Midory Ibanez

When Sammy walked into class Monday morning his teacher asked him if she could speak to him in the hall for a minute. At first Sammy was sure he was going to get in trouble for something that he did, but he had no idea what it could possibly be.

“Sammy,” his teacher said, “This week you were picked by the other teacher and me to be the hall monitor.

At first he was a little confused, but that passed pretty quickly. After that he was full of nothing but happiness. He basically believed that he was the equivalent of his third grade class.

“I’m the coolest kid in school,” he thought.

So for the next week he went around with the neon orange vest he was supplied with and made sure the halls of Lincoln Elementary were as safe as can be., and when he wasn’t patrolling it was all he could thing of doing. It was all he looked forward to day in and day out. Before he knew it was Friday and Mrs. Mulberry, his teacher, asked if he could give back the orange vest at the end of the day. He knew he had to give it back, but he really didn’t want to. He looked at the vest then back at his teacher and this continued for a solid minute. Then he finally handed Mrs. Mulberry the vest, and walked out to head home.

The next week at school he came to realize that they picked Scott Smith to be the next hall monitor. Sammy didn’t really like Scott he was a little mean and didn’t pay much attention in class.

“If they picked Scott to be the hall monitor then is it really that big of a deal to get picked to be one?” he questioned.

“No, probably not” he decided.

Being ten years old and all, he got over this shock pretty quickly, and went on to live the fulfilling life of your typical ten year old boy.