

In the Mind

This multi-media video shows struggles of anxiety in an abstract sense. It features calming background music that continues throughout to symbolize the outside shell that hides inner anxieties. Further in the video, airplane safety guide voices serve to depict one's inner thoughts and sheds a deeper understanding of what anxiety feels like. The visuals illustrate the story to give it meaning. While this video represents me and my anxieties, it is also meant to resemble something that anyone can relate to or have a deeper understanding of.

Choosing to work with animation wasn't an easy decision. I have never done animation before and I am new to the software. However, I selected to work in animation as my primary medium because it best conveys my message. During the animating process, I thought about what could make it more personal and sought found footage to enhance the overall work.

Marlie F.
California

Just A Typical Day

Marlie F.



This story is fictional. It is about a girl named Hazel who is a sophomore in high school and she struggles with a lot of anxiety and self-judgment. This story is a window into a teenagers thoughts and explanations about why they might feel or act a certain way. I wrote a story so that the reader could relate to or picture how a simple Thursday could be like. This story does not relate to everyone though, it might be a totally different experience to how you felt at this time. I know that this story has some things that I can totally relate too but there are also things that have never happened to me or I have never thought. It all depends on your experiences. My final project does not focus around Hazel but it does focus on things that she may have experienced. My animation does have subject though and it is supposed to resemble me, and my anxieties in an abstract kind of way.

Thursday, Feb 21, 2018

I've been awake for 10 minutes now. Staring out my unusually large window on the opposite side of my room. I'm lying in my bed with my eyes half closed. Remembering I have to find an outfit to wear, put it on, eat breakfast, brush my teeth, and all that other blah before heading off to school makes me more tired than I already am. I wish I could just roll out of bed and teleport to class, well actually, I just wish I didn't have to go at all.

"Hazel!"

"Are you up?" my dad yells as he knocks on my door.

"Yep!" I say back quickly.

I jump off my bed and pretend I have been up getting ready, he usually comes in to see me dressed at least. But this time he headed straight into the bathroom for a shower like every morning. And it's usually right when I need it, which sucks.

I turn on some music to try to wake up more and maybe make me more cheerful about having to be up at 7 AM.

"Let's see..."

I play the only playlist I listen to besides my depressing playlist called Sad Dayzzz, which is full of songs that make me cry. At the same time calm me down if I am feeling anxious or irritated about something. This playlist is called Amazeballs and it's a great playlist! It can also calm me down but in a different way (hard to explain); it makes me happy and I can really bop to it.

"Bumm bum da doooo" I sing along with the beat.

I try on an outfit that I picked out and look in the mirror, do a little twirl and some poses I would do if I was in a photo shoot. The outfit is made of some trendy plaid pants with a plain black belt and a tight white crop top that comes just above my belly button.

"Nope," I say to myself.

My body shape isn't good enough for this outfit; the crop top shows off how the pants dig into my belly fat. I hate how it spills over; I should start working out, especially if I want to look cute in clothes that I like. I say that to myself all the time but it never happens. My butt is way too flat to look good in these pants. I take it off and put on black leggings and a loose slightly cropped plain baby blue t-shirt. My hair is long; almost to my elbows, it's a light brown dirt color, my skin is a pale white that blends in with all the other white people at my school, my eyes are hazel like my name which is I would say my best feature, my nose is big and ugly like a witch's nose, my lips are not too thin but always look crusty and pale in pictures.

I get to school with no minutes to spare; I run as fast as I can without looking stupid. Which honestly isn't that fast. I get to English class right as the bell rings. Thank goodness. Everyone is already in their seats except a few people who are always late. I hate when people look at me; I

look so stupid right now. I'm panting and my backpack is half off my shoulder and I look gross. I sit down next to Amelia; thank God I sit next to my friend in this class it would be miserable otherwise.

"Good thing you came as the bell rang, or Ms. Gains would have sent you all the way back to the office," says Amelia.

She has been late a few times as well and has had to walk back to the office for a late pass. They keep them all the way across campus.

"Yeah, I'm lucky it wasn't a few seconds later," I say back panting.

