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Origin: Short Story

Wake Up Call

 “Wake up Jesse!” my dad yelled, he was halfway through the room when he yelled at me to get up. It sounded like he was gasping for air like he just ran a marathon. You see, I’m just a relaxed farm animal who lives by the rooster’s crow. I’m a simple boy who lives in a simple way.

“Jesse put on your clothes.” my dad yelled.

“Uhg, fine,” I replied. I hate putting on my clothes, it’s so hard, I have to go through my dresser and decide what I have to wear? Just thinking about it gives me nightmares. After I got dressed, I went to school. My dad would say his usual,

 “I love you,” and I would typically respond with,

 “Okay,” and that's how I would start a regular school day. However, this day was different. Today was the day I would learn my first tremendous lesson of respect. On this lovely day there was a classmate, let's call him Harry. Well, Harry was always nice, but he always walked a little lopsided. Well, today was the day I pointed that out in front of the entire class. When the teacher called on Harry and he gave his response, I yelled,

 “Harry can sit well, but can’t walk well!!” I expected piles of laughter but received none, what I got in return was a special trip to the principal's office.

 “Jesse right?” Do you know why you’re here today? I had never been to the principal's office before, I thought only big bullies go to the principal's office, but I had to admit that I was scared of the principal.

 “Yes,” I whimpered.

 “Well, it looks like you might’ve called your friend Harry something mean, did you do that?” I just stood there silently, my eyes trying to dodge his, while my hands were together sweating. “Jesse, let me ask you this. If someone said something mean to you, and it hurt your feelings, would you like that?” I thought this was a trick question,

 “No” I replied.

 “Why?” Now I was really confused, why would I want someone to be mean to me, it doesn’t make sense. I don’t want to feel sad, so I responded,

 “Well, I don’t want anyone to be mean to me at all.”

 “Exactly!!” he yelled. At this point, I was confused more than ever. “Respect!” he yelled, “Respect is something that we give to others. We need to respect that you and I are not the same, me and your parents are not the same, and you and Harry are not the same. Keeping an open mind and seeing how someone else feels, rather than yourself, is something we should all live by.” he said proudly. When he calmed down he said, “Now, I want you to apologize to Harry when you go back to class and I’m going to tell your parents what happened. If there’s anything else, you are dismissed.” At this point I still didn’t understand what the principal was talking about with respect and keeping an open mind, it all sounded like a bunch of mumbo jumbo to me. Well, I guess he was right about apologizing though, I guess I’ll go apologize to Harry then.

After the scolding and lecturing, my parents told me to make it up to him. I guess they were right, but I had no idea how I was going to. After a long time of thinking, I decided to write a handwritten note, expressing how sorry I was for what happened today, in my head, I was thinking about what the principal said to me, “Dear Harry, if you are reading this then I’m so sorry for what happened today. I didn’t realize the effects of what I did, and that I should’ve regarded your feelings and never have said such a thing in the first place. I learned that we are all different and that I should respect that. Sorry again, Jesse.”

 The next morning, I woke up early and decided to brush my teeth, make my bed, and get dressed. By the time I was done, my father came in with his usual rooster wake-up call, but was it a sight to see, that I was all ready and prepared, where it was only yesterday when I would normally still be in bed during this time. It felt amazing to be ready this early, you feel a sense of accomplishment and how you got ready before Father told you to. During the car ride during school, my dad brought it up,

 “You got up and got ready earlier this time, what happened?”

 “I guess I just decided to change one day,” I replied.

 “Well, it’s very nice when I don’t have to wake you up every day,” he explained. I guess he did have a point. Why should he have to wake me up when I’m responsible for myself? I considered how he must’ve felt having to wake me up every day on top of the things he had to do in the morning.

 “From now on, I’ll wake myself up and get ready myself.” I declared. My father lit up with a smile on his face as soon as he heard those words. Once I reached the front of the school my father said,

 “Love you” I responded,

 “I love you too.”