

Student Views

How do you feel about the Jonas Brothers' comeback?



Rosie Kyriakopoulos, Junior

"They were my favorite boy-band in my childhood ever, and I love their new song. I hope they make more."



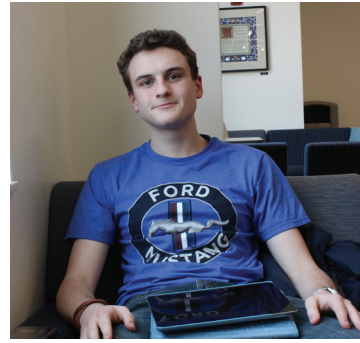
Taylor Oshana, Senior

"I'm really excited they are coming back. It's great. It's like bringing back the past, but it's also new."



Ava Crowe, Junior

"Their new song is fine. It's fun for people like my age. Plus they are brothers, so they may have been bound to get back together."



Matt Booden, Sophomore

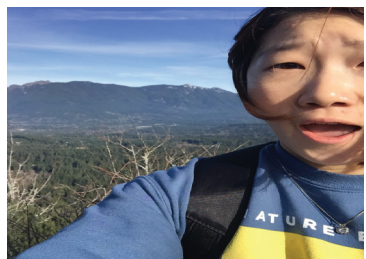
"I enjoy them. My favorite song by them is 'Year 3000' because it was a banger."



Emma Angley, Junior

"I think they are overplayed, and soon they will die off. They are not worth it."

The art of war: bad habits edition



by *Stephanie Kim*

So a handful of months ago, I wrote an opinion on the dangers of minimal sleep. Particularly my own lack of shut-eye.

But now I'm starting to wonder if the universe's aversion to allowing me the sweet bliss of REM cycles is truly the reason behind my egregious levels of senioritis / inability to get work done.

Being that I'm (moderately) on the cusp of being a college freshman, I decided about a month ago to embark on a mission to discover the root cause of the long thread of wasted primetime productivity hours and 4am existentialism highlighting the better part of my high school years.

"Effects of sleep deprivation," I Google for the umpteenth time, this time searching for any indicators that my lack of sleep was really what fuels my insanely slow productivity. Needless to say, I was not all too reassured by the results, especially in the longevity of the remaining years of my life.

I mean, when all of the articles are titled "How Sleep Deprivation and Insomnia Can Cause Your Death," "What it's Like to Die from Sleep Deprivation," and "Can You Die from Lack of Sleep?" it's difficult to escape that slightly panicky feeling that something must be really wonky with my habits to bring me to the brink of mortality in this way.

But I digress. My theory now is that not only is it minimal sleep that

makes me feel like I'm down to my last two brain cells, but it's actually that I'm at war with the entire screwed-over entity that is my habits. (A realization which, indeed, dawned on me as I was cursing myself to the nines one morning at 4am.)

To best explain the nature of said war, I recommend beyond all doubt that you all should watch Tim Urban's TED talk on the mind of a master procrastinator, or read his two-part series on procrastination on his blog Wait But Why.

In any case, the quick run-down of Urban's talk is that people who manage their time quite poorly are afflicted by this mental, imagined being called the Instant Gratification Monkey, which grabs on to that part of us that seeks instant pleasure and, for procrastinators, doesn't let go.

The Instant Gratification Monkey then distracts the procrastinator from their current task, shooting them off into Wikipedia holes or YouTube binges.

Eventually, when the procrastinator realizes that it's too late—that they've gathered all of that time they had, wrapped it up, and sent it to the Monkey—panic begins to arise, and this is where the Panic Monster meanders his way into the procrastinator's life.

Often, Panic Monster will make you do your work, albeit in such a time crunch that (at least for me occasionally) you don't even have a spare second to stretch. But everyone who's encountered the Panic Monster knows it's one heck of a jarring, revolting experience. So I'm toiling away on the battlefield on the daily, confronting Panic Monster, Instant Gratification Monkey, and Sleep Assassin mano-a-mano. Of course, Sleep assassin is what makes me stumble onto the battlefield in the first place, but once I'm there, it's brutal.

