Share an essay on any topic of your choice. It can be one you've already written, one that responds to a different prompt, or one of your own design.

‘I have understood it’ – The first phrase with which I woke up, most of my initial 10 years or so. I still had not come across the word ‘Eureka’ or heard of Archimedes.

Initially my parents would humour me and ask what have you understood today but later the sheer repetitions tested even their normally unwavering patience. My younger sister, with whom I shared a room, was considerably less patient and would mock me endlessly. She often teased me as having an abnormality of thinking too much and dreaming of abstract things.

But this is how I was (and am). Each and every morning there was something interesting that preoccupied my mind. Each and every morning there was always some mathematical problem, some physical phenomena that I had to understand. Even in my dreams, I recollect thinking about the colours of rainbow, the shape of moon, the lives of fish living below the floating ice and the pinpricks of lights that we all see in the night sky. Every night I would be read a story or told a new scientific fact and this would keep my mind engrossed such that I would evolve some explanation or understanding based on my young mind during my early awake hours. Later having heard the great ‘Eureka’ story, I completely empathized with Archimedes. The excitement and thrill that he would have felt at having ‘understood it’. I have always yearned for that feeling that excitement.

Though what I could never understand, and even till date argue this fact, how can a great thinker have only one ‘Eureka’. There have to be multiple moments that the truth strikes and dawns. I always believed that there should be many such moments.

Atleast I have had many such moments. I remember the thrill I got when I was able to construct together a word based on my elementary alphabet skills, I still remember when first time I figured that I could subtract a larger number from a smaller one, when I was able to explain why I fell forward when the bus applied brakes. When my robotic car worked the first time, when my first rocket flew, when my first quadcopter took flight – all were ‘Eureka’. The thrill cannot be bound by words. But I still did not run out on the street screaming. I would have but my father stopped me. I am sure some day, some day…. I will. But I think it will be with clothes on, or maybe who knows what state of excitement I am in.