

## **What Would You. Do if You Were the Mayor for a Week?**

**by Camila Galdamez**

"What would you like to be when you grow up, Camila?" my teacher asked. "I want to be the mayor!" I said proudly. "Camila is never going to be the mayor," a girl said out loud. The whole class laughed. "Yes, I am," I whispered.

Ring, ring, ring! "It's morning already," I said as I got out of bed. "Get ready for work, Camila!" my mom said. "What do you mean, work?" I asked. "Stop playing around with me—you're the mayor!" "What year is it?" I asked. "2036. If I'm really the mayor, I'm not just going to sit around all day. I'm going to do something! I got dressed, brushed my teeth, combed my hair, and went out of the house. "Hi, Mayor Camila," a little girl said politely. "Hi," I said back. I felt really happy when she said that. "Time to control the city," I thought. "This is going to be so fun!". The first thing I did was ask people what they wanted. "I want a bigger playground," a little boy said. "Okay," I replied. I called a big construction company and told them to build a bigger playground. Then I gave out free ice cream to the first three hundred people. I also gave food to the homeless. *Woah, being a mayor is hard-work*, I thought. I went back home and went to sleep. I did the same thing for five whole days.

Today I woke up so excited because it was the weekend. Oh wait—I forgot, I still have work today! So, I got dressed and went to my office. There, sitting in a chair, was the girl who said I could never be the mayor. "Stacy, what are you doing here?" "I came to apologize for saying that you could never be the mayor." "Um... you actually came just to apologize?" "Yeah." "Thank you. Because of you I became the mayor—it actually encouraged me to work harder." We started talking about school and about work—stuff I didn't really understand, but I just agreed to everything. Then I realized I was late to a meeting! I said bye and ran out, but when I got there, it was already over. I rescheduled it, and by the time I got to my car, it was already dark. I was so tired. I wished I could be a kid again, because being a kid is way better than being an adult. When I got home, the first thing I did was jump

onto my bed. It was so comfortable that I fell asleep instantly. "Camila! Camila!" "What?" "Camila, were you sleeping in my class again?" "Um..." And that's when it hit me—I was never a grown-up. It was just a dream. Actually, it was kind of fun to be the mayor. But for now, maybe I should just stay being a kid.