

## The Group Project Nightmare

*(Teen boy or girl shakes their head, exasperated.)*

Group projects. The two worst words in the English language.

They always start with so much hope. Everyone nods enthusiastically, saying, “*Let’s split up the work evenly!*” Yeah. Right. That’s never how it goes. Because no matter what, the group always falls into the same roles.

There’s the overachiever, who ends up doing the entire thing—not because they want to, but because they physically *cannot* let the rest of us ruin it. Then there’s the disappearing act, the person who volunteers to do the research and is never seen again. And of course, we have the slacker, who contributes absolutely nothing until the last five minutes, then shows up, grabs a glue stick, and proudly announces, “*We did great, guys!*”

And then there’s me—just a normal person who wanted a normal grade, but is now questioning every life choice that led me to this moment.

The worst part? *We all* get the same grade. Which means Slacker McNoEffort just walked away with an A, despite contributing nothing but *vibes*, while I stayed up until 2 AM fixing his disaster of a PowerPoint.

So yeah. Love teamwork. Totally fair.