Slam Essay, Research Paper

“Slam!” That is the sound my front door made just before I jumped on my smurf bike. It was a flawless plan. I rode off into the sunlight with a Fragle Rock backpack strapped snug to my side. In it, all the belongings a ten year old needs to survive, such as, my Alf doll, my favorite teenage mutant ninja turtles, some clean Thunder Cat underwear, and of course, my Heman toothbrush. Sitting back at home on my kitchen counter, was a very well organized note which said “Mom, eat my shorts. Love, Justin.” The plan went great till I realized I was sitting about three houses away from my own, starving and starting to sweat from the heat and humidity. I then returned home to find my place set at the table and a grin on my mother’s face, which screamed, ” I win again!” Throughout my adolescent years, I was always very rebellious. There were always things I would do just to go against my mother’s wishes. For instance, when I first walked through the front door with earrings or when I bleached my hair.

To me, rebelling is a way of telling someone that I am either being treated unfair or trying to be taken advantage of. People have been rebelling for years in many different ways. There have been protest rallies, signed petitions, and even riots as acts of rebellion. To me, freedom of speech was the best thing made in this country. With out this, one has no way of rebelling. This lets people speak or write what they please without being punished for it. With this privilege, I can write a nasty note to a person I have a problem with or just write how I am really feeling to get my point across to somebody. In many cases, a letter or written document can get the point across better then spoken words. There are many things that could be written to rebel. A simple poem or story could use symbols to rebel rather then actually coming out and explaining itself.

If I were to write a rebellious paper today, I would write it to UNF. UNF feels that I need to be in a probation course because I did not do well on my SAT test. In my letter I would tell UNF how it is not fair that I could raise my grade point average up and keep above a three point zero average and because I do bad on one test, I have to come to school during the summer. Now, because I was not admitted for fall, I miss opportunities to do things during the summer. Now I’m stuck in an English class, which is going to be difficult to pass, writing essays, and doing work, when I could be visiting my father, which I rarely get to see.

In short, there are many ways one can use to rebel. I personally have been rebelling since the day I was as baby. My mother would eat a steak in front of me, then try to shove some nasty, blended, baby food crap in my mouth which I would push away and reject from getting close to my mouth. Even if she did manage to hold me down and stick it in my face, I would just spit it or puke it all over her. Now that I’m older, my mother and I play a game called “Who can get the last word in,” so instead, I write her a note which gets my point across, goes against her, and allows me to be gone by the time she reads it. So now, I’m the one smiling with the, “I win grin”.