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AP Lang

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I Will Go Down With This Ship

The clock on the laptop read 3:45 am. The illuminating glow highlighted the blogger’s devoted eyes as she scrolled eagerly holding onto every giggle that escaped her chapped lips. “Not a day goes by, that I won’t think of you,” she whispered to the screen. I was fifteen chapters into a Captain Swan (Captain Hook and Emma Swan) fanfiction and I was not ready for sleep to overcome me. *Once Upon A Time* has been on hiatus for two months now and my heart couldn’t take it anymore. I did not care at the time that I had an AP US History test the next morning that counted for twenty-five percent of my grade. All that was on my mind was if Emma and Hook were going to forgive each other because I mean the author has been DRAGGING it out. The empty bottles of apple juice and wrappers of Dove chocolate that were sprawled on my bed were battle tokens that signified my dedicated journey to the story. I went to click the arrow for the next chapter when my heart froze in terror. All blood that ran to my face stopped. The dreaded words appeared on the screen. UPDATED: JUNE 6TH **2012**. STATUS: INCOMPLETE. I slammed on the keyboard in utter frustration. Instead of stopping and getting sleep like a normal human being, I went downstairs and got another bottle of apple juice. I opened my computer and submerged into another tale.

Hi my name is Victoria Esposito and I’m a fangirl. This is my story.

I don’t know how old I was when this obsession started, but as far as I can remember I have always had an unhealthy attachment with fictional characters. They were my best friends when times were tough. When I felt the world had finally given up on me, I knew in my heart that I could turn on the television and my favorite couple would always be there waiting. I guess it also was the fact that I had an awful love life and these fictional characters filled the prominently GAPING hole within my heart. I wanted John Cusack to hold a radio set outside my door or Wesley to yell, “As You Wish!” or even Judd Nelson to throw a fist pump in the air knowing that I was his girl. I was a really sad kid, which brings me to the point of shipping. If you don’t know what shipping is all I can say is… Run. Run and never get involved. To some people the term refers to transporting large packages, but to me it symbolizes the bond of two people that are meant to be together. Although I cannot recall the exact age, I remember being a young innocent girl with so much potential in life. So much hope and passion and love for the outdoors and sunlight. That was until I met the monster. It appeared in the form of a lone ship entitled “Spuffy”. Since then it’s been a downward spiral of complete and utter addiction. The couple pairing was Spike and Buffy from the hit television show, *Buffy the Vampire Slayer.* I started out as just a regular fan. One who watches the show for pleasure and then goes through life as planned, you know enjoying their social life and getting good night’s sleep at a reasonable time. Buffy and Spike were intriguing to me due to their love/hate relationship. The transition point between normal fan and obsession happens though through the form of a fancy little website known as… Tumblr. It is a place where the demons go at night and suck your soul in, leaving you a hollow body; disabling you from leaving your laptops side. It is a gathering place for other addicts like myself, but the thing is it only intensifies the obsession. The site includes pictures, .GIFS, fanfiction etc. all centering on your ship. It is the Willy Wonka’s Chocolate Factory of fandoms. Just like “Hotel California”, once you enter you can never leave, and my blog has become a higher priority in my life than socializing, getting exercise and sometimes… homework. Do not let Tumblr fool you. I have tried plenty of times to leave the cursed URL, but I always find myself literally opening another tab and typing in Tumblr.com. It’s like my fingers are programmed to go to that exact location. It features .GIFS of Castiel and Dean hugging it out in *Supernatural* all the way to Watson and Sherlock sharing cake in the BBC’s classic. Tumblr has also shaped me into being a sarcastic little jerk. It features gems such as, “I hope you guys realize you’ve got less than a month now to confess your love for me and be my valentine.” Classics like, “I’m not saying that I’m an amazing actor, but I HAVE won as many Oscars as Leonardo DiCaprio.” Finally my personal favorite being, “What doesn’t kill you leaves you lying awake at 2am wishing it had.” Do not even get me started on what happens when the sun goes down and the night-bloggers appear. They are a recluse species that only come out in the abyss of the night holding onto the last thread of sanity, “What if soy milk is just regular milk introducing itself in Spanish?” I could talk to you for 20 pages straight on the evils and dangers of Tumblr and the effect it has on making you go insane, but Tumblr is only one part of the messy formula that created the fangirl that I am today.

Fast-forward to sophomore year of high school. I am a 15-year-old teen girl who finally thought she had beaten the curse that was… fangirling. The thing is though, that it isn’t a hobby. It becomes who I am, consuming me whole. No matter how hard I tried to fool myself I knew a part of me was missing. It was a typical Thursday afternoon in the Esposito house. I had just arrived home from school and all seemed well. This is the part of the story when the spiral starts to decline rapidly. Waiting on my television screen was a bright red picture that read, “NETFLIX.” Netflix is a fangirl’s god. It was a library of knowledge and power that brought me immense joy. I’m not going to lie, I might have cried at the sight of the welcoming screen. If you thought I wasn’t getting homework done before with reading all that fanfiction, imagine how much I won’t get done when I could watch whole entire series within three days! It all happened within a blur it seems. *Gossip Girl, Breaking Bad, Doctor Who, and The Walking Dead*... shows that were unavailable to me before were now being watched as if they were appetizers for a larger meal. Netflix and Tumblr were determined to keep me tied down to the computer and not enjoy anything that was happening outside in the “real” world. All this time that I was obsessing over Chuck and Blaire, I found out that I missed my friend’s birthday party, a Saturday rehearsal for *Godspell* and oh, the AP World exam was in a week. THE AP WORLD EXAM WAS IN A WEEK! How could I have not known such a crucial thing was creeping up on me? Netflix and Tumblr were two powerful and cruel puppet masters that enjoyed pulling the strings of the puppet formally known as Tori causing her to forget others importance. To the masters, they only call me by my blogs URL. Which is another story, one in which I will not share with anyone for no one can set foot on my blog. This is the point in my narrative where you think, Wow she has realized her ways! She has crashed so low, that she has to stop on this destructive and weird path! Well dear reader you are very wrong. From there on things only got worse. Cue dramatic organ playing the infamous, “Dun dun DUN!”

