



Dear Reader,

What you see in front of you are the reflections on school experience by children whose lives revolve around school, even in these pandemic times. One of the reasons we chose to write about this is because each and every contributor here is a school-goer and so much of his/her consciousness is shaped by their experience of school.

Some of these students, however, have not even entered their physical school premises in over a year and some are just beginning to. As a result, these testimonies are as much about current experience as they are about nostalgia.

Everyone here, even you, dear reader, are a part of a society that has been schooled. Schooling is an existential-given. Who knows how long schools will last, dear reader, perhaps these diaries will be one of the last testimonials.

I hope you enjoy wading in these diary entries and that they transport you into school life.

I would like to thank the contributors and especially Hiya Shah for editing this constellation.

Yours sincerely,

Gaurav Monga

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# Hiya Shah

## Blackhole

School. There is a lot that can be mentioned when I think about it, yet the word that pops up first in my mind is 'damn'. If one were to ask me whether I find learning interesting? Perhaps, I would say yes, but then I would remember the categorization the schools have done.

Wisdom and knowledge have been recognized to have no boundary, yet with school there is exploration without freedom, and there is learning without experience. Rather, somehow I have even managed to believe that physics and computer science are subjects that I am not worthy to excel in. I think it is the fear of failing to achieve expectations, or the fear of stepping out of my comfort zone that has to be blamed. Yet, I took Physics and Computer Science in the higher levels, because it is infact a mouse race out there, and the smartest mouse gets through.

I am not quite sure why they are said to be the toughest subjects. Isn't difficulty relative? The success, even if one manages to be the ideal candidate that has gone through the best and most expensive schooling, is not guaranteed, yet what has to be done, should be done.

All this while we are told that schooling is infact a medium to educate and learn; ironically, today it has been given the power to cut down wings. It is indeed like the survival of the fittest, the smartest in this scenario. Let alone, most legends have skipped schooling.

Needless to say, being in grade 11, there is this constant internal conflict about living the carefree days vs investing in becoming the best, given that we will be leaving for university in a year.

As anti-climatic as it may seem, there is not much choice there for me. I have been told that I have the smarts in the family, and hence, it was only right to aim for the best university. Of course the majority of the credit goes to my parents for grooming me like that, but the real question is what do I want? Sometimes I feel like I have been hypnotized to be the best version of myself when it comes to academics, and I wonder if being a scholar is what I want. Then, the image of my parents shows up everytime the thought passes my mind.

That I believe brings out the rebellious teenager in me. I have managed to forge dreams of a king, with the background of a soldier. Something I receive daily reminders of.

## Isolation

This lockdown filled with online classes has made me realize that the only reason I missed school was because of my friends and all the drama that school brought with it. I don't think my memories after I leave school will ever be of learning about moles, or the binomial theorem. It will

most probably be about the way I messed up multiplication and division one time during math class, or the way I had the craziest year before lockdown.

School will become a reminiscence of relationships, friendships, betrayal, experiences. I mean with the school timings, It was literally the second home, and after school I had classes. To be honest, in the first few months of the lockdown, I even missed the school food.

However, to my dismay yet delight, schools have started physically. It's been more than a month now, but I have begun to find comfort in the four walls of my room. Like oil to fire, many people have left school, among which was my best friend, and few other people I care deeply about. Although she does live a block away, it still makes a difference. I am an ambivert. Nevertheless, while I am always myself, it takes a lot out of me to do so. Additionally, amidst the existential crisis and self searching I realized that I fear growing up. Too many responsibilities and a lot many things put at stake.

Among all these mental difficulties, I had to find a way to express myself. Some people inclined towards focusing on themselves, some towards socializing, but I had my fair share of both. I got myself a *Discord* account and managed to connect with so many people across the world, each with their own experiences, and there I learnt the basic etiquette of having a conversation with a stranger without making it awkward. Who knew that before addressing someone, you should ask them about the pronouns they prefer. Nobody taught me that in school. Nobody told me about the importance of how you word a sentence to the person reading it. Nobody told me the word 'gender' could be a trigger. Above all, nobody told me what red flags to observe when talking to people online. The world has become virtual, and it's only fair to learn and understand the world from that point of view.

But again, it is the school that equipped us with the idea of exploration. Alas it deserves some credit

### **Subconsciously on one's toes**

With the mention of school, there are not just instances of academic mishaps or the teachers cracking silly jokes. It's about the long wait and apprehension for the math class because of the stories sir would share.

