



Perfection-- something that I will never achieve, for it is impossible. Although I can be a well rounded scholar, the thought of faultlessness irks my brain. Humanities, aesthetics and physical education are classes that expand my horizons as well as math, science and English. But where will these classes take me in the future? As this thought lingers in my mind, I realize that those classes will take me wherever I want to go. The development of my mind continues as I gradually become an *UPSTANDING SCHOLAR*.

It'S ALL about us