



Elite Education Student Service

Essay #8 (University of Chicago)

It was 1995 and I was 7 years old. Easter was in 4 days, and the only cause for celebration was that my teacher was walking around my first-grade classroom handing out bags of candy. I searched through mine, and held up a Reese's Peanut Butter Cup for my neighbor, Becky, to see. She smiled knowingly, and passed me a Crunch bar. "I can't believe you don't like peanut butter, Katy." She said. Upon inspecting my bag farther, I found over-sugared goods that contained no peanut butter, bananas, or coconut and promptly consumed them. Not until I had piled up the wrappers on my desk did I notice the tag attached to the bag. Written in black marker were the words: 'To: Katy, From: The Easter Bunny', accompanied by a rabbit paw print on the side. I laughed, and shouted into the overheated classroom: "Mrs. Gelormini, the Easter Bunny isn't real!" Twenty innocent faces turned towards my desk, many open-mouthed and drooling chocolate. My teacher stopped her routine of dropping bags and saying "Happy Easter!", and turned towards me with a stiff face. "Why do you say that, Katy?" I explained to my teacher that having two older brothers not only guaranteed me my own room, but also ruined surprises, like the secret of the Easter Bunny, the Tooth Fairy, and Santa Claus. I then proceeded to detail the actions taken by our parents to ensure a decorated basket, heaps of candy, and a certain amount of surprise every Easter morning. Instead of allowing me to continue explaining, Mrs. Gelormini whisked me into the hall, where she then scolded me. "Katy, some surprises are meant to be kept secrets. You had no right to ruin such a special day for all of your classmates," she said, trying desperately to suppress anger. "I realize that you learned something new, and wanted to share it with your classmates, but some things are meant to be left unsaid." With those words ringing in my head, I followed Mrs. Gelormini back into the classroom, and slumped into my seat. The rest of my day was spent fending off glares from my classmates, and remaining as quiet as possible. When I left the classroom that day, I knew that I never wanted to be put in a situation like that again. I do not want to be the only one who is knowledgeable about a subject. I want to be able to speak freely, and have my knowledge and intelligence appreciated, rather than criticized. I want to be put in situations where every student knows about the Easter Bunny, or better yet, about all the storybook creatures that surround our childhood.