普林斯顿大学

 **Princeton University** 普林斯顿大学申请范文



College: Princeton University

It is a very difficult thing, to define one's self on a piece of paper. Can anyone, through one example, reveal his essence? Whatever words I can grasp will never have the richness of the emotion they are meant to convey. On the page my words look hollow, inadequate: "beauty,"

"pride," "pain," the words do not hold the intensity of the actual feelings. The image maybe there, but the feeling, the feeling must be experienced, and in each person it will be different. And whatever two hundred words I use will be scrutinized, will be ME in your eyes. How can I show you who I am in ten minutes when it has taken me every breath of the last seventeen years to even begin to ask myself the same question?

I am the honey-colored sounds of my grandmother’s grand piano on a Saturday morning when the family has gone out for breakfast.

I am the scent of burning leaves and smashed pumpkin, and I am the foggy breath off the top of the pond next door.

I am the scintillation of colored city lights as the car cradles across the bridge, the skidding of windshield wipers across drizzled glass, the streaking of each light into lines of pink.

I am the smack of spinning volleyball against sweaty forearms, the burning of elbow skin against a newly waxed gym floor.

I am the clean sting of chlorine and the tickle of freshly cut grass which clings to wet feet in the summertime.

I am a kaleidoscope of every breath, every shadow, every tone I have ever sensed.

I went on a canoe trip and stood under a pine tree watching the rain patter against the lake and felt the warm summer wind and thought that I had found absolute peace and perfection in one droplet of water.

I sang at a school talent show for the first time in my life after years of being stage-shy. The crowd was small and cozy, and the light was warm as the guitar hummed. I ignored my fear, because everything was perfect, and let myself be free and sang and sang…

I don’t know whether Ronald Reagan is good or bad.

People who argue that nuclear war is bad annoy me because they assume that someone on earth thinks that nuclear war is good, and avoid the real issue, which is how to prevent nuclear war.

I don’t understand people who hate camping. I hope that I never feel that business and politics are more real than a pine forest or an open plain.

Reality and perfection are in my mind synonymous. I think that the word is perfect. Even things which I hate are perfect because hatred is no less real an emotion than love. Famine is terrible, war is terrible, murder is terrible. But to say that nothing terrible should exist is denying everything this world contains. There cannot be wonderful without terrible. Pain is just as beautiful as joy, from an objective point of view.

The exciting thing for me is that I know that there is so much more for me to learn, and that everything I embrace as truth now is very small part of what I will eventually be able to recognize.

The terrible thing is that I know when I die I will not know a millionth of the knowledge which all people on earth collectively hold. No matter how many days I sit and read, research, engulf information, I will never be exposed to everything. And right now I want to be exposed to everything.

**Comments** 范文点评**:**

1.Philosophical, poetic young lady. The introductory paragraph is a bit histrionic; the next several reveal some beautiful appreciations and recognitions; the third last is confusing. The last two are honest and genuine. I’d take her into my honors program.

2.Absolutely wonderful. Insight, depth, expressiveness, clarity—all are part and parcel of this essay. Not only do we know the writer but we can understand her. P.S. Extremely well done.