Jennifer had a panicked look on her face. Her eyes were wide, her heart was racing, her breathing quickened, and her head turned left and right, and up and down rapidly. She lifted her backpack off the seat of her desk, checked in all of the pouches, looked under the chair, and all around the floor. She patted her pants pockets and squeezed the fabric of her sweatshirt. All the students in the class had made their way into the hallway upon hearing the dismissal bell. Her teacher, Mr. Johnson, walked over to where Jennifer was standing with a puzzled, worried look on her face.

“What’s the matter, Jennifer?”

“Mr. Johnson, I think somebody took my phone!”

Just then, Jennifer’s friend Ashley entered the room.

“Jennifer, what’s wrong? Aren’t you coming?”

“My phone! I can’t find my phone!” Jennifer complained.
“I have it,” Ashley reassured her friend. “Don’t you remember that you had asked me to charge it for you while I was in the Computer Lab?”

“Oh, yeah. Thanks.” Jennifer sighed, relieved to see her nearly new phone again. Mr. Johnson went back to his teacher’s desk to turn off the LCD projector.

“Look, I got your phone back up to eighty-seven percent charged,” Ashley said proudly.

“Thanks,” said Jennifer. Her heart and breathing were near normal again, and her voice had calmed, too.

Jennifer checked to see if she had received any text messages from her friends or her mom, and then tucked her phone carefully into her back pocket, making sure the headphone chord was coming out the top and wasn’t tangled. Jennifer and Ashley walked toward the door and said goodbye to Mr. Johnson who waved and smiled and returned to his work. He was not surprised by what had happened. It was a normal occurrence.