

English 1301

Sample Expressive/Narrative Essay

“Never Judge a Book by It’s Cover”: Not Just Another Irrelevant Saying

Sometimes people surprise us and make us realize the naiveté of our opinions. They shock us without knowing or trying, and they do not even realize after the fact that they have left us breathless. That is what happened the day I met Jon. He taught me a meaningful lesson when I was unaware I even needed to be a student.

It was the second month of my freshman year, and I was sitting mutely in my history class. The reason for my lack of speech sat right beside me. His name was Jon, and he frightened me with his long black locks of hair, dark eye-makeup, deathly pale skin, and metal claws. He had not spoken to me, and I had been too scared to even say a measly hello to him. I just sat all through class and constantly wondered what was spinning the wheels in his head. I questioned if he worshiped Satan and pondered why all he did in class was draw shuddery designs on his hands and arms.

As I was dozing off to my teacher’s monotone voice, I heard the most dreadful words. “Carly, you are partners with Jon for our next project.” I shot up out of my seat. She possessed my undivided attention now.

“Excuse me, Ma’m?” I was not certain that I heard her correctly or if it was part of a horrible dream I was starting to have in my mid-day nap.

“You and Jon are partners. I know you will do a great job together. I’m looking forward to seeing the final product,” she stated. I could tell she was a little annoyed by my lack of attention when she first announced partners. My heart dropped to my stomach. I looked at Jon, and he just glared at me with his piercing eyes outlined in pools of black. I gulped.

“I guess we can just go to my house sometime this week. Is that okay?” I asked.

“Sure,” he answered softly. Shockingly, his voice was not very scary.

“All right, let me draw you a map to my house. Is tomorrow at around seven fine?”

“Sounds good. I guess I’ll ..” The bell cut him off to go to our next class. We both grabbed our books and walked out side by side, “I guess I’ll see you there.” I could tell he was equally elated about our future time together.

The next day came too soon, and seven o’clock seemed to come faster than it had any other day this week. I just sat by the door and waited for Jon’s arrival. I wondered if he would even talk to me, and if he did speak, what horrifying facts would he expose? My stomach felt as if I were about to jump off of a high dive or the top of a building. I had to calm down. All I could tell myself was that he was just a person like me; however, I could not consider my own thoughts.

The doorbell rang. I just sat there and felt as if I had no control over my own limbs. It rang again. That ring jolted something through me, and I hopped up. I slowly opened the door. There he was, standing awkwardly in a long, black skirt and a fishnet shirt. His eyes were outlined in deep purple instead of the usual black which made me more comfortable for some reason. I took a risk and looked straight into his eyes for the first time; they were gorgeous and serene. The kindness in them made me feel as if I were looking at my father’s.

“Come in,” I said hesitantly.

“Sorry I’m a little late. You’re street is really dark and kind of creepy. I had a hard time finding your house,” he replied out of breath. That was the most ironic statement he could of said at that moment, and it put me a little more at ease.

“It’s cool. Let’s get to work.” I led him to my room.

“Awesome room! You have all the same band posters as I do!” He ran to the wall and started to examine them. I was shocked. I could not believe we had something in common, and the fact that we liked the same music left me flabbergasted. I thought he listened to Marilyn Manson and sacrificed lambs to his music. I suppose I was making an awkward face because he came back with, “You’re surprised, aren’t you?”

“A little,” I just said the truth because my face had already given my thoughts away.

“I scare you, huh?”

“No, no, no. It’s not that at all.”

“Yes, yes it is that. You were scared to do this project with me. You thought I would try to kill you or something.” The bluntness of his statement made me laugh, and then he started to laugh as well. “I’m not how people think I am. You’ll see. Let’s just get started on this mother of a project. I think it is going to be kind of tough. No, I think it’s going to be really tough.” So we started to work, and as we worked, a world of Jon opened up to me. We liked the same music, but we had already established that. We also hated the same people. He could not stand Marilyn Manson; in fact, he hates anyone who is hurtful or mean to anything. He was insanely smart, and we had the most interesting conversations. He loved to read and recommended some books he thought I would enjoy as well. We both could make the same horrible Irish accents, and neither could roll our

r's. We both loved Mandarin food and agree that aliens do exist. We talked all night long as we worked. He had incredibly intriguing concepts about the universe and God, and whether I agreed with him or not did not matter; it was just fun getting to know an individual like Jon.

Our project was finally finished at one o'clock in the morning. It probably would have been done around ten had we not spent so much time talking and cracking each other up. I walked him out to his car, "You know, you aren't that bad," he proclaimed. "You like good music, you are kind of smart, I guess, and you are actually a really enjoyable person."

"Goodnight, jerk!" I yelled as I tried to hold in laughter. Then, I shut his car door.

"Hey, don't forget you are fascinated by me. I only hope you'll get another chance to hang out with me sometime." He chuckled and turned the key in the ignition.

As he drove off down the street, I stared with a fixed gaze at his taillights and could not believe how I felt. I did not want him to leave. I also felt unbelievably stupid and juvenile for the way I had acted the whole beginning of that year. I could not sleep; I tossed and turned because Jon lingered in my mind. He really was amazing.

The next day at school, he came in, and we hugged. He sat down and passed me a note. It said: "I'm really ecstatic that we are friends now." I smiled and wrote back: "I'm glad we are, too", and drew a happy face. I really meant that. Our project was by far the best, but that had no relevance. My new friendship was the significant thing. Jon's personality had knocked me flat on the ground. I should have looked at his eyes a long time ago, and I should have seen the real him. From that day on, I promised myself that I would never have a biased opinion about anyone before getting to know him. Otherwise,

I might miss out on some of the most influential people of my life and loose the chance of ever having my breath taken away again.

Carly Kuba
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