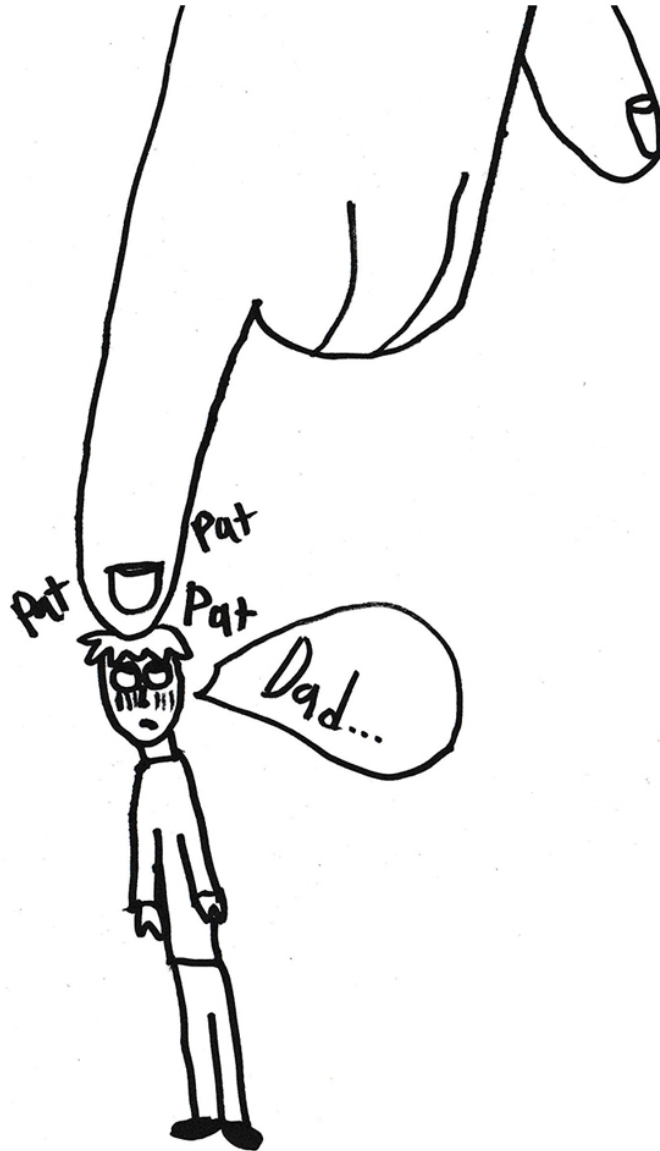
I finished the questions in no time, and soon it was the end of the day. As I apologized to the cloud and sat on it, I heard a step, step, step. And then a clock-click, clock-click. “Huh?” I said. I got down from the cloud and went to investigate. My parents, Mary and God (Dad still refuses to tell me His name, He tells me, “I Am Who I Am.” ) were coming down the stairs!

“You think you can skip the parent-teacher conference?” Dad chuckled.

“Did you get good grades?” asked Mom. Mom worries about my grades because my cousin John never learned how to multiply.

We went into the school. I was excited, but then Mom stopped at the baby pictures of me. “So adorable!” said Mom, without a hint of shame.

Dad picked me up. “Who's our little boy?” he cooed.



“You'll... give... us... away, Dad.” I muttered. It sure is hard to talk when someone is squeezing you. I finally understand what my cat feels like when we hug him.



“Dad, remember, I am in disguise as a boy named Oliver,” I sputtered. Mom and Dad laughed.

“Now we have two Olivers! One cat, one God!” said Mom.

Well. At last, when the conference came, we walked into the classroom. Mom ran up to the teacher: “How are my son's grades? Is he eating well? What about Math? Are you certain he is doing his best job?”

“Has he baffled all the kids yet?” my Dad joked.

“Well, I hate to break the news to you, but your son has been getting F's and D's” said Mr. P.

“Gasp!” gasped Mom.

“Oh, well,” oh-well-ed Dad.

“What has he done? How can we fix it? Should he take private lessons on math? Should he play games that encourage him to multiply? Oh, please, please, tell me what I can do to get his grades back to A's and B's!!!” pleaded Mom.

“I am sorry, Ma'am, but it's time for the next parent to...”

“Is he doing it because he is bored? Should he be allowed to run around more? Please, just help me to get my little sugar-cube's grades back to A+!!!” interrupted Mom.

Dad took Mom's hand and gave it a little tug. "I think it's time to go," He said.

"Is he drinking enough water?" Mom called as we left the room.



## CHAPTER 6

When they left, I spotted a bunch of kids going somewhere. I ran up to them. “Where are you going?” I asked.

“Haven't you heard? We're going to the school dance!” they responded, going to the school dance.

Curious, I followed them in. The sound of loud music met my ears. The principal was playing the bass! I saw Suzie at the punch bowl. Maybe I could make her a surprise?

As the guitar solo came and all the kids were busy dancing, I quickly turned the punch into wine.



“This is a great idea. The time I did it before, everyone **loved** it!” I thought.

