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My student thinks teachers should be armed. I play dumb, ask—*With a gun?* knowing full well what he means. *Yes, with a gun. Or guns! So more than one, even better,* I say. I can't help but like this student, who three days a week, at 8 AM, packs a lip and spits into an empty Coke can. On our first day of class he asked if *this* was ok, pointing to the red iconic label. *Yeah,* I said, *but if you spill it, I'm sure as hell not cleaning up your mess.* This student isn't an especially hard worker, but three times a week he shows up, and often that's enough. He makes his argument in a half-assed way; I'm only half-listening once I see other hands shoot up to rebut or agree with him. I haven't handled a gun since I was a boy. I held it so carefully then, like a glass filled to its lip. A gun is an enchantment—peace entrenched in war, the beauty in it only partially a promise of safety. I don't mention these half-baked ideas; this class isn't about me. Actually, I'm not always sure what it's about, *but what if guns were hideous or ridiculous looking?*—I offer. But also, and mostly: Who will you trust with your one small life?