

## The Ultimate Eye Witness Account of Chaos

Over the years many people have asked me why I go to therapy. They asked me if it was due to an unfortunate childhood or maybe a broken family. I always have to immediately sit down and gather myself before I tell them my horrific tale. And unlike the fish stories that constantly change, my story has kept the exact amount of horror over these long years. Every time I told the dreadful tale I made sure I used the exact words I used the first time. And it goes exactly like this...It happened my junior year in Mrs. Bunch's high school 3<sup>rd</sup> hour class.

I walked into 3<sup>rd</sup> hour not expecting anything out of the ordinary. I was mentally preparing myself for the normal activities such as writing down vocabulary, reading literature, or maybe even writing a journal entry or three. I picked my usual spot, the second to last desk on the right, directly in front of the famed yo-yo master Levi Neal. And directly in front of me was Emma Vavricek, the girl whose school homework projects always looked store bought. I put my books on top of my desk and briefly considered putting my feet on top of the desk, but I decided against it.

The bell rang and Mrs. Bunch started talking. Little did we all know the horrific experiences that were in store. Just as Mrs. Bunch was able to quiet down all the students, two women by the names of Mrs. Fulk and Mrs. Holmes walked in. They introduced themselves, and Mrs. Holmes stated she was writing a paper and needed to observe us and remarked that they would try to keep out of the way. Mrs. Holmes then proceeded to sit at Mrs. Bunch's desk in her chair, which I thought was rather rude. And Mrs. Fulk and her gigantic bag sat in the back left corner on a stool. All the students, including myself, seized this opportunity to talk and chat as Mrs. Bunch attempted to begin class. A picture frame was placed directly behind Mrs. Bunch by Mrs. Holmes and Mrs. Fulk asked the class, "Does it just make you feel cozy like you were right at home?" I loudly exclaimed that my answer was no. But instead of commenting on my response, Mrs. Fulk decided to give us all Cheez-Its to increase the capability of our brains. Mrs. Bunch ignored this and she asked Dillon, who always seems to be the one to read aloud, to come to the front and read a section from our oh so lovely literature book. He happily raced up front and began. He was then forced by our two unexpected guests to move his arm from low to high. I heard people remark that it looked like a weird version of the disco.

"Wait. Wait." Mrs. Fulk said. "Doesn't he need a thinking cap or something?"

"What is he, five years old?" I muttered. But Mrs. Holmes totally agreed with her and just so happened to have one with her. She attached this hideous lime green monstrosity to Dillon's head. Now the whole class burst out laughing because he looked so ridiculous. An airy whistle sounded through the classroom, and all the students snapped their heads over to Mrs. Bunch's desk. And there sat Mrs. Holmes with a multi-colored plastic flute.

"Is this more effective in getting your attention than a student raising her hand?" she asked. By this time no one was really responding to anything. The class was so loud I'm positive you could have heard us upstairs. People were yelling instead of talking. And people couldn't hear what others were saying because it was too loud. None of this really seemed to bother Mrs. Bunch. She actually kind of looked like she was enjoying herself.

“This whole thing is a set up,” Emma told me. It was pretty obvious that it was set up, but this whole situation bothered me none the less. I couldn’t hear anything at all, and the whole class was in a chaotic uproar. And Mrs. Fulk merrily began distributing suckers to her favorite students.

“I want a sucker!” Levi exclaimed. And instead of giving the poor child a sucker, all she did was remark on his loudness and how she couldn’t believe that Mrs. Bunch could even teach with a noisy child like that in the room. And finally when the yelling and screaming and chaos had reached its peak, Mrs. Fulk and Mrs. Holmes left.

“Finally,” I said to myself. “I’m not sure I could have endured any more of that.” And that’s when I heard the intercom. It was them.

“Mrs. Bunch, we are going to Chili’s. Do you want anything at all?”

“Oh yeah!” Mrs. Bunch said. “Why don’t you get me the taco soup?” and after demonstrating their inability to hang up the intercom, they left the now silent class. Nobody knew what had just happened, but Mrs. Bunch was in the know. She told us that we had to write a paper! An eye witness account of the horrors of that particular class. The perfect, tragic ending to my horrific tale.

And there it is. The sole reason for my twenty years in therapy was that one dreadful class. After I tell this story, I slowly get up. The people I tell it to have no words of comfort for me. They just let me walk off, lost in thought and memory about the class that changed my life.

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