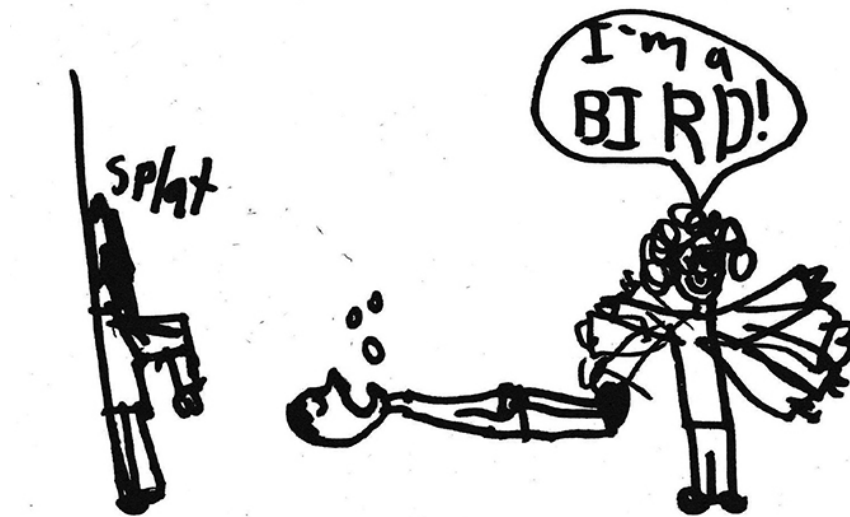
A couple of kids came over and sipped the punch-wine. Soon, everybody was guzzling it!



The Principal, intrigued, shuffled in and tasted the wine.

“Ack!” she screamed, spitting it out at once. “Stop drinking, kids, this is WINE!”

As she screamed, I remembered that wine is bad for kids. I looked around. There was a kid sleeping on the ground, another trying to walk through a wall and a kid trying to fly. I realized the horrible act I had done and hurriedly turned all the wine into punch, including the wine in the drunk kids' stomachs.



“Hmm, I was so sure I tasted wine, but this is just regular punch.” Ms. Lily said, a bit disappointingly, as the kids stopped trying to fly and walk through walls and woke up.

I am very glad to say that the rest of the night went well. Ms. Lily gave me my Bass lesson and I could now play *The Unforgiven* by *Metallica*!



## CHAPTER 7



As I begged the cloud to let me lie down again, I remembered something very important: tomorrow was Halloween, which meant NO SCHOOL!

I spent a restless night tossing and turning, trying to think of a good costume, as the cloud threw me off.

**OF COURSE!**

I will be myself on Halloween! Not my Oliver self, my Jesus self!

I climbed back into the cloud promising not to wiggle, and found myself on the ground a second later. At this point, I gave up and slept on the ground.

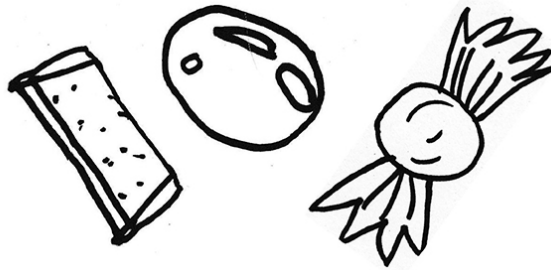
I could, of course, be Oliver for Halloween, but that seemed plain boring.

I woke up with several cramps that morning, as sleeping in a puddle, let me re-phrase that, ON a puddle, is a bit rough on my body. But I still jumped up and started running around and screaming: “I am *so* exited!”

The cloud told me to calm down, but why should I listen to someone who threw me onto a puddle? Oh, right, because I have to forgive those who hurt me.

Oh, well. I threw on my costume and ran to the nearest house. “Ding-dong!” I pressed on the doorbell.

“Well, hi there,” said the man who opened the door. “Here's a candy!”  
The second he gave it to me, I ate it.



“Umm... Okay, put THIS candy in your bag, okay?”

I put the new candy in the bag, took it out and ate it.

“Thanks!” I said as I left.

I could see him face-palming his forehead as he closed the door.

As I walked to the next house, I saw two kids walking down the road. They were both dressed as angels, but not having seen one before, their costumes were completely inaccurate. Two eyes instead of ten, two wings instead of seven, and long legs instead of tiny ones. The worst mistake of all, however, was that they were wearing CLOTHES! Everyone knows angels are naked!



Spot the difference...

I tore my eyes away from their costume disaster and went to the next house. The candy they offered me was really nice, so I multiplied it and gave it all to charity except of one, which I multiplied again. However, charity wanted soup, not candy, and sent my donation back.

That night, as I lay on the cloud, it occurred to me. I learned what I needed about human schools. It was time for me to go, sadly, but I had one last thing to do.

As I arrived the next morning to the school gates, I ran for Suzie.

“May you be blessed, as your kind actions have helped God.” I blessed her.

“Huh? Oliver, you okay?” she wondered. I hugged her and ran straight to Heaven as I did so.



“Bye-bye,” I called down. Mr. P. saw this. “Get down at once, Oliver, that's a falling hazard!” he shouted after me.

As I ran behind the clouds, I think Suzie caught a glimpse of my robe.

“Stop mimicking Jesus!” I heard Mr. P. faintly say as I entered the still atmosphere of Heaven.



I took my buckets of candy and dumped them over the side of stairs, making it rain candy.



“For you, Suzie!” I called, watching her catch a gumdrop in her mouth. I ran up the rest of the stairs, thankful that I wasn't one of the good old people who had to tackle these stairs. As Thunder and Oliver purred on my lap I was able to feel the full satisfaction of being home.

That evening in Heaven, Dad asked me over a cup of tea, “What did you learn?”

“I learned that those schools, let them do their thing. It's funnier that way. And since you mentioned, I also learned to play the Bass!” I exclaimed.

So that night, we had a party, no Harps allowed! My Dad can totally rock the drums, and Mom is a Pro Guitar player.

I got to admit, this time I am glad I visited the Earth.



HOLLY ROCK'n ROLLY