

It was supposed to be an ordinary last day of 2nd grade. As I walked into the classroom, the world got brighter. Everything glimmered as if a waterfall descended through the classroom, and my desk hovered a few inches off the floor. Ms. Q donned a robe of the universe, and her twinkling smile suggested she was up to something.

"We're on a field trip to space today!" she announced. With one tap on the chalkboard, my desk transformed into a tiny spaceship. One by one, we lifted off, breaking the ceiling above us and entering a bright Universe filled with shimmering planets. I almost toppled off my desk when I saw an actual space whale celebrating with a birthday hat.

We zoomed past candy-colored comets and waved to moon mice playing tag on the rings of Saturn. Mrs.Q then took us on a sojourn to Planet Scribblepop where the sky was a crayon sky and everything you believed was in fact real. I thought of a giant cookie, and suddenly we were all sitting on one, nibbling on the edges and listening to the stars singing us lullabies.

As I reached for a jellybean meteor, a bell rang softly — the end-of-day bell. Our ships returned to class, our desks landing with a soft thud. I saw the astonished expression on my classmate's faces. I was amazed... My experience made me feel like I was in a dream. Mrs. Q winked. "Same time next year?"