

While on this futile earth, I've come up with principles to lead my life. They've come from my experiences and interactions with other people and I live by them everyday.

I'm compelled to challenge the present and create the future. I create new things. I see these as the verbs that govern my life: make, create, dream, and think. I like to stand tall even if I'm the odd one out.

I am who I am and I have the need to be. I endlessly create with a burning passion. My brain overflows with creativity which transpires from my imagination. Invention is the organ that has grown ever since I could think for myself.

The Test

As a kid, I expressed my artistry in original and creative ways. My dad always used to take me to the children's museum and I remember always going to the Play-Doh. I was always called "smart," "bright," and "clever" but I never liked those names. I never knew why. Maybe it was because of my impostor syndrome?

No. I figured it out. 3 months into my first year of high school, I was attempting to write my defunct personal narrative; this led me to question what I wanted to write about. My brain took a minute to think.

Maybe it was because I was gifted. But that wouldn't explain why I failed the Gifted and Talented entry test every time I took it.

Adjectives

I figured it out. I think the word that best describes me is resourceful. It's an innate human trait which means I have it, but it doesn't manifest in everyone.

A million years ago, humans fought against a host of predators and resourcefulness was a trait that was grown not developed. Maybe that's why people praised me; I had grown my inventive organ.

I wasn't particularly smart. I was never good at completing my homework on time nor was I good at math. I was always held up to exceptionally high standards and never went past even half the bar. I focused on my playful, imaginative creations. The manifestation of my thoughts were and still are more important to me than math or science.

Opportunity and Regret

When I was in 8th grade, I had the incredible opportunity of going to National Science Bowl Finals, one which I never crossed paths with again. Of course, I didn't know this, and I regret not spending my time enjoying the experience to the fullest.

I'm an earth and space science sorta guy, but I'm also a lazy sort of guy. I could never sit down in one place and read a lengthy passage of text for a prolonged period of time. Textbooks were not my way of learning and neither were videos.

I recently understood that I acquired most of my knowledge from talking to teachers and subject experts and watching documentaries. I learned to lucid dream which helped me remember the tiny details in in a imagery-filled world. Those were always the interesting parts of my day. It was in 8th grade where I learned how I learned. I've since applied this everywhere.

Imminent Questioning

Does this explain why I never got high grades? Maybe not. No, no, scratch that. Definitely not.

My experience and imaginative based learning technique has helped me learn some of the hardest topics and helped me decide some of my hardest decisions. But classical learning has faded me through my semi-permeable skin.

At the beginning of my first full semester during the coronavirus pandemic, I've noticed a couple things. Firstly, one does not need to go to class to understand a specific subject and topic. And secondly, one does not only need to work smarter, but also work responsibly. Most of my teachers did a great job helping me manage my classwork and balance my mental health which wasn't all that difficult. Now back to being resourceful. If I was resourceful, why couldn't I handle my work as well as my fellow responsible friends?

Resourcefulness

To me, resourcefulness doesn't mean I'm able to handle difficult situations well. To me, it means in difficult situations, I'm able to find new solutions. Abstract thoughts every night bring me those solutions. Nature and earthly design processes parallel those thoughts and in turn create new, beautiful, and minimal creations that can inspire.

Those creations are what my brain thinks about every little while now and then. I focus on what I think matters. I'm a software developer and designer now. Those moments with Play-Doh and the abstract thoughts at night quietly metamorphosed into who I am today. Whimsical thoughts and fantastical dreams characterize how I think about topics from the maths and sciences to the creative arts and social studies. I notice the sounds around me and it inspires me to create and motivates me to finish. Ambience is the best noise for creation in my opinion and creation is what fuels thought and produces knowledge.

As I mold the Play-Doh of my memories into grand, conceptual ideas and thoughts, I think about what I've done to get to the point I'm at, and what I can do to become better. Whether that be the obvious or the opinionated, I strive to become more inventive and resourceful on my journey throughout life. I've learned that to be heard, you must make some noise, and so starts the bang. My life is my own and the future is up to us. So go think, dream, and create. Express yourself like you've never before.