Jeffrey’s legs swung from a creaking chair, his innate small stature contributing to an inability to touch the ground with his feet. The raucous discussions of another class slipped through the B-22 door, pervading the walkways between cluttered rows of desks. Determined to focus on his work, he cupped his hands to his ears with a satisfying smack, in order to block out the din. Despite his attempt to be productive, a fellow student, Max G stalked over to Jeffrey and whispered in his ear,

“What happened to the frog’s car when it hit a tree?”

“What?” Jeffrey inquired, as Max’s sonorous voice caressed his ears.

“It got TOAD!!!”

Jeffrey reeled back in hysteria as a smug smile crossed Max’ face. Such a reaction attracted the attention of Ms. Keigher, spurring her to snap at both children causing a disruption to the English class. Thinking of her son Henry, who currently attended a Spanish immersion school, Ms. Keigher remained in her Spanish mindset and exclaimed,

“¡Cállate!”

The two students fell back in astonishment, both impressed at Ms. Keigher’s bilingual abilities and fearing harsh punishment from the intimidating English teacher. The classroom fell under complete silence, as the students observed the rhythmic tapping of Ms. Keigher’s nails on her desks. Max and Jeffrey traced invisible circles on the ground, producing soft squeaking sounds, further contributing to the tension in the room.