

*“The question is—” Principal Plumpnut raised a finger to emphasize the point. “The question is, do we need an American Literature class? It may have served a purpose once,” he conceded for the sake of staff morale. He stuck out his lower lip in a see-what-I’m-saying look that had the distorted pucker of an awkward first kiss. “It’s not like when **we** went to school. The world has changed. The question is, do we need that old stuff when we got the new stuff?”*