

Adam Dellavecchia
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DAD 155A

Cuckoo for Getting Suspended!

It happened in 8th grade. Good ol' Mrs. Crawford's English class—oh boy! We all sat at our desks, with 'The Giver' in one corner and an array of mechanical pencils in the other. Mine was borrowed from a classmate at the beginning of class, of course. Ooooweee, I was feeling especially cuckoo today! And Mrs. Crawford was especially cranky. Her neck flaps jiggled and her old, bony knees wiggled! As the bell rang, she demanded that we all sit down. So I did as I'd been told, because I'm not cuckoo! Control the cuckoo. Yes, yes. My plastic chair felt ch-ch-ch-chilly on my bare skin! The posters on the walls seemed like they were talking to me! What's that you say Edgar Allen Poe with sunglasses on? Don't think about those munchy, crunchy suckers in Mrs. Crawford's office cabinet? Hehe, okay! Just then, Mrs. Crawford belted out, "Okay class, time for SSR! Ten minutes!"

Oh boy, Sustained Silent Reading! My favorite. I swooped up 'The Giver' and got straight to business. There was no time to waste. After all, it was Monday— that meant Rachel and I hadn't played footsies since Friday! Rachel and I played footsies under the table, and the sound of pages turning b-b-bounced off the walls! But I couldn't focus...the cuckoo was a-comin' on! I was just about ready to use my first of many unnecessary bathroom breaks when Mrs. Crawford broke the silence. "Okay class, I'm going to go make some copies of today's in-class project. I'll be right back."

She waddled towards the door. Slow, but determined. Go Mrs. Crawford, you make those copies! My classmates read-on, never looking up from their books even for a moment! The door closed shut, and Mrs. Crawford d-d-d-disappeared from view. But as soon as she left, the cuckoo barged into my head! Those munchy, crunchy suckers

were right there in her cabinet drawer! And Mrs. Crawford? Why, she was nowhere to be found. Oh, no. Oh, no. You're better than this! But she'll never know! All I had to do was o-o-open the drawer, take those yummy-gummy in my tummy suckers, and they'd be mine! All mine! I made my move. Quickly pushing out my chair out, I tip-toed behind her desk, and grabbed the metal handle to the cabinet! I could almost taste the suckies! At this point the whole class was staring at me in disbelief, especially Rachel. There was no turning back. And so I yelled out to the room, "Who wants a sucker!?!?!"

Their hands shot up in the air and their laughs filled the room as I cracked open the drawer. There they were. Those tasty, creamy, make-me-screamy suckers! Oh my heart just melted! Sorry, Rachel, I love someone else! I'm cuckoo for suckers! Cuckoo for suckers! Snatching the bag, I bounced around the room like a pin-ball machine. Throwing handfuls of suckers on each and every desk for each and every friend! Finally, it was my turn. My very own sucker! What'll it be? Blastin' blueberry? Ludacris lemon? Super strawberry? Or munchy, crunchy, chocolatey chocolate! I just couldn't decide! Oh the burden of indecision! I was frozen in my tracks, bamboozled by the choices that lay in my hands! The cuckoo had taken over! And that's when I heard it. "SONNY!!!"

I looked up, terrified. Oh, no. It c-c-couldn't be! Mrs. Crawford had returned from the copy room! But she was toooooo late, as the whole class had their mouths stuffed with suckers. And in that moment, as I came to terms with my own demise, I looked Mrs. Crawford in the eye, defiantly ripped open the wrapper of a munchy, crunchy, chocolatey chocolate sucker, and plopped it in my mouth. Sorry Mrs. Crawford, I'm cuckoo for suckies!

