

Chemical Equations

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Certain chemicals, when mixed together, tend to blow up. Clashing personalities confined in small-enclosed spaces are predicted to have the same reaction. So what happens when you stuff twenty-eight dissimilar teenagers into a tiny portable, and then fill the rest of the microscopic space with college essays, reading material, grammar rules, and a determined teacher? Well, hypothetically, a massive explosion of frustration, yelling, and annoyance should occur. It would be miraculous if it didn't. But sometimes, combinations of the right amounts of chemicals create beneficial products instead of disasters. Could Mrs. Kittle's first semester Essay Writing class have had just the right amount of varying personalities to avoid conflict, and write something beneficial? The answer was yes; we wrote essays.

These weren't just any essays, they were personal. From the words in those essays, we began to learn. We learned that girls our age battle against depression and anorexia and win, not all guys hate poetry, and teachers who've taught for years still get nervous before teaching a new group of students. We learned that street racing can be crap loads of fun if you don't get caught, two teenagers seemingly opposite each other could have been best buds in elementary school, and a husband, after years of marriage, can still be madly in love with his wife. From family, to cancer, to sports to adoption, zombies to music, television to graduation, and from classmate to classmate we learned.

When away from school grounds we are all so different from one another. We hang out in different groups and have fun doing different activities. We are athletic, we are artistic, we work at Cranmore, and Aeropostale. We are religious; we are atheists. We are straight edge, and users. But most importantly, we are unique. We may not agree with each other, or choose to hang out with each other, but when all twenty-eight of us are squished into the same dinky portable to learn the rules of essay writing, surprisingly sparks don't fly. Instead essays are written, amazing ones at that, and we begin to see each other in a different light. For an entire semester we write, learn, and most importantly get along. And that, considering all of our differences, is miraculous.