

Dress code violations

Business



I am a female just on the cusp of turning 18. I have spent my years as a minor being regarded as a sex symbol by the public school system in my town.

I have been taught that my body is something to be ashamed of, and that I should cover up on school grounds to save the members of the opposite sex of the distraction my bare skin might cause. There are 180 days of each year where I cannot wear a tank top without some sort of sweater or cover-up over it. In the eyes of the public school system, my shoulders are deemed a distraction for the boys in my class. I was completely unaware before this was pointed out to me that shoulder fetishes were so common among adolescent males. I can only imagine the fantasies my shoulders might elicit if I dared to leave them uncovered in the classroom.

I only wish the boys had to cover up as well. When I see a guy with his shoulders showing, I suddenly can't think straight. AP Literature suddenly means nothing to me. All I can think about are those shoulders that I didn't even know existed underneath his sweatshirt. I find myself carelessly casting aside my school issued copy of Macbeth in favor of tracing that curve from scapula to humerus with my eyes. If only I could see his collar bones too – only then would my most inner desires be fulfilled.

I must admit, sometimes I find it hard to control myself when I see his Adam's Apple moving as he speaks about the witches' final prophecy. Only a king should deserve to look upon such forbidden fruit. I can't seem to find it in myself to care about tomorrow and tomorrow and tomorrow when I have such a gorgeous view of the thyroid cartilage surrounding his larynx. It will

only be when guys are forced to wear turtle necks when I can finally focus on whether or not Malcolm will be a good ruler. I mustn't dare get myself started on his knee caps.

Such a delectable joint should not be allowed to go uncovered in the classroom. I can't help but wonder how well my hand might fit over his patella. From what I can see, I think we'd make a pretty nice fit. I cannot be expected to think with something so glorious sitting uncovered only a few feet away. Most days I can see the top of his sock above his sneaker.

It's incredibly scandalous how he manages to get away with that every single day. I believe the female teachers are simply too embarrassed to bring up the fact that his socks are showing. He seems so oblivious to the fact; it's almost as if he doesn't realize the effect his socks might have on the other girls in the room. Sometimes he doesn't go the traditional route of plain white socks. Why just yesterday I saw a pair of black ones, and last week he was even sporting a neon green pair.

I have no idea what I was being lectured on that day; I was too busy trying to commit every fiber of material into my memory for later retrieval. With all of these sexual distractions surrounding me day in and day out, how on earth am I to be expected to actually learn in this environment? The way my male classmates are dressed, one might mistake the school as a site for an adult film shoot. I personally can't blame them. I know just how hard it can be to resist pulling that sock just a little lower down to expose some ankle bone. I can only pray that in the future the dress code will be more strictly enforced so that other females at the peak of their sexual development do not have to

deal with the same kind of torture I have had to endure throughout my years in the public school system.