

Megan Scott

## Spring Break Sucks

Picture “Spring Break.” You see Cabo, don’t you? You see a few hundred physically fit and scantily clad girls, right? You see those girls hanging off buff young men, also scantily clad? And you see all of these young people making poor decisions that involve one night stands, body shots, and horrible sunburns, am I right? Yeah, that’s what I picture also.

I’ve never experienced anything even remotely resembling that scene though. And I’ve always scoffed at *those* people. The ones who prance around in attire that barely covers what their mama gave them, the ones who play dumb for strapping fellows who want nothing more than to give a fake name and get in their pants. But a little bit of me was intrigued by this careless lifestyle. I had hope in middle school that I’d have some kind of really fun experience I’d be able to tell my grandkids about. I thought it’d happen in high school. When I got to high school, I thought it’d happen in college. When I got to college, I thought it’d happen when I transferred to an actual university. But now that I’m at an actual university, I hope it’ll happen when I’ve graduated and have a solid career, so I can blow a couple hundred dollars on a wonderful suite stocked with alcohol that doesn’t burn your throat.

It probably won’t happen though. We’ll see.

This spring break looked suspiciously similar to nearly every spring break I’ve had: getting up past noon, moving from my bed to the couch, eating, moving from the couch to my bed, and repeating the cycle. I’d hoped that this spring break, being my last official spring break, would be fun and entertaining and would possibly involve jet skis. But it wasn’t and it didn’t.

Instead, it involved very little social activity. It was a break from school, a break from friends, and a break from romance. Although it wasn’t explicitly “space” or an official “let’s take a break and see how we feel,” I felt like it was. Things were slightly easier, slightly less dramatic. I didn’t have to shuffle between family and romance and between friends and romance, always concerned most that romance wasn’t having an agreeable time. No, none of that. And when romance didn’t knock on my door when it should have and could have (i.e. breaks in his schedule, outings to my neighborhood), I was surprisingly unbothered. I was only bothered based on principle.

When romance was reignited in Berkeley, it almost felt like it was over before it was over. And then, five days later, it really was over.

“Spring Break” is kind of a conundrum because you have so many expectations for what it should be and how it should be and what you should be doing and how you should be doing it. Even though it is technically a break, it feels more like work than it should. More often than not I feel like I need a break from the break, a break after the break. It’s exhausting. But perhaps that’s just how it is, always greener.