

Ghost

by Arlene Tribbia

It would wander the hallways after the 3:45 bell, after the last class, after the students had all disappeared with the homework they'd never finish, the papers they'd forget to write, after Nate the janitor pushed his broom through the endless doorways, after all the teachers climbed back into their lives, there was a ghost whose silent footsteps floated softly through the classrooms, trailing soft reminders of green lawns and lavender, as it swept over the pages of Mr. White's history book on top of his desk, the one he always left open so the following morning he wouldn't forget where he left off in the shadowy story of wars and fat generals, their famous battles, the fall of cities and civilizations written to bore not only our most curious minds, but even the ghost, who had trouble believing all the names and dates and the important points of battle, so it slipped out the window after us, trickling secrets and whispering gossip in our ears about the prom king and queen, and how their love wouldn't stand the test of time or even last until next Saturday night.

