

Classmates

Business



The day to day grind of the school year is bland and repetitive; and has a tendency to wear you out after its constant – well, consistency. No, no just stop. I don't care that you have an essay due tomorrow. Guess what? You go to a school that 2000 other kids go to, do you think they complain about school, how school won't end for another half year? Ok maybe they do. Never mind, look past that, just know that some of these 2000 odd kids will be stuck into the same classes as you and all vary in personality and character.

Now look here buddy, yeah I read your Facebook status that you posted. Ok so apparently you hate people and you also claim that half your school's population irritate you and the other half are boring. That's your opinion, I'm not hating, I'm just trying to tell you that you're going to have to go to school for a really long time and the best bet you have of actually enjoying your high school years, is to deal with these such people. Go on, make some friends. I promise you that there are some nice, cool people out there, it might end up beneficial, yeah you're getting the hang of it.

Oh, but wait don't associate with them. Why? Oh you'll find out real soon. Even if you try to meet everyone in the class there are always those kids that you never quite knew, kind of just in the background. Don't worry about it, you're going to do fine. So uh, go get 'em tiger! A wise man once said "Make it a good day, or not" as if we had a choice. What he doesn't know is that there are some people out there that can't seem to give any consideration to your mental stability and/or the health of your hair.

They will be the reason you didn't know a paper was due tomorrow and the reason you've lost faith in mankind. I like to call these such classmates, the vermin of society, Mosquitos. These types of people should be avoided at all cost, however too many of us good, sane people fall prey to their lust for blood. How this happens? Well, it all starts at the beginning of a school year where you try to get to know everyone in your class. You meet a peculiar breed of human, one that doesn't quite know what personal space is, or how to sense irritation.

They lure you into a trap by disguising themselves as a normal human being. If you take the bait and actually talk to them, you're done. After they've been bugging you for a few weeks you start to get annoyed and attempt to swat them away. They back off and give you some room! Relief! Finally you can start to do some producti – wait it's only been a day and they're already back! You think about telling them how it really is, how you don't actually view them as a friend or even a person, rather as a monster. The words are practically out of your mouth before you think about the consequences.

Telling them you don't want them around would probably provoke them to do something extreme in a way to try to win your attention again. Attention. Attention is what they're lacking, you need to find somebody to talk to them! Scanning around the room you see a prime candidate! You walk over there with the Mosquito practically on your back and introduce the Mosquito to the poor guy who's going to have to have to deal with him for the next couple weeks as you excuse yourself to “ go to the bathroom”. As you joyfully skip into your classroom glad, that the Mosquito is gone you see a couple of papers on your desk. When you sit down, the Beaver greets you and

proceeds to talk about what the class will be doing today and helps you fill in your planner with homework that is due within the week.

They remind you of the language arts essay you have to do by tomorrow! You totally forgot about that and as you thank your friend you think to yourself what might have happened if you weren't acquainted with the Beaver. Like the furry water creatures these classmates tend to help you out with school and help "build" your grade up as a beaver would build a dam. The Beaver is kind and beneficial and you could not even imagine how bad your grade would be without them. Whenever the teacher tells you that you may work with a partner, you immediately start to gravitate over to the Beaver because you know that they will never let you down. The Beaver is always working hard on whatever seems to be on their mind. They work, they help and they sleep.

Although the two of you only talk to each other at school, you know for a fact that getting to know them has only been symbiotic. It's the last period of the school day and you feel like a zombie. Right before your head slams into your desk you hear the Cricket. You wake up to the whole class erupting in laughter. Remembering that this is 7th period you automatically know who caused this disturbance. It is the Cricket.

The Cricket chatters, the Cricket is distant, the Cricket is unknown. The students classified as Crickets have an air of mystery surrounding them. You always hear them talking in class but can't ever seem to locate where the voice is coming from. You know that it is far away and possibly all the way

across the classroom. You laugh at one of their remarks and think of having the Cricket in a class is a blessing.

Many good times are to be had in this class. Your head is pounding. It's been a week since that day and you have a headache after dealing with the stressful school day and just want to go home. The Cricket's constant chirping is starting to drive you crazy. You just want to grab a flyswatter and smash them into the ground but again, you can't seem to find them. As much as you want to go around and try to shut them up, you just know that your attempt will only prove to be futile.

As the pounding increases in rate and the thump becomes even louder you cover yourself in misery and thank the heavens that you only have to deal with this for one hour. The school day accounts for a very little amount of stress in an average high schooler's life. Just a little. Ok just kidding, school gives kids all over the world problems on a day-to-day basis and it's just something we have to fight through, but the people that surround you every day in class can make a huge difference in whether a normally unpleasant day can turn and become a fond memory or transform into a strand of memory you might want to blot out of your mind. Throughout our entire lives students have had to coexist alongside others trying to receive (or blow off) an education.

It is important to try to locate fellow classmates that can make your days bearable or even fun so the grind becomes less bland and turns into a memory you would like to reminisce on.