

School protest

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Hate's a strong word, sure.

It can bruise and slash in accord to who wields it. Public school is who I swing at today. Every morning I am loath to hold my head up through the drama, the horrible fluorescent lights might as well be a spotlight on it. It used to give me anxiety, now it simply repulses me. It saddens me to think of those wonderful teachers and administrators who try so hard to do their job and keep us happy.

How tired must they be of constantly imploring us to shirk our apathy so we may fly like birds. They graciously encourage an open environment where maybe we could talk and laugh like family if we cared to do so. They provide alternative project templates so we aren't stuck with our noses in essays forever. I paste on a smile that doesn't reach my eyes, attempting to confirm relief or happiness even though all I can think is that I must choose something and be happy even though it is also a dozen other people's' unique project. It's not real difference. It's still cookie cutter just with a few more shapes of cookie.

“ Supercalifragilisticexpialidocious”: Why can't my words cali superior in their fragilness, dealt in strong doses of ballistic power. Shattering glass expertly in our narrow alley. Why can't I use my own notation and flow, or lack there of, to get my point across in my unique way? Like everything else in life, it's not all bad. I mean it certainly does teach us. Aside from teaching us the steps to factor a pointless equation, we learn how to feel “ comfortable being uncomfortable”. Our learning environment is a pain we learn to accept.

I wonder if Prometheus' punishment eventually became comforting to him. I wonder if there was solace in knowing his liver would be torn out exactly how it was yesterday and how it will be for the rest of time. I wonder if William Shakespeare would scorn at the way we use proper spelling for everything when he easily twisted words to his will. His words make up a large portion of our language, it would shock you if you were to look up just how many with trustyGoogle. I wonder what you think of me as I use rhetoric questioning, allusion, somewhat proper grammar, anaphora, persuasive language and – don't forget – great big high school words.

Of course, I owe all these snippets of knowledge to my education. If there is a double standard here, that's yours to interpret. Due to the fact that succinct words tend to be more poignant and that there certainly is such a thing as too many rhetorical questions, I will conclude. As I leave you now, please understand that if any of you ask me right now to shut up and be grateful for the education I have been given then I will certainly do so. However, if you ask me to speak against the horrible pain we all resolve ourselves to endure, I will certainly do that too.