

The Teacher

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Maraget and how she feels on the school subject

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1 - The Liar

Margaret waited in the lobby and watched the clock on the wall tick down the seconds in a minute. Margaret was a fowl woman with unlimited power over the lives of her students, her word was law and thusly she wasn't challenged, until now. "Ms. Andrews, come in, please." Margaret's heart skipped a beat when she was addressed, fear imposed itself onto her. She quickly stood up and almost ran after the instructor. She saw the look in Mrs. Minolta's eyes, they were disappointed and unbelieving. She stood in the door waiting for her teacher to address her.

"Sit," Mrs. Minolta ordered, "Now, why don't you tell me in your own words what happened." By this time Margaret was seated.

"Well, it started yesterday," she began, "and I was in my room, there was this sound outside."

"What kind of sound?" Her teacher was already looking dull.

"Like a big crash." She tried to recreate the sound but failed at the attempt.

"So it sounded like a dying whale?"

"More like, the crunch of plastic." She tried to smile but was shot down by the stern look given to her by Mrs. Minolta. "So... anyway, I... uh... went downstairs and heard my mother yelling."

"And..." the instructor was tapping her fingers on her desk expectantly.

"And I went outside to see what she was screaming about, and it turns out that the garbage man had backed into the garbage cans after he emptied them." She had stopped and seemed as if she had finished.

"This relates to the incident today how?"

Margaret looked at her in disbelief. "Well... My mother was out in her robe of course."

"And..."

"She was in her bathrobe and it is shorter... than most... and..." Margaret's voice trailed off and she looked down in shame.

"Was anyone else on the street?"

"Little, Jamie Miller," Margaret had venom in her voice.

"That wouldn't happen to be the little sister of Laura Miller, the one that you... well..." she smiled to herself.

"Let me guess, Laura heard from her little sis that your mother was scantily clad, yelling at the garbage man in the middle of the afternoon."

"Called her a slut." she whispered.

"So you were just defending the honor of your mother, and you hit Ms. Miller."

"Yes ma'am."

"Go back to the lobby"

Margaret made her way out the door back to her seat. The clock was still ticking away the moments. At the other end of the lobby sat Laura, a black eye and a cut lip, she was a pitiful sight. "Laura Miller," Mrs. Minolta called from in her office. Laura made her way past Margaret, making sure that she was outside a five foot radius around Margaret.