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English Eruption of Enlightenment

Sputtering excitedly across the paper, the formerly dormant needle recorded an intellectual awakening, sketching the flurries of thought-eruptions and mind-quakes. Deep within the recesses of my brain, hidden among the wrinkled, secluded gray matter, my academic seismograph recorded this eruption of enlightenment, which my English courses, especially AP English Language, sparked. Through my study of the English language, I discovered my indwelt potential and passion for a life devoted to education.

Prior to enrolling in advanced English courses, I fostered a lackadaisical enjoyment of reading and learning, yet nothing enflamed my soul. Although I studiously devoted myself to intellectual pursuits, my seismograph rarely quivered; fleeting ripples of momentary understanding was all that registered. During these torpid years, I approached my various classes as independent subjects not to be intermingled. I found no connects between the humanities and science, or mathematics and art. Each field existed in complete isolation, solitary tectonic plates never touching, never colliding. Although I mastered each independent subject, I failed to apply this knowledge to my life; therefore, I failed to transform mere knowledge into wisdom.

Rescuing me from my unmoving oblivion was AP English Language. Stirred by the sublime irradiation of challenging coursework and a sagely instructor, English suddenly triggered a transfiguration. I awakened to a realm where words wield power and truth, literature beckons with thought-provoking images, and where reading is the conscious act of partaking in this power, truth, and enlightenment. English refines my raw potential and molds me into an analytical thinker and creative writer. I look at the world more attuned to life's subtleties and nuances. Every little quake, even the smallest quiver registers with my now calibrated mental seismograph. With English as a

fluid foundation, all my educational endeavors intermingle, making connections and erupting a deeper level of consciousness.

As the onyx lava flows from the eruption of my enlightened soul, I stare into the reflective river of my molten dreams. Studying English revealed my destiny, which was always within me, but dormant. I am an English teacher at heart. My passion is to endow future students with a similar love of English and literature that I received from my instructor. As a teacher myself, I know that I will never stop learning, the needle on my seismography will never cease its excited pursuit.

Not all ground shattering quakes wreak destruction and not all eruptions usher doom. In fact, the seismic events that my English studies triggered opened my mind to a deeper understanding of the world and my destiny. My future lies in the quaking, shaking, erupting, flowing world of English studies.