

By: Adam E.

### **The teacher**

A loud growl from outside breaks in the house, rain as pounding the window with maximum strength. Every boom enters my brain and causes a train wreck. The sound makes me jump and almost hit the roof. The coldness was hammering my body to the sofa, as I shouted for my brother to bring me a blanket. Suddenly, the sound of my ringing phone broke the brief moments of silence; it seemed like all the time in the world had stopped. I slowly force my hand to pick the phone up. I scanned the screen with my half-open eyes, and then swiped the screen to engage. I started listening to the oice filled with sadness mixed with anger as it released these words, Our favorite teacher Ms. Flake is very sick. The words hit me like darts slicing through my heart. My friend told me he was at the hospital. I felt no cold anymore, and jumped up from the sofa. I raced to my shoes and put them on, and almost broke the door on my way out. The water in the puddles panicked, and jumped away as I stepped on them, almost slipping. I tried the hardest not to let my tears out of my eye sockets, but they escaped and ran down my cheeks. My brain stopped working, and the only thing I could think of was run!" When I got there I kicked the hospital door open, and stepped in. I thought of my family being worried about me, but I kept going. My body took over my brain and it kept walking, I asked for the room number and made my way to the elevator. When I stood in front of the room I took a moment to think of all the stuff, Ms. Flake did for me. The day when I first stepped in her classroom, how she smiled at me and how she helped me out all day, at field trips she would look over me and my friend with no exceptions. Her voice enters my ears and magically fixes every bad feeling I had. I took a deep breath, and slowly pushed the door open. There she was laying on the bed. She couldn't move so she hugged me with her eyes. I wanted to speak without stopping, but something tied my tongue and I felt like the gravity was pulling me so hard I couldn't move. She slowly smiled and said her last words, "I did my best to help you become a great student, so now show me that I succeeded. I wanted the Ground to suck me in and keep me there for the rest of my life. I couldn't control my outbursts and ran out the room, I didn't know where, I was just running. It's been 3 years but this memory just chained itself in a corner of my heart to remind me that she will always be with us, in our hearts, happy, and especially....PROUD.