

I Am Not Well Rounded

By Jessica Born

Two stones are set rolling down a hill. One is smooth and perfectly round, as polished as it can be, careful never to lose its shape, so it can keep moving along. The other is sharp in places, with flat spots and a rough surface. This one takes experiences fully as they come, finding its place in each one. As the two stones roll down the hill, the rounded stone picks up speed; when it hits a hollow in the hill, it skips right over, not knowing that is where it belongs. The other stone rolls slower, meandering a little when it rolls over its imperfections but heading in the right direction. It slows in some of the hollows to see if they are shaped to its flat spots and ridges. It moves along when the decision is made to keep searching. Its progress is slower, and often tiring, but focused. When it hits the hollow in the hill meant for it, it stops, able to rest where it truly fits.

We are all stones on this hill; there is a hollow where each one of us fits. When the perfectly rounded ones find their hollow, they often don't stop to try it out for very long before moving on. In the name of being well rounded they might skip the chance to pursue their passion. It's okay to not be good at everything. It's okay to love something and pursue it tirelessly. It's a beautiful thing to see someone doing something they love and being honest in their passion for it. That's what people who are not well rounded bring with them; they harbor a joy in doing what makes them happy.

A well rounded student is supposedly desirable; they achieve even grades in every subject and speak at least two languages. They fit well with every community, and can do a little of everything. A well rounded student is a product of a complete, universal, pre-college education.

I am not this student. I love writing, and I get A's in it, but I work equally hard for my B's in math. Algebra, Geometry, Chemistry, it seems like they're written in binary sometimes.

Words are my language, not numbers.

If I was required

to, for a day, for a while,

write in verse, I'd smile.

Since I'm not well rounded, when I find a group I fit well with, I thrive. There are rocks with many different shapes. There are math geeks to my written-wordiness. Lacking talent in some skills opens up a great possibility for teamwork. While I'm happy to take charge of a project, when my shape and skills fit with others, everything becomes easier. Being part of a good team is a great experience. I'm not the same shape as other people; I won't have the same ideas as the rest of the team, and they'll have ideas I would never have thought of.

In a room full of circles, who is going to fill the spaces? I am not well rounded. I explore, I shift, and I work until I find where I fit. So where do I fit? I fill the spaces between the circles. I rest in the hollow on the hill that was meant for me.