

REVENGE POST

By: Ember Dutcher

There comes a time in every generation when one student rises above the rest. A student so dedicated, so hardworking, so unbelievably talented that future historians will study their suffering in textbooks. Unfortunately, that student is me.

While others spend class casually clicking pictures onto yearbook pages like they're assembling a kindergarten scrapbook, I am in the trenches. Fighting for my life.

Bleeding ink. Sacrificing valuable time and possibly several brain cells crafting these blog posts with the emotional depth of a Shakespearean tragedy and the comedic timing of a British sitcom.

And for what?

To be ignored.

To be tossed aside like yesterday's cafeteria tater tots.

We haven't posted in forever, and naturally the public is devastated. Scholars are confused. The stock market is unstable. Small children wander the streets asking, "Where is the blog?" But no. My masterpieces sit abandoned in the dark corners of Google Docs because Mrs. Wilson has apparently decided that true art is too dangerous for society.

Meanwhile, Kara and Jordan are treated like royalty for making yearbook pages. YEARBOOK PAGES. Let's all stand and applaud the incredible achievement of... dragging photos into boxes. Revolutionary. Truly groundbreaking work. Historians will surely remember the bravery it took to resize a senior portrait.

But where is MY recognition?

Where is MY parade?

Where is the Nobel Prize for surviving writer's block at 11 PM while trying to make school events sound entertaining?

I am the backbone of this blog. The glue holding this entire operation together. Without me, this website would collapse into chaos and outdated announcements from three months ago. I have carried this publication on my shoulders like Atlas carrying the world, except somehow Atlas probably got more appreciation. Every day I arrive prepared to create journalism so powerful it could bring tears to a grown man's eyes. And every day, my work is cast aside into the void while others receive praise for discovering the "insert image" button.

But despite the betrayal, despite the injustice, despite the emotional damage I will absolutely be discussing in future interviews, I continue onward. Because heroes are never appreciated in their own time.

One day people will look back and say, "Wow... she really was the greatest blogger Mrs. Wilson's class ever had."

And I will nod solemnly from my throne of unpublished drafts.