The excitement of the sports class to play the game of basketball we always requested sir to let us play.

The delight when the Language and literature teacher announces that we have a group presentation to make and we can decide our own groups.

The little game of dumbcharades we played in the beginning of every Biology class, and of course the way the chemistry teacher's accent managed to crack us up.

With that I remember the fluster that accompanied my first confession and the jitters of receiving grades.

The heartbreak of betrayals and the melancholy of the people closest to you leaving your side.

The bitterness of being bullied and tagged: 'nerd' or 'dumb'.

The confusion of choosing clothes before any school occasion. Does it show my skin too much? Is this too fancy? I want to wear this but will I look good? Am I looking fat?

The school had us all in its clasp, jiggling us like dice waiting to be rolled.

## **Survival after Lockdown 101**

School had begun, yet again. A glimmer of hope for a normal school life was sparking, only to be crushed. They announced that it would be only a little while before it shuts down again since the third wave seemed to be peeking.

Little to their knowledge, their prediction was far from accurate. It has been more than a month now, and trust me when I say this-- I don't think it's closing anytime soon. With the whole gap, or rather a big transition walking the hallways and corridors, feels familiar yet distant. Everybody is taller, almost towering over me, and there are faces I don't recognize. The bus is rather cramped than I remember and there is this lingering space in the seat next to mine that once belonged to my best friend. She changed schools. If it weren't for a satisfactory reason, I would call her a traitor. A satisfactory reason does not make the truth hurt any less.

We went for a walk yesterday. Well, we kind of told my parents we were going on a walk and went out to run some errands she had to do. We walked to this place that was almost 2 kms away from where we live. There was so much catching up to do and while she filled me in, I only felt hollow. She was occupied with exams, which I assure you she will pass with flying colours, and boyfriend drama. While we discussed juicy details of our lives, we also briefly touched the idea of leaving. It was scary, but the smile on her face reassured me that nothing was going to change, however, I knew that a lot had already changed.

There was going to be no singing during bus rides, or discussing school events on calls, or sending pictures of what we were going to wear for the night out. There were going to be clashes in schedule, no catching up for weeks, and not being there for each other when either of us had a mental breakdown.

Regardless of the reassurances, there is only denial that puts me at ease about the situation. With acceptance of it, the only things shining are my tears.

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# Dwij Rana

## Meaning

What does school mean? School for me is the culmination of my entire existence till now, all of it. My mother always recalls that first day when I clinged to her as if my life depended on it, refusing to board the bus while my tears flooded the entire neighbourhood. Little did the little me know, but this was about to be the best 15 years of my life. Now I stand here, almost nearing the end of the journey, paranoid and scared once again, as the opportunity to embark on a new voyage comes even closer as I look back; I look back at how much I have grown. From that small little kid entering the real world for the first time, to an opportunistic, confident young adult. Oh, how much I will miss those laughs, those tense Saturday mornings when I suddenly remembered the deadline of some project while mom raced around to make up for my irresponsible behaviour. Oh, how much I will miss those nervous interactions and optimistic experiments. So, what does school mean? Well, while the definition may differ, to me it means everything.

## Senses

The clouds cover the sun, as a cacophony of sounds fills up the numerous corridors. Conversations about how boring the maths class will be today are heard from the classrooms. The whole building comes alive with smells of petrichor and fresh food being finely crafted with a seasoning of love and passion in the kitchens. The walls and racks are lit up with yellow lights, yet cold, due to a lack of the sun's warmth.

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# Stuti Solanki

## I want to

I have not been to school for 2 years now, and I miss it terribly. The early morning rides to school, that unlimited laughter with friends, gossip of other students are all just a memory now. The class rooms, benches, auditorium, playground, all these are just mental images now, which we don't know will ever come back to reality. I want to write on the benches again, I want to monitor the class, sing a chorus prayer and hear the laughter of the backbenchers during the prayer. These are just images now.

I want to hear the teacher say that the class is a fish market. Surprisingly, I want to feel that harsh ear pulling of teachers again. I want to feel the pain from the wounds which we got from playing on the ground. I want to feel the excitement which we got when we came to know that the maths teacher is absent. Above all, I want to come to class and ask my friends, "tune homework kiya kya?" again.

## Being a Kid

I miss being a kid, not that I'm an adult right now, but a kid who had absolutely no worries about the world, about what other people think of her, whether she needs to take science or commerce; a kid who can find happiness from standing first in the line or if the teacher gave her books to keep in the staff room. The kid whose only stress was if her friend will come to play today or not.

