

Intellect to the slaughter narrative essay

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BUSTER**

It's mundane. The whole bit. And it makes me feel like livestock.

Bell rings — get prodded into a room. Bell rings — herd out of a room. Bell rings — food. Three years spent waiting for the same murky windows promoting a false sense of freedom, the same poorly rendered paintings fading off the walls, the same ripple of feigned enthusiasm. And it's "only one more year," or so adults I barely know tell me, of soulless food and curriculum. Not to mention the threat of my attention span dwindling to a sinewy string of absolutely nothing.

And it's not a lie that I enjoy a class or two each year, don't get me wrong. But at the end of the day who can remember the writing and the creativity when a textbook has bludgeoned your brain to a feeble lump of meat? It's nothing new, this sense of violent boredom. In fact, I have come to expect it. At least I am never disappointed to find my head connected to the desk by a warm web of saliva halfway through Monday morning. I'll take my brain bloody as hell, please.