I watched the motionless clock, on the verge of raising my hand and asking if it was broken because of it’s non-moving abilities. I slightly considered listening to the teacher, but the thought went out of my head as soon as it came in. You see I’m not the smartest one in the grade, nor am I the football star, or the class president. I can count all the friends I’ve had on one hand. I haven’t done a homework assignment since this year started!

But honestly, why would I care? You see sooner or later I’m going to be out of this hell hole known as “High School”. I’m going to be gone and never will I return. So all these papers and exams and tests don’t matter! I know that soon this place will be in the past for me. I just can’t wait for it to be over.

 Finally, the Mr. Monroe stopped speaking a language I don’t understand. To my surprise, the class was quite. Everyone was starring at their desks as if it contained the meaning of the universe. I decided to look at mine as well. I found something that will, in no possible way affect me. In big bold letters read the words “Chapter 6 Test”. Who gave it this to me? Do they actually expect me to do it? These people have GOT to be kidding. I pulled my backpack up onto my desk and lay my head.

 My eyes opened to the sound of the sirens signifying the alien invasion! Nevermind, just the bell. The bell! I lifted my backpack and was the first one to leave the classroom. I think the teacher said something but I walked out anyways. I wasn’t in the mood for 3rd, 4th, and 5th period, so instead I walked home. On my walk, I daydreamed mindlessly of walking out of my High school doors for the last and final time.

 The next day at school was just the same as the last, the day after that was too. The only thing that keeps me from sitting in front of my T.V. with the shades pulled down and popcorn bowls refilled is the thought of leaving my High school for good. God, that moment be amazing. Have loud barking teachers that yell in my face over homework that hasn’t been done never be seen again. Oh I can’t wait!

 The days only got slower. After what seems to be like years my sophomore year is finally finished. I’m done. Just in case you were wondering, I did make it through the entire year without doing a homework assignment! I now have an eight week long break! Although I am hugely excited to have this freedom, My eyes are still focused on the main prize, finishing High School.

 I hate how school seems to take months just to finish a day, but summer vacation goes by before I can blink my eyes. Because here I am again, standing in front of my nightmare, High School. Our school is pretty typical. It’s lack of funding is visible, having crumbling brick walls on the outside that look as is they can cause the building to collapse at any second. The hallways are full of beat up lockers and gum filled railings. Our classrooms truly prove our schools budget cut problems. Graffiti filled desks fit right in with the broken air conditioning and dim lights. The sooner that I get out of here, the better.

My only hope is that Junior year won’t be as awful as sophomore. I glance down at my watch. The bell already rang, I was about to be late. For a split second, only the tiniest amount of time, I was going to start to run. I then remembered that this school, in no possible way is going to affect me. I’m just going to leave here anyways! God I’m dying to get out of here.

 Ms. Granch. What kind of name is that? Granch. I can already tell this year is going to reach an all time low for me. But just like Elementary and Middle school, this place is just going to be left behind.

 By the time the day was over, I had already forgotten all of my teacher’s names. I mean don’t blame me. I couldn’t hear them with my headphones in my ears. I don’t plan on going to school tomorrow anyways. As long as I have at least a 50% attendance rate, I’m fine with the school year.

By the end of the month, I still hadn’t learned anything. I hear from some other people in my grade that the stuff we’re learning is actually pretty hard. I feel bad for them. I can’t wait until this year is over!

After the first 6months, I was already counting down the days until summer. 64. When this school year ends, my teachers are asking my parents to request summer school. I know I was laughing when I heard it too. Summer school? They’ve got to be kidding me. I just plan on kicking back until I can reach the finish line of this year.

Summer has finally reached us. Once again, I’m free. Done with school for a full 3 months. I generously explained to my parents that I would not learn a single thing from summer school. I mean, I didn’t learn anything from my regular year anyway. The sad looks that crossed over their faces didn’t affect me as they agreed not to send me.

After what feels like a good 15 minutes of summer finished, I was packing my bag for my first day of my last year of High school. I can’t wait until schools finished. I couldn’t wait to get out in my freshman year!

As I walked into my first class, I noticed that I was with kids that I had never really seen around the school before. They were all odd. Some of them I was positive where in gangs, others were mentally challenged. Then I realized it. I’m in the “below average” class. I guess it’s because of my absence in summer school.

I honestly didn’t mind at all. I just want to get out of here no matter what the cost is. The teacher was really slow with us. I already kinda knew everything that she was talking about, so I didn’t listen. Instead I fiddled with a small keychain I had put on my backpack when I was 7.

I noticed that all my classes were different this year. All easier. Because of the lack of intelligence that was circling around my class, I spent most of the year asleep in the back of the room.

