

Kiara Kears

Comedian Points

It took me seventeen years on this planet to realize that I don't enjoy academics. Now don't misinterpret me, I love to learn and expand my knowledge of the world, but let's face it I couldn't care less about quadratic formulas or what lessons Ernest Hemingway tried to communicate through his writings. Throughout my life I've been told I liked school simply because I excelled at it and I listened. Of course these things can be fun, for some, but I find that my talents could be used elsewhere. Not on finding the cure for cancer or solving some unknown equation, I'd much rather make people laugh.

When I was a kid my brother used to give out "comedian points". Every time I did something he found funny he'd throw his head back in laughter and declare, "One comedian point." I don't know why I valued it so much, I couldn't claim anything with them, it wasn't even a physical prize and yet I worked for my points. I was a devoted student and my brother was a persistent teacher. He gave me small, yet helpful, instructions on how to make the smallest movement hilarious. I took these notes seriously and the more I learned the more comedian points I earned. Seeing my brother laugh all because of a wisecrack I had made filled me with a great sense of pride.

When I reached middle school my brother moved on to better things. Now a 17 year old he had more important things to worry about than his little sister and her childish points. He moved on so I did too. On a whim, due to my own loneliness and aversion to having to go home after school, I joined the 21st century drama club, a program that lasted until 5 p.m. It was the best decision of my life.

No word makes me happier than improv. My drama teacher Mr. Asbell, a man who's influenced me more than he'll ever know, drilled it through us. We ate, slept, and breathed improv; it was considered the core of an actor. I can still say to this day that those were the happiest days of my life. One day after a performance I recall another teacher leaning over to Mr. Asbell and struggling to say through fits of laughter, "She's got a dry sense of humor." The hole my brother left had been filled.

Soon enough I moved onto other things. I developed an affinity for writing, not the dull essays we all struggled through in classes, but comedic skits and even a play that I was able to perform at my school. Becoming a writer was inevitable, there were far too many times when reading a script or watching a skit I'd mull over how a particular joke could have been funnier or a scene more gripping. Whenever I hold a pen in my hand or peer over my keyboard I possess the power of creation. I can write my own story with characters under my command. I know it sounds a bit controlling, but aren't all writers?

In the summer of my junior year I caught my brother right before he jetted out the door. Rolling his eyes and scrolling through his phone he slumped down onto the living room couch and agreed to watch my performance, a monologue I had written. Standing before him I was terrified, but I did it. It all happened so fast that I don't remember any of it except for the look on my brother's face. Grinning he threw his head back and let out an obnoxiously, exaggerated guffaw. I simply stood there completely overcome by nervous excitement and watched as he put his phone away, looked me in the eyes and declared, "10 comedian points"