

The Last Day by Tristan Zampelli

I was eight years old on the last day of school, the last day of kids making fun of me. During class, I was called to the front office. When I arrived, the principal said, "You are getting checked out early. Grab your things." I quickly went back to my classroom, gathered my stuff, said goodbye, and happily ran to meet my mom because I couldn't wait for my summer vacation to start. I looked for my mom's car, but a black limousine pulled up instead. A window rolled down, and inside were Van Gogh, Rembrandt, and Da Vinci. "Get in!" said Van Gogh. I was starstruck, but unsure if I should get in. They were not strangers to me, so I climbed inside. "Where are we going?" I asked. "To a school for only the best, young sir," said Da Vinci.

We pulled up at a huge two-story marble school, and Frank Sinatra and Martin Luther King were waiting outside. "Come, let us show you to your classroom," said Frank Sinatra. We walked down beautiful hallways, and on the way, I saw Gutenberg, the one who invented the printing press. Frank Sinatra mentioned that Gutenberg printed every single textbook in the school.

"Here's your classroom," said Frank Sinatra. When I opened the door, the kids inside smiled at me. They looked like they were my age and that we might have a lot in common. For once, I felt welcome in a classroom. As I sat down at a wooden desk with a blank composition book and fine-point lead pencil, I looked up to find our teacher, Albert Einstein, writing $E=mc^2$ on the board. "Can anyone explain this?" he said. One of the girls quickly started answering before I could even raise my hand. "Correct," said Albert Einstein.

The next class was art with Rembrandt. "We are going to paint self-portraits," he said. As I started painting, I noticed I had oxide blue, blood red, daisy yellow, blood orange, and grass green paint. I was inspired to paint myself wearing a fancy suit and straw hat, like Van Gogh. Rembrandt hung our masterpieces in the hallway afterwards, which felt great. Could this day be any better?

English class was next, and Roald Dahl was teaching. He told us to write anything we wanted and not worry about how wacky it sounds. We got to read our stories out loud, and everyone listened and complimented each other. Nobody was mean or rude. "Hey? Would you like to be friends?" said one of the boys. I accepted right away. It felt good to no longer feel alone with my interests.

The next thing I knew, I was waking up in the back seat of my mom's car. Had all this been a dream? My mom asked, "Did anything exciting happen on your last day?" I looked down and there on the seat was my self-portrait in the fancy suit and straw hat. I smiled.