

I'm Fine

An alarm plays a soothing sound as she rolls out of bed. Technology. She dreadfully walks over to her desk, and grabs her computer just to get right back into bed to start school, and she logs onto google meets for class. Technology. She opens her first assignment and stares at it. A blank confused stare.

* * *

“Eva, are you up? You need to get logged onto class you know,” a loud voice yells from the kitchen downstairs.

“Yeah, I’m up. I’m in class,” Eva calls out. A few moments later she hears footsteps coming up the stairs and down the hall towards her room.

Her bedroom door creaks open and her mom appears, “Did you have breakfast yet? It's late now.”

“No I’m fine, I’m not hungry. Maybe later.”

“Are you sure honey, we have waffles you know?”

“No mom, I told you I’m not hungry. Plus I’m busy with school so can you leave,” Eva says, getting frustrated.

So her mom left. *Okay, in fifteen minutes I will try to start my work, but for now, I can take a break to go on my phone for a little bit.* Five minutes. Ten minutes. Fifteen minutes. Thirty minutes. Forty-five minutes go by. Still sitting on her phone, Eva isn’t aware of the time -- but she is aware of the photoshoot she did herself last night, the photos still sitting in her camera roll finally are going to be posted to her Instagram. With just two taps, her photos will be released to all 5890 of her followers. *And post. Shoot! I went over time, since I got distracted, I will sit at my desk so there are no distractions.* Eva hops out of bed, still in the same clothes she

slept in, moves over to her desk. She pulls up her assignment and takes a good glare at it for the first time as her leg rapidly bounces. Up and down. Up and down. Up and down. *Three pages of reading an article and four pages of questions! I can't do this, it's impossible.* Tears start to steadily roll down her cheeks one by one.

Eva gets up from her desk and grabs her phone to see three Instagram notifications. She slowly unlocks her phone and pulls up the post to look at the comments. *Try putting on some makeup, it would make you not as hideous.* Now tears are racing down her face as she continues to read other comments. *That crop top was not made for you. You must eat like a pig, try a diet.* Now Evas sobbing but she decides to read more, praying the next comment will be a good one. *Get off this app. You seem so annoying.*

Click. She shuts her phone off as she curls up in her bed weeping, trying to calm down. But she wipes away her tears because she hears more loud footsteps coming from the hall. "Here sweetie I brought you some eggs and waffles, your favorite," Her mom says as she opens the door.

She replies while she's forcing a smile onto her face, "Oh thanks, mom."

"You're welcome. Hey, are you okay? Your eyes are red, it looks like you were just crying."

"No, I'm fine."

"Okay! Dad and I are going to go to the store to buy some gifts for your brother's birthday. Do you wanna come?"

"I'm going to stay here and work on my school work. I'm really busy," Eva said convincingly. Today has so much more to bring and Eva was not looking forward to it. She sat listening for the garage door to close just to make sure her parents had left. Then she grabbed her

computer and her food to walk downstairs to the kitchen. Right after she placed her computer on the shiny white counter, she took her food, walked to the trash can, and dumped it out.

“What are you doing Eva?” said a small voice. Eva jumped and turned around at the speed of light.

“Oh, nothing. Just dumping out my leftover food from breakfast. Shouldn’t you have class in two minutes, why don’t you go and get ready for that?”

“Okay!” said her brother, and then left. Eva took a deep breath in, and then out, and sat down in front of her computer to check her email for assignments. *7th Grade Science: Force and Motion Article and Questions... 7th Grade History: The War of 1812 test tomorrow.... 7th Grade Math: Ratio test tomorrow... 7th Grade English: Essay due tomorrow, remember it must have a minimum of 1,000 words*, she read. Moments after she opened her first assignments -- without realizing -- her arm slowly reached out and grabbed the phone that was beside her. She started scrolling, and scrolling, and scrolling through her TikTok feed, until she heard a booming unpleasant noise coming from her garage which appeared to be her parents coming home, and she darted back to her room and threw herself onto her bed.

She sits on her phone for hours until she hears her mother call, “Eva, come get your dinner!”

“Okay Mom, I’ll be right there!” Eva shouts back. THUD. THUD. THUD. Eva walked down the stairs, grabbed her dinner, and brought it to her room. She sits back on her bed on her phone while she eats.

* * *

That’s it. The day is gone. It’s done. Eva was so absorbed in her phone she got no school work. That’s just the way it’s been. Technology, it’s used for everything -- including distractions.

* * *

Ding. Another Instagram comment comes through. *Why are you even on this app you pig*
And another tear starts rolling down her cheek and drips onto her gray pillowcase. But again, she quickly wipes away her tears because she knows her mom is coming up the stairs.?

“Make sure you get to bed, Sweetie. Are you crying? You look upset again,” her mom said as she cracked her door open.

“No, I’m fine.”