

An open letter to the annoying uses of pens

[Business](#)



An open letter to the students who pretend their pens are drumsticks and tap their desks with them as if it's a drum. It's not.

Imagine my discomfort of sitting in a hot classroom with no air conditioning and struggling to stay focused when all of a sudden, you hear this loud, obnoxious sound from the person sitting next to you. You try to ignore it, focus on the properties of parallelograms that you will never use in your life but learn anyway, but the deafening sound of the tapping only becomes louder and louder as it begins to invade all my thoughts about parallelograms and the purgatory I call geometry. Not that I liked having complex thoughts of geometry in my mind, but when I'm having these thoughts during a test I would like some peace and quiet. I just want to shout on top of my lungs and say " BE QUIET, THIS IS NOT BAND!!" But unfortunately I wouldn't be able to do that since I was taking the stupid test. So I did what I could, I thought about happy things. " I am not going to grab his pens and throw it across the room" kept repeating in my mind.

But he kept tapping that stupid pen. What's even worse was that he was unaware of his tapping. I wanted to run to his desk and slam my hand against the table and watch his startled expression as he finally stops tapping. I started fantasizing situations in which I went up to him broke his pen and saw the the ink flowing down his face. What bothered me the most about this situation was that no one else seemed to be bothered by that horrendous sound .

Everyone else was writing furiously as if it was a matter of life and death. Maybe they considered the " music" produced by the " drummer" as

motivational music to finish the geometry test to the best of their ability. The “ drummer” himself didn’t seem concerned about geometry since he already handed in the test 10 minutes ago. Finally after 15 minutes of torture, the teacher went up to the “ drummer” and told him to stop. I wonder what important business the teacher had to do that kept him from walking 2 steps toward the student.

After the bell ring, my anger remained the same as I glared at my enemy. This was my chance to get revenge, show him what it’s like to live in sheer agony for the past 15 minutes. Each step I took towards him was filled with hatred and a mind full of vengeance. The whole world suddenly disappeared leaving behind me and the “ drummer”. I was getting closer and closer and CLOSER.

As I aimed to strike him with my weapon(aka pencil), I suddenly snatched a tissue out the tissue box that was next to him and walked out the classroom.