Then I got to thinking: “This is not only an old issue, but this magazine is written for and usually read by women.” Since my English teacher is a man, I could see no earthly reason why he would ever read the story. The fact that he was a bachelor prodded me on even more. After about two more minutes of deliberation, I recopied the story in my own handwriting, changing only the names of the characters.

Sled  
by Walter Milburn  
All the adventure of the night and snow lay before him: if only he could get out of the house....

Now I’m sitting in this auditorium seat. How can I possibly turn this in as my own work? The decision is weighing heavily upon my mind. I begin my journey through the endless corridors of the school.

“Beat Bears.” We played them last week. That sign ought to be taken down. It’s only taking up space now... Could I be put in jail?... The Miracle Worker. I hope this year the senior-class play is a more effective performance than it was last year... How could anyone ever know?... Jim got a new pair of shoes. It’s about time. His old ones were falling apart... Who would know? I’ll know. I haven’t stolen since I was eight... until now... This door needs a good job of lubrication and the glass isn’t exactly immaculate. My parents pay enough taxes. Why can’t things be kept in good condition?... If by some stroke of misfortune... but, no, what possible way?... Here’s Room 23. The “2” is almost one-quarter of a centimetre taller than the “3”... My seat, middle row, second from the back.

“Please pass in your stories.”

I don’t think I can.

“Well, Walter, isn’t yours completed? Your grade can’t take that.”

“What? Oh, I, I must have been daydreaming. Here it is.”

Well, I did it. I had to do it. If I failed English this semester, my parents would be more than mad. What’s done is done. He’ll never know the difference, and my parents will be happy.

“Now, class, I’d like to read this story to you. I told my aunt, who used to be an English teacher herself, about the assignment I gave, and she said that she had kept a story, written by one of her former pupils, on file because it is an excellent example of symbolism. The pupil is now a well-known author, and the story has been published.

“Sled,” by Thomas E. Adams. ‘All the adventure of the night and snow lay before him: if only he could get out of the house...’

1. Read and comprehend the material.
2. Understand the context of the story.
3. Reflect on the implications of the story.

Do THE RIGHT THING