Description and Narration Essay

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The Wayward School

Most people have heard of unjust punishment in the school systems, but many have never truly experienced it first-hand. Unjust punishment, or in this case, undeserved punishment, was exactly what Charlotte Sophia from Little Orphan Lane got when she was sent to the newest school in town. Charlotte Sophia had lost her parents at a young age, and as she was orphaned, was at once sent to the only school that would board her. Over the days and weeks that she was there, at Hooten Manor, she began to see exactly how teacher favoritism worked. Charlotte Sophia, herself, was not a subject of the teacher’s favoritism, but instead, was the only one out of the class that seemed to lack any notice from the teacher at all. On Charlotte Sophia’s last day at Hooten Manor, she experienced the horrors of being the only unliked orphan, torturous acts not only from the students, but from the teacher also; these acts ultimately sent her running far away, never to return.

It was a cold, dreary and grey Thursday morning when the small group of girls that Charlotte Sophia roomed with began what would be the worst day of her life so far. Since Charlotte Sophia had transferred to the school in the middle of the year, she had to be put into one of the already full rooms of girls. This meant that she had no bed, only a pallet on the floor to comfort her at night. This morning, she was snuggled up among her scratchy covers trying to sleep until the breakfast bell when a bitingly cold sensation covered her body. The cold water that the other four girls had poured on top of Charlotte Sophia bit at her bare skin. Giggles and bits of conversation were all Charlotte Sophia could hear as she scrambled up out of her sopping blankets as fast as a cheetah running for its prey. “Look at her face!”
Charlotte Sophia could hear them say. They were laughing at their cruel joke; a joke that was taken out on the poor unwanted orphan girl. Charlotte Sophia was used to the cruelty of the other girls, but this morning’s prank had been the worst thing they had done to her yet.

Charlotte Sophia continued down to the mess hall for breakfast after drying off and dressing, but was not greeted any more welcome from the cooks than her bunk mates. The cooks loved most all of the girls in the school, and anyone could tell this. The cooks often gave extra portions of food to everyone that asked for it: everyone except Charlotte Sophia. They were also polite to all the girls except for poor Charlotte Sophia. When Charlotte Sophia would approach the line, the cooks would always snarl and grit their teeth. “Whadda ya want, brat?” they would say to her. She usually just pointed at the food in silence. This morning, she sulkily walked toward the line in anticipation and got her usual loud “Ain’t got nothing for you” taunt from the head cook. She just pointed at the grit-like mush and bacon. “Cant have no bacon girly; that’s for payin’ girls.” So, in despair, Charlotte Sophia took the shallow ladleful of grits and sat alone to finish her breakfast. Her day was now filled with not only physical torture, but emotional torture as well.

Charlotte Sophia headed to class, where she would experience her worst humiliation and torture of the day from the teacher, Ms. Pennypincher. Ms. Pennypincher was a sallow looking woman with glasses who always wore her hair in a tight bun. She was always very stern with the class, but took an especially cruel liking to Charlotte Sophia. She would often make Charlotte Sophia stay after class to wash the board or pound the erasers; she even once made Charlotte Sophia scrub the floor with a toothbrush! This day was no different. As Charlotte Sophia sat quietly reading her lesson, Ms. Pennypincher crept up like a demonic serpent and snapped at her. “Charlotte Sophia,” she said in a nasally voice, “wrong chapter; can’t have you reading the wrong chapter.” Ms. Pennypincher pulled Charlotte Sophia out of her desk by her hair and led her over to the corner of the classroom. There she
instructed Charlotte Sophia to stand on the rickety stool with her lesson book on top of her head. “Stay there until you can remember the right lesson,” Pennypincher sneered. This, of course, was some of the worst punishment she had ever received: not only was she being punished, but she was being punished for nothing because she had been on the right chapter! This was the last straw to Charlotte Sophia’s day; the last straw that led to her running away.

Overall, Charlotte Sophia had only endured these torturous acts for no longer than three weeks, but it was enough daily to kill her a little inside bits at a time. She had no friends at the school. Not only did her roommates not like her and do mean things to her, but the rest of the girls at the school also joined in the teasing on a regular basis. The cooks even pushed Charlotte Sophia into seclusion. Finally, where she should have gotten help from her teacher, she found nothing from Ms. Pennypincher but hatred and punishment. It was time for her to run, and Charlotte Sophia had had one of the worst days of her life to help push her along.