

Lunch Room Antics

By Sunnith

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A series of vignettes that depict a small portion of my life through a lunchroom setting.

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1 - Introduction

School is tough. Lunchtime is freedom. If I wanted to, I could end this introduction on those two sentences alone. However, for the sake of FAC policy, I suppose I should continue. Last year, I began playing with the idea of recording the antics of our lunch table. We were a funny bunch and I wanted to preserve our actions in writing I wrote but one entry. It has been a year, so I thought it was about time to pick up where I left off.

The following (and upcoming) vignettes can be read in any order. They are not all based off of events from last year. Some are funny, some are sad, and some you will probably never understand. Be aware, there will be many allusions to Harry Potter for we are Harry Potter freaks. Ratings will vary from vignette to vignette depending on how crude our conversations are.

These stories are meant to be brief glimpses into the lives of a few of us struggling through high school. Enjoy. I will try to update often.

2 - LRA #1: Platform 3 3/8

Lunch Room Antics #1

Platform 3 3/8

Between lunch line three and lunch line four, there exists a mysterious portal embedded in a rather peculiar brick wall. Where this portal may lead, we do not know, however we are certain of its existence. How else could one explain the sudden apparition of flying French fries and bottle caps, or the occasional appearance of a short little man whom we will call S.A. Through hypotheses and extensive research, our lunch table hopes to discover exactly where this gateway leads, but for now, we shall identify this mystifying and perhaps dangerous portal as ``Platform 3 3/8".

3 - LRA #2: Butter

Lunch Room Antics #2

Butter

``There's butter on the ceiling." We all looked up in unison and lo' an behold, there they were; Perfect yellow squares precariously stuck to rough surface above our heads. We laughed. It was the only part of the cafeteria low enough for kids to vandalize by such means with out being noticed. I turned to my good friend Jen who sat directly beneath the mess and asked, ``I wonder how long it will take for the butter to fall?" Again we glanced upwards and laughed, but this time at the thought of gooey globs landing on Jen's head.

And so it became our ritual to look upon the ceiling as we took our seats at the lunch table to make sure our little yellow companions were still there.

The butter never did succumb to gravity's pull.

4 - LRA #3: Lauren

Lunch Room Antics #3

Lauren

The three of us had moved to a new lunch table. There were more people to talk to there. A couple days later though, a girl by the name of Lauren came up to my friend and said she was in her seat. I said to Lauren rather irritably, "Well, you haven't been sitting here." She retorted in an equally agitated tone, "Yeah, that's because I've been sick the past few days." That was the only thing I ever said to Lauren. I was never friends with her, or knew how funny she was, or how much she was loved by all her friends. A year and half later she killed herself and all I will remember was the only thing I ever said to her.

5 - LRA #4: Quiet Was He

Lunch Room Antics #4

A/N: PG13ish for a little crude-ness

Quiet Was He

See Shawn talk. See Shawn talk more. See Shawn stick foot in mouth. See Shawn run. Run Shawn run. There is a boy at our table by the name of Shawn whom likes to hear the sound of his voice. Sadly, this usually gets him in a spot of trouble with the ladies who sit around him. Yet, he continues to open his mouth anyways.

One particular Tuesday we happened onto rather odd topics: cup sizes and sagging breasts. More interesting than what the conversation was about, was that Shawn never once spoke. I'm not sure if he felt inadequate among the 40DDs or was ashamed to admit he could have man boobs. Either way, such an incident has yet to, and probably will never occur again.

6 - LRA #5: Mr S.A.

A/N: PG-13 for a little crudeness

Mr S.A.

It had been a week since the incident, yet I was still reeling with anger. My history teacher had accused me of plagiarism.

We were asked to write an essay in class, but you see, I'm terrible at composing words under a time limit. That was unfortunately made clear when I earned 1 out of 9 on my paper. Mr. Edery told us to take our essays home and re-write them. My new one was a considerable improvement; so much, in fact, that he didn't believe it was my own work.

"I'm an honors student," I thought to myself, "I don't fracking cheat." Within in a month I was out of that class.

He used to tell us that he taught honors/AP students because he would never become a college professor and we were the closes thing to that level. I never felt sorry for the man though. He was after all, an @\$\$ who cared more about his Masters Degree than his students. More often than not, he was absent from school. He did spawn many great new names for himself though: The Hobbit, emasculated Napoleon, Ernest Hemingway wannabe. But my favorite was created shortly after his accusation.

During lunch, my friends and I were making fun of Edery's high pitched pre-puberty boy-like voice; it was infamous, after all, and the butt of many jokes (the fact that he was short didn't help either).

I looked to Jen and asked, "What's another good name for him?" She looked at me in a pondering sort of way, squinted one eye, and proceeded to say, "Squeaky @\$\$."