

The subject in question is a male with the light skin tone of the closets and desks of my own dorm room, and hair like sand on an overused beach. He wears his red Bradley sweatshirt proudly, adorned cleanly and unwrinkled, like a lion's mane. The subject is sleepily monitoring the screens before him. The subject is a clothed and academically engaged version of Auguste Rodin's The Thinker. He appears to be reading pages of text, although the subject is about as engaged in his digital book(s) as a toddler at a business meeting. At one point during their study, the subject gets up to stretch like a tired housecat preparing to reposition itself into a better napping spot. During their stretch, they even took a noticeable yawn, further lending an image of a feline to mind. Normally, the subject stays at the volume level of a very small clock, very occasionally making the soft clicking sound of the mouse. Once in awhile, the subject will switch positions to cross their arms like a grumpy parent whose child has just spilt something on the floor. They are taking brief notes in a bland notebook, exactly like the ones seen in the school supply sections of every major retailer and general store. It appears as though the longer they are reading and taking notes, the more like a setting sun their eyes become, drooping like broken venetian blinds. As the twenty minutes begins to end, the subject appears to feel renewed energy, like a threatened herd animal that just witnessed a stalking predator. The subject has likely finished studying, and is in an almost frantic sprint to close out their windows and get on with the rest of his day. The subject gets up from his chair in a very relieved way, like a man finishing a particularly large meal. While not at an alarming pace, the subject leaves the library with considerable vigor, a behavior that is as different as his study habits for that particular session as night is different from day.