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My Water Splashing

Splish splash! is what I hear as I witness droplets of water leave a sketchy bottle, which I believe belongs to a person I thought was a sketchy mad woman.

In the house next door to my family's home lives a woman who splashes suspicious water at moving objects and people as they pass by diurnally. She claimed that everyone was "the devil" and needed to be cleansed for their sins. She would: start trouble with her tenants as easy as a person could turn on a television, call the cops on people she claimed "assaulted" her, but didn't, and even tow people's cars if they were parked too close to her house. Her excuse for this was that she was cleansing the neighborhood. Her behavior was something I didn't understand until now.

My whole life, I've been surrounded by friends and family who spoke freely, loud and proud, but I was different. Sometimes I would feel left out from conversations because someone louder would cut me off or speak over me. For me, the most simple tasks, such as making new friends and ordering food at a restaurant, would be the most difficult task for me. I always found it hard to talk to people and communicate my likes and dislikes. Not because I didn't want to, but because I didn't know how.

In a way this made me similar to the "water lady." My bad habit, like hers, was a way I used because I didn't know how to communicate my feelings. I didn't splash water on people to communicate with them, but I did need to figure out alternative ways to communicate. My water splashing has turned out to be playing the piano.

Unlike talking, playing the piano came easy to me. I had a fondness for Ludwig Van Beethoven's "Moonlight Sonata." I appreciated his first movement because it could be interpreted in so many ways. If you listen, you can hear his pain, and if you listen to it more closely you can hear the joy, happiness and admiration he felt while writing his song. This is something I felt while playing this song. Playing this song was easier than just simply saying that I was happy. Sometimes while playing, my mom would abruptly interrupt my focus to complain about something I didn't do. My response to this was to play Chopin to express that I was annoyed. Expression through music helped me communicate, however, it was something that I knew I had to grow out of in a way.

In high school and in my college classes, my teachers took every opportunity to give out assignments that either involved working in groups that your friends weren't in or that involved speaking to the class. Unfortunately for me, a levitating piano didn't follow me around. Even if it did, I doubt anyone would understand my musical notes. Because of this, I was forced to speak to others knowing I didn't want to fail. I didn't want to fail at getting something done. I didn't want to fail at showing people who I am. I didn't want to fail at planning things. Neither did I want to fail at working with and communicating with others before it's was too late. I didn't want to be stuck so deep in my water-throwing ways that I wouldn't be able to see myself.

Very strange and peculiar she may be, but like me, she is just misunderstood. Before judging others, I learned to understand them. You too could have a water throwing habit. This doesn't make you crazy. Just different. This was something I learned from the drops of water dripping down my face because I mistakenly walked passed her aim. It was something I didn't expect, but appreciate. However, I do not wish to be hit with anymore water leaving a sketchy bottle, which I believed belonged to a person I thought was a sketchy mad woman.



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