The year was definitely one of the slowest that I have faced. But also one of the easiest. I can count all of the homework assignments that my teachers assigned throughout the years on two hands. But I was so excited to end the year that it went by abnormally slow.

I know what your thinking. And the answer is no. No I did not graduate. Why would I care though? As long as I never have to return to this dungeon again, I’m fine with not leaving in success.

I don’t plan on going to college next year. I think that I’ll take a year off. After that I will go into college. Sadly.

Over this break that I had created for myself, I got a job working at a local pet store. Just like High School, I wanted to get out as soon as I got in.

The owner of this store was named Dave. He was a slightly chubby guy with a little scruffy beard. We were one of those places that makes you question if we’ve ever had more that 5 customers. I honestly am not sure if we ever have.

I worked behind the cash register. Dave however bathed and fed all the animals. The worst part was the smell. It was like knifes stabbing my nose. I can understand why we get no costumers.

I was so happy to leave that dump I was almost excited for college. I’m going to the University of Bridgeport. I don’t know much about the school, I just know that it has a sick cafeteria! Sadly, college was only an upgraded version of High school. And my desire to leave the university is now even worse that High school, and my year has only been going for 1 month! I don’t know if I can wait until the end of the year this time.

My thoughts of leaving are everyday now. I can’t even focus on what I’m doing because of them. I go through the days like a zombie.

By the end of my first year, I felt like the school had tricked me. That secretly every day they would purposely made the wrong date in order to take three years of school in the space of one!

I knew down in my heart that this wasn’t true. I just want to get out. Everyday for me is like Christmas Eve. The only thought that I have is getting over the day. As the years rolled by, my excitement for the end of college became overwhelming.

I guess that I should be proud of myself, but honestly I’m not. I know that I haven’t done much thoughout this whole experience. There’s only 20 days of school left for me. I don’t know what to make of it.

As I left my University for the final time, I knew I had to find a job. My parents gave up on me when I didn’t cross the stage on High school graduation. I could no longer rely on them for money. I found a job at a grocery store.

I have to admit, it was a better job than at the pet shop. I got paid a good $13.25 an hour. It was enough for an apartment. But a cheap one. I didn’t mind much, it was much better than school. After my first two years at the store I was beginning to grow the same feelings that I had in High school and college, a desperation to get out.

After 15 more years of working at the store I just couldn’t take it anymore. I needed to get out of here. The milk cleanups and fruit restoring is becoming too much to put up with. I just, can’t take it. After I quit, my car ran out of gas. I had to walk home in the raining dark. During the walk, I noticed a small sign in a window of postal office. “WANTED FOR HIRE” I read under my breath. I grew a small smile. This is just what I’m looking for.

The next day I got the job. It was much better than the grocery store. My $15.70 an hour was much appreciated by my wallet. I worked there for 3 years until I had to go. I had to leave this job soon. I couldn’t wait until retirement.

It was 17 more years of waiting extremely impatiently for retirement before my dream finally came true. I have an apartment, no work, and money. This is what I’ve been waiting for.

I lived in piece for the next 3 years before I got sick. Cancer. I could afford treatment, so I took it, with all hopes that I would be getting better soon. But I didn’t. Throughout the course of the next year my health went at a slow downfall.

One night I got back late from the hospital. It was just the normal blood test type of thing. I rolled my wheelchair onto the elevator of my apartment and came up to my 3rd floor. I slowly moved down the hallway into my room. I opened my door and let myself in. I shut the door behind me.

It was at that moment that I felt the sharpest, most painful feeling that my heart had every experienced. I attempted to shut for help but no words cam out of my mouth. I attempted to breathe through the unbearable pain but no air came out. I fell off my wheelchair and onto the floor.

I knew that these were the last few seconds that I had. And it was there when I realized something. Something that I should have figured out a long, long time ago. I have never lived my life. First I was dying to get out of High School and into college. Then I was dying to get out of college a job. After I got a job I was dying to get into retirement. Now I’m dying and I forgot to live.

Then my eye lids began to be pulled together, and I knew I would never be able to open them again.

I opened my eyes gasping for breath. I was sweating all over m shirt and rapidly blinking my eyes. I accidentally knocked my backpack onto the floor and it was followed by the laughter of High schoolers.

I looked up to see the annoyed face of Mr. Monroe. Mr. Monroe? Then it all came together. I fell asleep. It was all a dream. I looked down at my blank test and felt my ears pop to the bell.

Yeah. It was a dream. But I personally think it was a more than that. You see that taught me something.

What’s the point of life if you’re not going to live it?