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Imagine School at North Port

It is such a simple thing, an apple clattering to the ground, now bruised and brown. Most people would dismiss this occurrence, a shame that this delicious fruit is now going to be wasted. Not Isaac Newton though, he saw this as a phenomenon, a curiosity in the world around him. He asked a question that every other person of his time eluded: "Why?" Who could have imagined the answer would change the world forever?

When Benard Baruch made the speculation, "Millions saw the apple fall, but Newton asked why," a light bulb of understanding flickered above my head. Newton was a curious person, who saw things a tad bit different than the average man. When an apple plopped onto his head, his gears started spinning. He suddenly pondered, "Why? Why did this little fruit fall down, not up?" This apple set Newton on a quest for answers. Perseverance guided this man to the truth he desired, to the thing known now as gravity. Without this information, flight would be impossible, the stars would be unreachable, and we would live oblivious to the possibilities. Because ignorance really isn't bliss, it holds you back. All of this would be lost without Newton's need for discovery, and he felt it was his responsibility to figure it out. He cared, unlike all the others around him. When someone asks a question, it sets a platform for discovery and understanding. The world would have never advanced without curiosity. We would still be cavemen, speaking in grunts and leaving the wonders of the world undiscovered. Newton taught me there is nothing wrong with asking questions. Oh, on the contrary!

I was one of the people who believed asking questions made people less in the know than others. That is until one day, when I learned otherwise. I was young, just starting kindergarten, and was enjoying the autumn breeze. I owned an old swing set at the time, so I rocked precariously high on that creaky swing. I heard it groan under my weight, but ignored it in

my blissful, happy state. Snap! The right rope gave way and I crashed to the earth with a yelp. Of course, my family immediately came to my aid, but as I screamed in horror, an inkling of curiosity stained my mind. Why did I fall? I didn't understand. It lit a flame in my heart, a desire for knowledge that is still unquenchable today. When I walked into class the next day, I had a quest to learn.

Next time you see an apple fall, remember my words. Because knowledge is the greatest responsibility and asking is the only way to gain it. Newton understood, and hopefully so will you.