

# Max Reihardt

I was in shock. I couldn't believe my eyes. In my hands I held my sweatshirt, the same sweatshirt I had worn all year, but something was missing. That something was the left sleeve, and this unimaginable event started a new chapter of my 5th grade life.

The most immediate change, of course, was walking into class with a sleeveless jacket. Heads got turning. I was given a new name by one of my classmates. I was now "Sleeveless." That was game-changing. I had a real nickname now, something more than "Max."

Everyone wanted to know how it got ripped off. I was talking to everybody. Being the talk of the class felt pretty good, considering I wore the jacket like this for months.

This leads me to address the elephant in the room: Why didn't I just wear a different jacket? Truth be told, I liked the attention, to be honest. Who doesn't like attention?" It felt good to have something going on. I didn't have much going on in 5th grade and being the kid with only one jacket sleeve made me something of an icon. I was the kid with one sleeve who lived to tell the tale, and that made me feel special.



The sleeve was eventually sewn back on, bringing a close to my reign as the one-sleeve wonder, and I must say I was pretty sad. I remember that kid still called me "sleeveless" but it just wasn't the same. I had two sleeves again, but half the attention. Sure, I still had stuff to talk about, but things were a lot less interesting. I was given a taste of the famous life, and while I'm not mad that people stopped caring, it did show me how quickly something can live and die in the public eye.