Their names were Killian Jones and Emma Swan and they stole my heart and life on November 4th, 2012. *Once upon a Time* had always been a love of mine, but I have never been obsessed with the show. That was, until these two crossed paths in the Enchanted Forest. I know it sounds weird and bizarre, but the pair found its way into my heart and it has grown from a fondness to a total and complete obsession. He was Captain Hook and she was the daughter of Snow White who was thrown into a magical land expected to save her family whom she had thought were just fairytales. Somehow in my mind… I believed they were perfect for one another. I started following blogs completely dedicated to their plot lines and bought all of the episodes on my Kindle re-watching each episode and memorizing the dialogue. I wrote posts on my blog psychoanalyzing the characters and going deep into their background. Not since Spike and Buffy had I felt THIS close to a couple. This is the point in time when my perfect little cherubs (that’s what I call them), lead my life to insanity. Emma has a “love-triangle” within the show between her old boyfriend, Neil, who was the father of her son, or Killian Jones. Killian used to be a respectful lieutenant on a ship commanded by his brother. On a quest to receive a plant that the King said could heal anyone, he met Peter Pan in Neverland. Peter warned the brothers that the plant was actually poison, but his brother didn’t listen and died on the island. Turning to the life of a pirate we fast-forward a few years. He lost the love of his life and had to watch her die in his arms. Vowing revenge he went after the man who took his hand and his love. Somehow he ends up in Emma’s path and their chemistry is undeniable. Emma is a challenge to Hook and he finds someone who can be his equal. In the episode Dark Hollow he says, “I never thought I’d be capable of letting go, of my first love. My Milah. To believe that I could find someone else. That is until I met you.” Emma was hurt in her past relationship, ending thrown in jail because her “boyfriend” left her behind and let her take the blame for a crime she didn’t commit. She has a problem trusting and Hook knows that all too well. Their bond grows while they are in Neverland while looking for her child who was taken by Peter Pan. This is the point of the show where I was making t-shirts that read, “CAPTAIN SWAN. THIS SHIP SAILS ITSELF”. Creative… I know. Emma then makes out with Hook for like a good episode and everything is sunshine and rainbows, until bad things happen that leave Tori crying and sobbing on the floor hoping that the hiatus ends soon. Let’s just also mention the fact he said, “That’s quite the vessel you **captain** there **swan**.” Cue Tori squealing like a little girl. The point being here is that Killian is Emma’s happy ending. Her mother, Snow White, once said, “Happy endings aren’t always what we think they are going to be. If you love them and they love you they will always find you.” This quote is the most beautiful thing I have ever heard because Hook fought for Emma and he found her in the end. If that isn’t true love, I have no idea what is. My love for this couple brought upon the rock bottom of this tale. I received hate mail. They were a fan of Emma and Neil and they bashed my stories and told me to go burn in a well. I do not understand the logic of said statement, but it ripped my heart in two. I can deal with criticism, but this person wrote to me every day telling me how bad and stupid I was. They recruited their friends and before I knew it my inbox was filled with hate. How could something I love so much, bring me such pain? I never knew that people could be so cruel and this anonymous blogger brought that light upon me. I shut down my blog and retired from writing any other post revolving around Captain Swan. Emma once said, “I wanted Henry to have the most important thing, Hope.” Hook once said, “If there is one thing I have learned from you hero types is that there is always hope.” I, Victoria Esposito, had no hope. I was done and would not be returning.

That being said, it has been two weeks and I have been Tumblr free. I have avoided my laptop and have stayed clear from any sign on my television that a show I love was coming on. To fill the hole within my chest, I started drawing portraits of the shows characters and writing fanfiction. It’s a part of a three-step program to get back into the life of a regular person, so I can enjoy a show without becoming entirely obsessed. I will miss the life of a fangirl because although it was sometimes crazy, it was rewarding. Getting into fights with people about who would end up together and believing in the love of your ship was one of the most exhilarating feelings in the world. Don’t even get me started on having the satisfaction that your ship is canon (actually a couple within the show). What I am trying to get across is that being a fangirl is a dangerous and crazy ride. If you have the chops to be able to withstand hiatus’s, ships, lots of crying, insomnia and more crying… I recommend becoming a fangirl or fan boy.

You either shook your head the whole time while reading this paper saying, “YES SHE UNDERSTANDS!” or you just sat there in terror. If you sat there in terror be glad you have never experienced what I have. I have seen things… things that cannot be erased. Well, I’m going to now go and study for that math test tomorrow because that’s happening and I am a responsible student.

Who am I kidding? March 9th can’t come any quicker. I just ordered a Captain Swan t-shirt and I’m coming back to my blog and this time I will be bigger and better.

My name is Victoria Esposito and **I am** a fangirl.