

# Watching paint dry essay sample

[Art & Culture](#), [Painting](#)



I woke up early that fateful morning. It wasn't any ordinary day; it was the day I finally repaint my room! I was so excited that I didn't even have breakfast, maybe that's what caused my unplanned "trip". I quickly got started and finished the job in just an hour.

Is it really boring watching paint dry? , Said my hungry and slightly delusional mind. I guess I'll give it a shot, I guess it'll be fun!.

As I look around my room, I noticed something. I noticed something that changed my view of the world forever. My room was a completely new color, transformed from its dull, boring shade of beige to a much more energetic hue of orange. Who knew that a simple change of color could make such a difference? I watch it as it slowly takes over the surface of the bare beige walls. The orange paint was slowly changing the feel of the room, the temperature, the texture, and the emotions of the place. As if it was changing every aspect of it. Erasing its previous personality, making it a different wall, so to speak. The once grey, dull, lethargic walls were suddenly injected with life! Turning it into a hotter, happier, giddier shade of orange. The hue made me want to jump up and dance just by looking at it. Then.. It hit me.

Such a small change of color made a huge difference, a simple wave of a brush changed a million things. The paint changed the room. Its previous personality never going back. Never again will I see the dull feeling of beige, but instead I would be invigorated by the sight of orange.

Then I thought Are we like paint?. Are we, the people of this world, like paint? The walls like Earth? The room like human civilization itself? The painter

none other than the divine hand of God? Are we like paint? Like paint we can change the world with a simple action. Like paint we can change the old paint around us, create a new history, and create a new legacy. We can rewrite the things of the past and influence the mysteries of the future. Relying on God's divine will to guide us into the right places. We can shape our world and change the " personality" of human civilization. We are our future. We are our destiny. Our purpose in life is to become a good batch of paint. As the final drop of paint finally sticks to the wall, I break out of my self-induced trance and I say. " We are Paint"