

Legend - Understatement, hyperbole, irony, imagery, pathos, logos, colloquialism, repetition,  
keeping it PG :3

Animal Farmer

Erica Dong and Daniel Shi

February 14th, 2006

Wassup Diary,

First entry! Summer program applications came back today and almost everybody had something crazy. I was like “damn, man, I gotta get my life together!” So then I spent 13 hours watching David O’Gallagher Goggins Tate and now I know what I gotta do, and that all starts with this journal. The rest of those NPC bums don’t even know what’s coming. Anyways, I know I’m still better than them. Like, even if Connie’s a USAJMO qualifier, I could still smoke her a██ at checkers. And even though Frederick’s a checkers national finalist, his algebra scores just don’t compare. Once I hop on the grind, though, nobody’s gonna be better than me at anything. IMO champion, tennis national champion, Scholastic Art Award national champion, founder of a \$2 billion startup, world-class bodybuilder, that’ll all be me. I’ll literally be him. Maybe my parents will finally love me then, LMAO XD XD XD

Toodles,

Ben

March 24th, 2010

Hey Diary,

It's been a while, but guess who's in high school! You won't believe what I've been cooking up—the resume is gonna be crazy once I'm done with everything. You know, they say junior year is the most important part of high school, and I certainly haven't been slacking off. People talk about “farming extracurriculars” for college but I ain't just a farmer, I'm the whole agricultural industry. I've been grinding my a■■ off day and night—people ask me if I have a life and I'm like “yeah, I'll be living the life once I graduate from my top college and make six figures right off the bat.” I mean, it might be a while until that happens, but hard work always pays off in the end, right? I mean, even now it feels pretty good being player of the year on the tennis team and winning piano competitions left and right. The only setback is my 1590 on the SAT, but I already have plans to retake it. Those losers can't even try to compare; like, are checkers tournaments even relevant now? It's all about the college grind, and nobody does that better than me. I'll admit that it's been the slightest bit tough at times. Those Monster drinks feel like battery acid on my tongue, and what's worse is that I need to down at least four of them to stay awake for an all-nighter now. I mean, what I'm doing to myself is pretty okay for someone who wants to do well in life. It's felt pretty bad recently, but that's alright. I heard senior year is much better and you actually get to have fun, so I'll be chilling after that. See ya at Harvard.

Adios,

Ben

April 10, 2015

Diary,

I'm writing this as I'm about to graduate second in the class from NYU. Third choice uni, but it's whatever. Not like I regret destroying myself in high school. Haha. Anyways, college has been the craziest four years of my life. I thought it would be better than high school and that I'd be set once I got in, but turns out it's just more of the same. I've attended every single lecture, and my notes could probably take up a good section of the Library of Alexandria at this point. Kinda crazy how these other kids are just gliding by and still doing well, but I've got what we call sustainable agriculture. They'll for sure regret slacking off so much in the future. Like my roommate, I think his name was William? He's pretty cool, but I guess I don't see him often. And he studies computer science. Yikes. He also does our satire newspaper; he's tried to get me to join in the past but I've declined. What a waste—how is writing mildly funny commentaries going to get you a job at Microsoft in the future? He's also invited me to a few parties over the years, but I told him I don't really have time for social gatherings. Now I gotta start looking for jobs (which would not be made easier by attending social gatherings) and the sort, and the grind hasn't stopped one bit. I'm not at all worried about my future prospects; that's what the resume-building was all for. Once I secure a job, I'll work for a bit and then live life to the fullest. A mansion sounds nice. And annual vacations so that I can explore the world. And delicious food every day. And a hot wife, and a family—how many kids? Two?

