

Amazing! How did she know our names already?  
She shook each student's hand.

When it was my turn, she shook my hand and said, "Welcome, angel George."

Only my teachers call me George. My real name is Suds.

When we were all in our seats, Mrs. Simms gave us the biggest smile I've ever seen. I knew right away that we were the best class she ever had. I fired my best smile back at her.

She held out her arms. "Good morning, angels!"

"Good morning!" we shouted back. A boy beside me added "— teacher!" We all laughed.

"Are you the boss angel?" the same boy asked. Half of us were shocked and half laughed.

Mrs. Simms laughed. She thought about it. She nodded. "Yes, I guess you could say I'm the boss

angel. But, Joseph” — she turned to the board and wrote her name in big letters — “you can call me Mrs. Simms.”

Joseph nodded and looked across the aisle at me and said, “Cool.” I didn’t know him. I figured he must be new.

“All right,” said Mrs. Simms, “let’s talk about angels for a minute. You’ve been a baby and you’ve been a cat, and you know what they are. But what about angels? What’s an angel?” Her eyes swept over the class. Hands went up.

“A spirit,” said Raymond Venotti.

“A dead person with wings,” said Holly Briscoe.

“Big *white* wings!” Jeremy Muntz called out without raising his hand.

Judy Billings was sitting in front of me. (It was no accident. I had rushed to get the seat behind

her.) Her hand shot in the air. “Ouu . . . ouu . . .” she went.

“Yes, Judy?” said Mrs. Simms.

Judy stood even though the others didn’t. “Perfect in every way.” The way she said it, so sure, I got the impression she knew a couple of angels personally.