I miss the phrase "Ma'am may I come in?" and the, "ma'am can I go to the washroom?" The present me does not know anymore how to find the happiness in those small moments, does not bother much if she is first or last in the line. I want to become that girl again, the one who used to get jealous if her friend took someone else to distribute the chocolates on her birthday.

## School mornings

The school mornings I can't say I miss them because they were really hectic. I don't think I can wake up that early in the morning now, that habit is far gone. But waking up at 6 am was not easy, especially on those cold winter days. I still remember the importance of that two-minutes sleep and that one-minute nap beside the sink. I don't know about others, but my school mornings were a treasure hunt game. Either I would lose my ID Card, or socks, or forget to iron my shirt, or polish my shoes.

The worst thing according to me that can happen, is to forget a book on the table which you were

supposed to give for submission. But I must say, all that chaos in the morning did prepare me for the rest of the day.

## **Friends**

There's one important thing that I've learned from school, it is that no one in your life is forever. People will go and come, nothing is permanent. Since 2nd grade, I remember calling so many people my best friends and thought they would always be there with me. I've trusted many people, some broke it, some kept it. School has taught me that you will meet different types of people in life, not all of them will like you and you will not like all of them, but, you will have to work with them. Some friends stayed with me through every fight, every happy and every sad moment; those few people were the true ones.

Friends which we make in school are very special because there are so many memories we make with them. We stay with them for like 8 -10 years, and those are the best, and most fun moments.

## **That One Teacher**

There's always that one teacher in school who is your favourite, I had one too. I say HAD because now that schools are online, it is not possible to have that connection with teachers. But back when we were able to go to school, I had a favourite teacher. I did not like her because she would let us do anything we wanted, or was not strict. In fact, she was the strictest teacher of our grade. I liked her because she understood us. Schools have a very strange concept of writing exact words written in books, rather than writing on the basis of your understanding in every exam. I was never able to learn every single word from books, but I did understand every concept of the chapter. I used to write, (in fact I still do) on the basis of my understanding of the chapters. That teacher was the only one who believed that writing on the basis of your understanding and concept clarity is more important than just jotting down the words from textbooks.

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# Daksh Bardoliwala

## Timetable

The timetable is a very helpful grid. But who designs it? There is sports after lunch and Math at last. Why not switch them through? It would be so much better, 6 days instead of 5, why? It would be convenient for the timetable to be mapped Monday to Friday. But it is what it is.

## Favourite teacher

I have been in the same school for who knows how many years. But, being introduced to new teachers never gets old. Each year I would make a good relationship with the teachers. Everytime I would have a favourite teacher and would think that I could not have a better teacher ever. And the very next year I would think the same, but only this time for a different teacher. Oh!, and before I forget, let me mention that making new friends every year was like second nature for me. It would happen every year, until now. For some reason they decided not to mix up the students this time, who knows why?

## Meal break

The meal break is the best and the worst time of the day. It is the worst because, who likes dried up chapatis and water for dal. Who likes mixed vegetables, paneer, pav bhaji or idli, oh wait! I do like pav bhaji and idli. But that is not the best part of the meal, meeting my friends is. We discuss and compare our answers to the hard math questions, or chat about the friend who was punished in class. But the magic begins when you move towards the pantry. The pantry has amazing food with unbelievably good lemonade. And that is it, I have nothing more to say.

## Smell

The smell of monsoon in school governs our mood, surrounded by farmland, trees and grass, we smell those too. It is fresh and great, but yet monotonous. It is good at one moment and bad at another. It awakens sleep and makes those who are awake drowsy. This governance of smell is too unfair.

## Punnypie

I hate teachers for one and only one thing; that is when they for some reason decide to add images of delicious food in the presentation and to top it off, they start up a discussion claiming that it is a great example. I remember that one time we had a Math session during which we were celebrating Pi Day, on March 14, as if the date was hard to remember. Anyway, they decided to put up an image of  $\pi/E$  on the screen, no Pun Intended. And the worst part was, that day we had

locha in the pantry, and like every time, its smell was governing my senses. But just as I thought the session was about to end and it was locha time, the teacher extended the class by 5 minutes and that day I truly felt that PI was never ending. And while the teacher kept talking and rationalizing, I realized that the locha was over. Probably other teachers were just a tiny bit more rational, pun Intended.

