

Ike Kelman
Orange Stream
1/14/21

Nagging

Vignette

After a long gruelling day in quarantine, I finally get to rest. I lay down on my bed that feels welcoming as ever and I pull the covers up onto me. The weight and the comfiness of the sheets makes me feel like I'm laying on the clouds. I try to go to sleep, it's 12:30 at night but I can't fall asleep. I start to ponder, what's keeping awake? My conscience: I don't know but you should stay up. But I'm so tired I just want to rest. At this point it's 1 now and my boredom has taken hold of me. So I start to think about history, video games, my future, my future, my future, my future... It first started off as a small idea to think about but it morphed into something bigger, much bigger. My identity. Who am I? My future depends on it, it shapes me, it made me who I am and who I will become. Will it make me an architect or veterinarian? How about neither, how about a lawyer. Ah yes a lawyer, but what kind... Corporate lawyer, Injury lawyer, Construction lawyer, like my Dad? No, keep going, immigration lawyer, family lawyer, criminal justice lawyer? Wait what was that? -Criminal justice lawyer. I like the sound of that. I do have connections in that field so it might be easier to get an internship and maybe even a job as one. Now what college? Let's stay in state, it's cheaper. Pitt, UPenn, Penn State, Temple... I think Penn State is a good option, multiple of my family members are alumni and when I went there for a football game one year, the energy was great. It's one of few college cities in the area. Well, I think I made up my mind on that. Now where do I want to live? Out of the states or across the country... As time passes and I plan out my life, I go back to the question, who am I? It's nagging me, it has been for a while now. Well, I'm a gamer, history nerd, skier, Netflix binger, Jewish, Philadelphian, and an overthinker (if you couldn't already tell). My head slightly turns to the left and I catch a glimpse of the clock, it is 2:27. I turn my head back up to the blank wall then it hit me, it's 2:27?!?! I jolted back to the left as soon as I processed it and it is now 2:58. I thought I was seeing things, I guess not. The time flew by in time. I was absolutely baffled, I did not expect it to be that late at all. But I got the sense of compilation, I was not being nagged about my identity anymore and a wave of exhaustion came over me. My eyes began to flutter and next thing I knew, I was waking up to the sounds of bird chirping and a beam of light coming through the window, making contact with my eyes and life went on.

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Artist Statement

It took me a while to figure which one of my identities I was gonna write about. So I decided well, all in a way. Which I ended up doing. And I am happy with the way it turned out. It was fun digging through my memories about it. I found it entertaining how I went from thought to thought in a matter of sentences. I didn't necessarily use a writing style, I just wrote what came to mind but I did use smilies every once and awhile so I guess I had a descriptive writing style. I did not use humor like Trevor Noah did, I wrote in a way that drew the reader in every so often in the story. Noah's writing style did not really impact me, I didn't really think about his autobiography that much. It never came to mind, I feel like our writing styles are different, he uses humor and irony to keep the reader entertained, I mostly just use the story and wording techniques to keep the reader entertained. My story is about me finding who I am and once I address that, I feel completed. The question of who am I? Is crucial throughout the story and through many other people's lives. The question is essential to life because the answer is what defines us.