

# The decision

Business



“ Andy, what are you doing?” asked Mrs. Caron, my detention advisor.

“ Andy, what are you doing!?” she now asked loudly to gather my attention.

“ Nothing,” I replied tiredly. “ I think you were sleeping Mr. Andrews,” she countered. “ No Mrs. Caron, I’m pretty sure I wouldn’t have heard you if I was sleeping,” I answered defensively.

Angrily, Mrs Caron stated, “ You can’t sass me like that; one more word out of you and I’ll see you after school all week!” That clearly did not warrant a week of detention. I decided it would be in my best interest to stop talking so I returned to my former state, sitting in the dark and boring lunch detention room, staring at the dark black shoe scuffs on the white floor. As I laid my head back down on my desk, I looked at the dull yellow wall with the white crown molding running across it, and I noticed the clock. The clock read 12: 15 and I knew I wasn’t going to be released until 12: 30. I began to think about why I was sitting there, bored out of my mind, in detention.

As I remembered the reasons, I realized how ridiculous they were. I quickly changed what I was thinking about as the subject was not entertaining me. Finally, I heard the New York-accented voice of Mrs. Caron announce, “ Okay boys and girls, your time is over.” I swiftly hoisted my dull green science binder off of the brown wooden desk and ran out of the white doorway into the hallway.

It was filled with students wearing the same school uniform; a bright white button down shirt with dark navy blue pants for the males and a dull blue shirt accompanied by a faded blue and green skirt for the girls. The sounds of happy female voices and deep, manly guy voices were interrupted by my

friend Patrick who asked me sarcastically, " Hey Andy, how was your detention?" " Horrible, but I got it over with now," I replied. " Stinger bro," answered Patrick, " My detention isn't for another week." " It's not fun, but my advice is to keep your mouth shut during it," I informed him. " O.

K., thanks man, I have to go to math so i'll talk to you later," answered Patrick as he walked down the long yellow hallway crowded with around 100 kids. I then made the tedious climb up the tall tile stairs while my hand held onto the scratched-up white railing. The stairs were filled with the fantastic smell of savory Italian food as we had pasta for lunch that day. However, I wasn't able to enjoy its delightful scent because the bell was about to ring.

I found it extremely difficult to pay attention to the math class that was currently occurring, due to the nagging question of why I had even entered the detention room earlier that day. As I was thinking I was suddenly asked, " Andy, what is the answer to number 5?" by my kind math teacher Mrs. Poeschl. Having no idea what the asked question was, I responded, " Mrs. Poeschl, could you please repeat the question?" " You weren't paying attention, were you Andy?" inquired Mrs.

Poeschl. No, I wasn't, I'm sorry," I sadly replied. " It's fine, Evan could you help him out?" She asked. " Sure Mrs. Poeschl, the answer is  $57x - 5$ ," He replied. As I quickly began scribbling down the notes on the board.

Later that night, I had returned home from basketball and the thought re-entered my mind. I walked up the stairs into my dark room to go to sleep. I laid down on my bed and tried to sleep but I couldn't. In a futile attempt, I

flipped over my pillow to the cool and refreshing opposite side. I decided to turn on the T. V.

rather than trying to fall asleep. The seemingly blinding light of the old tv against the dark of my room forced me to turn my head away from the screen. When I regained control of my vision I looked at the screen and saw the red colors of the show " Sport Center," followed by the deafening roar of my tv when it produced the signature sound of Sport Center, the electronically generated, " DADADA- DADADA". I quickly scrambled for the remote control that was sitting next to me on my desk knocking one of my smooth but sharp pens and my wet, green and orange Gatorade water bottle. I finally gained control of the tv remote and turned off the tv. I decided that I was too tired to turn the tv back on, so I tried to fall asleep again.

As I was lying in my cool but warm blue and white bed, I took into account everything that was going on at my current school and the pros and cons of leaving. I would miss all of the friends that I had made during my long stay there. However, I did not like the school and had many friends at the public school. It also had far more competitive athletic programs. I had ruled out my other option, a Catholic school, because I felt that it would be more of the same.

All of these ideas wrestled in my head for hours as I attempted to evaluate which school would be the best for me. This whole time I tossed and turned in the now uncomfortable and excessively warm bed. I finally regained control of my thoughts and discovered that It would be best for me to depart

the yellow and white corridors that I had roamed for my entire life. I remembered the great students and teachers that I met during my visit to the school. Like Atticus Finch when choosing to defend Tom Robinson, I decided that public school would be the best choice, even though it was not the most popular one. In the end, it was the best choice I have ever made and I have not looked back.