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ENC2135

Project One: Personal Essay

I peed myself and now there’s a puddle on the floor. Oddly enough, its blue. As if I just spilled Gatorade in a condensed circle. Everyone saw me and is pointing and laughing. I can see that they’re all thinking about me. My Happiness is going down. Drastically. Great, now I’m going to be Embarrassed for two days and won’t be able to Chat It Up With the Boss well enough to get that promotion. I’ve even been going on Work Expeditions outside of my hours for it too.

 I mean- I could cheat. I know how. Oh God do I know how. I know all the cheats. My favourite would have to be ‘relationshipOn’. I carefully drag the relationship bars of everyone in my town to Friend and watch as their icons change from straight faced to a gleeful smile. Here I have; eight Best Friends, fifteen Close Friends, thirty Friends, and two Acquaintances.

 In actuality, I have one best friend, zero close friends, zero friends, and four acquaintances. At least I have one best friend right? It’s my dog. The only one who actually talks to me. Or I guess I should say listens to me. She is kind of forced to though when I’m the one holding the cheese slice and she’s the one with the hungry stomach and appetite for the forbidden. My acquaintances would be my mother, father, sister, and brother. I don’t talk to them much and they don’t really talk to me. The only times my parents speak to me is to ask if I’ve done my homework. I don’t know why they do that. The answer is always yes. It’s not like I stay after school to hang out with friends or call them on the phone. There is no one to stay after with. No one to call. My sister just goes and locks herself in her room. Who knows what she does in there. She’s a typical teen, staying in her room, coming out only for meals and throwing a hissy fit every time my parents ask her a question. But at least she has friends. Or at least it seems that way. That, or she talks to herself a lot.

 The only human being I really come into contact with at home is my brother. Which is unfortunate as I can detect his approach through his constant smell of B.O. and farts. No, really. It’s constant. I actually should give him credit for being able to walk out of the bathroom, after taking a shower, and still manage to smell like he just had all the items off the Dollar Cravings menu at Taco Bell and is ready to release all the nastiness from his system. Even if he smelled like roses the contact wouldn’t be great. All he does is yell at me to get off the computer so he can use the other one. Yeah. The other one. He’s not even yelling at me to get off so he can use it, we have two. He refuses to be in the same room with me because I am a “pathetic loser”. At least I don’t smell bad.

 The time is 11:48pm and my dad comes into the computer room and tells me to shut down. I don’t want to. I’m happy here, in this small, fading blue-walled office. I find comfort in the stacks of paper surrounding me, the almost shaggy but not shaggy enough, carpet coating the floor. Even the ever present smell of my brother is okay as long as I can play Sims. I know who I am there. If I don’t like it, I can create a new character. If I don’t like the other characters, I can delete those and make my own as well. A whole world created by me. Why would I ever want to go back to reality?

 Back to school. Six classes in one day. Always sitting in the front. Sitting with kids who make fun of me at lunch because that’s better than sitting alone. Better than the other kids knowing you’re at the bottom. This place sucks. They said the transition from elementary to middle school would be hard, but they never said it would get worse. What did they know anyways? Did they, whoever they are, go to a completely different school than all their friends? Did they have an older brother who refused to be seen with them? I hope not. It’s not a fun life.

 As I sit in Reading class all I can imagine is getting home, finishing my homework of course, and then spending the rest of my night playing Sims. Anything would be better than sitting in this room. In every class I’m in, I seem to have been bestowed the title of ‘Teacher’s Pet’. No one likes the ‘Teacher’s Pet’.

 “Alright class now flip to page 339 and check your answers. Then we’ll go around the room and say what we got” announces Ms. Smoller. She’s a big woman with short, feathery, brown hair. She wears glasses and always has on this brown vest that looks like some kid threw up on it. One probably did. She loves me and I hate her for it. She constantly singles me out, looking to me to show the class how I got the answers I got. She doesn’t realize what she’s doing, but she’s digging me deeper and deeper into the pit of no return.

 Different numbers are being called out and it’s slowly approaching my desk. I can feel my face start to burn and my palms start to sweat. I’m not nervous because I did poorly, I’m nervous because I did well. Really well. 100% well. I can handle this situation one of two ways. I could A, tell the truth. I did well and I want my grade to show it. Grades are the only thing I have since I’m not allowed to play sports and I have zero talent. Or, B. I could lie. I could say I got seven, I could say I got five, heck I could say I got one. That would be a curveball. Maybe then I wouldn’t be called names. It’s now or never, the kid behind me is almost done saying his. I can do this.

 “Ten.” I call out. An orchestra of groans follows. Mutters of ‘cheater’, ‘nerd’, and the like escape from the lips of my lovely classmates. I just sink low into my chair and read ahead to the next stories. I may be a ‘nerd’, but at least I can express myself better than the trite language they use at me.

 P.E is the worst class of the day. Not because of picking teams, the coach did that for us. I’m never shoved into lockers, because the coach’s office was right there. No. I hate P.E because I live in Florida and have to play basketball in 90-degree weather. And I sweat. Man oh man do I sweat. A lot. By doing so, my hair goes through a sort of transition from decently straightened to a horrific frizzy and curly mess.

 “POOOOODLE!” I hear a kid shout from down the hallway. I hear laughter erupt from his lackeys and I don’t dare turn around. I can always pretend I can’t hear them but it’s hard to hide tears when you’re looking dead straight at a person.

 I trudge through my last class. It’s history and all we do is watch movies. I can avoid the paper balls flying at me if I’m careful. All I have to do is let others copy the three question assignment for the class, read my book and I’m fine. I’ll be left alone, alone enough at least.

 I get home and race through my homework, grabbing a tall glass of water to sit next to me as I act out the life I was made for. Or, I guess, the life I made. I am in line to be an International Spy. My Husband is Police Chief and my three kids made the Honor Roll at School. I’m constantly being invited to neighborhood parties and receive gifts in the mail from admirers. Time is different here. Minutes are seconds, Hours are minutes, so I spend the night watching the virtual sun go up and down. Time speeds forward as I sleep and time races as I get lost in this virtual world. This world I wish were real. Where I could make 50,000 Simoleans by just typing [CTRL + C] motherlode. Where I can have as many friends as I want, and not be called names. A place where people liked me. Talked to me. Called me on the phone. A place where the only person who was considered a best friend, was a dog.

 It’s not real though. I know that. But, maybe if I try hard enough, I’ll convince myself that it’s real. Maybe then I’ll be happy.