

What does it mean to be real? assignment



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“ What is real? ” asked the Rabbit one day... Does it mean having things that buzz inside you and stick out like a handle? ” In the children’s book, *The Velveteen Rabbit*, by Margery Williams, two toys talk within a nursery about what it means to be Real. As I listened to the reading, I realized that I can apply the discussed qualifications for Real into my life, and as I did so I began to recognize just how Real I may be. After reading the book to the class my teacher issued an assignment, a five page essay on “ What does it mean to be real? I immediately thought “ With such a harsh case of senioritus? Impossible! Real? It means to walk around with air in your lungs, moveable joints and a ticking heart. ” A few minutes later I woke up a bit more and evaluated the question further. It took me several weeks, many I-Pod searches, a time-consuming assessment of my life and intense movie watching, but I do believe that I have the key that will uncover Real’s meaning in every sense. What does it mean to be real? According to Webster’s Dictionary real is defined as “ physically existing or not artificial”. As the great French philosopher Rene Descartes said “ I think therefore I am”, I say “ If I am then I exist and if I exist, then I am physically here”. Now establishing the fact that I am real in the physical sense, the question, “ Am I artificial? ” develops. This question is a tricky one with regard to the concept that teenagers do not act on our own sense of morals, but rather on the desire to satisfy those whose affection we crave, and I am no exception. Taking all this into account I am artificial, however, if this is the manner in which the rest of my contemporaries behave then I am only as real as my age.

So far through my life I have operated with appendages in my eyes, with others steering my vision of reality, whether they are my parents, friends, peers or media and I realize that one element in being real is to seize control of what and how I see and understand the world. To do so, I must close my eyes after a view and ponder, for myself, what I saw and how it struck me because otherwise I would only be allowing others to cause a collision. “ Real isn’t how you are made,” said the Skin Horse. “ It’s a thing that happens to you.

When a child loves you for a long, long time, not just to play with, but REALLY loves you, then you become Real” (Williams 5). After reading and reflecting on how this sentence might pertain to my life, I came to the conclusion that I am not yet Real. This sentence says that being Real is being truly loved by someone, not just “ playing”, but truly being cared about; I don’t see myself as sincerely being loved by anyone except for my Dad and our relationship is fairly new, even though I know he has loved me since before I was born.

Love must be combined with an extraordinary bond in order to make one Real, a bond that will release one from all insecurities and filter the world in a different and more positive light. As for the friends that I have accumulated over the years, I do not see myself as being of any immense significance to their lives, all we did was play and have fun. What I mean to say is, if I were to suddenly disappear, more likely than not my friends would mourn my dissolution for a brief while, but only the person who I truly mattered to will be the one whose life would need rearranging. Generally, by the time you are Real, most of your hair has been loved off, and your eyes drop out and <https://assignbuster.com/what-does-it-mean-to-be-real-assignment/>

you get loose in the joints and very shabby. But these things don't matter at all, because once you are Real you can't be ugly, except to people who don't understand" (Williams 5). " Does it hurt? " asked the Rabbit. " Sometimes," said the Skin Horse... When you are Real you don't mind being hurt" (Williams 5). To be within reach of becoming Real, a person must not shelter herself from life's events, whether good or bad, because with all good and no bad, how is the good ever to be valued?

When in the process of becoming real, a person is taken from the secure confinements of her cupboard and takes the risks and the experiences that go along with becoming Real. This may cause hurt and damage to one's self, but it takes the simplicity away from her fur, tatters it a bit, but all the while it is what gives her appearance character, setting her aside from all the other velveteen rabbits that shared all the same aspects. I have never truly strayed from my cupboard and out of the nursery for fear of damaging my " fur", I have taken risks and been hurt, but always within the custody of my shelf. It doesn't happen all at once," said the Skin Horse. " You become. It takes a long time. That's why it doesn't happen often to people who break easily, or have sharp edges, or who have to be carefully kept" (Williams 5). Becoming Real is a long process that requires a life time of experiences that will subject me to Real pain, and Real love, not only from or for another person, but also from and for myself. The boy in the story did not make the rabbit Real, he only contributed by loving and showing him life's beauties such as love and friendship.

The rabbit in fact made himself Real by accepting himself. I was birthed by a fifteen year old girl who was totally unprepared to be a mother and was

adopted by my grandmother and step-grandfather, whom I called mom and dad. But after middle school, when I was more able to recognize my surroundings along with other events that occurred with my family along with the quarrel within myself, I began to feel as if I do not belong and have no Real family, causing me to feel insignificant.

It felt wrong to request for things from my grandparents since I am not truly their child, not to mention they already raised their own kids and still have to pay for my education and cost of living; I could not ask from my mother because she has her own kid who also possesses needs and seeing as how I have never played the role of her daughter, although she and I occasionally try, it is not my place. Due to these feelings of displacement I've always felt incapable of being loved by more than my daddy and therefore I try to find many little substitutions to fill the void, whether they be friends, crushes or even family.

I began to develop the impression that I was a slip-up and not meant to be here or to be loved. I've analyzed myself and my personality, along with other people's criticisms, and have found that I desperately crave attention, usually in heaps from one person at a time. I constantly want to feel as though someone cares and I desire that at least one person would want to be around me without growing tired. However, none of these quick fix relations ever last very long and something always happens to make me feel trivial.

Without the approval of others, I am never able to approve myself my question is always " How can I like myself if others don't even like me? What is wrong with me? " I cannot predict when I will become Real. It may happen

in a few years, or in the closing stages of my life if ever at all. Needless to say this paragraph knocks me out of the running to become Real. There are no magical nursery fairies or wise old rocking horses to transform a human being into Real. An individual must undergo selflessness, acceptance, experience and a clear perception of the world (all attributes of Christ).

Perhaps Real is another form of perfection. With this in mind, I ask, has anyone ever been Real? With all the ingredients necessary to be Real it is practically impossible to achieve it until made divine, which must be achieved through Real actions. I cannot become Real simply from experiences and learning from them or even adding all the ingredients together, because even after being subject to all these phases, I will continually be subject to more until my final breath.

The trials given here on earth are sent to test us on how well we handle our affairs, if we pass all the courses until death's touch, we are proved worthy and made into Real. Works Cited " Real. " Merriam Webster's Desk Dictionary. 1995. Williams, Margery. The Velveteen Rabbit. Random House Children's Books: HCI, January 1958 Boyd, Brandon. Dig. Sony Music Entertainment: EPIC, November 2006 Hacikyan, Shaant. Teasing to Please. Fueled by Ramen: June 2006