

Shirin

Is it Easy to
be President?



The Duty in my Dream

A strange silence had fallen over the class that day. We were all still asleep because the clocks had been set forward an hour over the weekend so we had to wake up an hour earlier. At that time last week, I was still in my bed wearing my pajamas. Now I am sitting at my desk wearing my school clothes. How can a person deal with such a thing? She can't. That's why a strange silence had fallen over the class that day. Even our teacher.



After our teacher had called the roll, it was time to choose the hall guard. Our teacher looked at the class list to choose the hall guard.

I was very excited, because I was sure it was my turn.

But our teacher looked at Curly.



Curly stood up smiling but three other students had stood up before him. I was one of those three students, of course!

But teacher
Curly has already
been the hall
guard!

He was the hall
guard last Friday

Since our teacher looked at Curly to see if this was true, Curly had to admit it:

Yes teacher.
I was the hall
guard just last
Friday.



When our teacher looked back at the list, my heart began to pound. I knew I was after Curly on the list, and what did that mean?

It meant it was my turn to be the hall guard.

If you are the hall guard, you are like the police, the nurse and the teacher's assistant. There is even a special name-tag lanyard that goes with the job. It says, "Hall Guard" on it in big red letters. Every time I put it on, I feel like the mayor of my city, like I have the most important job in the world. Everyone is always dying

to be the hall guard, but too bad for them, because today, it is my turn...



Our teacher looked at the list again. She stopped and tho-

ught about something. Why was she thinking so much? I knew it was my turn, but I was shocked when I heard our teacher call Brittany's name, not mine.

"Teacher!"

"What's wrong, Shirin?"

"Isn't it my turn to be the hall guard?"

Our teacher looked at me earnestly.





“Why don’t you hand out the class’s books today?”

“Okay, I can do that. And I’ll be the hall guard too!”

“You can’t be the hall guard today!”

“But why not?”

Our teacher was losing her patience.

“Shirin, don’t you remember what you did last time?”

What did I do? I did exactly what a guard should do. I do that every time it is my turn. I take my job very seriously.

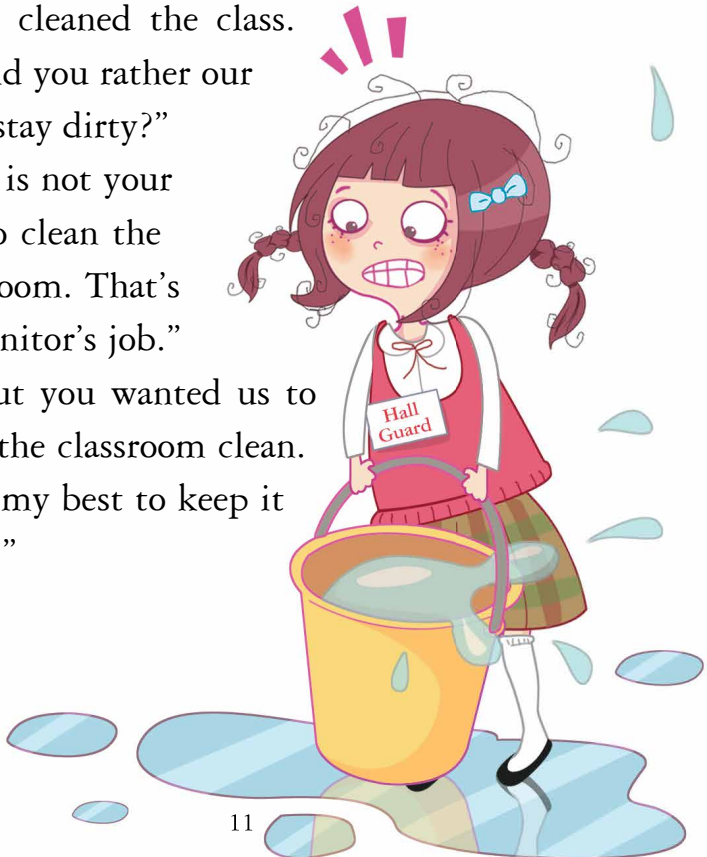
“What happened which time?”

“Every time you are the hall guard, something crazy happens. One day you wanted to clean the class with a bucket of water.”

“But teacher, I didn’t have any wet towels so I had to use the bucket of water. I turned the dry towels into wet towels and I cleaned the class. Would you rather our class stay dirty?”

“It is not your job to clean the classroom. That’s the janitor’s job.”

“But you wanted us to keep the classroom clean. I did my best to keep it clean.”



“Last time you were hall guard, you used the school intercom to announce to the whole school that...”

As soon as our teacher said this, I flashed back to that moment. The bell had rung but some of the students in our class hadn't entered the class, yet. I asked them very politely to come to class, but they didn't listen. I had tried everything, so I went to the principal's office.



The principal wasn't there, but I saw the intercom at his desk. Just then, I had a brilliant idea. I went over and pressed the button. When the light came on, I grabbed the microphone and...

Hey! Listen up! Go to your classes
right now! If you don't bad things will
happen! Get to class
immediately so awful
terrible horrible
things
don't
happen!



I had no idea that I had sent all the students in the school scurrying to their classes, but I liked the microphone. Everything I said echoed through the halls of the whole school.

I liked this feeling, and I couldn't stop the feelings in my heart. It is really hard for me to control my feelings because I am a kid. I got carried away and found myself singing a song into the microphone.



My teacher
my dear teacher

I love you very
much very much.
You are like a mother
You are like a
father YOU are
everything
for me.

I couldn't continue my song because our teacher barged into the principal's office with a red face and snatched the microphone out of my hand. As we walked back to class, I couldn't see anyone anywhere in the halls. My warning had worked perfectly, but my teacher didn't care. She gave me



extra homework for a week. I had even sung a song that she would have liked, but as far as I could tell, she hadn't even noticed.



