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**Top 5 Worst Students, Ever**

**#5) The Stink Bugs**

First of all there are the students who have obviously *never* heard of personal hygiene. Nine out of ten times as I am walking down the hallway, I get a whiff of stinky,sweaty armpits and hazardous morning breath. My nostrils flair and my mouth puckers, my eyes become watery and my feet pick up their pace as I scurry down the hall, attempting to save myself from the stench that insists on following me. Have you never heard of deodorant, or toothpaste? You can buy it literally anywhere for like, a dollar…

Also, if you know you are going to be surrounding yourself with hundreds and hundreds of peers and friends, why in God’s name would you NOT BRUSH YOUR TEETH?! *Nobody* wants to smell your nasty, smelly mouth air! Every single time you open your mouth and try to talk, it actually smells like the decaying cat I once found under my grandmother's porch. And, when i offer you a piece of gum, please, please, just take it.

**#4) The Couples**

Next of course are the couples. Don’t get me wrong, relationships are great and all and I’m *really* happy for you! But realize YOU WILL SEE THEM IN LESS THAN ONE DAY; STOP MAKING OUT IN THE HALLS!

It has been less than 24 hours since you have last seen each other. I get it, you are young and in love or whatever but, honestly, that does *not* mean you need to constantly be attached by the hip, lips or *anything* else! You are at school, guys, people are here to learn, not watch you make out. PLEASE STOP TOUCHING EACH OTHER IT MAKES ME UNCOMFORTABLE!

**#3 The Trash**

Then there are the people who are actual trash. I swear they wake up each day in a garbage bin behind the school and just wander on in to make everyone’s day 10 times more miserable.

They waltz around in groups of about five or six in sweatpants that they still have from 6th grade and unbrushed, unwashed hair. They always tuck their sweatpants into boots that look like Uggs (we all know they aren’t), their shirts are cloaked by an old jacket that they wear *every* single day.

These particular groups think -- for some reason-- it is acceptable to scream and yell whatever they please, whenever they please. Like, I don’t care your boyfriend cheated on you with your cousin, I don't care that your mom drank 20 beers last night and I don't care that you drank 25! So *stop proclaiming it for the world to hear.*

**#2 The Man Wall**

The group of various boys who walk in a pack that moves for no one. A wall. Hooded sweatshirts and black backpacks block your view. Sperry shoes or vans litter the ground and khaki pants and basketball shorts support the wall. They stand around your locker and the only way through them is by force; you must push and claw your way through. It is suffocating: you can only barely squeeze through, the smell of Axe cologne fills your sinuses and your lungs, making you unable to breath. You gasp for air and feel your lungs collapsing. Will you ever make it out alive?

Finally you reach your locker, lacking air. Your mind rattles and aches from the stupidity of the conversation around you. Frantically, grabbing your things, you crawl back out of the enclosed man-wall, and now you can finally breath again.

But, once you reach the door to your next class, the wall of hooded sweatshirts and khaki pants block your only way in yet again.

**#1 The Teacher’s Pet**

Other wise known as the kids who get away with everything. These kids will do everything in their power to get the teacher to love them like they’re their own child. I am not sure how they do it, or where they find the time to, but they manage to befriend the teacher and get whatever they want.

Failed the test? No problem, their best friend will let them retake that test until it’s perfect. Forgot lunch money? It’s alright, you can share a lunch with your buddy in the break room. Bored in class? Go ahead and go hangout with your favorite teacher.

The teacher’s pet always gets good grades, they never are late for class, they’re generally good students, genuine people, they don’t do much different than the average student. Yet they still get special attention.

How do they do it? We’d all like to know.