

How are you?

Business



“ Good morning, class! How are you?” Frustrated.

No one else put forth any effort whatsoever on the group project you assigned (you say you do that to foster collaboration but I know it’s just because you don’t want to grade twice as many posters), and since I actually care about my schoolwork I had to do the entire thing. Exhausted. Because of all that stupid typing, printing, cutting, and pasting, I got three and a half hours of sleep last night. Starving. I had to choose between eating breakfast and labeling all the pictures, and my delirious brain decided to go on an empty stomach. Confused.

Exactly how did this project help me learn anything? Terrified. Let me remind you what it’s like to be silently, ruthlessly judged for seven hours straight five days a week. Lonely. I desperately want to connect with people, but it seems all I can do is push them away. Silenced.

Everyone expects me to listen to their petty problems, but as soon as I open my mouth they turn their backs. Nauseous. I can smell today’s cafeteria delight from here, and it is not going to be pretty. Uncomfortable. Skinny jeans are seriously the worst.

Fed up. All anyone can talk about is the latest filter on SnapChat or Vine video on Instagram. Disconnected. I never thought not having an iPhone would be synonymous with not having a social life. Worried.

I think my vision is getting worse from staring at various small screens for so long. Freezing. It’s February and it’s freaking cold outside, so would you mind shutting your “ fresh air” source? Jealous. Everybody else seems to have a

grip on who they are and where they're going and how to love life, but here I am first period on a Monday morning wishing it was the weekend already. “I'm good, how are you?”