

A Step for the Better

By Sophia Z

MaryWeather Middle School opened its wide doors at 8:00 sharp to their students. Anna slipped into her school, blending in with her fellow students and quickening her pace when she realized that she had ten minutes until first period. She rushed to her locker, trying to break the lock that holds it shut, but to her dismay, it did not budge. Finally, after giving it a hard kick with a soft clicking sound, it was unlocked.

James, filled with anticipation, followed his brother to their neighbor Mrs. Smith's chicken coop to collect the feathers.

"Shake a leg." His brother hissed as James started to slow down.

James rolled his eyes, but he quickened his pace. When they finally made it to the coop, they took the feathers strewn on the ground. His brother pointed to the ground and motioned, putting the mud on his face. James shook his head, disgusted at the thought.

"Do you want the British to leave and lower the taxes or live like the King's friends?" His brothers spat

"Fine," James huffed, then rubbed the mud on his face.

"We look foul." Jame's brother laughed.

Anna shifted in her seat as she waited for class to start. Her teacher, Mrs. Andrew, strolled up to Anna.

"Just what were you thinking when you decided to get dressed this morning?" She asked

"Uh, if the weather was cold or not?" Anna answered

"Well, clearly you decided that it was warm because look at what you're wearing. Those spaghetti straps are not three fingers wide, and your shorts are way too short. Please go to the nurse to get a change of clothes because you are not wearing that.

Anna stood up, heat rushing to her face.

"No," she whispered.

James and his brother rushed to the town meeting house. The darkness hides their eager faces and giant grins. They joined a group of men, and both of them were handed masks. James was directed to group three; they headed off to the boat, nervous butterflies fluttering in James's chest. When they got onto a boat, James started to lift up one of the giant boxes of tea. Another man quickly came to James's rescue to help him throw the tea overboard. A feeling of pride washed over him, like he was making a change in the world.

"No? Mrs. Andrew echoed. You are disrespecting a teacher, young lady. Go to the office.

Just then, Arya, a girl in Anna's first period, stood up.

"I'm wearing a spaghetti strap shirt, and I refuse to change either," she said.

"So am I," another girl said.

A chorus of voices murmured in agreement as they took off their sweaters, revealing their own bare shoulders.

"What are you going to do, Mrs. Andrew? Send us all to the principal's office." Anna asked slyly.

She was the one who told all the girls to wear spaghetti straps to school in order to protest the school dress code

Mrs. Andrew did send them all to the principal's office, but Anna did not feel sad. She felt a sense of pride, like she was changing her school one small step at a time.