I hadn't been to the principal's office since that day, and I had to promise not to use anyone's property without permission. I don't do that anyway.

"But teacher, I haven't been to the principal's office since then, and I haven't brought another bucket of water to class, either."

"I know that you won't do those things anymore, Shirin."



Promise!
Promise



But
I am afraid because
I can't imagine what you will
do this time.



“I will open the windows to make sure that the air stays fresh, and I will make sure that no one drops any trash on the ground and that no one runs in class. Just as you have said.”

“You will do only these things and nothing else, okay?”

“Okay!”

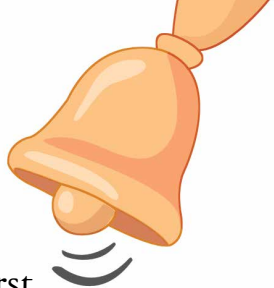
As she put the nametag around my neck she said, “I hope I don’t regret this!”

What could she regret?

I always carry out the jobs given to me.



First Break



As soon as I heard the bell for first break, I stood up. My most important duty had come. I needed to open the windows, make all the students leave, and then clean the board. First, I opened the windows, then I told everyone to leave.

EVERYBODY
OUT!

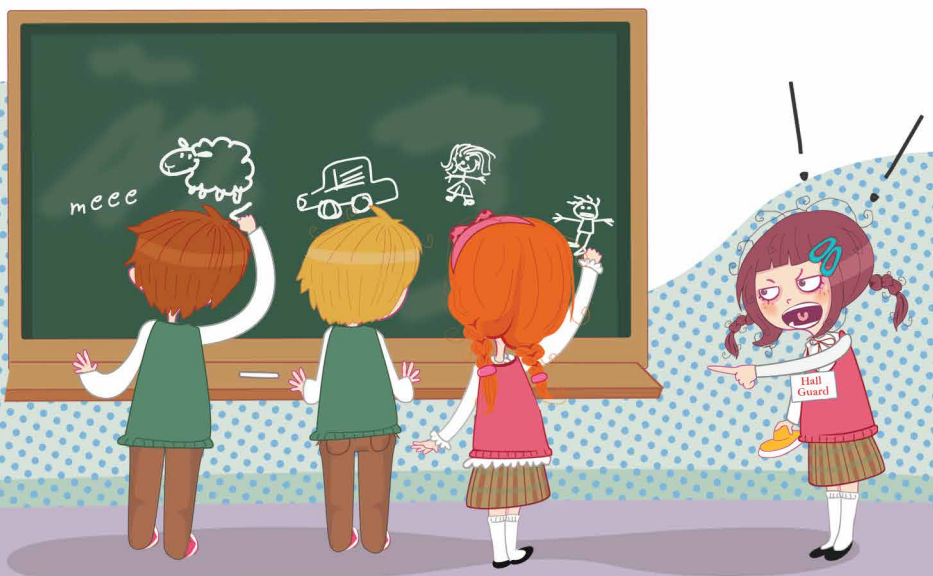


No one left except for a few smart kids. Out of twenty five kids in the class, only five left. The others just stayed where they were, talking to their friends. I told them to leave again, but nobody listened.

I had to clean the board. I went over to it, but I saw three students drawing pictures on the board,

“What are you doing? Get out.”

It was like they were deaf! No one heard me. Then I understood why our teacher sometimes shouts at the top of her voice. I couldn't clean the board or get the students to leave. The break bell rang again for class to begin, so I had to close the windows and sit down.



Every time our teacher comes back into the class, a few students go and complain about what the other kids did during the break. I don't like this, so I didn't complain, even though I wanted to because I was angry with the whole class. Despite my courtesy, Brittany complained to the teacher about me.

“Teacher! Shirin erased my picture from the board!”

Our teacher frowned at Brittany,

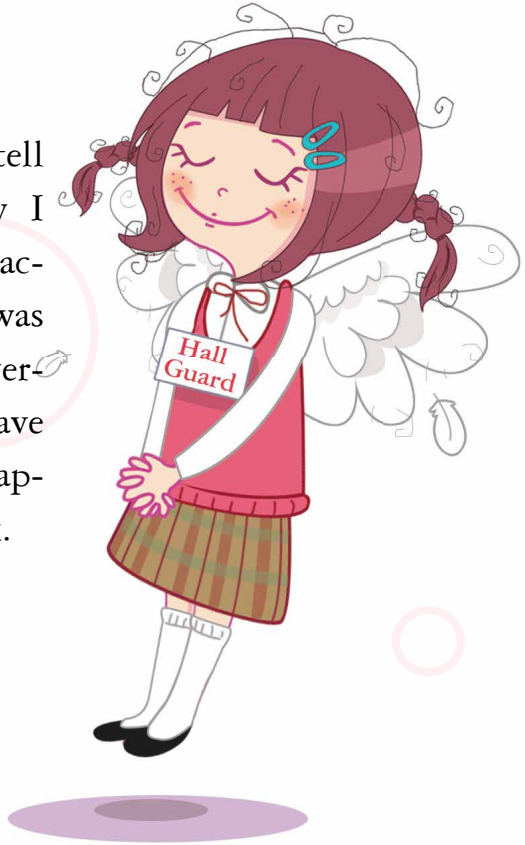
“Brittany, don't you know better than to waste chalk?”

Brittany sat down without giving any answer.



“You know that Shirin is the hall guard today. Don’t make things difficult for her.”

I can’t even tell you how happy I was when my teacher said this. I was so happy that everyone must have seen the wings appear on my back.



I felt like the fearless policemen who protect civilization from chaos, or like the heroes in movies who save the world.