

# My smart self

Business



Smart: Having or showing quick-witted intelligence. That's how anyone in my school would describe me; few even know me beyond that one adjective. That girl who was salutatorian in eighth grade and in all those honor classes, yes that is me.

But that's not the real me. To me, I'm not smart-I just work hard for what I want. I think anyone could be considered smart if they work hard for what they want. My foundation was weak from going to a meager elementary school. I had four math teachers in three years and never was able to grip the concept of algebra. I didn't know how to use a microscope, yet today I'm in college prep biology.

To be smart takes personal will and dedication. I dedicated hours to my studies, more than others have in their lives. Even as a sophomore, I studied for the PSAT's, even though the teachers said: " It's just a practice test." My math foundation was terrible, so the PSAT math was difficult, yet I managed to do it, which makes me " smart." Here I am right now, waiting for Hurricane Sandy to hit, yet I'm studying ahead for biology. I have a test soon and never heard of Adenosine Triphosphate , but to others in my year that's considered smart.

I'm not like the others of my year, posting statuses on Facebook about the storm. Often I think being smart is a solitary path, full of hardships and struggles. I remember freshman year when I failed a math test on adding and subtracting negative numbers, it was fifty problems in two minutes. After I failed, everyone still thought I was " smart" though, but how come? I went and asked for help, I stayed after numerous days to understand these

foreign concepts to me. I cared enough about my grades to work hard and go the extra mile.

Other kids in the class, also failed and instead of doing the “ smart” thing they high-fived one another and laughed it off. I don’t know they did it, to this day that 55 on my math paper haunts me. Maybe I was destined to be alone to be smart. I feel that if I ask teacher questions, people stare in shock, questions filling in their head: Why does she worry about that? It’s not even on the test! I get the puzzled look from people and pretend to ignore it, thought it hurts. When a teacher tells us to pick partners, I stand there like a fool.

I see them glance at me and snicker, but I pretend it does not hurt. I rather talk to teachers, than students my age. I just don’t seem to understand the students and their ways. They talk about who is dating who in the middle of class, but I rather worry about the Endosymbiotic theory, which will be on next week’s test. I got told I have an old soul, I’m wise beyond my years, but that doesn’t make it easier for me being “ smart.

” For those who are “ smart” it’s not genetic- at least not for me. I’ve learned to work hard, to make my life what I want it to be. I learned to study hard if I want to pass; I learned to teach myself instead of going out on Friday nights. Deep down inside of me, there is no such thing as being “ smart” but to everyone on the outside that is all they see of me.