I get through the class by the skin on my teeth. We had a quiz today which is usually on Friday but tomorrow is presentation day. I am not excited about that. Presentations always make me nervous and I get sweaty hands. Anyways let's not think about that.

I've gotten through two more classes maybe talking to five people. I would say I'm the dumbest person I know; I never have the right answer, and when a teacher calls on me to answer a question, I don't answer quick enough. Then I blank and can't think about anything other than how people are looking at me and seeing me fail. But that doesn't matter right now. It's finally lunch break and I get to see my friends; I don't have many and we don't hang out too much out of school except my closest friend Olivia who I have been friends with since 6th grade. We have been best friends for four years.

I got to our table; the one we always sit at, and Olivia and Amelia are already there. I sit down across from them. Olivia greets me saying

"Oh my god, Hazel you're finally here have you seen this?" She shows me a video of this online influencer we don't like.

"It must be clickbait," Olivia says.

"I don't know, it seems so real," I say looking at the gender reveal party on the screen. See this girl we don't like is quote unquote famous but more for being hated than liked. And now she is pregnant with her boyfriend; she's only seventeen! Wow.

Amelia is almost as good of friends to me as Olivia. I met her in freshman year in science class, we get along really well. Other than when she has her sports practices and games or meets or whatever they are called in softball and soccer, she likes to hang around Olivia and I when we go out on the weekends and after school. She's a real sports junky.

We sit for a few more minutes that go by pretty quickly until the other three get to the table. They all meet after class to get lunch from the cafeteria before coming to the table. Nick sits next to me and gives me his bag carrots like always. Nick is a senior so he will be graduating a year before us which is sad but I'll be happy for him. He is also a really good friend that I met from Amelia; they are both in the soccer team together. He has dark skin and loose curly black hair that covers his

forehead. He isn't too tall for comfort but is taller than everyone at this table. He's really funny and is always a plug for parties because of his other older and more experienced friends.

Mary sits next to Amelia on the other side of the table. She is from the Philippines, she came to our little town in Oregon in eighth grade and has been friends with me and Olivia since we sat next to each other in math class. She is really pretty with really long wavy dark brown hair. She is about my height maybe a bit shorter. About 5'6 I would say.

And finally, we have Avianna who sat next to Nick. which was a good choice of seat, because I didn't have to see her unless I looked over there. She is short but not too short I would say; she has shoulder length dirty blonde hair and bright blue eyes. She is very pretty and it's not fair because she is an ass. For some reason, she likes to target me but picks on the others too. She likes to point out everything wrong with how you look and butt into conversations she isn't welcome in. She makes me feel shitty sometimes and the others have noticed as well. We talked about it a week ago. She often tells me to shut up when I voice my opinion or add to a conversation which I was a part of. She is just a very toxic person, honestly, I don't even know how she weaseled her way into our friend group last year.

We hung out for a bit at the table while we ate, and, like always, we started walking around campus. I don't really know why we walk we just have been doing it almost every day since October. which was so far away, almost five months.

Olivia, Amelia, and I split off from the others before lunch ends to just talk about things that include just us. Like how we all don't want to hang around Avianna.

After a conversation about how our lives are and the sleepover we are having with Amelia Friday after school, we head off to our classes which are right next to each other this period. If only they were the same class, I wouldn't feel so lonely and quiet. I am honestly a pretty loud and excited person, but usually only when I am with people I know.

Math class. The worst subject ever! I'm so stupid that I have to be in the class below my actual grade. So I'm with a bunch of freshmen. Freshman are the worst. They can be so mean. I try not to speak to them at all, but I always end up having to. They are so judgmental, especially to me, because I should be in the class above them. I feel like I can feel their eyes follow me around when I turn my back, and they make snarky remarks about me. At least there is a senior in my class that draws more attention to himself that if there was a pig running around the classroom.

School is finally over at 3. Olivia and I meet up after class every day and we walk to her house. She lives just down the street from our school, and there is no one to pick me up if they wanted to. My dad works all day from after he drops me off at school to around 6. And my older sister April lives in a whole other state with her boyfriend. It's kinda sad that I can't see her anymore. I don't think she should have moved away with her boyfriend at 18; it seems a little young. I would never do that; I want to go to college and get a stable job before I make any rash decisions. Also, I miss April, I would always go to her for advice but she's so far away now. My mom left us all when I was young so I never really was attached, and my dad never really met anyone except a few ladies who were nice but didn't really work out.

