

1-1-2013

Scene Out of the Life of an Introverted Book Geek

Arielle Meija-Garcia
Nova Southeastern University

Follow this and additional works at: <https://nsuworks.nova.edu/digressions>



Part of the [Fiction Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Meija-Garcia, Arielle (2013) "Scene Out of the Life of an Introverted Book Geek," *Digressions Literary Magazine*: Vol. 10 , Article 24.

Available at: <https://nsuworks.nova.edu/digressions/vol10/iss1/24>

This Fiction is brought to you for free and open access by the CAHSS Journals at NSUWorks. It has been accepted for inclusion in Digressions Literary Magazine by an authorized editor of NSUWorks. For more information, please contact nsuworks@nova.edu.

Scene Out of the Life of an Introverted Book Geek

Author Bio

I love to doodle and watch Korean soap operas. I hope to be a book critic someday. That's my dream job. Another dream of mine is to be published. Dream fulfilled! Thanks, Digressions!

Scene Out of the Life of an Introverted Book Geek - Vol. 1 (Based on True Events)

ARIELLE MEJIA-GARCIA

I hate the first day of school.

It's not that I don't like school, it's just that every teacher makes you get up and introduce yourself in front of everybody on the first day. Like the rest of the class cares if I like to scrapbook – not that I do, I'm just saying. I thought that when I finally got to college it'd be different. That I'd be at last spared from the humiliation. That I could finally put those previous traumatic first-day-of-school experiences (that will not be mentioned) behind me. But no. I wonder what I did in a past life to deserve this punishment. Whatever I did, it must have been bad to doom me to this fate of never-ending mortification. My mother says I dramatize. I disagree.

So, there I am, sitting in Brit Lit class.

I like the professor. She's like a chirpy gumdrop or something. And I'm excited about the material assigned. It's totally what I'm into: Shakespeare – I love her!

And so I think to myself, *Finally. The horror is over.*

“All right everyone, why don't we go around—”

Oh no.

“—and introduce ourselves.”

No no.

“Just get up and tell us your name and a hobby of yours.”

Noooooo!

“Tell us all a little about yourselves.”

...really? REALLY?! This isn't supposed to happen. I'm in college now. I've paid my freaking dues, lady!

The rest of class seems slightly annoyed, but apparently I'm the only one dying inside. The first girl gets up. “Hey, my name's Chelsea and my hobby is listening to music.”

Then some guy. "Hey, my name's Juan and my hobby's running."

Okay. At least their hobbies aren't that cool either.

"Hey, my name's Alice, and my hobbies are base jumping, sky diving – any extreme sport really."

...

What no shark wrestling?

"Oh, and I just got into swimming with sharks."

...damn.

All right, I tell myself. Don't panic.

"Hey, my name's..."

Three more people.

Thump...Thump...Thump

Just keep it short and sweet. "Hi, my name's Elle and my hobby is reading."

"What's up my name's..."

Two more people.

Thump.Thump.Thump.

"Hi, my name's Elle and my hobby is reading"

"I'm Anna..."

One more person.

ThumpThumpThump

"Hey, I'm..."

"Hi, my name's Elle and my hobby is reading"

Finally, the Professor looks at me expectantly. "And you?"

"Hi, my name's reading and my hobby is Elle!"

...

I must have killed someone in a past life.