

Expectations

by Phillip W. Weiss

The bell rang, class was over, the school day was done. I'm ten years old and in the fifth grade, so to me the sound of the bell is the sweetest sound in the world. It means freedom, like a bird experiences when let out of a cage. I know attending school is something I'm required to do for my own good, but why is school so boring? If school is so good for me then the least they can do is jazz it up, you know, throw parties, take us to baseball games, let us play ball in the playgrounds, you know, the important stuff that means everything to me and would make school fun. I already know how to read, write and do arithmetic, so, what more do I need to know? My dad gets on my case when I don't do my homework, but I'd rather play. I know who the first President of the United States was and who fought the civil war so maybe I should quit school and get a real good job like walking dogs or delivering newspapers and make my own money. But then if I quit school, I'll have to make new friends and maybe find another place to live, so maybe it would be better for me to stay in school and count the days till I make it to sixth grade which according to my older brother is where lots of great things start to happen, because in the sixth grade you're no longer a little kid but on the way to becoming a grownup which is what I want to be. Then I'll be able to do whatever I want, with nobody to tell me what to do or how to do it and make a lot of money like my dad does and go to all the ball games I want. So, I'll put up with school until the time comes when I will be free and get to enjoy life.

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