

Holden Caulfield in 2011

By Emma Deans

I was bumming around the city looking for something to do and it occurred to me that there's nothing *to do* anymore but sit around and pretend to be some dumb made-up thing for some dumb made-up space on the Internet that doesn't even exist—

where all these girls wear make-up and look nothing like they do in real life and some of them are smiling, and some of them are moody (like an *intentional* moody), but no matter what they all write the names of their favorite bands and their favorite movies and their favorite foods and what bands are not cool and what movies just plain stink and how do you even know where to begin a conversation, anyways?

I was thinking about this for a while and I decided that the whole thing is just too creepy—
I mean, whatever happened to goddamn privacy?

The most crazy thing is it's *voluntary*.
These people actually think it's normal to stalk someone, and to look at all their pictures and their past boyfriends and what they had for dinner last night and I dunno, maybe it is normal, because that's just what everyone *does*.

And as I was bumming, I kicked up a pebble on the sidewalk and I saw all these people glued to their hand held machines, I mean, getting *blisters*, and right in front of me this guy runs smack into a trashcan, because he's texting!

He gets all red in the face, and I kind of laugh a little, but one of those pity half-laugh 'cause this kind of stuff just makes me sick and I bet he was writing some perverted message to some young girl, because the whole world is filled with sex scandals, and you can hardly meet one person who isn't a pervert or a junkie or a con or a fed.

There's too much to think about, so I have to sit, and put my hand on my head for a second with

my eyes closed and my ears closed and my legs
closed so no lights or bells or beeps or creeps can get at me.

Sometimes the world makes me yellow all over. It really does.