

Invisible air condition

Business



Sweaty desks and slippery pencils are for sure the best part of everyone's school year. My high school in Franklin Lakes, NJ is listed under the top 25 best high schools in New Jersey, famously known for stressing the opinion that football beats the schoolwork. With so much money, this school doesn't think twice before hiring the best coaches and teachers to keep up their reputation. You'd expect a rich, snobby school to be up to date with the tiniest itch but that isn't the case here.

This school can afford thousand dollar laptops, an overstuffed library and have course the top shelf invisible air conditioning system. What could be more delightful than being greeted by humid hallways? Definitely, freshmen know they're going the right way once they sense the heat in their direction. For instance, the World Language wing is a popular heatstroke destination. "It would be a miracle if I don't get a heatstroke by the end of this school year," claimed Rachel when speaking of her Italian classroom. She vigorously gulps down the last few drops of her water bottle after stating her worries. However; Rachel wasn't the only student to complain about the heat.

"I sweat more in Spanish than in gym," whined Billy after leaving his Spanish classroom. This is how a classic day goes in the World Language classrooms: The humid air gives a mischievous grin as it watches its victims enter the room. Every student knows that there is no escaping once the wooden door slams shut. After the door closes, the humid air fills the room suffocating every student in its reach with thick hot air. The dense air greets its beloved students by squeezing them all into a snug hug. But not a warm cuddly hug that you'd expect. This hug is more like a snake that wraps around your body to suck your blood clean.

Instantly, the air turns hands sweaty without moving a muscle. You might as well imagine yourself walking around the deserts of Africa. “ I might as well run barefoot in the Sahara Desert,” complained Adam, a freshman. For sure, it’s shocking that there isn’t red sand and snakes occupying the halls. No doubt, the rooms would make a great desert animal site for the zoo one day. The temperature would surely satisfy any desert creature inhabiting the room.

In certain cases, every student’s eyes are glued to the tiny fan in the front of the room. They anxiously count the seconds for the small machine to blow a whiff of air to their direction. The students then hold on to the fan’s wind and cherish it as the non-existent air-conditioning spreads evenly across the room. Frustrated, the student wipe off the sweat gathered on their foreheads with the sleeve of their Vineyard Vines shirts. They then type in their passwords on the sticky and warm keyboard to unlock their expensive mac book air. The students later reach into their designer bags for their second water bottle that they had purchased that day.

They ignore their teacher’s rambling and daydream the feeling of cool air on their skin. Desperately, the heat victims count the millisecond for the ring of the bell so they could expose fresh cool air into their lungs. Once the bell rings, the sweaty bodies clog the doorway in attempt to emerge into the halls at once. The cool air surrounds them and their sweaty hands and bodies feel blessed by the breeze flowing through the halls. Every student becomes thankful for the air-conditioned halls that they had desired for over 40 minutes.

From this period forward, the students praise the slightest wind. However, in 24 hours the cycle would repeat and they will once again be faced with the boiling classrooms. If you're looking for a free trip to a desert then the world language wing is the perfect place to be.