

Finding Myself

I used to sit in my classes, wondering how I could bring up my grades. But I did not know how I could succeed. Life at home was being turned upside-down, and I was entirely lost. After a few long and challenging years, I settled into my father's house and grounded myself. I no longer had to switch between my mother and father's house every week, teaching me that grades were not as difficult to receive as I had thought. This gave way to a new beginning as my path became clear for my future.

Another year passed as I learned something that changed my life forever. I realized our planet is being destroyed and the atmosphere is depleting. Our pollution is still causing mass destruction to our planet while we ignorantly sit here watching. The human race purely cares only for their personal needs, and not the environment that sustains their lives. I was outraged. In school I began to work harder, and had new motivation as I began to continue achieving other things outside of school as well.

My piano lessons that I had been taking for eleven years was no longer a pain, but a passion I could look forward to. Music became a part of who I am and I joined the choir at my high school. I was immediately enrolled into the advanced choir due to my background in music. Choir became my favorite class. I would perform, audition for solos, and help others with learning notes. It was a place where I could let go and be myself where nobody would ever judge me. I was at home.

As high school went on I discovered another new passion of mine, writing. Words would flow out of my fingertips like continuous rain pouring out from the sky. I could happily write anything, but when the subject was something that I was passionate about, writing felt magical. I

could continuously write about our beautiful planet, or the way music moves my soul, but even other subjects can fill me with excitement. Words help me express myself more than anything. As my writing progressed I began to write music, poetry, and even a novel. Nothing could stop me from achieving anymore, and I decided I wanted to become a writer.

As junior year rolled around I realized there was one more thing that really interested me. It was called cosmetology, the study of hair, skin, and nails. My parents knew I was interested, because I already was being paid to cut friends hair, but they were not aware that I wanted to enroll into a school. I thought it would be a nice thing to have under my belt for the future and believed it would be a good job to work my way through college. Eventually I told my mother, and she began to check if there were summer programs that I could take anywhere. This is when I learned about the ROP program.

The ROP program was a program that took place during the school year. It would be 20 hours a week every week during the school year and 40 hours a week in the summer and during vacations. It was a large commitment, but I decided that I could handle the pressure. For the next year I worked from three thirty P.M. to nine thirty P.M. every day after school, and eight thirty A.M. to five thirty P.M. on Saturdays. It was hard work but I managed to keep up with my school work and learn this trade all at once.

Now in my senior year I believe beauty school has taught me discipline and patience. It also has shown me many aspects of having a job as I have worked on many clients. Now I have successfully completed over one thousand hours, and have about five hundred and fifty more until I graduate. I am excited for my future, and cannot wait to pursue all my hopes and dreams. Within the past few years I have truly realized who I am, and who I want to be, while striving to accomplish all the passions I have learned about myself. I finally know who I am.