

What Happens in Lunchtime Doesn't Stay in Lunchtime

Mr. Jones laced fists struggled not to shake. His back remained stiff and ramrod in the chair, creating a creak in his lower tailbone that he would feel later tonight. He tried to convey as much disappointment as he could through his irises, though suppressed rage was probably more obvious.

At least one of the boys had the decency to look contrite. He couldn't look Mr. Jones in the eyes and his shoulders were con-caved inward, trying to make himself smaller than normal. The other one wasn't even attempting to hide his pride. He slouched lazily in the chair across from Mr. Jones, his lean legs splayed outward. His hands were crossed over his stomach and he chuckled at sporadic moments, probably reminiscing on his recent excursions.

Mr. Jones breathed deeply and stood up from my chair. He moved in front of the desk and leaned against it, crossing his arms in the process and nudging Damon's feet away, silently saying he should sit up straighter. He sighed, like it was such an arduous task and followed through. . .after a few seconds for dramatic effect.

"If it wouldn't be too much trouble for yourselves," Mr. Jones started in a sarcastic tone, "would you elaborate as to *why* you started a food fight in the lunch room?" Damon almost snorted.

"Where else would we start a food fight?" He responded, his hubris increasing by drastic levels. Mr. Jones' eyes narrowed and his nose twitched involuntarily. The only thing preventing him from screaming in this boy's face was a lawsuit from his parents.

"How about you, Wallace," he cringed at being addressed in his full name, "do you know why you started a food fight during lunch?" He glanced un-discretely at Damon then dropped his gaze to his t-shirt, stained with tacos and ranch dressing. He struggled internally for a minute before finally giving up after the principal's glaring gaze and sighed despondently.

"Mike bet Damon thirty bucks to hit Ryan with his taco from two tables down."