



When I was young, I had no clue what I wanted to do or what my passions were. I wasn't good at soccer like one of my sisters, and I wasn't good at piano like the other one. I would beg my parents to enroll me in as many sports, lessons, and clubs as they could find, hoping that something would stick. But nothing really did. I remember being 10 years old, feeling so discouraged that I wasn't good enough, that it wasn't worth even trying.

Luckily, I had an outlet, the one thing that I believed was my strong suit. Writing. I've written in a diary since I was in the second grade, writing stories and telling my strongest confidant all my inner thoughts. I would fill up pages faster than I could read them, writing about things that I could only hope to experience.

As I grew, I found more passions. Running, cooking, and volunteering, that each gave me an electric rush of creativity. Each, in different ways, allows me to inspire new stories, creating magic within my mind. Yet, there has never been anything that could replace the sense of totality that writing gave me.

Looking back on the scribbled handwriting of my childhood always makes me smile. The random adventures placed in between coloring pages and diary entries ignite a flame inside of me to keep writing, to keep telling stories. Whether the stories are mine or other people's, they deserve to be told.

As I prepare for my future, I will continue telling stories. I will continue to listen, react, and cultivate my thoughts into the best they can be. There will always be so much to learn, experience, and accomplish in this world. And there will always be someone to write about it afterward.