

T. Tieu

Mrs. Johnson, I studied the whole entire weekend for this math test. You know that math's not my favorite subject. I even cancelled my plans to go to the movies with my friends. But when the test came Brian next to me kept tapping his pencil, very loudly. All you heard was tap, tap, tap every three seconds. Then he started coughing while I was on the third question. But that was not the worst thing that happened Mrs. Johnson. Oh no, he then proceeded to tap his foot. That was the last straw I jumped out of my seat, smacked him across the face, and yelled "Why won't you shut up!" So you see Mrs. Johnson it was not my fault for slapping Brian across the face it was his fault for disturbing the peace.

T. Tieu

Get up, go to school, go home, do homework, and then go to bed. I repeat this cycle every day. I feel as though I'm a robot stuck in this schedule with no way out unless my creators, my parents, or someone else in charge like my teachers gives me the ok. I'm sick of living like this. Well if you can call that living. Where's the excitement? The fun? The danger? Well maybe not so much of the danger, but you get my point. When do I finally get to taste a little bit of what life is all about? When do I get to start living?

~~A. Johnson~~

Do you ever think about your future? Like where you want to go to college, or what you want to be when you grow up? Yeah, me either. I went to see my counselor the other day at school, because I wanted to change a few things in my schedule for next semester. When I sat down in her office, she continually asked me questions about my future. Guess what I said...nothing. I said nothing. I sat there and stared right into her eyes. As my hands were getting clammy all I was thinking about in my head was, "I'm 14 years old! How am I supposed to know what I want my life to be like in 10 years?"

S. Hyden

No Stacy, I promise we're getting married. I love him and he loves me. We're getting Married! Do you want to be my maid of honor? ...No, I know that I'm young. I get it, I'm only in the seventh grade but I promise we are getting married! You know what he did today? ...He let me wear his jacket in band class. And he winked at me from the front of the room and obviously I winked back, because I love him, except I can't really wink so I think he might have mistaken my wink for something being in my eye because he looked at me funny... but it's okay because it's true love. Anyways I'm going to look at wedding catalogues... what did you say Stacy?... I know, I know he hasn't asked me to be his girlfriend yet but we ARE getting married.

S. Hyden

Will you please just leave me alone... I don't care what people are calling me. Please just leave me be!... Oh yeah, I'm just perfect. My life is perfect! My parents are never home so I have to take care of my little siblings, I have to play mom. And when my parents finally come home I am kept up all night by them screaming at each other. So then I have to play mom again to keep my brothers and sisters from hearing the drama. So yeah, I'm sitting by myself at lunch because I'm a little exhausted so If you could please just Leave. Me. Alone.

## J. Stocking

Really? Do teachers even think before they give these assignments? I have one weekend to make an entire visual presentation about the Hundred Years War. That thing lasted a hundred years and you give THE WEEKEND to sum it up? Why not give me twenty minutes to write a paper on the history of the universe? I mean what's even the point? They say everything we learn is useful but it's not like my mom gets asked what the date of the Battle of Neville's Cross was when she goes to the bank. I think they do it because their lives are so depressing. That's definitely it, if they can't have fun on the weekend, no one can!

## I Stocking

So after years and years of begging, crying, whining, I finally, FINALLY got my mother to buy me a dog. A sweet little Beagle, cutest dog in the world... ..and I HATE HIM. I hate him with every fiber of my being It's been a week, and he's already chewed up half my sock drawer and eaten three of my homework assignments. I actually had to use the "Dog ate my homework" excuse the other day, except I wasn't lying! And as if his seemingly endless stomach wasn't bad enough, he has the world's loudest bark. It's not even a bark really, more like the sound of a screeching truck crashing into an orphanage. And it never lets up. I don't know how he doesn't run out of breath, but it drives me absolutely insane... ..I guess he's cute though... I mean that's something right?... right?

~~C. Drude~~

Why do people repeat childhood rhymes? They're so creepy. Rubba dub dub three men in a tub, **REALLY?!** There was a woman who swallowed a fly, I don't know why she swallowed a fly, *perhaps she'll die*. Are you not listening to what you're saying? For example what's the last things parents say to their kids before they go to sleep. Don't let the bedbugs bite. Now I have nightmares of getting eaten by bugs. Is it really that hard to come up with something original? I thought these stories should have a meaning. But, no! Parents, our parents, would rather torment our minds with rhymes from their sick twisted childhood. Well sleep tight and don't let the bed bugs bite...darn it!

K. Nemeth

I don't understand people. Why can't people just communicate with each other? Okay, context. So, I have these two friends who started dating at the beginning of this year, and I swear to God, I have become their couple's counselor! It's ridiculous! Whenever they have a fight, they'll both text me, AT THE SAME TIME, to complain about the fight they just had. Like seriously, can I just like...remove the middleman and pull myself out of the conversation and somehow...link their phones together? 'Cause seriously, they wouldn't be fighting in the first place if they'd just tell each other everything they tell me. They pour their hearts out to me, about how much they love the other person and don't want to be fighting, and I'm just sitting there like, "just freaking tell each other that! Why are you telling me?" I swear if they would just talk to one another...Man I just don't understand people.