

The difference within us

Business



The waking up of teens and teachers on weekdays gives you a sense of timeless routine in a world where the routine is different every day. The tying of tennis shoes, to the sound of early morning practice on the track field.

The whistle-blowing three hours before school starts, giving a sense of purpose to the ears it has trained, then it is off to locker rooms to get ready for another day of learning. In order for a child to grow up with their own kind, they tend to retaliate against all social borders, giving no one a sense of normal, making it impossible to officially label a kid in a certain group, like the “ goth girl” being on the track team, or the “ nerd” playing baseball. Cheerleaders being in scholastic decathlons. The word normal doesn’t even exist except for the rotating bin on an axis that washes your clothes every day. This, my friend, is high school.

High school gives you a small sense of excitement, a small hopeful little light. The boys in trucks and clunky boots, striding through the hallways with a gate that is long and drawn out. The giggly clusters of girls standing in the hallway, talking about gossip and other juicy topics, like how hot a math teacher is. In all honesty, watching people go through that, it makes me realize how much we put ourselves through to be perfect. How much we fight with ourselves, internalizing a lot of problems. We fight so hard to have the perfect hair, makeup, clothes, job, life, and yet we do not always achieve what the celebrities have.

Being able to access money without a problem, never knowing the struggles of needing to save. The perception of something outside of the life we are born into is created by what we call dreams, and people try to follow their

dreams, some succeeding and others being stuck in a life of solitary confinement of what they thought they could escape. Watching people walk through the halls, those with money might have on Reeboks or Adidas, or Sporting brands from Nike to makeup like Kylie Jenner Lip Kits. Given the opportunity, kids get jobs, they have an income, and soon they learn what it's like to be a somebody in high school.

They jump in with the popular crowd, cliques gathering, like swarms of bees to a honey hive. Some people seem to think that High school is just school. The ones who have music in all the time because they hate socializing with others their age, thinking they will not get along. Some seem to believe that they can't control their temper so they do not go to school, while others tend to be shy and watch the world fade into a dark abyss. Then, there are the druggies.

The ones who cannot seem to get off the high of life so they have to take alternative substances to make sure they stay happy. The ones who have scars on their skin and fresh cuts from a serrated edge, thinking that it's their only friend in the world because no one sees how much they go through at home, or how much it takes for them to come to school in a short sleeve with a jacket, just so they don't come off as weird to their "friends" who don't even ask they are okay or if they want to talk about things, like friends do. I see a world of pain, a world of torment and ridicule against others and themselves. I see a strange awakening in the depths of the darkened classrooms, filled library, and creepy experiments. "High School is a place where spiders eat their young.

” as my mom said to me on my first day of freshman year. She, in all aspects, is right and I shall teach it to the generation after me. A high school is a place where teens are outed, gays start showing, girls start changing, hormones rage multiple times in one day and yet, here we sit in a classroom filled with the knowledge of the generations before us, giving us the opportunity to try and find our passions, our wants, and desires. But sadly, we are too daft and or too proud to admit when something goes wrong in our lives. We lose sight as to what is important in our lives, what matters most to us because we are too busy trying to impress the people sitting next to us for one hour comparing lifetimes of wanting, having, and regretting. We need to realize that it’s not anybody else that will get us out of bed in the morning when we are alone, in an apartment with a cat.

It is ourselves, our determination, our motivation to do good, that will keep us going. Our motivation for money to spend on ourselves, to spend on others who need or want it most. You never know what to expect from others, sitting around you. So look up from your phones, your televisions, take out your music. Look. Because this day, the one you’re currently fighting to forget, could inspire you to do something greater.

To want something greater than to be a jock or a cheerleader. It could give you something to look forward to, and you would never know unless you absolutely tried your hardest, every day, without a doubt. Try.