I admit, I do plummet into Wikipedia holes and pursue instant

gratification, but when I do, it's like I'm being possessed by some celestial deity of mischief (a monkey, perhaps?). I literally feel like I'm on autopilot and I can't shut it off, as I'm forced to watch time leave me over and over again like The Vow on repeat. And I am absolutely powerless to stop it, because Sleep Assassin kills my will to even will in the first place.

After all, who can resist the beck and call of their bed when it's five feet away from your desk, and your alarm promises to wake you up to the sounds of "Sunrise" in just five minutes? No mortal, I daresay!

That instant my head hits the pillow, my brain says five more minutes, but my body says five more hours. Therein might be why Panic Monster shakes me awake at 4am, calculus homework crushed underneath my blanket.

And then to drizzle some icing on the cake, I believe I've got an awful tendency to think I'm Atlas. I tell myself that holding my world on my shoulders every hour of every day isn't that horrible. That it's bearable, in some sensible, nonsensical sense.

Oh, how erroneous such thoughts end up being. Because not only am I targeted by Sleep Assassin, but then Over-scheduling Odis decides to join the party, packing my schedule to the brim with classes and track practices and work on weeknights.

And once again, I cry out to the void for Time in the exact instant that I necessitate her the most. She only shows up excessively on Friday afternoons when I find myself... not really requiring her company. Time is That Friend Who Appears Only When There's Cake™.

The absence of time = the absence of the ability to do, well, school, most of the time.

Believe me, I've tried

relentlessly to win this war. I've utilized Pomodoro, blocking off certain hours for certain subjects, the 30/30 technique, Tumblr's "100 Days of Productivity," 20oz of caffeine at midnight, chain-chewing gum, FaceTiming my dog (side

note: that one failed), and still I find myself a puppet of my own malfunctioning time management. So for those of you battle-hardened folks who've slayed these foes: want to grab a cup of coffee sometime?

How many times did you cheat? cont.

experiences like racism and economic disadvantage that disproportionately affect black youth, have a greater likelihood of obtaining the disorder. Because only 5 percent of students nationwide receive accommodations, that likely means that there are numerous students with learning disabilities in underprivileged communities that don't receive them at all, whether or not they have been diagnosed.

Cheat #4: Mazel Tov! Even if you're parents refused to photoshop your body onto a rowing boat, or even if they refused to pay for private tutoring, or even if you weren't able to get extra time, or even if you don't go to a top-tier high-school, you still might be able to get an advantage on the ACT! Instead of not having access to specialized healthcare, you do! Now, if you might be wondering how your health and well-being could have literally anything to do with how well you would be able to do on the ACT, here are some examples.

An "Always" brand survey showed that, in the U.S., 1 out of every 5 girls misses school during their periods due to the lack of access to female hygiene products (imagine taking the ACT...on your period...without a tampon); according to the nonprofit organization, "Feeding America," 18 percent of kids live in households without limited or uncertain availability of safe, nutritious food at some point during the year (imagine taking the ACT without eating breakfast); a recent

report by the California Health Care Foundation estimated that 10 percent of the state's poorest children have experienced a "serious emotional disturbance"—but only a fraction of them get treatment.

All I'm trying to say in this is that just like life itself, the ACT and the SAT will never be fair, and thus will never be truly "standardized." A kid with ADHD getting extra-time can even the playing field, but considering the fact that extra-time is only offered at a few lengths, getting a little bit too much extra-time could conceivably give that student an advantage over others too. For some, there is no amount of extra-time that can make up for their disability to begin with.

While we all attempt to make the test as fair as possible, it will never be. Last year, I had to pee in the middle of the reading section of the SAT because I have a small bladder and I had to rush through the last passage. I was upset, but then I considered that, even though I had to unexpectedly go to the bathroom, I still wasn't on my period, I still didn't have an undiagnosed learning disability, I still had eaten a healthy breakfast that morning, I still had gone to a couple tutoring sessions, and last but not least, I was still enrolled in New Trier High School.

I didn't mean to offend anyone while writing this, and if I had more room I would give you more evidence, but for now we should find comfort in knowing that the process isn't fair for anyone—but we have it better than most.

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