

AS GOOD AS CAN BE

by William A. Glass

Excerpt

The side door gang rushes up the stairs to the top floor then down the hall to where a crowd has gathered outside the library. Inside, girls are standing on tables screaming like it's a Beatles concert. Several boys are chasing frogs. "There goes one," someone yells.

"Coming through! Move! Get out of my way!" Mr. Danforth calls, rudely elbowing his way past. As the vice principal rushes into the library, a kid corners a frog and brings his heel down. There's an explosion of blood and guts. "Stop that," Danforth shouts, grabbing the misguided youth by the elbow. The disciplinarian searches his mind for another approach but is distracted by higher-pitched screaming. It seems that an unmentionable part of the squashed frog landed on the leg of one of the girls. Now she, and her friends, have redoubled their vocal efforts. They're jumping up and down.

Danforth gazes toward heaven for a solution and through the open library window sees nothing but clear blue sky. Inspiration strikes. He looks down just as one of the little fellows hops by. Danforth grabs it, then hurls the vertebrate out of the window and into the pitiless void of oblivion.

Now that he has the hang of it, Danforth scampers around the library chasing frogs down and throwing them out. He's like a man possessed, and soon the entrance stairs and pavement below bear gruesome testimony to his murderous efficiency. After the last vestiges of the amphibian menace have been ejected, the library begins to calm down, and the spectators disperse.