

Alecia Ricardo

Storytelling—Spring 2014, St. Albans

First semester of the year and that semester is almost over. I come in for night class like I always do. Pictures, paper past by as I walk toward room number 6. I slowly reach for the handle. As I place my hand on it I can feel the cold seeping off of it on to my warm hand. I open the door and pop my head in to see my teacher getting class ready.

He turns and asks what's going on. I reply with the same phrase, in no seconds he answers back with something that happened up at his house or at BFA. Endless to say he always cracks me up. It was one of my favorite classes, I had him at BFA multiple times. Time flies by as we are developing photos. He tells us that we can leave and have a nice day. I automatically whip out my phone to text my mom she can come pick me up. I feel the vibration seconds later and it was my mom saying how she is getting dinner and it will be a while.

As I sat there, time kept passing by to see it was 9:30 and it was only me and the janitors. It was a cold winter night, I didn't want to be in their way so I went to stand outside but the janitor wouldn't let me. She stood and talked to me to keep me entertained until my mom comes. This janitor was so sweet, I feel bad that she stayed there later but she was so nice and I thank her for that.