

# How to tell a true high school story narrative essay

[Business](#)



**ASSIGN  
BUSTER**

Hallways. Every high school has them and that is where most of the s\*\*\* happens.

Even if you're only in them for five minutes between classes, a lot can happen in five minutes. Within 30 seconds, you will have already heard about three guys say "suck my dick" to no one in particular and the word "f\*\*\*" about twenty times. So that's high school, the place where humanity goes to die. A true high school story is never actually about school. It's about personal feelings and emotions.

In order to tell a true high school story, you need to have lived it. It needs to be blurry, out of order, when you can't tell if it really happened or you just subconsciously added it in when you were trying to tell it to someone. The bell rings. I put my folder and notebook away and try to leave the room without falling over desks and chairs. I exit the classroom and enter the sea of people moving in every direction. Sometimes it's difficult to know when to jump in, if I'll swim or drown.

The truth is, everything looks much faster on the outside because once you're in, everyone walks painfully slow as if they have no place to be and no purpose in life. If I had laser vision eyes, there would be so many people with holes burned into the back of their skull because of me trying to will them to go faster. It never works. I used to just walk behind them patiently until I could find a way around them or there was a lull in the oncoming traffic from the other side of the hall. Now that I'm older, I've grown impatient and have progressed to pushing my way through people if necessary and nearly

screaming and cursing at people to move faster because I actually have somewhere to be.

I try to be as nice as possible, but that's difficult when their slowness causes me physical pain. I say, " sorry" and " scuse me" as I push through, but in my head and under my breath I say, " get out of my way" or " I seriously hate everyone here" or " why are there so many people in this f\*\*\*ing hallway?" or " Ya'll need to move. Now." I've realized that I curse a lot more now than I ever did in the past. A true high school story is lonely.

It's full of fake smiles and uncomfortable eye contact and hallways full of people never taking the time to learn who's around them. They walk like corpses, with no emotion and dead eyes. It's 7: 26 A. M. and I'm late for first period, again.

As I enter the classroom, the door squeaks like a dying cat to let everyone know that I'm there. Their eyes, two from each person, dart in my direction, staring like I've just murdered seven people, then quickly return to their work. My eyes. Never staying still. Never stopping. Never sure where to look.

Scanning the faces of people walking by, the things on the walls, the floors. They never stay fixed on one thing for too long for fear of staring. I have this subconscious thing that I do where I have to know who passes me after each class. I find comfort in seeing the same people and knowing that they are going to walk by, even if most of them don't know me and never talk to me. I'm weird like that. Sometimes I wish they would talk to me, but then I

remember that most of them are jerks and decide it's better that they don't talk to me.

Several people walk by. I know some of them. The girl I went to elementary school with. Her long, light brown hair pulled back in a loose ponytail. We were best friends in elementary school.

Now we just smile at each other silently and continue walking. That's what high school does to you. It can bring out the best or the worst in a person, but it doesn't create anything new, it just enhances what was already there. It takes who you were and turns you into the person you have always feared to be: yourself.