

## The Duty To Make Us Miserable

I don't know about you, but my entire childhood so far can be split into:

- The things I hate and must do,
- The things I love but cannot have.

I hate school and anything that is related to it: homework, picture day (the dorky look, remember?), field trips to any museum, discipline, assemblies... I like my teacher, but that's about it.

Every morning, I beg my mom not to send me to school. What's the point? We don't learn anything useful. I have been at school for three years and I still don't know how to pass level two on my video game so what does that tell you?

Mom says I need to write to the President and ask if he would agree to cancel school altogether. Up until last year, I did not take any notice; I knew she did not mean it. It was just a way to get me off her back. I mean, what President would even bother replying to a kid? But this year, as the elections were approaching, I sent a letter, advising the President that if he wanted my vote, he better do something about school. Well, I wish school had taught me that kids can't vote, that would have saved me valuable time. See!! We learn nothing!

Not only am I forced to go to regular school, which is bad enough, but mom forces us to go to French school once a week. It is pure agony. She says that learning to speak her language is important. But I don't see why:

- My mamie (My French grandma) thinks we are gods. No matter what we say in any language, we are always right.
- My papy understands us with no words at all. He's got some sort of magic power. He always knows what to buy us, what tricks to teach us, what games to play.
- My tonton speaks English. ((Tonton is my French uncle. He looks like a teenager, plays in a rock band, and acts like nothing ever bothers him. He is the definition of cool...))
- And when we go to France, TV is lame and probably cruel so we don't even want to watch it. Why learn French then?

Mom says it helps with homework (oh come on! Are we really going to believe that?), and ultimately, it is our heritage, we should be proud of our roots. Well, we did not ask to be French, it's hardly our fault. So why punish us? She is positive that we will thank her when we are older. She pulls every possible trick in order to make us do French: she takes us to junk restaurants after school, lets us eat in front of the TV, she even pays us to go. And despite all that, WE DON'T WANT TO LEARN FRENCH. This is how much we hate it...