

Beautiful Chaos

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Whether it was a girl dislocating another girl's jaw with a Stanley cup on a random school morning, coming home sobbing because I got a 77 on a math test, or giggling in the darkness because my hair looked fantastic that day, my sixth grade year was a beautiful clutter of chaos. Even if the school year felt like a random adventure generator, it was definitely much better than elementary. I explored myself in so many different ways, learning about my taste of music, the best type of boba, or my ways to not procrastinate. I thought it would just be boring and steady, but looking back, it was the most possibly wildest yet best time I've ever gone through. Time was trying to be a thief, but it never stopped me.

Despite me having to once beg my teacher about changing my 89 to a 90 in English at some point, by the end of the school year, it was the best grades I'd ever had in twelve years. It's hard to admit, but all of the very quick, done, and valid disappointment from my heart had really found the X on the map to me since the beginning. I remember the time I was sobbing into my shirt during class because I thought I was going to fail a presentation. Yet, I got a 93, which quickly progressed to 99s over the year. The even more ironic part was, I never took notes for anything unlike usual. Last year, I wasted so much time out of my day highlighting, writing, and note-taking for science because of how poorly I would try during the year. In sixth grade, I learned how to manage and split my work in time, saving more free time. I had the adventure of a life-time by finding so many different ways online to save me in sixth grade. But, eventually, it was myself, I, and me that saved myself. It was like a debut after a survival show, because the change over time was immaculate.

In sixth grade, I explored myself more than ever. I learned more about myself than anybody could ever know about me. It was like a whole waterfall fell and soaked me with chaos, but it looked majestic and beautiful. I figured out my hobbies and favorite type of books to read, learned about my favorite colors, style, etc. It was like a starry dream. I learned digital art, writing tricks, and playing the viola. It was the only year where I didn't look back during the middle of the year and think, "What on *earth* was I doing?" I could tell this was the year I truly let the lock **unlock**. I thought fifth grade was already amazing, but to be alive and more free from a cage like that made me feel an amazing warmth. I didn't waste the limited opportunities that barely lasted this year. It was like a whole new beginning had started!

Even once I get to seventh grade, I know nothing will ever replace the lasting memories I earned with sixth grade. It was the year where I was at the peak of the mountain, after a long, difficult climb up. Now, I'd be careful of not falling down too much off the steep slide down. Overall, I managed to express my emotions and life with my soul the most this year. I could cry my heart out, or scream my veins out with happiness. Everyone in sixth grade had different ways of joy, and I had mine. It was with knowledge and connection. My year in review, was so much to break the barrier limit of the paper.