

# The appeal

Business



There is no such thing as a pure desire - a desire free from all faults and flaws and ulterior motives. We are all driven to our breaking points by greed and selfish nature. No one really knows what it means to "make a difference", or how to "make the world a better place". No one really cares about anything outside of themselves. The only discrepancy that can distinguish one egoist from another is in how well they mask their self-seeking intentions. So let us do away with worthless formalities and let my humble facade rest a day.

Let this justify my appeal. Let this inherent legacy of the human condition reign true, so that I might exaggerate my talents and exalt my every feat; so that I might argue my way into the apparent prestige of your institution with my clever rhetoric and inspirational back-stories. Shall I shove this sad excuse of a composition in your faces? Shall I thrust this pedantic, generic drivel regarding my "outstanding academic achievements" and "exceptional leadership skills" into your selective perceptions? I would think that such an act is both insulting and deceitful. But, as of now, it seems just. It seems appropriate.

And I know what you want to hear. Here - it is at this point that I will now explicitly detail my overqualified status as a high school student: the extensive opportunities I have taken advantage of, the vast community service projects on which I have embarked, and my leaps and bounds past the rest of the mediocrity. Now allow me to elaborate on my ambitious goals and aspirations. Allow me to discuss that far-reaching and, most likely, impossible dream of mine to attain some pretentious degree - how I've wanted to accomplish it ever since the moment I was able to perceive. Allow

me to fashion a flashy scheme as to how I shall utilize my God-given skill and intellect to drag the depraved state of society out of its current turmoil and obscurity. Allow me to explain why your school is the most ideal establishment at which I shall advance myself.

Allow me to place your university's rankings and eminent programs on a lofty pedestal as I touch my nose to the soiled floors of my shabby existence below. Allow me to humble myself by further exemplifying the educational system of which you are already so knowledgeable. Allow me to demonstrate my self-claimed potential and charisma. Allow me to sway you. Allow me to coerce you.

Allow me to impress you. May I?