

## Principal for the Day

by Olivia Abraham

I was walking back from school thinking about my dream to become a principal. My principal, Mr. Marco, has the coolest job. He gets to make rules and ideas and he gets to go to teachers' events. As I was looking toward the sky, I could tell that we were going to have a storm tonight. Suddenly, the sun disappeared. Thunder rumbled. It was raining cats and dogs. As I was pulling my umbrella out of my backpack, I fell on the ground. The world was spinning. There was dead silence. I had been struck with lightning! After a few minutes had passed, I slowly opened my eyes, throbbing in pain. But that wasn't even the thing that affected me the most. I felt different. Older. Mature. I rolled up slowly and started walking to my house, crouching like an old lady. I walked upstairs into my room, looked in the mirror, and screamed! I was five foot seven and had a face like a thirty-year-old. But the most important thing was that I was wearing nice clothes with a badge that said, "Olivia Abraham. Principal of Wittmann Elementary School." I, an elementary school girl, had changed into 30-year-old who had become a principal!

I woke up the next day, thinking about whether last night was a dream or if it was real. I got ready and arrived at my school. Many people said good morning, addressing me as a principal. I walked into my office and sat in a soft leather chair. I had been waiting for this moment since the day I started school. I already had an idea, so I announced it on the school speaker. "Whoever reads a chapter book, gets to have a free In-N-Out burger." I also put in an order to have shaved ice, ice cream, and cookies for another event.

I called a meeting with the teachers about having a garden, so students can bring home free, fresh, fruits and vegetables. I decided that each week, every grade can have a chance to grow plants. The staff first put soil into boxes and each grade took turns to put the seeds and water them. The garden was a huge success. I also called another meeting to plan the biggest Cerritos Festival anyone can imagine. We invited Cerritos citizens, the police, fire workers, and librarians. We cleaned, we put stalls up, and ordered food. It was a food fiesta! Suddenly, the bell rang. Students came rushing out of their classroom like a giant stampede of elephants. They all were clutching their books, to prove the that they had read. Everyone was hungry and ready to enjoy cotton candy, popcorn, shaved ice, games, and burgers. After a couple hours of fun, we all had to leave. Everyone got their backpacks and went home.

This was such a nice day, I thought. I loved it. I went home, fell asleep, and when I woke up, I saw a badge saying, "Olivia Abraham. Student." I sighed.