

My take on high school

Business



**ASSIGN
BUSTER**

It feels as though the walls are closing in on me.

I feel as though I am suffocating in a world that is unknown to so many. My mind slips into a dream mode to escape the thought of my personal prison. I've had this dream before. I'm lying in a field with a light blue sky overhead. Somewhere, someone is blowing bubbles, and those bubbles float gently above me. As they rise higher they begin to pop.

As the final bubble pops, I am left with a grey world and a broken dream. This is my Jericho, and I'm waiting for the walls to fall down. A sudden noise jolts me from my stupor. There's a mumbling coming from the door to my "prison cell", at least that's what this room feels like. A man walks towards me holding a large syringe containing a substance that is foreign to my body. He says it is to help "cure my disorder".

I've been in this "mental institute" since I was 6... I'm now 15. They keep me locked up here because I am a danger to others without the proper treatment and that I am a risk that cannot be taken: these are just a couple of the excuses I have received. This has been my home for years and I know all who come and go inside this fortress. I let the man stab my frail arm with his "sword" and go back to daydreaming. I try to go back to my field but all I am left with is a blank mind and a poorly lit room.