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Mrs. Martinez & Mrs. Frampton

Socratic Seminar XII ⅞

15 May 2022

### Life in the Mosh Pit

After this past weekend, it is safe to say that I am no longer built for moshing. I did not realize how tiring mosh pits were. But through the giant mess of sweaty boys, it somehow got me thinking about how surviving in the mosh pit was similar to me surviving my senior year.

For example, a mosh pit begins by everyone circling around together, singing along to the music and getting their “groove” on. That was me collecting myself for the beginning of senior year. Coaching the middle school soccer team, starting my culinary journey, and beginning to decide for college. Slowly, everyone starts swaying side to side, getting closer and closer together while getting louder and louder. My life started speeding up bit by bit, from sitting in calculus class working on differential equations, to learning how history impacts today’s current events with Mrs. Martinez & Mrs. Frampton, and partying night after night, followed by picking up Isaac Johnson for a 9:00am soccer match. In hindsight, probably not good for my poor grandpa knees.

Then, the climax of a mosh pit: the endless barrage of sweat, elbows thrown to the face, and worst of all, that one girl that refused to take off her pointed heels and went to town on your toes. You’re not focused on what’s happening around you, just the feeling of adrenaline and the rush of joy as you jump up and down repeatedly, singing at the top of your lungs. I was living life, had all my best friends by my side, even started going out on a few dates with this girl. Playing my best soccer, my best basketball, even tried out volleyball, and was doing alright,

except serving. And passing, and hitting. So maybe not really too well in volleyball. I was at the height of the mosh pit, and felt like I was on top of the world.

But everyone, including me, gets pushed out of the mosh pit at some point. You go from the absolute height of the mosh pit to feeling left out almost, missing out on all the action. This is me tearing my knee. This is me, going into the cold surgery room with this numb feeling of, “The senior dream you had is gone.” This is me, feeling like for a moment, I had lost my independence. I lost my own strength not just physically but mentally, emotionally, spiritually. I watched as the world went by, just as fast and furious, but now leaving me in the dust. What do I do now, just sit by and watch the moshing go on without me? No, I said I would get back to that mosh pit one day.

So I fought to get back in. I went to physical therapy, I sat and healed as the basketball and soccer team continued on without me. But as I sat on the sideline, I saw the world from a different perspective. I saw how beautiful the bumpy Maeser field looked in the sun as the players ran around endlessly like a bunch of ostriches. How each basketball play made sense with each player an essential piece of a working machine. The way the sunset shines and glows while you drive down the canyon. The small shake in my mother’s voice when she’s on the edge of breaking down and just needs help with some dishes for the night. I thought to myself, “Had I been this blind to everyone around me?” I then realized something that stopped me from going all out crazy every single time Doja Cat played at a dance.

Being in a mosh pit is fun and all good. Living life a little bit is all right for sure. However, stepping outside of it is also good too. You see life for how beautiful and crazy it is, and it makes you want to get back in that crazy moshing with the sweaty boys and high heeled

girls even more. So step out of that moshpit once in a while, and catch your breath as you look around and admire the view.

From my day 1, Mr. Daniel Nguyen, taking me to my first mosh pit in 9th grade with our matching black bomber jackets, to being with me in my last one, I will now be leaving this moshpit of Maeser Prep forever. But I'll find a new moshpit to go crazy in real soon.