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Mrs. Frampton/Mrs. Martinez

Socratic 12

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Fetal Position

To be honest, I don't remember much of what I learned in eighth grade science, yet it is one of the most memorable classes I have taken at Maeser. Mrs. Fairbanks made the poor choice of making a seating chart where I sat next to Alex Cannon, with Ethan Lewis and Kelsey Ortega right behind us. I can count on one hand the number of times we stayed on topic the whole period. In one of our many off topic discussions, we somehow landed on the subject of nicknames. I knew my nickname was more embarrassing than anyone else's. Only Alex knew it. I trusted him to keep it a secret, and he outed me! He told them my nickname. FETUS.

I certainly looked the part of a fetus. My baby face and my diminutive stature warranted the title. At one point, my little sister was only an inch shorter than me. Initially, I dreaded being called Fetus. Everywhere I went, people called me Fetus. At home my family said, "How's it going Fetus?". At school, classmates asked, "Hey Fetus, what answer did you get?". When I ran cross country people yelled, "Run faster Fetus!". My fetus identity grew to be more than physical appearance. As I embraced the Fetus, it ingrained itself into every facet of my life. My approach for life came through a fetus mindset.

You may ask, how do you approach life as a fetus? It is quite simple. All you need to do is assume you are the smallest person in the room, and everyone else knows more than you do. One downside of the fetus mentality is the poor development of self confidence. During eighth grade, I made the basketball team. I was terrified every time I played. One game, our starting

point guard, Alex Cannon, was shoved during a lay up and slammed his head into a brick wall. Since I was the backup point guard, I actually had to play. All I could think about was how I was too small, and that I would screw up and let the team down. I don't know why I was worried since we were already losing by forty points.

However, being a fetus was not completely self deprecating. It contained some benefits. It was like being everybody's little brother. When I went to EFY one summer, my counselor gave me tips on how to flirt with girls, much needed advice at the time. It worked well enough for me to get a girl's number, but I never even texted her. I've learned numerous valuable lessons, including flirting, from mentors and leaders due to the little brother effect. This effect opened people up into sharing their personal experiences and lessons with me. These mentors taught me because I was open, and willing to listen, since I always assumed they had knowledge I did not.

By the end of tenth grade, something changed. I grew seven inches since that day in eighth grade, and my voice dropped about ten octaves. I returned to school at the beginning of eleventh grade, and I was not a fetus anymore. I was six feet tall with a deep manly man voice. Everywhere I went, I was Andrew. At school, I heard, "Hey Andrew, do you know the answer to number ten?". While Running cross country, people cheered, "Keep running Andrew!". When I got home, my mom asked, "How was your day Andrew?". Trying new things and difficult situations did not mortify me anymore. For my capstone project, I interviewed random strangers on the street about stories and lessons from their lives. I can not possibly imagine myself doing that in eighth grade, but while listening to these people speak, I was taken back to those little brother moments I experienced as a fetus. These were the times I was a true fetus. My time as Fetus has sadly passed, but I can still follow the fetus mentality. Assume everybody around you knows something you do not. Once I accepted this, I opened myself up to the people around me,

and in turn they opened themselves up to me. The vast majority of wisdom is contained in the people around us. The fetus mentality has given me greater access to that great supply of knowledge which ultimately has placed me on a path of continual learning and growth towards the person I want to become.