

Mrs. Allen's monotonous drone, dealing with something along the lines of punctuation, finally came to an end. Not one child in the class had been listening due to their short attention spans and to the insipid nature of the lecture. All that the class could gather was that they were being assigned another esoteric story topic to write on. The rustling of papers being taken out and pens gathered was heard, and then silence. Heads bent down in deep concentration, one could almost picture the diverse stories being created, based on the topic, "The Hole in the Wall."

Using her favorite purple plummaged pen, Carly's pigtailed bobbed as her story emerged. . . . "Once, in a land far away where the sun always shone, a unicorn grazed peacefully. . . ."

Directly to Carly's left, unicorns and sunshine were nowhere to be found. Amidst a laser firing battle, Aliens were preparing to create a passage to another realm, in Neil's story. As the aliens were closing in around the hole in the wall that would take them to the realm, Mark Brown's teeth were caught between his tongue in intense concentration.

As stereotypical as it sounds, Mark Brown, quarterback of the football team, had only managed to write, "A hole in the. . . . His mind was having a tough time deciding where to go with the topic. If only Mark Brown had the mind power of Celia. Her enigmatic nature was evident in her

writing. "The missing parts of the human soul can best be described as holes cut deep into the walls of our spirituality. . . ."

Julie's paper was an excellent example of the downhill direction of our youths' minds. "Like, who even cares about a hole in the wall, I mean, someone can fix it and then it'll be like, fixed."

By the end of the english period, a unicorn had grazed amidst alien invaders cutting holes into our souls while a janitor's cart had pushed the president to declare war on the mice that had created a hole in the classroom's wall. Mrs. Allen, after hearing everyone's story, thought about the variety of plot lines that she had heard.

She turned to the board and wrote, "Sometimes, all that matters is that we all get to the same place. We all took a different path to get there, but we all ended up in the same place, with a hole in the wall."