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Mrs. Frampton

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~~The Undetected Brick~~ or My Bum got Spanked by a Brick

A little known fact about the human eye is that it doesn't notice things it can't see. For example, if you're walking down the hallway looking for your friends and they happen to be outside on the soccer field, you're not going to notice them until they're within your line of sight. Similarly, if you're sledding down a hill and everything is covered in snow, you won't notice the brick hidden from view under all that powder. But just because I didn't see the brick doesn't mean it wasn't waiting.

Waiting like a lion in some windblown brush, primed and ready to pounce. Waiting for the unsuspecting gazelle to turn its head the other way, so that maximum pain can be inflicted and another victim can be viscerally vanquished. The brick watched. The brick waited. As I'm sure you've guessed by now, this unsuspecting gazelle got spanked by that undetected brick.

In the great halls of Maeser the metaphor breaks down a little. We are the lions, we are a pride together and that's something this gazelle doesn't have. In my story I was the gazelle being hunted by the lion, but in Maeser life, I am the lion being lifted by the pride. As lions we still have our struggles though. Starting in seventh grade with the itchy cardigan and ending in twelfth grade with the stress of last lecture, there is no end to the list of things that may be our hypothetical brick. One of these things may be the end of semester finals, consistently doling out a not so healthy dose of stress. Another is lack of sleep being the plague that never seems to go away, whether I have homework that night or not. And of course I have to give an honorable

mention to procrastination because that makes up 90% of my time at home and where would I be without it?

In all these struggles and many more not listed, there is always one thing in common. The people around you, the pride of lions. While you're cramming for an end of semester final, guaranteed there is a friend one phone call away that is studying the very same thing you are. After finishing up your 10th grade English paper at two in the morning, I would bet my gandolfo's lunch money that one of your classmates is also still working on that paper! In fact, you know they are because you can see their profile icon sitting at the top of the rubric document that Ms. Smith shared with everyone.

In any tough circumstance a friend is ready and willing to help you shoulder that brick that you're dealing with right now. They also have their own struggles, but the caliber of a great friendship can often be measured by how you lift each other up in the midst of all your trials. My best friends are the ones I know would help me when I call for help. I know they would help me because they've done it before.

After I got spanked by the brick on that bitter cold day, I didn't feel like moving. In fact, I didn't move, in the snow as a gazelle would in the savannah after being annihilated by a lion. I can only move away from the gazelle and become a lion once I embrace the pride. Rachel Aldous, Sean Babcock, and Lacey Gazaway all lifted me that day in the snow. They were there for me. They moved me out of the gazelle and into the lion. The pain was still there of course, but it felt better being a lion in my pain instead of being a gazelle. There is always more strength in being a pride of lions.