Slow-motion school moment example: The lunch bag sat in front of me, and my stomach growled. I wondered, *If Mom accidentally gave me the tuna fish sandwich, what will I do for food? I don’t have money for a hot lunch.* I looked to my left. Stephen had his usual peanut butter sandwich. His mother hadn’t messed up. I looked to my right. Jack had his usual bologna sandwich, because Jack doesn’t like peanut butter. What was in my bag? I unfolded the brown paper once, then twice, and I leaned forward, squinting into the open bag. Beneath the napkin I could see the tin foil that my sandwich was wrapped in. I smelled inside the sack, but it smelled like a bag, not like peanut butter or fish. There was only one way to know for sure. I reached in, and the paper crinkled. I could feel the sweat forming on my brow as I unwrapped that foil. And there it was, the tell-tale smudge of peanut butter on an edge of the crust. I was safe. I would not go hungry today.