

Hey loser,

This is you from the past speaking. Let me start off by saying that throughout this entire letter, my/your pronoun usage is going to be absolutely atrocious.

Before we get into things, allow me to introduce myself. My name is Anson, I'm a rising senior at R.E. Mountain Secondary School. I like public transit, telling people I'm going to make a documentary, and drinking bubble tea to fit in with members of the asian diaspora. To get a better sense of what I do on a daily, yesterday I binge read Bullshit Jobs by David Graeber and had a mini crisis while making a shirt out of a pillowcase. I spent 2 hours the other day making a gown out of plastic wrap and I am currently training for the most prestigious Olympic sport to date - listening to podcasts at times 3 speed. Even still, there's something not a lot of people know about me, I'm actually a circus performer.

Well, not actually.

But I'll have you know that as of right now, I'm on a tightrope, balanced - as all things should be. Everything is more or less ok. I cleaned my room, fixed my sleep schedule, and even made time to read! I have mastered the art of the tradeoff. For example, how many minutes of pilates do I have to do if I eat another 3 bowls of blueberries? How many John Mulaney interviews can I watch before I resent myself? How many times can I miss the 555 before being crucified before my parents? See, balanced. I hope you've stayed on this tightrope. I know it's harder with the weight expectations on your shoulders but I know you can do it.

Did you know I'm also a juggler? I hold a laptop with 30 tabs open in one hand and a compass card in the other. In the air, is a Grouse Grind gondola pass and a USB drive containing the full (pirated) Adobe Suite. Sometimes, I like the challenge myself and set them all on fire to see if I can handle it. IA due? Let's go to Speech Provs! Exam season? How does Texas sound! Basically what I'm trying to say is, I know I haven't made this year very easy for you. I threw you into September with sadness and probably a shortage of 0.38 Muji black gel pens. October and the rest of the months definitely won't be any easier. In fact, the only thing spooky about Halloween was probably the deadlines.

But regardless, if there's anyone that can handle the heartbreak and the workload, it's you (or me lol). If you can make it through the theory of the firm, you can make it through anything. I hope that by the time you read this, you'll be graduated. I hope that you'll have the clarity and insight into life that I have yet to find. Lastly, I hope you spent your morning today doing anything other than spending a whole hour in bed watching Youtube videos, trying to conceptualize the 4th dimension.

You used to be in my shoes, I hope they aren't too worn out by now. (If so, buy custom AF1's or any shoes other than the Fila marshmallows.)

Kind regards,

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