

Argumentative essay on revelation

Business



A funeral procession. They looked at us so grim, trying to make us feel guilty. It did not work- what would we be guilty for? Over and over, year after year, the same thing would happen- yet they kept thinking that we would grow up, change, mature. They call us foolish then cling to their own hopes.

No, we are not foolish, not children. We are beaten adults, waiting for a time to prove ourselves. A funeral procession, and outright lie. Smiles scarred our faces, marked the ones who could see, who could hear from the rest. Those who could- for it was only some of us- held back laughter. What foolishness! This was no funeral procession, not parade of the ashamed! This was a comedy act, a joke.

And only we could see.