

College Application Essay Example 650 Words

I wake up and there is a rhythm in my head: it's hazy. I climb into the shower and the water tapping on my scalp reminds me. As I sit on the bus to go to school, I get strange looks from passengers as I tap the rhythm onto my knees, but it's not yet fully formed. Throughout the school day, I feel it evolve and develop until I inevitably sit down at my drums and play. From my brain via my heart it enters my muscles; they transfer it to the sticks which relay it to the drum. Eventually, the air gets my gift and the rhythm returns through my ears. Even after the sounds are gone, the rhythm is not. Until I go to bed, a day's repetition keeps it rebounding inside my cranium, in my own private concert hall. This is the journey of my daily rhythm.

I wake up and there is a rhythm in my head: it's not straight for this rhythm swings. At 6:00 am in Germany I get on a coach and as the wheels rotate beneath me I get closer. My coach has thirty five other people in it, each one is carried forward in their own sense of time, but in less than an hour they must all merge; seven hundred people will not accept a big band not keeping the pulse. Butterflies are roused in my gut and nerves take over. I've never played a solo in front of so many people yet somehow my fear must be quelled. My imagination, my sticks and my drum-set have to communicate my inner rhythm; the audience must be able to feel it or else I have failed. Rhythm is the barrier to embarrassment. As the opening to "Sing, Sing, Sing" begins to take shape, all my trust is placed in the pattern I have within me transporting me safely to the end. If this vessel sank, I too would go with it. A standing ovation confirmed that this time, the barrier held strong.

I wake up and there is a rhythm in my head: but it is quiet. In fact, no-one hears it; it makes no noise and never will. Between the hours of 0845 and 1545 I have 4 beats: each one signaling another unit of learning. This phrase is repeated 5 days a week for 40 weeks a year and the chorus goes on 6 more times. My song is my school, and in it I am caught up in its inner rhythms that I cannot control – I must give in to them. The melodies that are assigned to these rhythms are made up of Virgil, esters and numbers that don't exist. From these, cadences form that give me a chordal progression through education. Each part of my song has been given a name; there are no verses, no choruses but consecutive Key Stages. The rhythm indicates when I should make the transition: there is a series of fills, but they are not called fills. They call them exams and as the stages progress, the fills get more intense. In fact, they get more frequent and at the end of my school career, I look forward to a year where exams punctuate my calendar. In January, I will have moved to the dominant, only to complete the progression in June when I descend and finish on the tonic: a perfect cadence.

I wake up and there is rhythm: the rhythm is life. The cycle of night and day and the constant pulsing in my chest are rhythms, and as the Earth revolves around our local star it is in time with the universe. I think in meter: a man crosses the street and his steps divide the distance between one curb and the next – they provide a beat in the asphalt bar, or at least that is how I picture it. If animals could not use the rhythm of the seasons, then they would surely die. Life is a rhythm and all that it contains is in time. When the rhythm ceases to exist, so will I.