

College apps: 1 form to decide my future

By **Jacob Casella**,
Social Media Director

In March my friends and I decided that we would throw a party the day the Common Application opened up. We decided that we would be proactive in applying to college and start on Aug. 1.

This did not happen, however. Come the day of the application opening, I was partying with thousands of other suburban teens at Lollapalooza; friends were tanning on vacation; and others were still simply relaxing.

Deciding your entire future in the span of a few months is a daunting task to ask of 17-year-olds. I mean, I don't think that I am in a place to know what I want to do for the rest of my life. When I go out to eat with my friends, we take an hour just to decide on a place to go.

How can everyone expect me to decide my entire life so quickly?

In the application process, there are so many

questions to ask when deciding where to apply and what to major in.

Are you OK with taking out so many loans that you will have to sell your soul to Sally Mae and only eat Ramen Noodles for the rest of your life? Do you want to go to school just to find an attractive significant other or have fun at parties? Or do you actually want a great education to prepare you for a successful future? (Lame).

In addition to deciding just where to apply, the physical application process is annoying. Self-reporting your grades takes like an hour each time you have to do it, and you have to do it a lot. Why would Harvard care if I failed Global Connections freshman year? They shouldn't.

And explaining your activities... ugh. This gets on my nerves. I did theater because I like attention, but how am I supposed to make this sound profound?

Writing a personal essay also sucks. How am I supposed to make my

life a sob story? Like I cry during every movie I see, does that mean that I have emotional issues that will score me a full ride? Literally nothing meaningful has ever happened to me in my entire life.

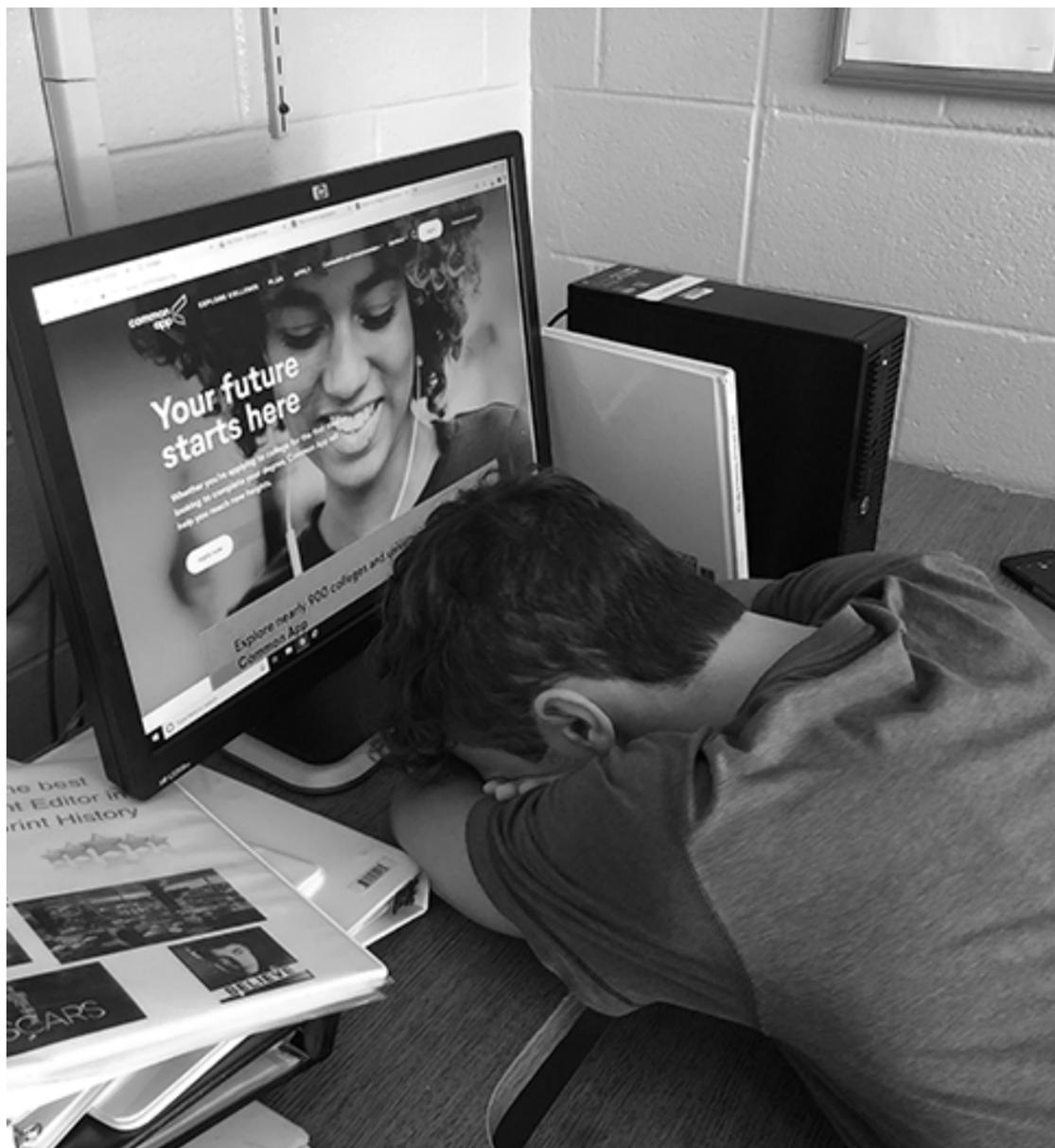
College expects everything to be meaningful, but at this point in our lives, nothing really means that much.

