

To tell you the truth, I am a good for nothing dirty liar! People always think I am so smart, but it is all an act. I am always asked, "how do you think so well? It amazes me." And with not the slightest bit of temptation to not lie, I tell them that I was gifted. The truth is, it all just comes to me randomly. And don't any of you people dare to say it's my sub consciousness. I believe there is not one way to learn/think, but multiple ways to learn/think and all these sum down to one line. It is just like you all say tomato I say tom-ah-toe. So how about we all gather around the campfire and hear an old tale about how a man in trouble and despair had to learn one of the most precious lessons in life.

It was about June of the year 1941. World War 2 was taken its toll on the Allied Forces. All throughout Europe, an enormous amount of innocent and guilty lives were being lost, tears were shed, blood was splattered, and battles were taken place. In the midst of a battle, that up to this date is unknown, a man was severely wounded and taken as a P.O.W. The man was first wounded even more than he was by Axis soldiers. And then he was taken to a P.O.W. jail. For many months the man struggled to live. He faced men larger than he would ever imagine, he had to overcome dreams of his fellow soldiers being blown up, and worst of all he had to deal with the fact that he was a prisoner and would probably never live to see light again. The soldier passed many months crying and pondering on how to escape. Until one day, he was able to hear outside voices through his walls and the idea of digging through came to him. Over the following year, the man dug with his bare hands through the dirt and rocks. He dealt with bloody hands, sore muscles, torn nails, poor nutrition, and many other things that not even the poorest of the poorest could ever imagine. The soldier dug and dug overcoming his triumphs for a whole year. And then one day the soldier decided that enough is enough and he gave up. Although overtime peace treaties were signed and prisoners as himself were set free, the soldier still knew that he

gave up. And so the years passed and the man went back home and began to live his life peacefully and prosperously. And then one day, with shovels and hammers, the ex-soldier decided to go back and find out how far he was from freedom. Little did the man know, he was just five inches from freedom and because he gave up, he had to spend another five years there.

So I am hear to tell you all today, the most precious lesson in life is to never give up. There is no math lesson, grammar lesson, science or even music lesson that is more important than the one never, ever give up! Do not let any of yourselves become the next P.O.W., that was five inches from freedom, by giving up.