

GOOO

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LATE MORNING DREAMS!

It's 7:35, the drop off line is packed.
Cars swerve around cones and the concrete barriers while
students dodge oncoming traffic. *Are you serious?!*

Students scramble to grab ID's from backpacks, spilling notebooks
and pencils while Mr. Kirby smiles and waits patiently. *Do I even have it?*

We drag our feet to class with the rest of the late kids who
are also struggling to beat the bell. *AHHHHH!*

Over the morning announcements, thoughts of orange
chicken and a Rebel make it hard to focus. *mmmm...food...*

"Teach Me How to Dougie" blasts from
Mr. Bradford's speakers as we stampede
toward the front doors for lunch. *Watch out!*

We shift into reverse to the
sound of blaring car horns. *Wait, what?*

Did someone just get in an accident?
Don't ask us. (We don't get it either.) *Bruh why??*