

Julie Hanson

Swissed

I had inadvertently stepped on the heel of the girl in front of me and she had walked right out of her shoe. Which was to us hilarious, largely because it disturbed the solemnity of single file and made a daring little joke on the oft repeated phrase, *hands to yourselves*. Admittedly, we did giggle and bunch up, and I was singled out and put in front, making memory clearer. The plain beige linoleum, despite its stubborn scuff marks, gleamed. I so wanted to mock the walk of our teacher now that I'd been made an isolate, put in a category all of my own: neither teacher nor student now, but one wanting discipline. The cheese stands alone, I was feeling that. I could feel the little wind through the holes.