

Devils that walk

Business



**ASSIGN
BUSTER**

A typical American school has the usual crowd: the Goths in their own dark corner, the geeks that play chess and instruments, the obnoxious wanna-bes that roam the school, and...the populars. Of course, you could be one of Them, if you know what I mean.

They, who laugh at others. They, who eye the competition. They—who challenge all who break the social ladder. You could be one of Them. I'm just saying. But, if you're not, this is for you.

Because everyday, when you walk into school, you think, " Oh, it's that crowd, let me hide behind you." Shift your position into a sort of " cool" gait, bend your head slightly as They pass you, clenching your teeth at the words, " It's not fair". Yes, admit it. It's true. You do want to be Them, the golden faces that mock the underlings.

So what is it that we, the ones who are pushed aside, do to make Them feel invincible? We don't speak up; that's for sure. We think that everything is the way it is, and changing will only make us humiliated and shamed that we'd ever even thought about ideas like that in the first place. They only want the latest styles in clothes, the crazy plans that get them the attention that They live for. They only care for themselves, wondering whether that today, the next day, maybe next week, their popularity dies down and the newfound Populars jump in and laugh at them. They, who scorn others, are ignorant of the world.

Even those beyond college find themselves behind a glass with no way out. They don't understand how feelings work, nor do they understand the harsh reality of a horror unmentionable. Because They, who once mocked others

for differences, They, who laugh at the mention of underlings, will never feel truly alive to know what it is. Somehow, we, the “untouchable” in the social class, let Them have their way. Why? Because we are too afraid of what might happen if the Change was far too great.

Laughs about the complete failure ring in our ears the moment we hear these words, so we keep them hidden, locked away in a part of us that doesn't exist. Now, you try listening for once, You be the master of your own little game. Because the games start from nowhere, come at you from anywhere. I can only imagine what You will get when You are pulled into Them, where nothing, nothing is ever real. They only listen to what people say, trying always, desperately trying, to not stand out. They take the phone and call for parties, sleep-overs, and dress-ups, pretending that they aren't desperate, no, but only want their own little “fun”.

We are always suckers and kiss-ups to them, playing their little game. The responsible adult is in view—They turn to no one, but act as though we, the underlings, are equal to them. The moment a back is turned, someone, somewhere, gets stabbed and left bleeding to the elements. Why do we do that? You may ask that question, but the simple answer is: Embarrassment is far too much a big of a price to pay for a little sample of bravery. For we, the ones who understand that nothing is ever right, think that the social ladder will always, ever always, be That Way.

I must say, that They are far too blind, far too hypocritical, to ever think for themselves. I am one of the Underlings, who think and think about this little jam on toast. We all know what is right; now we must act out the play. To do

it, a costume-maker is needed, a shield against Them. The maker will be a hole to Them, while you, You, who sits there, pulls away from this disaster.

We will be free from this place, from Them, the Devils that Walk.