

Memorable high school experience

Sociology



My lack of a social life led me to focus on scholastics. I joined advanced classes and intently did my homework every night. It was not long before the school became a strong social outlet and I began to experience great success in my courses. I excelled academically and was barely cognizant of a group of students in courses I had that was quickly failing. One day I showed up and they had transferred to another class. I went on for much of the year concentrating on school. While I experienced relative success, towards the end of the year I increasingly felt something was missing in my life. While at the time I thought it was simply the need for a more robust social life, in retrospect I recognize that even at this early age I was experiencing a slight crisis of personal meaning. At nights I would sit by myself and think about the purpose of even being successful in school or life. Like a miniature Camus or Sartre, I gradually came to believe that there was no real meaning to life and that the books and schoolwork I had so diligently devoted myself to was nothing but me fooling myself that things mattered. I sought out ways to counter this depression. Increasingly I looked to others thinking they knew the answers. It was this that led me to a one-day talk with the kids who had dropped out of my courses a few months earlier. To me, it seemed as if they similarly rejected school and found a different path. One day during lunch I ate with them and then walked with them as they went behind the school. There was a pasture next door where they would sneak away and smoke marijuana. As we were returning I turned my head and noticed the school resource officer standing right beside us; he had watched us the entire time. I ended up receiving a week-long suspension. At the time I was truly furious with what had happened, but today I realize it was a turning point in my life. I consider Hartman's story <https://assignbuster.com/memorable-high-school-experience/>

when he writes, “ I became a bulldog and I spoke --truly spoke, clearly-- for the first time” (Hartman). After this incident, I too found my voice. While at times I continued to question life, I learned to find my own meaning and appreciate every day for what it is.