“Clink, Clink, Clink.” A faint sound was buzzing through my head, slowly replacing the monotone voice of the teacher. It was a little tapping noise heard only by me, which eventually evolved into a loud “clink” that occupied the ears of everyone in the classroom. I turned around to find a boy tapping a beat against the hollow, plastic back of my chair, with his chewed-up wooden pencil. A nice “Hey could you please stop tapping your pencil against my chair?” was on the tip of my lips waiting to be spoken. Thankfully, my selfishness interfered and I quickly glued my lips shut, hoping the words I meant to speak didn’t slip out. The tapping, after all, was relieving me from listening to the drab lessons the teacher was forced to teach us. “Bam, Bam, Bam.” This time it was the drummer kid with the long black, greasy hair sitting next to me. He was drumming to the beat of the deep snores of the kid in front of him, who was in turn, synchronized with the pencil-tapping kid. It was a rhythmical masterpiece resulting purely from the boredom of class. This masterpiece was performed in the very back corner of the boring four-walled, white painted classroom. With the plain white tile squares as their stage, the musicians performed almost every day. Although sometimes entertained by the rhythms that distracted me from the dull lessons, I would have preferred sitting in the first row. I could have at least made a remark about changing seats to the teacher, but my quiet, shy demeanor kept me from doing so. So as days, weeks, months went by, as seasons changed, and as the pages of my calendar began to thin, I continued to trudge through school, barely making it through days composed of unimaginable boredom.

One day, when the constant boredom was just becoming unbearable, I turned to the wall hoping to find weird cracks or engravings to look at. Instead, I had found an escape route. In the center of the old white wall, there was a little square window that let rays of light beam into the lifeless classroom. I would look out the window, into a distant world, a world that made memories flood into my mind. For example, once I saw a perfectly shaded red leaf fall from the branch of a tall oak tree. It took me back to my childhood, when I was raking the yard and saw our new neighbors, who happened to have a son about my age. The
rest was a typical love story, and it happened to be my first love. But, one particular memory seemed to be quite odd. As I gazed out the little window, I saw a dark green, shiny car parked in the parking lot. A memory popped into my head, blurry at first. I focused in, like a lens on a camera, and I pictured the scene perfectly. There was a dark green, cool, leather sofa. I was lying on it wrapped in the comfort of my favorite maroon, fuzzy blanket. As I lay there, I observed a smiling wall. The cherry wood fireplace created the mouth, with two olive green-draped curtained windows as the cheeks. There was a gold framed painting dead center of the wall that happened to be the nose, and two perfectly symmetrical curved windows for the eyes. The face stared at me with familiarity. It was my house, and the odd, abstract smiling wall was part of our living room. As I sat in class listening to the concert performed by the snoring, drumming, and pencil-tapping musicians, I realized that on the sofa, observing the smiling wall was where I’d rather be.