Robotics Class

Every day I walk into class thinking something similar to; okay, test in physics today, and a quiz in geometry. Man, this day sucks. I get through boring and gruesome health class, onward to be a slave in English for another fifty five minutes. By the time the blaring siren for a passing period bell rings, my backpack never gets lifted off the ground. I sweep up the trash from the floor using my backpack for a rake, walking at the slowest pace possible. I look up at where my feet have dragged me to, read the sign above the door; Vex robotics. My head and heart are immediately filled with joy, and I know for sure that joy won’t dissipate throughout the rest of the day. The fun of having control over an inanimate object, giving it life and motion with the simple twist of a screw, the overloading happiness of seeing a plate of metal become a giant feared robot in the tournaments, and the adrenaline of being the one to control this massive structure a few feet away, battling for a scoring object with twenty seconds on the clock is completely irreplaceable. Just the sight of such a marvelous contraption sparks up the memories. The memories of winning, the memories of loss, which are immediately followed by the words, “next time, we’ll make it better,” are never so amazing. As I walk out of the room, I leave a trail of happiness behind me.