

I believe descriptive essay

Business



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I Believe. I believe in the power of the pursuit of knowledge. I have been an overachiever for as long as I can remember.

During my schooling I have been mocked for my desire to learn more about the things that are unfamiliar to me. Whether it was my sister mimicking my frequent questions addressed to my parents or the kids at school calling me names. I always felt as though there was something wrong with me wanting to know more than what I had in front of me. I recall so many times when I asked my mom questions about the most random things. Each and every time she would give me this look, a look that said, " Why are you so interested in knowing everything?" When I was in 1st grade I began taking an extreme interest in finding answers for every question that popped into my head. I would ask questions about simple things like, " How come the dark countertop has specks of bright color randomly throughout it?" Later on I learned the science behind it; granite is full of colored specks.

I remember my mom would tell me the answer to every question that she had an answer for. As I continued through school I began asking my mom more complex questions, questions like, " How did the earth start rotating around the sun?" and the famous question of the time, " Do you think Pluto is a planet or do you agree with the people who are saying it isn't?" Around this time is when I began to realize my friends weren't as interested in school and expanding their knowledge as I was. I also started to realize my mom was slowly becoming unable to answer the questions I asked her. During this time I began staying in class at lunch, or visiting my previous grade level teachers, and bombarding them with various questions. This led to me becoming a more advanced reader and writer.

I turned to reading as a way to get answers to the millions of questions forming in my head. It started out as getting a little book about the life of this or the science of that when my class went on our trip to library. This phase of my life triggered the harassment by my fellow classmates. By the time I reached 4th grade I had been called a nerd, a geek, a teacher's pet, and it began to feel like I should just stop attempting to quince the thirst of knowledge growing ever stronger from within me. Next came the essays for school. I remember like yesterday when I was assigned my first research project.

I was in 3rd grade; the assignment was for you and a partner to write about a planet. My partner and I were assigned Uranus. Not only were we required to write the so called paper but we had to draw a picture of the planet. I still remember reading the 3 or 4 short books about Uranus, which I found in the library, while my partner merely flipped through them, looking at the pictures. I recall sitting next to my partner while I began drafting the 5 sentence long paper.

She colored the picture. Although I was only a third grader at the time, I was immensely proud of my achievement. I began wanting to write more and more, fiction or nonfiction. My next big assignment wasn't until 5th grade. It was a research report about a state.

My paper was by far the longest in the class. This made me feel distinguished among my classmates. I continued to strive to better my knowledge of the world around me. It wasn't until 8th grade that I started to see a correlation between my lust for knowledge and my friendships and

popularity. The smarter I became, and the more effort I put into maintaining my grades, the smaller the group of people I hung out with became.

At first I blamed myself for my drastic changes in my friendships but then something clicked. I looked back at my childhood and realized three things. The first was that while growing up I was always that one kid who loved school. The next was that I was called names and considered the odd ball out because of this. The last and most important one was that I was stronger without the people that had been holding me back at my sides. The young members of our society are not accepting of differences.

Whether it is someone's urge to learn or the way someone looks, our society loathes diversity. This means that by the time 8th grade comes around people have decided which thoughts and actions are cool, and which are not. This causes teens to hold back on their potential for greatness. Sadly, our nation's views are a little backwards. What is cool as a kid is distasteful as an adult. Actions that classify schoolchildren as nerds are the same ones that classify adults as successful.

If our society fixed the views of the younger generations then knowledge will be more prominent. The more our youth value the pursuit of knowledge the better off our country will be. Knowledge is the future. The more things an individual knows the better prepared they will be. Having a fondness for erudition is the first step to being successful.

I believe in the need for a change in society. I believe in the urgency of aspiration for a thriving philosophy in each individual. I believe in the power of the pursuit of knowledge.

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