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**ASSIGN
BUSTER**

Giving off an accolade of angst; those tall, shady adults, standing on their pedestals with false bravado and real boondoggle, those peevish philistine. I personally have no real hatred for them; why should I though? Is it just because these ubiquitous beings prey on us untenable adolescents, ostracizing us as dickens; or for their finagle ways? We shouldn't be acrimonious, but they Svengali us students. Every day I pass the ledge where the crows nest, I notice their sharp thick sight circling us, yet they're oblivious to the bold ones of us that stare back. To look is to share a gaze with a statue; I never look back, but then again who does? What do they do? Hang for 55 minutes to interrupt the mere 7-8 minute passing period, or chill until the rare event called lunch occurs, an obvious panacea to them.

The infinite black tunnel in the sunglasses they all seem to sport happen to give a sour look to your own altered reflection as they dress code you, or maybe ask to see your pass. There really is no problem going through the school days never crossing paths with them; the issue lies in humanizing them. Is it true to judge that their character is unaffected by their job, or is labeling wrong? There are never blank people, it seems as though everyone is labeled, it is as though you know who a person is without having a single second of interaction with them. The same goes with teachers and even that cashier that everyone claims to be psychotic, and it's true, I don't know; maybe she is psychotic, but until the day my overzealous self judges her, I don't know. I'm not a great judge of character, but I'm not unsusceptible to influence.

So they were just pesky philistine, alert and ready to pounce upon us highly suspecting students; until the lurid day I dropped my pen and I looked up to see a smiling, considerate human being.