

ENG 1301 03

Composition I

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Personal Essay	50 points
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Multiple Choices to Fill the Blank

I was brought up outside the free speech culture, and I have spent almost all my funds of intention and attention lurking in, longing for that kind of freedom.

I

She slammed my desk. I wake up in the middle of a Literature class. The teacher is staring at me as if I have done something wrong. She asks me to stand up. My entire class suddenly become so silent, not a breath nor a laugh can be heard. I still couldn't figure out what's going on, I glance down, I'm in the school uniform, on my desk, a blank notebook. As a student, I immediately apologize for my disrespectful act – sleeping in class, I suppose.

I did not mean to. And it was not that big of a deal to be honest. No doubt that it is a wrong-doing, sleeping in class, given the place I'm in and my role there. I think we all know that.

Doesn't it all start like that? We wake up in the middle of a scene, only then to learn what's rewarding and what's forbidden.

At seventeenth, I was deep in mental fatigue. I fell asleep almost anywhere. Unintentionally. And the worst thing is that I couldn't recall most events that happened, no matter how hard I try. About that two years, there are blackouts in my memory. Everything I got done then, I just went through the motions. Everywhere I went, I was just there until I wasn't there. For all that of my responsibility.

And it's still that Literature class, but strangely now I feel kind of conscious, not in an energetic way. We are about to take an exam - and this is the best part of school. All my friends are just finding ways to deal with the measurement – hiding notes in our shoes, phones beneath our desks, even already written papers. This is the funniest, the most memorable moment of being a student. But I didn't care enough to come prepared.

As students, we are used to doing this, finding ways to deal with the measurement. Not that we're bad students, we're just part of a corrupt system. A corrupt system that teaches children to learn to shut up their thoughts. A corrupt system that triggers the fear of failure since no one could afford the price. Therefore, as soon as the context is known, it's our job to work to fill the bill. Even if the poem literally means trash to us, treasures must it be praised as.

So before the bell ring, I'm better just write with my eyes upon the prize – making it out of here with the least weight on my mind. Lucky me that have been too familiar with what's needed to be said, I just bang it out as if my words are not mine to be cared about.

It's not painful at all to write one lie, but when you're trained to contort your intention into wording only what you should for so long, you're just numb when you are with no threat or without reward. Your life is just boring. Not necessarily painful.

When all you're supposed to do is waiting for your turn to fill the blank, you might just be a blank of yourself.

II

I wake up. And it's me with a low-profile, have just graduated from high school.

What happened? What really happened to my parents' daughter? To that awards-winner? I wish I did care much about how I seemed then or even to bother such lame consternation.

I told you I was operating in low-battery mode during my last two years in high school. As I became increasingly detached from almost all the happenings, I'd rather walk in my dreams than to mark my step-by-step walk of life. And effortlessly my attention got shifted away, as I let myself absorbed into this overactive imagination that I've been trying to cope with.

The truth is, I'm exhausted. My charisma got exhausted. I doubt if I ever had the will to prove my worth or to wear my heart on my sleeve. I feel like the tragic play I'm part of is never about my ability, but the lifestyle which I'm trapped. All I know is that by the time I finally shucked off the school uniform, it was a true relief.

It's amazing how much you grow when you get the time and space to think about how you've been. And it's such a waste of time and resources, and even opportunity, when all you really do is dragging your feet with your focus dangling elsewhere.

If I could focus on what I believe more than where I belong, would that really make any significance that count? If I could just speak my truth, what would seem like a fair exchange for its value? The bottom line is, it all is getting too painful now to never speak beyond the representation. Desperately I don't want my life to be just multiple choices to fill the blank.

So what's next? Now.