

The Lucky Classroom

A story of the 1st grade

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Marcos Cuevas

Romeo was a bright eyed little kid. He was six-years-old and lived in the projects in a trailer park with his Mother and Father. They were Latinos. He was enrolled in Blanca Carne Elementary, a primarily white school in the area. All of his friends were White, and he happily participated in all of the activities, including reading aloud, art, and playtime. After a great day of scholastic activities he walked home and ate beans n rice, all the same.

It was piercing cold one morning; the kind where it feels like you're inside of a freezer once you're outside. Early that morning Romeo's Mom woke him up for school, threw on layers and layers of clothes on the kid, made his breakfast and sent him on his way. Of course, Romeo was still in a state of sleep. Eventually, he met the other children at the bus stop, all of them standing up, wobbling, half asleep and sporting eye-boogers.

The bus arrived and they climbed aboard in a single-file line. The cool kids sat in the back, and Romeo sat in the front. He had a window seat, but he liked to crawl under the seats and grab the little White girls' feet to scare them. He would also steal backpacks and place them next to random kids on the bus.

They arrived at Blanca Carne Elementary and ran into the warm and holy classroom. There, Mrs. Stewart stood in the front of the classroom, meeting and greeting the children. After roll call, it was story time, and she started reading as the six-year-olds gathered in a circle, sitting Indian style around her. They were mostly Irish folk tales and stories. After a long day of school, the teacher gathered the kids and took roll call. The school day was almost over.

"Class, today is Wednesday and on Friday it will be St. Patrick's Day. Let's raise our hands if we want to volunteer to bring food for the party. We're going to watch a movie, and play some games. I will have a big surprise for everyone!" said Mrs. Stewart, the teacher.

All of the little White kids raised their hands, 'ooh, ooh, me, pick me!' Everyone, except Romeo, but on the contrary, he loved the school parties. It was the only time of the year where he could pig out on junk food. At home he would only eat food from the W.I.C. program.

"Skylar, you are bringing the plates? Amanda, you'll have the cookies? And Romeo... So, Benjamin, you'll bring the chips, right?" said Mrs. Stewart, quickly moving on.

"Yeah, my mom hides them all over the house 'cuz I'm not apposed to eat them."

"Okay... well, let's move on," and at that time the bell rang and the children ran outside and headed towards the bus stop. Mrs. Stewart stayed behind, furiously spraying the classroom with Febreeze to hide the smell of boy's feet and girl's evil thoughts left behind.

The next day, in school, the children spent most of the day decorating the class with fun and Irish inspired artwork. They finger painted and created rainbows with construction paper, so that Mrs. Stewart could hang them up after school. It was a busy day.

After recess, the teacher took the children outside and walked with them towards the field. They searched through the foliage looking for a lucky four-leaf clover. They are said to bring about a lot of luck, however, they are rare and hard to find. As expected, none of the children found any four-leaf clovers, except for Romeo. He folded it neatly into his little pocket, and didn't say anything because he wanted to show it to his Mother.

Everybody was inside, and they started making paper cut outs of four-leaf clovers. By the end of the day they had created a ton of Irish themed artwork and projects. They had paper rainbows hanging from the ceiling and paper four-leaf clovers stuck on the windows. Finally, the teacher said