



FINDING YOUR FLOW

BY MIKE PANUELOS

My not-so-typical day started off in a not-so-typical way in my new not-so-typical school. I walked through the new crowded hallway. I had my schedule and notebooks on my left hand, and I held my basketball on my right. I could already see the splits within this school. To my left, by their lockers, banging on them with their fists and pencils, stood the rappers. They had on their typical two chains with their hoodies tucked into their pants so you can see their fancy belts. To my right, as they elegantly spoke each word with emotions, stood the slam poetry kids, slammers for short. They wore weird hats and business pants underneath their “Words Matter” t-shirts. And of course, I saw the easy to see, attention-seeking, bright color wearing, spotlight hogging kids, the singers. I didn’t believe it when my friends told me that this is a weird school, but, man, were they right.

I searched for my class, “music history” at the B Major Hall, but I couldn’t find it. During my search, there stood this beautiful girl. She had on sweatpants, but she carried them like she was ready for business. On top, she wore a pinkish sweater with her half-hearted chain hanging out, and she had on these pink light up shoes so you can tell she would not take you seriously. With all that running in my mind, the one thought I could not forget was that she looked familiar. She looked simple, yet I couldn’t forget her face. I followed the signs that led to “B Major Hall” and I finally found my class.

I walked in late but right on time as the teacher said my name. He said, “Mike,” and I said “Present,” and the whole class looked at me. Right before the teacher said his unexpected verse and as I was slowly sitting down, three guys simultaneously started playing a beat and the teacher rapped,

“Ah, you must be the new guy.
Come in and have a seat. I’m Mr. Cool Guy,
Running the class with my beats cuz I’m so fly.
I know I’m bad in the streets, but here I’m real nice.
What is your name what it do?
From where you come from I know this is new.
Right now you might be scared statement is true,
But from me and my whole class, we welcome you!”

Everyone started clapping but the beat didn’t stop, and everyone looked at me. I said, “Hi, nice to meet you all.” and everyone started booing. The beat kept going but their booing stopped when they saw me bobbing my head, and out of nowhere I started rapping,

“Hey, Mr. Cool Guy what it do?
Yes, I am new here. It’s nice to meet you.
I like to play basketball and eat soup.
I like to drink root beer but not orange juice.
This is a weird school, statement is true.
My name is Mike; it’s nice to meet you!”