

Movie with a snack

Business



In unison, my three buddies and I individually grab two chairs and race to the front of the classroom, first row. The dull and dusty television towers over us and rests on a push cart.

Giggling uncontrollably, Logan, Aidan, Max and I kick chairs out in front of ourselves to use them as leg rests. While the teacher attempts to silence our fourth grade class, the droning of students fills the room while the television blasts static. The harrowing sound of classroom chairs drug against tile floor hides beneath the murmurs until our teacher whistles, and every voice comes to a sudden stop. “ With Christmas right around the corner, the Polar Express seems like an appropriate movie choice.” The teacher fumbles over the V. C.

R. A tech wiz of a student, manages to turn the static to a movie menu. After briefly describing the schedule for the rest of the day, the teacher next bails into the teacher lounge to return with twenty small brown cups resting on a tray. Entailing permission to rush for the cups, “ You may each have one,” she says. A fury of students charge for the dirt cups. Raiding the box of plastic silverware, the remaining utensils, torn from the box, are scattered across a desk.

Standing over the tray of brown cups, only two remained intact. After claiming the more filled cup and rotating to retreat to my desk, I already taste the dirt cup. A step behind my friends, I kick my feet up on the leg rest and bury the spork into the dark fluff. My favorite friends hysteric, and already near done with their cups prepare for the movie. With the opening

scene of the movie blaring down the school hallways, I settle in and find the gummy worm.