

Principal For the Day

This story happened not so long ago. This is the story, where I became the principal for the day. So it all started when I was going to bed. "Goodnight." I say as my mother leaves the room. I turn off the light and pull the blanket over me. I close my eyelids and.. POP! Wide open. My parents usually wake me up, but not this time I guess. My arms felt sore... Probably from lifting those weights for free at Michael's. As soon as my toes hit the floor, I felt the ground move me! It made me get ready and all that important stuff. I was kinda lazy though. But one thing stood out that I noticed... It only brushed my teeth for 10 seconds! The ground even took me to school!

"Hi. Ms. Relosa!" a kid said. My eyes widened in shock. A bunch of questions ran through my head! Why Ms. Relosa? Am I a teacher? Am I 27 or 35? Was I in the future? "Ms. Relosa...?" I said, confused. I start chuckling a bit, are these kids stupid or something? I'm not a grown woman! "What? It says it on your nametag if you forgot. Why would you even forget your name?" the kid asked. I look down at my nametag. Ms. Relosa. The kid was right. But... Why.. ? "Why do you look so confused? Principal?" Another kid asked. Principal!? So that means... I can rule the school!

I ran into my office and got all excited. I tried doing some work. This won't be so hard at all! 1 hour later, I feel like a wreck. "Ugh. What the heck am I supposed to do?" I shriek. I look at the time. 9:39. "Ooh! I can visit the 3rd and 4th! I walked out of the room and it's pretty chilly. I stroll to the upper grade playground and see all the supervisors. "Hey Ms. Relosa!" "Hello boss!" "Great weather isn't it?" I can't believe I have all this power.

I feel great! "Help! Help!" a small kid screamed. I rushed over. I saw a 4th grader bullying a 3rd grader! The 4th grader was talking trash about him. Like: "You can't even do one single thing!" "You're so dumb!" All of that. So I stepped into the scene. "Hey! Why are you bullying him?" I say. The kid looks over to me. He notices I'm the principal. He nervously replies, "U-um... he said I was slow when I was racing him." I look at the other kid. I will try to resolve this. "See, you hurt his feelings. But, you still could've said that hurt your feelings," "Should we say those things to each other?" They both nodded no. They walked away from each other and decided to play handball. Now they got along. A few hours later, it's almost time to go home. It's 4:00. The ground moves me back home.

"Still gotta get used to that. Let's take a nap." I say. I go ahead and nap. Then, I suddenly hear my dad wake me up.

"Hey, get ready for school." He said. He left the room,
So, I decided to get ready.