

Presentations: powerpoints, posters and pokemon

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Everyone can remember, at one point or another, the cute, funny kid they looked up to when they were younger (and, subsequently, their inexplicable need to impress or at least be noticed by them.) For me, it was a girl who was a year older than me that I rode the bus with in first grade. I don't want to mention any names lest someone put the pieces together, so let's just call her Celeste. That's a nice name, isn't it? I like to think so.

Anyway, back to the story. Years ago, when I was no more than eight years old, I was sitting next to Celeste on the way to school, and noticed she had a card in her hand. I tried to get a closer look at it in an attempt to understand the mysterious object, but to no avail. So, I figured I might as well go the old-fashioned route and just ask. "What's that?" I had inquired, and her response was something I still remember word-for-word to this day. Back then, though, I had no idea how much that simple sentence would affect me.

"Oh, it's a Pokemon card! Wanna see?" I eagerly nodded my head, already wanting to know more. She handed it over to me, and I thoroughly examined it. The card was predominantly blue, and read "Piplup" at the top, with a list of the creature's attacks listed at the bottom. What really caught my eye, however, was the many-hued picture in the center. It resembled a penguin with blue and white feathers, and from the moment I laid eyes on it, I was completely enraptured. "It's so cool!" I exclaimed, and she chuckled.

"You can keep it, if you want." She offered nonchalantly, and my expression must have been easily mistaken for someone who had just seen a triple-rainbow. I will admit, I may have been a bit overly excited, but how could I not have been? I'd always been an animal lover, and I was utterly obsessed

with the concept of all things magic and otherworldly, and this combined all of that! I couldn't stop thinking about it all day, and as soon as I got home I talked my mom's ear off about it from what little I knew. I soon realized I, for some reason, just had to know more about these "Pokemon" things. So, the next day, I got on the blocky old computer at my house and did many, many Google searches that were mostly variations of the same phrase, that being "Piplup, Pokemon".

If you thought my reaction to receiving the card was too much, well, let me just say you'd hate how I reacted when I found out that there was more than one Pokemon. A little over four hundred at the time, to be more specific. I must've spent hours at a time on the internet finding out as much as I could. In fact, I know I did, because I remember being called to bed what felt like only a few minutes after getting home. I soon realized this was not the case when I checked the clock that read " 8: 30 P. M.

". I decided the next day that I needed to be able to share this incredible discovery with more people in a more organized fashion, preferably one that didn't consist of sentences to the effect of " This, uh, is a... what's it called... a water type? And... um... wait, I forget..." The easiest solution was to make a Powerpoint presentation, which I absolutely adored doing. When I went to show my creation to my adoring fans (by which I mean my parents), I noticed the words seemed to flow quite effortlessly, and I was fairly well-spoken for someone who was less than a decade old, in my opinion. I quickly figured out that I was captivated by the ability to share my passions with others so easily, and wanted- no, needed to continue whenever possible. Does that sound over-dramatic? Absolutely.

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But what can I say? I'm dramatic more often than not, in all honesty. Over the years, I continued to create numerous presentations, ranging from Powerpoints to Posters to essays. I loved every aspect of it, the research process, the putting it all together and, most of all, that glorious yet all-too-short moment when I got to relay my message to as many people as possible. My crowds (thankfully) grew larger than just my parents. In what seemed like no time at all, I was suddenly presenting to my sister, my extended family, and even my classmates.

Where am I currently on this wondrous journey, one may ask? Well, not to brag or anything (well, maybe to brag slightly), but I'm currently putting together a presentation to be judged by people from outside school! More precisely, my 4-H club. The way it'll work is that at first I will present to my club, then in front of county judges, and if that goes well, I may make it to the state judges! The topic, by the way, is domestic bird care! Wish me luck!