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Mrs. Spaman

English 9

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The Awesome Story

This is it. The moment I've been thinking about for weeks. The air in the room is thick with anticipation—students are clamoring through their backpacks searching for drafts, revisions, and rubrics.

“Can I please have your attention?” Mrs. Spaman asks in a pleasant voice. “As you are putting together your narrative assignment, please remember to put the rubric on top.”

“Jack, help me find my revised draft,” the student next to me whispers to his buddy. They immediately begin to dig through a massive pile of old papers, quizzes, and handouts poured out on his desk. “It has to be here somewhere.”

“Found it!” his buddy reports triumphantly.

Someone from my table blurts out, “Mrs. Spaman, do you think we'll get these back tomorrow?”

What a ridiculous question, I think to myself. Don't these people realize that Mrs. Spaman has a life? Even if she didn't, it would be physically impossible for her to turn around that many papers in a single evening of grading.

As if reading my mind, Mrs. Spaman answers, “Sorry, Katie. That would be literally impossible.”

With the sound of shuffling papers and student angst surrounding me, I gather my rubric, my final draft, and my revised draft (complete with RADaR revision marks on it) together. With

a single, satisfying crunch of the stapler, I combine the entire packet. As I drop the finished product into the tray on the back desk, I feel a sudden rush of accomplishment and pride. It's true—every single day in English 9 is a treasure, but this particular day feels even more special than usual.