

Mr/Mrs. O: Alright class, settle down! Settle- ugh, I give up. Malcolm, would you be a dear?...

[MALCOLM MERELY WALKS TO THE FRONT OF THE CLASS AS EVERYONE SHUTS UP, CURIOUS. HE SITS BACK DOWN AND MR/MRS.O ADDRESSES THE CLASS.]

Mr/Mrs. O - Thank you.

Mr/Mrs. O: Now that you lot can finally listen, you all have a project this semester. It's a ten page research paper on one classical author of your choosing, due by the end of the month. I posted the information on our class page, so partner up with two of your classmates and get to work! [enthusiastically, then suddenly dry] And no, you cannot work alone and you cannot partner with students from other classes.

[MR/MRS. O SITS DOWN, PUTS THEIR FEET ON THEIR DESK AND GETS TO SCROLLING AWAY AT SOME RANDOM SOCIAL MEDIA, SIPPING ON A CUP OF COLD ESPRESSO AS KIDS CHATTER AND FORM GROUPS. WITHOUT LOOKING UP, SHE CATCHES A FEW STUDENTS TRYING TO GLANCE AT THE ANSWERS FOR THE NEXT QUIZ ON HER TEST.]

Mr/Mrs. O: I would suggest you boys sit back down before I have to give you automatic zeros on the vocabulary quiz.