

ZERO

By John Wicinas



First of all this is my column and I will do what I want to do, if I feel like being depressing I'll be depressing. Now to business. I am Zero, am I nothing then? I am proud of what I've done these last couple of years. A lot of it has been fun and games but not all of it. So here I am right standing at a crossroad this sign in the road says: "Which Way". The easy way out or fear of failure. I've taken the easy way out most of my life, unless of course I had to prove some of my values. Maybe I care about insignificant things like right and wrong or try your best if it's important to you. I usually do not try my best because there is so little I really do care about but then again that's a lie. Fear of failure.

I remember when I had this inferiority complex, I always figured it was because I was inferior. I would try so hard. I would act goofy and people would laugh at me, no not with me at me, I would wear a smile but I really would be crying "Please Accept Me". Maybe I should have accepted myself first. Acting cool as if I had something to prove, I didn't, except to myself.

Going to the high school I thought things would be different. It was. Don't get me wrong I had been a nerd and a weirdo, now I was just another weird nerd. I was depressed a lot and if you knew me, I was kind of psychotic. Nobody will ever really know about it though for I barely understood it. Now I do. All of a sudden it was my junior year, so I shaved my head, got a pair of boots. Now I had an identity to hide behind and a group to cling to. I didn't care if it was an unacceptable appearance, it was mine. I gained confidence in myself. Then came that fear of failure, I wanted to be my own person not just another kid trying not to conform. That was the hardest thing I have ever done. Then came the evil side of human nature. No not like Mr. Hyde or anything. Entering my senior year I was feeling too proud; as a matter of fact I was being arrogant. It was an obsession I had because in my warped view I thought I was getting some sick kind of revenge against the world for my dorkyness. I was happy, real happy until I looked in the mirror and saw the kind of person I used to hate. Some fake

kid thinking how great he 'is. I know I have nothing to prove, I have proved it to myself.

Here's a good laugh. This ever happen to you; you are walking down the hall you see someone that you thought you were pretty chummy with, you walk by one another and say nothing. I see the same people who used to taunt a short, fat, not to mention weird kid, I just smile and laugh to myself maybe I would have done the same to me. Who knows. If you have read this far you may be thinking "what a sap." I'm sorry but sometimes that's what people are-saps. Oh yes, I love the attention but I hope you don't think that is what I want by this. I just felt it was something that had to be explained. Maybe you understand or can even relate to this in a weird sort of way, I don't know. After all everyone's the same. "In life you can either be very smart or very pleasant, well for years I was smart but I recommend pleasant, you may quote me" Ellwood P. Dowd. I am not Dowd or Zero, sure I admit I'm weird, but John Wicinas is all I'll ever be.