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Ever since I was little, everyone says that I am an impatient child. My dad always tells me to slow down, my mom always tells me, my elder sister always tells me and sometimes, even strangers do that too. When I could be walking, I am running. When I could slowly chew and enjoy, I am always chomping my food down as fast as I can. When our family goes on a road trip to a far-away place, I keep asking, "Are we there yet?" and hope that my dad can take us from Colorado to any out-of-state destination in less than an hour, even though my sister keeps reminding me that it is probably a 6-hour trip and we have barely left home. Most importantly, I always rush my homework hoping that my teacher will give me the best grade for the speediest work. Every time my graded homework is returned, I see a lot of errors because of my rushing.

Last summer, I went to spend four weeks with my grandparents in their village. The people there did their jobs perfectly, but very leisurely. That seemed very strange because to me life is a super sonic jet. I have always thought speed is essential in life.

One day my grandfather came to me, held out his palm and showed me five tiny seeds. He said that if I take good care, this is going to be my own plant and my own tree in due course of time. I was thrilled. Together we planted them in a terracotta pot filled with brown soil. The following day, I was expecting to see a full-grown plant, but I didn't see anything. As instructed, I kept watering the soil and inspecting it closely but there was no trace of green. I waited for three consecutive days. Not only was I getting impatient, but also now I was ready to give up. I thought the seeds were bad or may be something was wrong with the soil or may be the sunlight in my grandfather's patio was not strong enough. I was almost in tears as I looked at the pot after 5 days, but just then my grandfather came and asked why I was feeling so down. I sobbed and answered that probably my plant has died. My grandfather looked shocked and answered, "Why, it is only a matter of time!" Just like my grandfather said, it was only a matter of time before I saw a shoot poke out through the brown soil. I was so excited! I called my grandfather. "Look! Look! There's my little plant peeking out!" My grandfather smiled. The plant kept growing, spreading its limbs and leaves, as it got bigger and taller. I was so happy! I had finally learned about patience. I learned everything takes its own time and it is futile to rush through things. The key lesson in life is to slow down and enjoy every moment and not to get lost in the heat of the rush. (508 words)