

A FUNNY THING HAPPENED ON THE WAY TO TUESDAY

She wakes up. A sea. Drowning. Just below the surface, light blue surrounding her. Blinks, shakes her head. Not a sea. Walls. She sits up letting herself come to full consciousness as she looks around her room to see walls, a small dresser, a desk, and a clock. Downstairs there is commotion, the daily business crowding the place already. She rolls off her bed doffing her nightgown and donning her clothes for school. The dread of drowning still hadn't left. She questions why, but realizes it is Monday once again. Another week of school, the weekend having left.

“What was I doing last night?” She questions, remembering. She laughs, “Firemen burning books and houses? A ‘Brother’ always watching you, making sure you don’t even think out against the government?” She laughs again thinking how fake it all must be. “Rosa?” A call comes from the kitchen. “Breakfast is ready.” Rosa comes down making sure to greet all the usuals at the bar before making it to the kitchen and scarfing down her eggs. She grabs her bag and jogs down the street through the bustle of the city, past Central Park, and finally to school.

As Rosa enters the classroom she is greeted by Ms. Finch. She sits down in the front of the classroom next to her friends Timmy and Mackie. They talk for a few moments before class starts and then Rosa starts to nod off as Ms. Finch tells them about the importance of poetry in literature. As Rosa stares at the empty expanse of the blackboard an alarm goes off.

“Get under your desks!” Yells Ms. Finch. “But we just had an earthquake drill yesterday.” whines Jeremy. “Not earthquake,” says Ms. Finch, “It is a nuclear bomb drill.” Rosa thinks back to what she was reading about the night before, these horrible governments and people. They must exist if drills for nuclear bombs are necessary she says to herself.

Rosa makes the escape to lunch, playing with her friends but wondering how the world could be better. As classes resume, she forgets her worries and prepares to go home to help out

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her parents in the kitchen. Rosa walks home past the bustle of the city and relaxes once more. As she goes down to the kitchen she hears an argument at the bar. Her father is red in the face pointing and yelling repeating over and over that the man may not have another drink. The man before him is more sasquatch than man, fur coating his arms so thick his skin cannot be seen. As her eyes rise she sees the partially open shirt revealing the fur on his chest, neck covered by the beard, and muscles bulging so that the sleeves stretch, about to break.

Finally, her father gives in. The man walks away to chat with friends. As Rosa disappears into the kitchen she hears banging and a yell. White walls splashed with dark colors. Red. Men scream out. Ambulances wail. Rosa sees men in pain, fights broken out, shards of glass exploding in the room with splashes of beer and blood following. The bar closes and she helps clean up the room making the walls white once again.

Rosa returns to her room once more. She falls asleep upon her covers, clothes still on, exhausted. She sees tan walls, blue floors. A green carpet spread before her with numbered dots on them. She hears talking. "Students, come to your spots on the carpet and get ready for reading time!" She expects herself to get up and go to the carpet, and tries to. Realizes that she will not. She is not the student. She is the teacher. Starts to read. She focuses on what is she reading, telling the students "And after learning to be a kind king and help his kingdom the king finally rested. What is the moral of the story?" She asks the students. "It is that when people are leaders they must be kind to those that they lead. We wead-""Read"" -read stories like this to figure out how to be better people." Rosa drifts away from the dream into a deeper sleep but realizes if everyone is kind and can be good people then no bad governments will exist or bar fighters. Rosa realizes that maybe teaching is the right thing for her to create a greater world where people are good to each other.