

The injustice

[Business](#)



Doctors recommend teenagers sleep nine to ten hours per night. For many of us, however, this amount of rest is a luxury we cannot afford. At the time I started penning this sentence, it was three minutes past two o'clock - in the morning. Why, you ask? It is because of the tyrants that I, along with my miserable peers, must reluctantly face five days a week: our high school teachers. Everyday we are overburdened with homework, and we are expected to complete all of it by the next class session. This of course leads to long nights and the suffering of high school seniors.

The despots, exploiting our desire to reach the mark, have intentions most sinister. Every year, we are coerced into sitting in a desk with stiff chairs to compete. It is survival of the fittest, and we, the students, have our class ranks dangled in front of our noses. They encourage us to "learn on our own" and "expand our academic horizons" but look through their facade. These so-called educators merely enjoy watching us squirm as we sit through their sadistic experiments. Teachers claim that in class(which is one and one half hour, mind you), they cannot teach and reinforce the material covered in the end-of-year tribulation - also referred to as the Advanced Placement exam.

Ironically, it is the students that take the brunt of the punishment for the teachers' failure to perform. Does a score of five really compensate for the endless nights of pain? The lack of energy to function as a human being? The hissy fits thrown? I think not. What is college but more work? It will be filled with nights of misery and loneliness. But we are working towards a goal: to enter the real world, to become a functioning part of society - and crumble under the weight of more work! Life is just so much work. Our relief comes

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when we retire at the age of 75 when our bones start to grind together so we can siphon billions of dollars out of our currently failing Social Security system. And then we die.

We teenagers are very detail-oriented. The big picture is just a bit too daunting to appreciate so let us look at the finer points: we are in pain; teachers are cruel; life is filled with misery. From this we can infer that life is just too long for suffering. I would like to propose a solution that will help eliminate the weariness in our bodies and the wariness in our lives: suicide. End your life, and you will be pushing up daisies as you eternally slumber.

It will be a happy occasion. The ground is fertilized while you rest forever. Not only will killing yourself benefit the environment, it will also benefit the local and national business sectors. As teens begin to commit suicide more often, there will be a great increase in advertisement geared toward desolate adolescents. Perhaps you want to end your life quickly and painlessly to slip into your sleep peacefully.

Or maybe you want to die slowly and agonizingly to highlight your blissful resolution. Either way, entrepreneurs and inventors shall push our economy out of this current Great Recession with your help. Each of us can leave our mark; we can be the proponents of positive economic output. Why consider other options when the aforementioned is by far the most conducive to a better future? While they are hardly worth mentioning, there are other, less appealing means to alleviate our late night heartache and stress: deny the seemingly insatiable desire to procrastinate, record assignments in a

planner, delude oneself into thinking that teachers have hearts, or find joy in learning. These options are, however, implausible from the start.

They are fundamentally flawed. The former two require effort and work. We work enough already as we are oppressed by the evil teachers. Why add to our source of anxiety and depression? The third option is absurd; it is treason to suggest that teachers are compassionate. The last is of the most vulgar and obscene nature.

Those who hold such a perverted desire are in dire need of help and conversion. Thus our only choice is suicide. Bind together then in camaraderie. Who shall take the first bullet, cut, puncture, or pill? Not I. Perhaps when I'm terminally ill and decrepit, I will dramatically end my life as some of you gloriously will. Yes, I am a masochist.

So shoot me.