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# Shloka Solanki

## School: The House of Criticism

School has always been a house of criticism for me. When I was first sent to school as a child shaped by my family and friends, the first thing I was taught, was to be this ideal person who has manners, who is a good person for society and by that I mean, the one who doesn't cry, doesn't argue, doesn't disagree and is always a good girl. I followed all that until I came to middle school.

Middle school is hard for some people. We go through a lot of changes both mentally and socially. Well, I went through all of it, drastically.

I started to argue for some things which I didn't like, that's when my teachers called me arrogant. I started to take leadership roles and that was when my friends called me bossy. I started to make guy friends and that was when my orthodox teachers called me uncultured. I started to distance myself from some bad company and that is when my other friends called me a bad person who just used and threw away her friends. I used to be a person who was criticized and I took it all with a smile.

I was lost, I didn't know how to meet up with the school standards. I questioned every day about whether I was supposed to remain that preschool girl who was taught to never disagree, never argue, never cry and be a good girl? Or was I supposed to have my own identity?

Well, things didn't go in my favour in middle school, but it taught me a lot. Don't let some teacher's or students' criticism question your personality. You didn't go there to meet their standards. Also, criticism won't stop as long as you are on this planet, so it's up to you, whether you want to end up as a preschool student or a middle school student.

## Reunited At Last

It was the favourite time of the year, the annual function. It was the time of the year when the whole school was decorated like a Christmas tree, big dignitaries were called, cameramen were invited to shoot, big stages and screens were placed and what not. It was the time where we could showcase to our parents what we did in the whole year. We were all super excited.

My best friend and I decided to participate in it. We chose to be on the management committee. What we basically had to do was to make stage props and stuff for dances and plays. It was a fun thing to do.

It was 9.00 am, my teacher in-charge came to my class and asked me to come to the art room and start with the work. Since the annual function was on the next day and we had a lot on our

plate which was pending. I was getting late, so I asked one of my classmates to tell my friend to meet me near the art room for the stage work, but little did I know that I was committing the biggest mistake of my life. When we ask someone to deliver a message verbally, it sometimes gets squeezed, turned and changed into different forms, with twisted meanings before it is delivered. She told my best friend to meet me near the stage for artwork. You see what she did there? I don't have to tell you that.

So, my poor friend went running to the stage, which by the way was far away from the art room to meet me, but she found no traces of me there. During that time, I saw her running towards the stage so I ran after her, but when I reached there, she was already gone. I went running to her class hoping to find her there. I asked her classmates if she was here and to my surprise, she said she was here a few seconds ago looking for me. I was like, 'you gotta be kidding me'. I got so annoyed and tired.

I wondered why the school had to be so big, and what if we got lost. How were we supposed to contact our friends? My mind was going crazy and I was tired to top it all off. After a good 25 min of running and asking, I saw her on the ground floor of the opposite building. I am pretty sure that you aren't allowed to shout on school premises but I didn't care at the time, and I shouted at the top of my lungs. My voice echoed in the whole corridor, many teachers came out of their class and even gave me 'the death stare'. I apologized to everyone and signalled my best friend to come near the art room and not to get lost on the way.

When we saw each other from a distance, we came running to each other and hugged each other so tight as though we were meeting after the partition.

We knew we would find each other, and that we wouldn't lose each other that easily, but that tight hug was worth all the worry, love, and care which were unsaid. It was my reunion.

## **The Silent Helper**

When we talk about school, we tend to talk about our favourite teacher, our favourite class or subject, the countless memories we made with our friends and so on.

But for me, the one person I missed the most and was very close to, was our school helper whom we used to call Didi. Some may call her masi, some may call her Didi and some may even call her aunty.

Now that I think about her, I feel so dumb for never asking her name. Everyone just called her Didi and so I followed suit.

Where should I even start, she was just amazing.

People thought of her as a helper, but for me, she was a friend. She was the one who consoled me when I use to wet my pants; those different dishes she uses to bring every day and share with me; she was the one who played stupid games with me which didn't even make sense. She taught me some important manners, and most importantly she was my cheerleader who used to hype me up so much in the dance class, even though everyone around me knew I was a horrible dancer.

I was never excited to see anyone more than her back then. That's the only memory I have of preschool I must say.

