

It's a beautiful
monday

[Business](#)



**ASSIGN
BUSTER**

Beep... Beep... Beep... Beep... Click. 6: 00 AM.

Great, a Monday. Twenty minutes later of click the snooze button, and a series of angry yells, I hopped out of my bed, walked down to the kitchen, and looked forward to the exciting day ahead- fulfilled with nine hours of school, two hours of athletics, and two more of the beloved homework- then off to bed at midnight for a hearty six hours of sleep. (Although at this time I was too tired to remember how bad the day would be.) There should be a law against Mondays. Yes, Mondays.

If I were to take an educated guess, the top cause of suicide is probably Mondays. I'm almost positive that this is not only me, but the world around me. Everywhere I go it seems that people couldn't be happier that it's a Monday, hence why they look stressed, rugged, and miserable. The waffles on the table were already cold, and with my early morning hand to eye contact, I managed to make a sticky mess with the Aunt Jamama's. So far so good. In some ungodly way I made it back to my room in one piece, where then I crashed and burned for about ten more minutes.

Yippee do, six hours AND ten minutes of sleep. 7: 00 o'clock. Boy would my sister be happy when I was a minute late for departure time. There it was, 7: 06, and tensions were already high. Somehow I hopped into the car where I was left to trudge literally across the high school campus to get to the one class I took there. At this time the world had probably noticed that it was another miserable Monday, but only about half way through the day would they wish they were dead.

After an hour of geometry, I was transferred back to the Middle School, or as some people may call it, the holding cell. After three boring hours of core classes and a bite of lunch- rather Monday mush- this fresh start of a week wasn't shining any brighter. I walked into the dungeon where the study hall Nazis ruled, sat into one of the identical tight desks, and braced myself for the enjoyable hour and a half of straight silence. By now, I think you can guess what most are thinking. Just pull the trigger and let it be over with.

But of course no one did. And as I stared at the wall in agony I knew it wouldn't get much worse. But I was wrong, it did. About now it was almost 38 degrees Fahrenheit, and I knew the long walk wouldn't be a pleasure. The next hours were the longest, and no one was least bit of ready for it.

What a waste, why does anyone even bother coming on a MONDAY. 3, 2, 1... Ring! Finally, it couldn't have taken any longer. A loud noise of books being picked up, zippers being zipped, and the screeches of chairs indicated it was 3: 45, and it didn't seem the world could wait any longer. It's hard to believe that this hatred of Mondays has probably been around for awhile, and no one has thought of any possibility of fixing it. And they say they were geniuses. Anyhow, Monday was over, and soon enough it'd be here again.

Better make use to Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Thursdays, Fridays, Saturdays, and Sundays before it is too late.