

## Ramona High

He watched them go by one by one, over and over again. He looked at the frowns on their faces and the rips on their jeans. He worried about them, he really did.

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Each day, every day. Same clothes same faces. i felt like i can do something, something to show them that their not worthless something to show them that their not worthless and that they can do something too. I want to help.

They walk in the halls, back and forth. Ducking into classrooms, and coming out. for some this is like their home. I remember when I was a wondering teenager at Ramona high school wishing someone would help me. I want to help I whisper each time someone walks by hoping someone would hear me.

I walked into my classroom and see kids sitting there in boredom. I tap one on the back to let them know I am there. By the time i reach the front of the classroom their heads are all facing me. I look at them, they look at me. The room felt strange, almost like I haven't been there in a while. I walked along the front, back and forth, back and forth. I looked around, at the window, the wall, and at the floor. I looked at my feet, I tapped them 3 times wishing I could just go home. I sat at my desk and looked again, I reached to grabbed my pencil but it wasnt there it was on the other side, I grabbed it a little embarrassed. I felt like the world was spinning backwards around the sun and I was the flamming hot gas ball in the middle of it all. I walked to the middle of the room and began to speak.

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Same Thing every day, 365 days a year. 3 months into the school year and I can see that this year was going to be just like the last couple, average. No one wants to be average and especially not at Ramona high where above average is some peoples below. just when the average ness here was beginning to seem normal, something non-average happened. Mr. Montgomery, our principal for what seemed like forever died right here where he wanted to be, in the halls on Ramona high. This thing isnt a very good thing but it isn't a bad thing either.

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“ All right any volunteers” the secretary said. this was our first teacher meeting without a principal. “Any volunteers” she said again, looking out at the sea of teachers, no one raised their hand. “ come on we need someone to sit in while we find a replacement” no one raised their hand. “ what about you Gary, nows your chance to help”

I answered unsurely “Ok”

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This morning was different, it is my first day as principal. As I walked out the door My wife gave me a kiss, straightened my tie and said good bye.

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I walked into the office, it was cold and dark . the walls were bare and green. the desk in the middle took up most of the space . I set the box of stuff on the chair, I spun it just for amusement. I took the picture of my wife and set it on the right side on the desk and hanged my diploma on the back wall , now it was complete.

The halls were silent and empty. I walked them so I could think, think of a way to help. I looked outside at the sign covered with weeds and spray paint and at that moment I knew what I was going to do.

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“ hello everyone I'm Mr.Senic, the science teacher, but I'm going to be your principal for a while.” this was my first time ever speaking at a assembly. I had always watched from the side but never felt what it was like to stand up front. “ I have some ideas on how to make the school and community a better place. I was looking at the sign outside and just watching the cars drive by not even noticing it and I think that if we fix this place up that it will bring the community together, so I have a list of thing you can bring or sign up to do. The work will start tomorrow.” I walked off feeling proud and with high hope for tomorrow.

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I walked into the office to get to the intercom, and I said with great honor “you may begin”. With those words I looked outside and I could see the people begin to work and make a change. My eyes were drawn to the sign and I knew where my help was needed.

The sign used to be red but I Thought the school needed some more color so I decided to go with a subtle blue. There were two others helping me with the sign, John and Carrie, both from my fourth hour class, helped cut the vines and weeds while I painted.

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On Monday we had raised 2,000 dollars through car washes and bake sales, tons and tons of clothes and supplies donated and a brand new Ramona high school sign. I felt so proud of my students and teachers but I'm even more proud of myself for finally finding a way to help.

Everyone who walked into school looked around in amaze, they could barely recognize it, which is a good thing in my opinion. The school felt less strange to me as I

walked down the halls. There was no need to tap my feet or feel embarrassed because I knew that this was my home, a home I was truly proud of.

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He watched them go by one by one. He looked at the smiles on their faces and the fold marks on their jeans. He didn't have to worry anymore. He really didn't.