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Have you ever been in that moment where you got so much homework, and it feels like the end of the world? But when it comes down to doing all the work, it's so stressful and tiring.

Virtual school, for me, was pretty cool and felt easy because we had less homework, and I got to sleep all day. But then, before I knew it, I was starting my first week going back to school.

Bolted up, I rushed to get ready in the morning!

I walked into my first class: math. I walked into class, and there were numbers and math problems all over the walls. The desks were separated so far from each other. There were a few problems on the board for us to solve. We had two homework sheets after the end of class. Nothing big to me because I'd always get homework in math, and math is my favorite.

My heart sank as I heard the bell ring for my next class: science. Science is the worst subject. I hate it, with all due respect. Before I got to my desk, there were already science bottles and weird liquids on my desk for a warm-up. I didn't listen to any of my teacher's directions on what to do. After the warm-up, my teacher started to run his mouth for a long time. The teacher was talking about something so boring I couldn't stay up no longer. Kayla and Riyah turned around at their desks and started taking pictures of me because I was dead asleep. Immediately, when I looked up at them, I laughed so hard. Everyone in the class was confused, but they were still laughing right with us. BAM! The teacher dropped the lab assignment on my desk. I wasn't paying attention—great!

"Thank goodness," I thought as I started walking to gym class. I didn't want to spend another second in my science class learning about earth and all that—ewww. When I arrived at the gym, I heard everyone complaining about running. Mrs. C gives us her assignment: "We are running the mile today!" She calls out as everyone lets out a huge groan. Luckily, she did not assign it for homework, but it's still stressful because it's a lot of running. My competitive spirit pushes me to have a good time. Starting the mile, I was tired and lightheaded because I was so out of shape from quarantine. It took one hundred years to finish one lap. I felt like I was dying for oxygen. All the running distracted me from the homework I had. As soon as I was done with the mile, my brain began bouncing up and down with thoughts about homework. It was on my mind during lunch until my last class.

I was so ecstatic because it was my last class, but I trudged on my way there because of how tired I was. My last class is ELA. We had a vocabulary test that I forgot about—*ughhh*. I study for it a little. After I finished the test, I felt ok about it. In class, we got to talking about the book we were reading. The class took turns reading the last two chapters. When we finished, I felt relief until the teacher said we had to write a two-page essay about what we thought about the book. My mouth dropped to the floor. "An essay?" I was astonished! A double space, two pages, no missed spelled word ESSAY! I went home stressed then a teacher grading homework that day.

I had so much homework by the end of the day. I was shocked by all the work because it was my first day there. Now halfway through my tenth-grade year, I am proud of how I grew through much hardship. I push through the work I get for school—even if it's a lot.