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Humanities

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### Story

When I was about 12 years old, I found myself in the Principal's office. Now you may ask how I got here and I'll get to it soon. Now, I surely was in the position to call my teacher a bad word and I'll tell you why. I was pissed off that day and anything could make me throw someone out the window. I woke up late and my Mother and Father were still sleeping so I was off to a *great* start of the day of being late to school. I was in a rush because if I had one more tardy, I would have to meet with the Principal. So here I am at 8 a.m., running to my parent's room to wake them up. After I manage to wake both of them up, my Father seemed pissed off at me for waking him.

"Why'd you wake me up!", he yelled at me.

"Dad it's Friday, I have school." I reasoned with him.

"Well, it's my day off. I get to have a pass of not taking you to school today," my Dad said grumpily.

"Well, I have school and I'm late. You're the first one up so take me to school." I pointed out.

"Fine, get ready in 5 minutes.", he shouted, agitated.

After we argued and prepared to leave the house, I walked to the front door and sat. 10 minutes passed and my dad was still not downstairs. Finally, after more than 12 minutes passed, and my dad comes but I didn't say anything due to how speechless yet angry I was. I probably waited 30 minutes in total. It was 8:15 and school started at 8:20. The distance of my middle school was a good 20 minutes away but my dad tried his hardest to get me to school on time. I managed to arrive at 8:24 but that was too late and I needed to get a late slip. *GOD DAMMIT.*

I ended up standing next to the teacher's desk trying to turn in my late slip. He tells me that I shouldn't be late again or he'll bring my grade down. He wanted to bring my grade down for *being late*. I wanted to defenestrate him so badly.

"Wow," I said, "You can't do that, just because I'm late doesn't mean you have to bring my my grade down. Plus, your class is already the most boring and tedious one I've had and I'm still passing."

"Yes I can, the fact that you've been absent half the semester and taking my time away from teaching my students. That is bothering tremendously." He replied with a sour attitude.

"If you know we're all passing the class, why do you have to make it hell for yourself?" I asked, bothered.

"Because I am a teacher and I have full control over the classroom." he fiercely replied.

"You son of a-" I yelled.

At this point I went off on him and said words that 12 year olds shouldn't even know. If I wrote the words down, I'm pretty sure I'd get expelled and I would have a nice talk with my teachers.

I found myself in the principal's office again for the 4th time that year. After so long I forgot the Principal's name but her face is something I'll never forget. It got to the point to where I didn't really care about anything. I went into the principal's office and told her everything acting like I didn't do anything wrong because trying to get off the hook so I wouldn't be suspended. She looked at me doubtfully and I immediately knew that she caught my lie. If you've been in the principal's office for the second time, lying eventually stops working.

You get warnings then you get suspension. After the suspension, you work yourself up to the final stage, expulsion. My parents were not that happy with me but I did manage to keep my privileges of using my computer and my other electrical devices. I didn't really know what to do at this point. I needed to get myself together so I decided to be a better student and start to do all my work and start to control myself to

improve myself. It was until this point at this day that I realized that I don't regret calling my teacher a bad word. *NO REGRETS.*