I run up and hug Olivia once she exits her class and I yell excitedly,

“Its Friday tomorrow!”

She is excited too and we both start to head over to her house after going through our lockers. On the way there Olivia is approached by some boys and girls who know her from her classes. Olivia is a pretty approachable person and she has a lot of friends outside of our close group of friends. She is kind and talkative unlike me. I’m kind, but I don’t talk to a lot of people. It’s a little awkward for me to just stand by Olivia like a scared puppy while her friends are around. They probably think I’m a weird kid that doesn’t talk.

We finally move on and get to Olivia’s house. Her house is a light blue two story with a really nice garden full of flowers, the inside is homey but modern and organized at the same time. She has a stay at home dad to take care of her really cute baby brother, her mom goes to work full time and has about the same hours as my dad, and then she has 2 older brothers who go to college. They used to hang out with us a lot and I got really close with them; they were like my brothers too, but they had just left for college this year. Olivia also has the best dog ever! It’s a golden lab and it’s so cute.

We head straight to the kitchen after we put our bags in the hallway bench next to the front door. We grab some chips and salsa and then sit on the couch and watch the new episode of Keeping up with the Kardashians. Her dad is upstairs with her 2-year-old brother; I am pretty sure he’s napping. The rest of the time is spent doing homework, watching TV, playing with Olivia’s dog, and her little brother when he woke up. My dad comes to pick me up at 6:15 and Olivia’s mom gets back a little before that.

We get home; my house is a small one story that fits my dad and I well. We live across town from school and Olivia. My house has 2 bedrooms; April and I would share a room before she moved. Not gonna lie: it’s pretty nice having my own room. Our house is quiet, other than the snake that my dad gave to me as a birthday present there is no one else home. We eat dinner on the counter with stools; we had some Mexican food that we picked up on the way home. I ate a pork burrito and my dad had chicken enchiladas. It was so good.

“How was your day?” dad asks.

“It was fine,” I say and I describe some things that I did in school and at Olivia's.

During dinner, I talk to Dad about my day. I don’t tell him the whole truth. like how I am stressing in all my classes and how I don’t think many people like me and all that jazz. I pretty much told him the highlights of my day. I went to my room and got all ready for bed. Took a shower, brushed my teeth, got into some PJ’s, realized how much I was breaking out, looked at myself in the bathroom mirror and sighed, and then laid down on my bed. I really don’t want to finish my homework. I’m stressing way too much; it makes me feel overwhelmed and I can't focus on anything. It’s only 8:30. So I put on Stranger Things because I have to catch up, and I get my snake out. She is a corn snake, her name is Sunny and she is orange with a red design on her scales, she’s

really fun to hold and also she keeps me company. I wish I could take her to school but I know they would never allow it also I don't think it would end well if I do.

After I have been up for a while, I feel like it's time to get to sleep. Today was like any other day, the same routine. I don't hate it but I wish I could change it up a little. There's not much to do in my little town; I wish I lived in the city. I put sunny back in her glass box and I jump into bed. Tonight is a pretty hot night. My blankets are half on me they come up to my waste, my bed is against the wall so I can lean on it and it also makes me feel safer, I can still hear my dad on the T.V I think it's playing some sort of sports game like basketball or something. As I try to fall asleep I play out the weekend; Amelia, Olivia Mary and I planned to have a sleepover at Amelia's house. We are going to watch horror movies and eat a lot of candy.

But it's not the weekend yet; tomorrow I have my presentation about how the book Mice and Men would have played out in 2018 this year. I can't sleep, my hands are sweating, my mind won't slow down; I keep thinking about what could go wrong, I get too hot, I throw my blankets off me and sit up. This really isn't that big of a deal but I'm making it bigger than it is I tell myself. I try falling asleep again but it isn't working so I guess I'm staying up for longer than I hoped. So I put on a T.V show that would take my mind off this over exaggerated presentation; The Office.

I end up falling asleep finally at 2:00 AM listening to my Sad Dayzzz playlist.