The kicker is that the admission counselors know this too. They don't care that you stayed at school every night until midnight flying on a broom because you're on the quiddich team and it made you realize your passions in life.

This time of life is full of excitement and hard choices that I feel as if I am not competent enough to make yet, but I have to. By May 1, I will know a huge part of the rest of my life.

This is scary. So to forget about my fear of applying I put on my quiddich uniform to find out who I really am.

Hopefully, Harvard will eat it up.



Jacob Casella physically expresses despair over the struggles of completing his college common application.

Photo by **Sarah Barber**



The Blueprint staff enjoys the app Tik Tok and embraces the clock woah.

Photo by **Teagan Smith**

Tik Tok obsessed: I am intimidated by Generation Z

By **Jacob Casella**,
Social Media Director

I'm addicted to Tik Tok, and it makes me feel like a complete loser.

Let me back track for a second: on Monday I become a legal adult, yet every night instead of doing my homework, I stare at my phone for two hours watching preteens and the class of 2023 make ten second lip-dub videos.

At first I was high and mighty. I thought that Tik Tok was for the generation below me (like three grades). The kids who liked the app were the ones I was screaming "go home freshmen" to at the spirit assembly. I didn't understand their culture, and thought that I was cool by looking down on those younger than me.

I felt like I was an old, middle aged person who still uses Facebook, (I do still use Facebook). I mean, I am part of the generation where Vine actually existed and was not a thing of the past.

I was intimidated by the Class of 2023's youth as I feel like mine is fleeting. In the spirit assembly when I was screaming fighting-words to those who are now cooler than me, I had an idea.

Why not just embrace their generation?

So, I went to the App Store and downloaded Tik Tok. I fell in love. It is the perfect app for those who want humor but have the attention span of a goldfish. Tik Tok is so much bang for so little buck. Why watch a whole sitcom when you can laugh just as much in 15 seconds?

These kids are smart. They are innovators and influencers.

I am fine that I am too old for Tik Tok because who cares? Who cares if I am now the mom on Facebook named Karen? Karen is having a great time acting like she is younger than she is.

My hating of Tik Tok was just me being ageist against myself.

I am proud to say that I love Tik Tok. Am I embarrassed writing this and telling everyone my fear of fleeting youth? Yes. Do I have a group chat with my closest friends where we send Tik Toks to each other? Also yes.

Because of my discovery, I now understand why the girl who sits next to me in French makes fun of my Hydroflask. I am cultured, and now more than well equipped with the tools to fight back.