**Acting Class**

**Angelique:**

I took an acting class and the teacher was this weird creepy guy who was going bald and who wore tight pants and didn’t pronounce my name right ONCE. ANGELIQUE. My name is ANGEL-EEK. Not “Angelica,” not “Angie”… Angelique. It’s French for “Like an Angel” or “Born from Angels” or “Touched by an Angel”… something. I dunno. It doesn’t matter. He didn’t get it right once. He made us do all these weird creepy breathing exercises and all I could think of the whole time is MY MOTHER IS NOT PAYING FOR YOU TO TEACH ME HOW TO BREATHE, WEIRD CREEPY BALD GUY WITH TIGHT PANTS… MY MOTHER IS PAYING YOU TO TEACH ME TO ACT. ’Cause that’s what I’m good at. Acting. Like I’m really good at swimming and I paint too and my sister and I made State Jazz Ensemble but what I’m REALLY good at? Is acting. “Breathe in”… “Hold”… “Breathe out”… “Feel your inner animal reaching through”… Inner animal? Are you kidding? I Google-d the guy when I got home, whatever, I know it’s weird, but I had to. I HAD to know what this guy’s done that makes him so special. Know what this guy’s done, this guy who’s supposedly gonna teach me how to act? Three episodes of Ghost Hunter Deluxe and a deodorant commercial. DEODORANT? Is this a joke? What’s this guy gonna teach me to do? NOT SWEAT?!