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Adams-Friendship Short Story Contest  
July 21, 2021

### A Heavenly Taco

In fifth grade I wrote a story about a taco. This taco was just like any other taco I've ever eaten, but for some reason this particular one still sticks with me, to this day. A few months ago my fifth grade teacher, Mr. PilsI passed away unexpectedly, and when I pondered all of the memories I had in his class there were a few that shined brighter than the rest.

We had an assignment to write a short story about something happening in our life, and I thought and thought about what to write about. That day after the 3:15 school bell rang, I went to my grandma's house. My grandma is the classic grandma figure you watch in movies; she always has food for us to eat, crafts for us to make, and love for us to receive. Of course, she had tons of cookies too. I, of course, wanted to eat after being hungry all day due to the fact that I am a very picky eater who does not prefer to eat school food. I decided to make a taco. My tacos consist of a handful of lettuce followed by about a pound of cheese, all placed into a hard shell. That's right, no meat here. When I sat down on a cushioned metal chair in front of my grandma's round glass table, I speculated whether or not I could write a story about my dinner, but I thought; no that would be weird, my class would make fun of me for sure. Moments following I took a generous bite of my taco, and crumbs filled the paper plate below me. As one knows, the first bite of every meal is the make or break of sorts. It's either the best bite, or the bite that makes you drop it all into the trash can.

My taco was so enticing that I still remember the delight that filled my body after tasting the first bite, even seven years later. The original taste of that taco is what inspired my brightest

memory of Mr. PilsI. I bet at this point you're wondering why I, a seventeen year old, am writing yet another story about my delicious taco. And the answer is, I am telling this story again to show the significance that my silly taco writing holds in my heart.

After finishing two pleasant tacos, I decided I would write about it. I was a relatively regular fifth grader who of course got nervous presenting to the class, so reading my class a story about a taco definitely had my body shaking. To my surprise, the class enjoyed my story, but my teacher specifically loved it. Without my knowledge Mr. PilsI decided to recite my story to the middle school English teachers. Yes, my story about the "Best Taco Ever" was shared with other teachers in the school I would be attending a year later.

It may seem mindless to you that I am sharing a story about how happy I was when I had a delicious taco, but that feeling of instantaneous contentment was also how I felt being in Mr. PilsI's classroom every day. Each individual lesson that he taught my fifth grade class had a deeper context beyond it.

For instance, to encourage us to be motivated during math we played basketball jeopardy. This game taught us to be kind, competitive, and to be exceptional humans.

Mr.PilsI, just like the games he had us play, brought smiles to all of our ten year old faces. The way my mind as a fifth grader thought of my taco story is identical to how my mind as a, soon to be, Senior thought of Mr. PilsI. So this story is dedicated to the best taco I have ever eaten, and the happiness it brought me when my teacher shared it with others, but beyond that- just as my teacher always intended, this story has a second dedication; Mr. PilsI who is now reading this from Heaven, this one is for you as well.