She made me feel so accepted and loved. Once I left the school, I never got to see her even when I revisited the school. I was sad to hear that she had left. Even though I don't know where she is, and might never get to meet her again, writing this and going back to those days makes me feel the same warmth as her. She was a silent helper who didn't have a role of teaching nor the label of a teacher, but she taught me a lot unknowingly. For me, she was my Didi.

## **The Verdict Day**

It was the hearing day, I woke up and was very nervous and scared. I couldn't stop thinking about it; my parents knew how the journey had been. They gave me hope that the final decision would be in my favour. I wished that too.

I sat on my bus and was on my way to the court. My bus took a couple of other people who were sailing in the same boat as me. Some were confident, some were doubtful, and some had already lost hope. The bus ride to the final destination and the wait was one heck of a journey in itself.

We reached the court. The hearing still had an hour left, and all I could think was, "you gotta be kidding me right now". The hour passed by slowly, the judge appeared with papers and said, "As many of you know, your test results are here. Today we will come to know who worked hard this semester, and who enjoyed their life too much to even pass this test."

I don't know why my parents had to name me with the letter S? Couldn't they work with an A or a B?

The tension was building up, one by one names were being called out, some had the face of freedom and satisfaction which meant they won the case, but some didn't, and they had to face what I call parental authority after this.

My name was finally called, all I could feel was a certain uneasiness in my stomach. I went to the desk and stood silently.

“You have performed well, and can improve a little,” said the judge. I was so happy I won the case. I passed with flying colours and even was second in my class. I wanted to hug the judge but knew to keep it to myself.

Thank God I won because I knew the parental authority would have been brutal. But again, I had to console many who lost, so I became normal. However, from within, I was already bidding farewell as if I had served my purpose on earth.

## **The Warmth of the Past**

Today, as I write about my school, which I say is a memory to me now as I have not gone to school for the last two years, it is very difficult. It unwraps a lot of things.

It brings me back to those times where my friend used to come running to me, and jump on me and say good morning and I always used to scold him and say, “can’t you ever greet me normally.” Then he used to rest his arm on my head since he was as tall as a pole and I was a short stack of pancakes and said, “no just deal with it”. But I also had my fair share of fun by teasing him by saying, “what’s the weather like up there, you aren’t going to find girls as they don’t like tallboys?” and that constant bickering. The vision of us having this conversation and fun is right in front of me, but I can’t have it.

The school teacher scolding me and telling me how I am disturbing the class and that she will have to send me to the principal’s office, was so annoying at the time. But now my ears are thirsty to hear that again, the voice is right in my head but I can’t hear it.

The break was the most amazing or most difficult time for me, once the lunch boxes used to open the smell of food used to drag me near to them, or it could either be a very bad smell which would drag me away and take my appetite. The smell is right there, but my nose can’t sense it anymore.

The chills in my body when a teacher used to call me out in the class and ask me to start reading from where the other student stopped and me being clueless, as I had the talent of sleeping with my eyes open was horrible. The sense of nervousness is right there, but my body can’t feel it anymore.

The vision of my teachers and my friends, the sound of the scolding and laughter and the smell of my class, and the fear of not knowing what is going on in the class is all right there, but all I am left with is the warmth of my past.



## **BENCH: A friend in need is a friend indeed**

I had a best friend named bench. I know you will think that there are many of them in a class; how can I specifically have one? Well, I am gifted with a short height so I had the privilege to sit on the first one. While the whole class would rotate and fight for the first bench, I had my spot reserved. I felt a certain pride.

My friend, the bench, was glad to have me as well. I can say that because unlike others it didn't have his drawer broken, or the seat was not crooked and moreover, it didn't have any writings or marks on it, and it made me feel neat as if the school bought a clean, new desk especially for me.

Bench and I made some amazing memories, he took all the tapping of my legs when I was nervous, he gave me some amazing naps, he supported my heaviest books and one time he even took my friend's throwing up and believe me, till date, I feel bad for him.

Many people took my friend for granted, some broke it, some used it to write love messages and some even used it to cheat. But my friend never questioned anything. I still remember that on the last day of school, I carved on him, "Shloka's seat, reserved forever".

The bench was and will be reserved for me, forever.

## **The End of an Era**

The end of an era seems kind of an exaggeration, but for me, it was the end of an era. It seems like yesterday. It was the 17<sup>th</sup> of February, the last exam of 8<sup>th</sup> grade; my morning was amazing because the last exam was an easy one, so I had no stress about it. The bus ride to school was filled with laughter and a sense of freedom, knowing that a great long break was ahead of us.

