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QUEST- Social Studies
It's Not Fair

The Robots' Revolt

I walked into school on my fourth day of sixth grade thinking about how terrible sixth grade was. I loved elementary school. I got perfect grades, had excellent friends, and I had loose leaf paper to write on. In elementary school I got to play outside, and be creative.

This was my last wistful thought as I stepped into class to find that the teachers already had the students mindlessly clicking away on their iPads. That's when it hit me. I finally knew why I hated sixth grade! We're all robots, mindless robots. We have no time to have fun or be creative. We can't even stop making our eyes bleed and use paper for once. *This tyranny must be stopped*, I thought as I pulled my hair back and opened my notebook to think of another Brilliant Emma Idea!

By the end of my second hour class, I had completed my essay due tomorrow, separated salt and pepper, and come up with a brilliant plan. My plan was revolutionary, and completely amazing. It would take a lot of people, and a lot of guts. I have never broken a rule before, neither have any of my friends; but I know that this is a rule worth breaking. It would take a while to start the revolution of the robots, but I knew I could do it.

During my study hour I sat by my friends, and brought along with me the biggest rule breaker in our grade, Brian Russell. I told my friends of my plan, and how the school is a group of robots, and even they were too.

"Well, I don't know," said Julia, "it could ruin our perfect record. Although it would be nice to not ruin our health."

“Please! It could ruin our perfect record, but it could also get us what we want. If we stand up for what we believe in we could be heroes; like Rosa Parks, or Martin Luther King and so many others who changed the world. Maybe not as big of a scale, but we would still make a difference. What do you you guys think?”

“I’m in,” Julia stated.

“I’m in,” said Trenton.

Finally Bella, Neveah, and Carter all stated, “I’m in.”

“But how are we going to pull it off?” asked Bella.

“That’s why I’m here,” said Brian.

The next day during fourth hour a note was passed around in five classrooms, saying , “go outside when I do.” Then I sent an email that said, “now!” Suddenly, with my friends, Brian, and-of course- me in the lead, everyone got up from their seats and went outside. A few students carried big signs that said things like, “You take our recess: We make our own!” or “We have been reprogrammed to think for ourselves. Stop making us robots!” It was amazing. It was all my own clever idea. It was revolutionary, it was beautiful, and if it worked out in the long run- according to my research- it would make us smarter.

After about 15 minutes the teachers had gotten the crowd under control. That’s when my friends and I ended up in the principal's office. I didn’t mind. I knew that if I stood up for myself I wouldn’t get in too much trouble. But aside from Brian, who’s in this situation all the time, everyone else clearly did mind. They were squirming, sweating, twiddling with their thumbs, and looking down constantly.

"I'm rather surprised that this group of students would do something like this," Principal Leroy began, "I know that you have only been here for a week, but from what I've heard from your teachers, and read in your records you are excellent students. What was this about?"

"Principal Leroy," I piped up, "I mean no offense, but school has us sitting all day clicking away like a bunch of robots. If you couldn't tell from our signs, we want recess. We need a break to become more creative, better thinkers."

"I understand your concern, but it's just too difficult. We don't have enough time for recess."

"I know it's very difficult, but, with all do respect sir, maybe the school board needs to learn to think creatively too."

"Thank you Miss Emma. That will be enough. Get back to class"

"Well, that was a nice try guys, at least we got their attention," said Carter as we walked back to class.

"Yes, we did get their attention, and we haven't stopped yet. Wait until you see what I have planned for lunch tomorrow."

"Oh no," said Naveah. "What now?"

The next day I walked into school wearing my tap shoes with my patent-pending tap shoe covers on them so as not to make too much noise. I was so excited. This plan was even better than the last. Everyone else was as nervous as can be.

When lunch came I grabbed my lunch bag- with a microphone in it- and my water bottle. About 20 minutes into the lunch hour, I took off my tap shoe covers and stood up on the space of the table my friends had cleared for me. I said into the microphone, "They take away are recess

and make us all robots. They say we don't have enough time for it, so we'll make some. Take back your ability to think creatively and take this time as recess!"

The crowd applauded, I turned on the music and tap danced on the table. My friends danced too, as they promised they would, even though they're not the best dancers. Then the whole cafeteria began to dance. Everyone was smiling and laughing. Even if I didn't get the exact response from the school that I was looking for I had the most fun I had ever had in my life, and I had really truly started something. I had started a revolution.