

Sausages and Cookies

Dear Diary,

4:30 pm

You wouldn't believe what I have to tell about what happened today at school! Oh my god, the teacher, Mrs. Ickle, told the class that we had to smarten up or she would fail us all! I don't understand, I raise my hand at every opportunity to show that I care about my work, I bake cookies once a month to encourage the class and the teacher, I hand in everything on time, and I am always very polite and well-spoken. All of my other teachers like me, so why does Mrs. Ickle insist on being so utterly uncooperative? My friends (the few that I have) often tell me to "slow down", or to "stop trying so hard", but they don't understand that I really need to prove that I can help others, I mean, who else will?

Today, during Mrs. Ickle's class she was up at the front, oh and there was this really interesting bird outside the window for, like a good five minutes. It was blue, and I would have otherwise called it a blue jay, save for the fact that blue jays aren't very common around here, and this particular bird had a funny red crest on the top of its head – perhaps a form of finch?

Anyway, during Mrs. Ickle's class, she was teaching chemistry – covalent bonds, I believe. By the way, what's the deal with covalent bonds versus ionic bonds anyway? Geez, you'd think that elements would just make it easier on us normal people and have only one kind of bond...

Mrs. Ickle was talking to the class, and as I was looking around and noticing that interesting bird, I also took note of how many of my classmates were actually paying attention. Five. Five students out of thirty-two were paying attention to the importance of the differing bonds. Well, I knew that the teacher wouldn't like that at all, so I naturally decided that if I showed my attention had not lapsed, that Mrs. Ickle was liable to look kindly upon me at the next chemistry test.

...

Why didn't she pick me when I put my hand up? I sit right at the front of the class – to better hear the teacher to be sure – so why did she ignore me when I offered my opinion? Instead she picked some greasy, run-down looking boy from two rows back. And after I put all that effort into formulating my opinion too! Not fair!

"Maybe she'll choose me this time?" I thought. Nope, her attention went to the redhead three seats over from me. One last chance – there was only 5 minutes left in class anyway. Aha! She picked me! Finally, I could share my wisdom with the class.

...

Maia Carolsfeld

Sep 16, 2009

Writing 12

I wonder why Mrs. Ickle didn't like what I had to say. As I was stating my point, I became aware that Mrs. Ickle's face had taken on a purple hue, and her lips started pursing. My classmates were all deathly silent. Maybe I was wrong in thinking that I should share my opinion about how she might capture the attention of more of her students. It's interesting how rarely teachers appreciate their student's opinion. I mean really, a change in wardrobe would benefit her far more than a stern attitude!

Maybe double chocolate chip cookies would be a good fix for this situation...

Ugh, little brothers are so annoying! He just barged into my room wearing a ridiculous hat – I think it was a fedora – that seriously needed to see a lint roller. I had to tell him to “bug off and go change your hat!” to finally get him to leave.

Both he and his fedora really stank; he needs to do something about his body odor. It's pretty bad. It smells kind of like rotting cheese and dad's socks – which can almost stand on their own. Come to think of it, the males in my family are pretty smelly...I wonder if it is a gender trait? My mom smells like lily of the valley most of the time, other times she smells like our dog, Chips. Chips, chips, oh that's right chocolate chip cookies! Making them now would be akin to grating my nose off with a cheese grater, maybe after dinner.

I wonder what I smell like. I hope it's a good smell; man, it would be pretty embarrassing if I walked around all day smelling foul. Isn't it weird how we don't pay much attention to how we ourselves smell, but are quick to notice how other's smell? Mrs. Ickle smelled similar to sausage. Maybe that's her problem; her odor is subconsciously causing her students to ignore the lesson for the more appealing memories of breakfast.

Mmmmm, breakfast. It being 5 o'clock in the evening, is it too late for sausages and eggs? I really should ask what is for dinner, if nothing has been decided perhaps we could eat a pseudo breakfast...if that makes any sense. Of course, with my eggs I would have a smidgen of pepper and salt – or is it salt and pepper? I guess the order of things doesn't really matter unless the following depends on the leading thing. You can't really have a map without first having an idea of what the map will represent. Oh and some syrup on those sausages would be delicious! I really must go ask if we can have that for dinner.

...

Dear Diary,

6 pm

No eggs, no sausage, no cell phone, no going out Friday night. Mrs. Ickle phoned. I can't even make cookies! What I thought was a helpful comment apparently offended her so much that she just had to share her pain. Not by getting sympathizing adults to listen, but by exacting unjust punishment on me! How selfish can you get? I would have helped her fulfill her goal of having an attention-paying class! I would have! It's not like

Maia Carolsfeld

Sep 16, 2009

Writing 12

it would have been too hard anyway, the lady can't get much worse. She smells like sausages for crying out loud! Some people just don't realize when another human being wants to help them.

I've changed my mind; Mrs. Ickle can stay frumpy and unhappy for all I care. Maybe – we can't be too hopeful – she'll lighten up even without my input, or my cookies. Maybe she'll clue in to what a normal human being looks like! Then on the day that her class actually pays attention because she doesn't look like a shriveled zucchini I'll be able to say, "I told you so!"