

MY FIRST KNIGHTING

It was the morning of Comfy Clothes Day for Catholic Schools Week and I was scrambling to get ready. I put on my warm, comfy sweatpants and my favorite, fuzzy, blue sweatshirt. My mom poked her head in my room and politely asked, "Molly, please wear something red." I glared at her and was like, *seriously!* I could tell by the look on her face that she meant what she said about me wearing red. *It's Comfy Clothes Day*, I thought. *Shouldn't I wear whatever I want?* I guess not. I protested as nicely as I could and stayed in the outfit I originally planned.

My dad was in New York on a business trip for a few days, or so I thought. My dad wasn't in New York on a business trip. He was really at the Kelly Inn where the Vulcan Den was. While I thought he was in a business suit somewhere in New York, he was really wearing a red jumpsuit with black V's all over his face just a few miles away! Of course being an innocent little six-year-old, I had no idea of what was going on.

I remember being called up on stage, and although I didn't know why, I had a smile from ear to ear. My ponytail bounced back and forth as I sauntered to the stage. When I reached it, there was a guy in a red jumpsuit and mask waiting to greet me. He whispered, "Hi Molly," as he led me up the stairs. *Who was this guy and how did he know my name?* I don't know about you, but I was taught to never talk to strangers. As far I as knew, this guy could've been a stranger from Missouri! Who knew? Turned out I didn't have to worry, because it was really my dad's friend who was also a Vulcan. Before I knew it, my two sisters and my aunt were on stage with me! At this point I probably should've figured out something was going on, especially when I saw my mom standing right next to a guy with a video camera, but I still didn't have a clue.

I was asked to kneel on stage but honestly I didn't feel like kneeling, so I just sat there. My dad walked up to me and peeked through his mask. At that moment I recognized that he was a Vulcan. Right then and there I realized why mom had asked me to wear red. My dad put two pins on me, one was this special Flame pin and the other was the crew's pin. *Vulcanus Rex* walked back and forth, talking to people on stage and to the crowd. Finally he got to me and we talked a little, but I really wanted to see where this was going. He took out a sword and swiped it past my shoulders. As he did that he said, "You are now knighted the queen of the Kindergarten Corps." I was so excited to be knighted! I didn't really know what it meant to be knighted, but I thought as long as I got a plaque to prove it, all right!

After this whole experience I realized surprises can be great! They don't just have to be surprise birthday parties or a surprise present. They can be spending the entire year at parades and riding in a big, red fire truck! I always thought big scary guys in jumpsuits with masks didn't look that safe. I would never let them put a V on my face or let alone, be near me! I guess I've also learned I shouldn't judge things on what they look like. I now know Vulcans aren't scary and they are nice. I learned to love getting a V on my face and riding around on the fire truck, waving to everyone. The parades were and still are my favorite. If I wasn't on the fire truck, I was catching all the multi-colored beads and grabbing all the candy I possibly could. However, now that my dad is no longer a Vulcan, I'm just another girl standing in the crowd watching the floats go by.

Yet one thing that won't change, is the fact that I know if my dad says he's going on a "business trip" around Winter Carnival time, he probably isn't.

By Molly Hynes Grade 7

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