

Graduation Day

Black Hawk High School's class of 2030 had never looked happier. They were finally leaving the place where they had been miserable for the last four years: the place where they had made the teachers and faculty equally unhappy. It could probably be said that this was the most underachieving class in Black Hawk's history, and the faculty of the school was more than happy to see these hellions leave.

Mr. Gerald had not attended any of the graduation meetings or the practices. His wife had been sick for the last month, and Gerald had decided to stay home and tend to her. The doctors had said it was just a little Strep throat, but it soon turned out to be something quite worse, a disease whose name was so long he couldn't even say it in one breath. But, she had recovered, and now he was doing his best to follow the other teachers as they proceeded across the torn up football field.

Gerald knew that the teachers were glad to let this class go, but he had not realized how happy they were. Ms. Washbakker was giggling like a school girl (her cat had been set on fire by Jeffery Banks), old Mr. Doroman had a smile stretching from ear to ear (Lisa Jenkins and Susan Fallow had gone into the teacher's bathroom and taken pictures of him, in hopes of blackmailing him for A's.) Even the usually serious and gloomy Mr. Faver had an almost malicious grin (What the combined efforts of the Varsity Basketball and Football team did to him and his car would best be left unsaid, but the car wouldn't run again, and unfortunately, neither would the now crippled Mr. Faver)

Mr. Gerald was no fan or admirer of anyone in this class. How could he be? The Valedictorian (Stacy Torrez) had a total GPA of 2.10, and she received that mainly because she told her male teachers she would file sexual harassment suits against them for unless she

received a passing grade. She had no evidence against them, but no teacher at Black Hawk could afford to go through such a lengthy legal dispute, even an unjustified one.

Still, Mr. Gerald did not hate these students. They were stupid, dangerous, and would most likely help in the downfall of their society, but they were kids, he thought, and maybe, just maybe . . . they could change.

Mr. Gerald noticed two teachers giving each other winks and grins. “What was so funny?” he wondered. Could getting rid of this class really be that exciting? Sure, the rotten apples were leaving this school, but they were still here. Some of them were going to screw around at the local community college, or venture out into the world, and . . . what would they do? These were the laziest, most useless teenagers on the planet. The only ones who had jobs were drug dealers. 70% of the class had criminal records! A few of them had even been accused of rape and manslaughter. All they were going to do when they got out of here was fuck, get high, and collect unemployment, so they could continue to do both of the former.

Even their parents despised them. PTA meetings usually consisted of 30 minutes of parents bitching to each other about what horrible thing their child had done that week, and then taking votes on costly new security measures. The mayor of the town refused to come to the graduation, in fear for his own safety.

All Mr. Gerald could conclude was that they’d at least be out of their hair soon. They were now approaching the area where the students sat. Dressed in their shaggy brown caps and gowns, the collection of graduates resembled an enormous pile of filth from a distance, with splashes of color from the occasional blue or yellow mohawk.

Gerald sensed that something was amiss. The teachers were not filing into their assigned seats, and were instead continuing up the bleachers, and out of the stadium. Mr. Gerald wanted

to say something, but then he remembered that he had missed the practices, and that this was probably some new way of entering into the stadium when the parents got here . . . wait. It was 4:00. The parents should have been here in droves by now. Why was the stadium empty? Mr. Gerald approached the end of the bleachers and stepped onto the pavement. The students were just sitting there in the setting sun, laughing, shouting, cussing, and throwing things at each other. They didn't even care or wonder about the low attendance to their own graduation. Mr. Gerald's curiosity could not be contained anymore. He turned to Mr. Faver, "Will, what's going on. Why are we going up here?"

Mr. Faver looked at him in bewilderment, "You wouldn't want us to be down THERE when it happens, would you? We need to be at a safe distance away, so we have the best seats in the house!" Mr. Faver's malicious grin managed to grow even larger.

Mr. Gerald had no idea what was going on. "Safe? Safe from . . ." The sound of a plane could be heard in the distance. The buzz of its engines began to crescendo.

Looking East, Mr. Gerald saw a dark green jet, flying low, and approaching the stadium. Images flashed through Mr. Gerald's mind, developing a plethora of possible meanings for this approaching flight. Wasn't that dark green the color used by the local air force? Oh my God . . .

Mr. Gerald could only gape wide eyed at the field of oblivious students. The jet was over them before its shadow was cast. No warning; no way of knowing what was about to happen to them. The hatch opened with a hollow creaking, and two egg-shaped objects dropped out.

The bombs seemed to float to the ground, but the students didn't move. Some of them stared at the plane with blank wonderment, while others continued playing stupid games, cussing, fighting, and making out. Mr. Gerald was staring directly at the condemned when the eggs of death hit. A flash of blazing light. There were no screams or cries for help. Just a

deafening roar which echoed throughout the stadium, followed by utter silence.

The teachers stared at the charred bones, scattered along the melted chairs. The gowns had been made from extra flammable material, at special request, and with no hesitation from the local town distributor (Michael Franco had thrown bricks in through his windows, and stolen the cash register.) Mr. Gerald heard the song of celebration burst out, not just from the teachers, but from all over. The town was enraptured; everyone ecstatic that the class of 2030 was cleanly obliterated. Joyous, because the little bastards were ashes and dust. Ecstatic that they would no longer have to walk through their town in fear of attack or abuse. Everyone was happy, except Mr. Gerald. The class of 2030 had finally given him a reason to hate them. He had stared directly at the explosion used to incinerate the student body, and could now see nothing. Their end had blinded him. They caused misery even in death.

Mr. Gerald sat cross-legged on the cold pavement, hoping that the little hellions had suffered.

The End