The sight was surprising when I reached school. I had never seen children coming with so much enthusiasm to school. Usually, we all had sleepy or nervous faces during exam times, but then it suddenly occurred to me that it was the last exam, I joined the happiness too.

The bell rang to indicate the start of the exam. It was the longest three hours of my life. The clock hand was exactly at 12.55 and I started counting from that moment onward, "10...9...8...7...6...5...4...3...2...1" and there was a loud scream in the whole school. The freedom from exams, the joy of passing another year and the excitement of a long break and a lot of fun. We were so eager to get out of the campus and meet our friends.

This time we didn't ask, "how was the paper?" instead, it was replaced by, "should we meet up today for coffee and movies? Or are you free tomorrow for a day out?"

It was an amazing sight to see. Some boys were tearing their notebook pages away and throwing them in the sky, while some group of girls were crying their eyes out, knowing they won't meet their favourite teacher again because this was our last year in middle school.

The next thing we knew was high school. New sets of teachers, new friends, new experiences, new failures, and moreover, many new memories to make.

I never said goodbye to my friends and school because I knew I was coming within a month, but little did I know that I was going to regret this for my entire life.

The world shut down two days before my school was going to reopen, and the school sent the messages to our parents that the school will be taken online this semester. I was devastated that my first year of high school was going to be online. I was broken and felt very sad. It is going to be two years today, and I still live with the regret of not saying the last goodbye.

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# Arnav Shah

## The Washroom

The washroom is a place for many things, number one the obvious; number two, a place for chatting; definitely, a place for bullying and bunking classes. Well, I started it and ended it when I was in grade 5. I have done it all. From the obvious to the bunking classes, haven't you? Honestly, reflecting on it, I feel it was idiotic to do so, for my permanent record could have been neater. I have been a victim, and a bully (not a harsh one).

I have also bunked my fair share of classes in the bathroom. For some, the bathroom is heaven, for some, it's a recessed place, for some it is torture. Looking back, it's disgusting. It's funny how opinions change. Well, I guess everything does, but still. It is weird you can't deny that.

Anyway, back to the bathroom. It was funny, very funny when the teacher would send the 'moushi' in to take us out of the bathroom, and even funnier when my cousin used to lock them in the cubicle. Trying to remember why I used to do it, is very hard. It was like I had no other place to go to. I think this is because the bathroom was a place with freedom. The only place with freedom, throughout the school.

That's why I feel it's only fair to give us kids a longer break, 30 minutes should do. And one more thing- please flush the toilet.

## Eating in Class

This has always and will be an interesting topic, 'eating in class'. Straight up, I want to ask, why can't we eat in class? (this is a very controversial topic, so please take no offence) I have been punished plenty, most of the time it was because of eating food in class. To some, it feels like a crime, it helps them focus (like me), and others do it to irritate the teacher or it is just natural for them; basically, they can't help it. I agree it can be disrespectful to some, but why? Only they know. When I was small, around 3rd grade I used to be jealous real easy. So, when the kids from trinity class used to come they were allowed to eat. But not us. So naturally, I felt jealous. Also during online classes, no one even realizes when a person is eating. So umm-- please let us eat in class.

## After Lunch

The most disgusting part about school is when a person drops their food and is too lazy to call the cleaner. And I have been on both ends. I have got to say, it is pretty disgusting. The stickiness on the sole of your shoe feels like something is pulling your soul, even though it is hidden beneath layers of muscle. The smell is messed up due to the variety of foods and cultures. I have

got to tell you hell, you have a competitor. It is so disgusting that the helpers don't want to clean it.

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# Neeva Savani

## The not so free slot

I was walking down the corridor with my best friend. We were happy that we were getting a free slot. We could roam around and do whatever we wanted. Then, we saw what we dreaded. Our maths teacher was walking towards our class. She was going to take our free slot. I thought, “ why did it have to be math and why not any other subject?” I had to bear it this time. Being me, I zoned out during the class while we were doing algebra. Ma’am had assigned us some sums and I didn’t do anything. I was just staring out of the window, just when ma’am cold called my name for an answer. She didn’t expect me to know it. But to her surprise, I did know the answer .She just said, “ correct.” I didn’t expect anything from her . The slot fortunately ended . It was blazing out . I went to have some of my school's famous lemonade . It was a little overpriced for a glass , but it was worth it. The moment it trickled down my parched throat , it felt all good again . It was truly the best lemonade ever .