Speaking of food, I've learned to identify all ramen brands and flavors by taste. I mean, home-cooked meals are good and all, but when do I have the time to go back and visit family? Besides, Shin Ramyun might not be the same as mapo tofu, but it has that same spice, has a lot more MSG, AND it takes way less time to make. Microwave for three to five minutes, stir, and

enjoy! Call that agricultural efficiency. Though, William recently invited me to one last party; he's pretty much the only person I talk to, but he wanted me to take a break and just enjoy myself for a bit. I'll consider it. I mean, it wouldn't hurt to unwind and take a step back, right? Maybe meet some new people, eat some nice food, ~~and...find a girlfriend?~~

Ciao,

Ben

August 26th, 2021

Hey,

I'll keep this one short since I have other things I should be doing right now. So, about that six-figure job. Well, it's not there yet, but we're on track. Grad school was 'aight, and I landed a sick internship at JBS S.A.. Largest meat processor in the world, baby! Nobody's ever heard of it and I mostly do coffee runs for now, but it's whatever. That corporate ladder 'boutta be climbed like it's never been before. Saw William on the news the other day, apparently he started an up-and-coming satire business called "The Shallot"? Guess that uni newspaper was good for something, after all. Pfft. It's all just short-term, though—he's definitely gonna pop sooner or later. He doesn't understand the grind. You know who does, though? This guy right here. I'm out here fetching coffee faster than you can blink, sucking a█es like straws, plus working like an animal on the weekends to get some extra cash. Last stretch, I got this.

Sincerely,

Benjamin

May 24th, 2055

Greetings Diary,

Long time no see. The youthful energy of those older entries inspires me. Fortunately, I do have a six-figure job now: Junior Deputy Assistant Director of Chicken Cough Management (JDADCCM), earning me a good \$100.001k a year. Unfortunately, I still do not have a family. All the ladies say I have “grinding brainrot” and that I “don’t know how to socialize with others.” Pshaw. As a JDADCCM, I need to work 9-9 to make sure those dear chickens aren’t coughing. I’d rather not waste my time with needless activities like texting or date nights. Honestly, if they can’t handle a successful, hardworking man, then it’s their problem. Hard work isn’t always easy though; I do admit that my health is an issue. Perhaps all that caffeine in my earlier years did something to my heart—I stand up sometimes and it feels like an animal is stomping on my chest. It’s all been worth it, though. Plus, I still have a good 20 or 30 years left to go up.

I also went to a 40-year class reunion the other day. It seems like a lot of the “gliders,” as I called them, are doing well. William, my old roommate, showed me pictures of his teens. He’s something of a multi-millionaire now. So yeah. I definitely do not regret squandering my youth and forever ruining my health and social life only to end up alone as a cog in the capitalist machine for a useless and unfulfilling job, while watching the people that I used to look down on achieve great heights. Or something. Haha.

Kind regards,

Benjamin

October 12, 2083

Dear Diary,

I still can't believe it's been 77 years since I started writing. I know I haven't been the most consistent with these later entries, but even as I'm forgetting things left and right, at least I didn't forget about you. I also haven't forgotten the endless hours of toiling that I did for all those years. For what, in the end? Nobody cares about that one piano competition I won in middle school. Nobody cares about that 4.0 GPA in college. Hell, nobody cares about that f████ Junior Deputy Assistant...whatever it's called.

Maybe I should have gone to that party all the way back at college. Connections would have been nice—maybe I'd find someone that I could have started a family with. But that doesn't matter now. It's kinda funny, isn't it? That I looked at all these people around me and thought they were just headless chickens running around without a care in the world. And yet, here I am now, with a nice, cozy house, but nobody to share it with. With seven figures of savings, but nobody to use them on. With all the time in the world, but nobody to spend it with. Maybe if I just took one step back from it all and went to that party, I could have realized how meaningless it all was. I'd like to say I lived a fulfilling life, but by filling up my days with work and studying, I emptied everything else—except regret, I guess.

...is what a stupid, unmotivated, lazy, insecure, sleazy, irresponsible, whiny a████  
m████ f████ would say. Yeah.

Farewell,

Benjamin Eriel