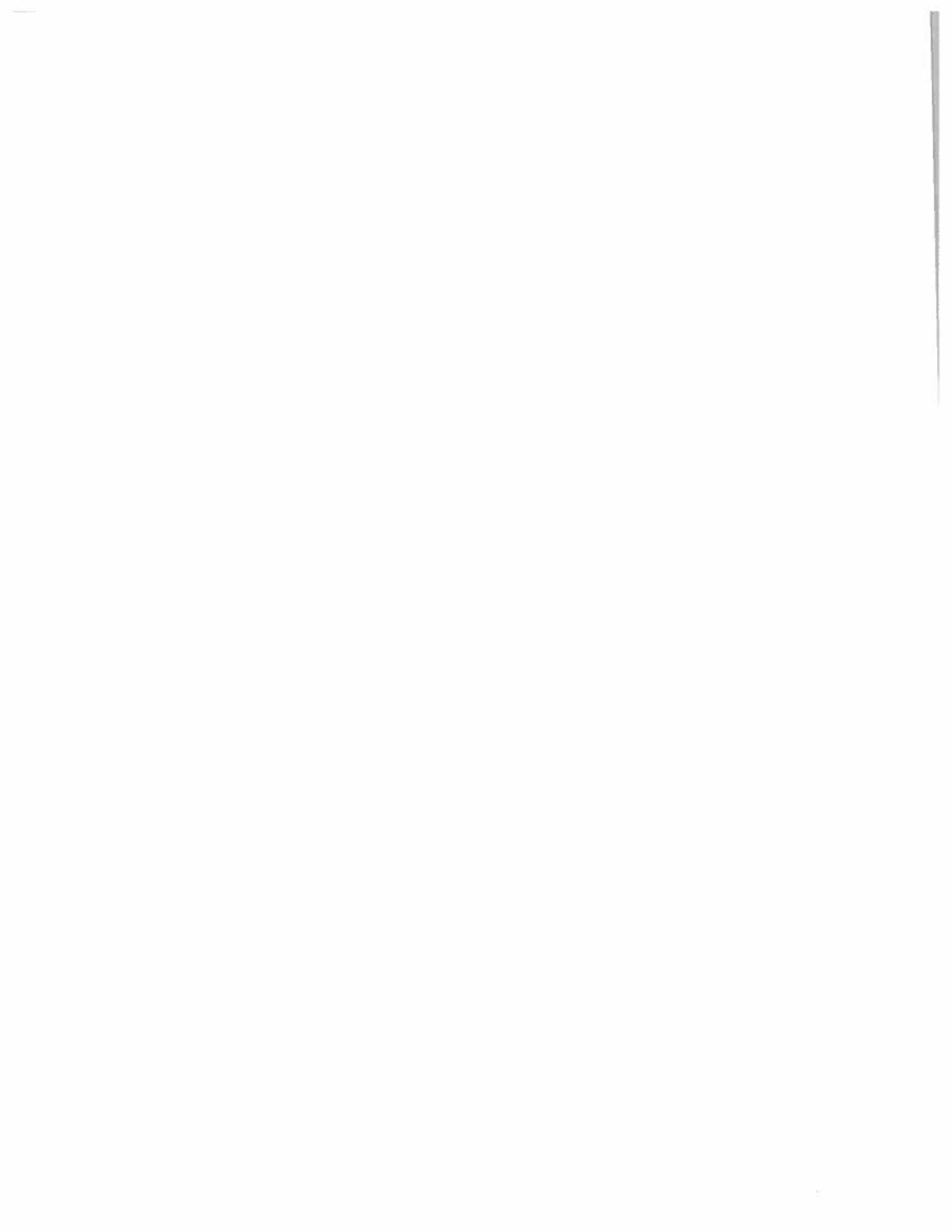


Aidan Pugsley  
ENGL102-03

It was a normal day in the schoolyard, sunny skies, a light refreshing breeze blowing by calmly, kids running around enjoying recess. Kickball was the game of choice that I loved to play and my friends enjoyed playing during our time on recess. The games could get really intense sometimes and it was always for bragging rights to be able to trash talk friends after recess had ended and taunt them about a big victory. Time to time the teams would be picked evenly but once and a while one team would always out skill the other. One day I happened to be on the better team and it changed me forever.

Someone on the weaker team that everyone was friends with was up to kick. He took his best try at kicking a slow rolling ball straight down the middle and didn't make great contact with it, leading to an easy catch made by the pitcher and an easy out for my team. He seemed extremely embarrassed about the kick but made an attempt to shake it off and get back in line to possibly kick again. As time passed and other people had their shots at kicking the ball, the boy found himself back up to the plate yet once again. He had a slight tremble in his steps and his posture seemed as if he was scared of the 3 pound rubber ball. When the ball came rolling down the middle to him for his chance to kick it, once again he made poor contact with the ball and it was an easy catch for my team. What shocked me was how my team reacted this time. Instead of encouraging the boy who was supposed to be a "friend" of everyone's, I found my team mocking the boy and making fun of him for his ability to kick the ball. The boy's face became red as a tomato and his embarrassment was easily noticed. This only made the kids on my team to taunt him more. I was witnessing bullying, for the first time that I had been able to notice it. I couldn't believe how everyone had ganged up on the boy and were making fun of him. This situation



made me feel extremely uncomfortable and I did not agree with the way anyone was treating him.

The bell had rung and recess was over, it was time to go back inside the school and go back to class. I noticed the boy waiting to go back into school and I stuck around and waited with him. I told him not to worry about what everyone was saying and that it's just a stupid game. He was extremely embarrassed and said he didn't want to play kickball anymore. The next day at recess I noticed him sitting on the curb while the kickball teams were being picked. Instead of jumping in the line to get picked for a team I joined him on the curb and asked how he was. The kids that were making fun of the boy came over and asked why I wasn't playing kickball today and I told them because the way they treated the boy was unacceptable. I still couldn't believe how they embarrassed him and were yelling names at him just because he couldn't make a kick.

This incident of bullying made me realize that it is not right to talk down on someone or make fun of anyone for their ability to do anything. I'm extremely glad I noticed that it wasn't right to bully someone and that I didn't just join in on the taunting like I easily could've done. It's extremely important to have morals and to know rights from wrongs. This experience had a large impact on my life early on.



Alexa Dearing  
Composition 2  
Professor Stevens  
1.28.16

### The Powerful Anecdote

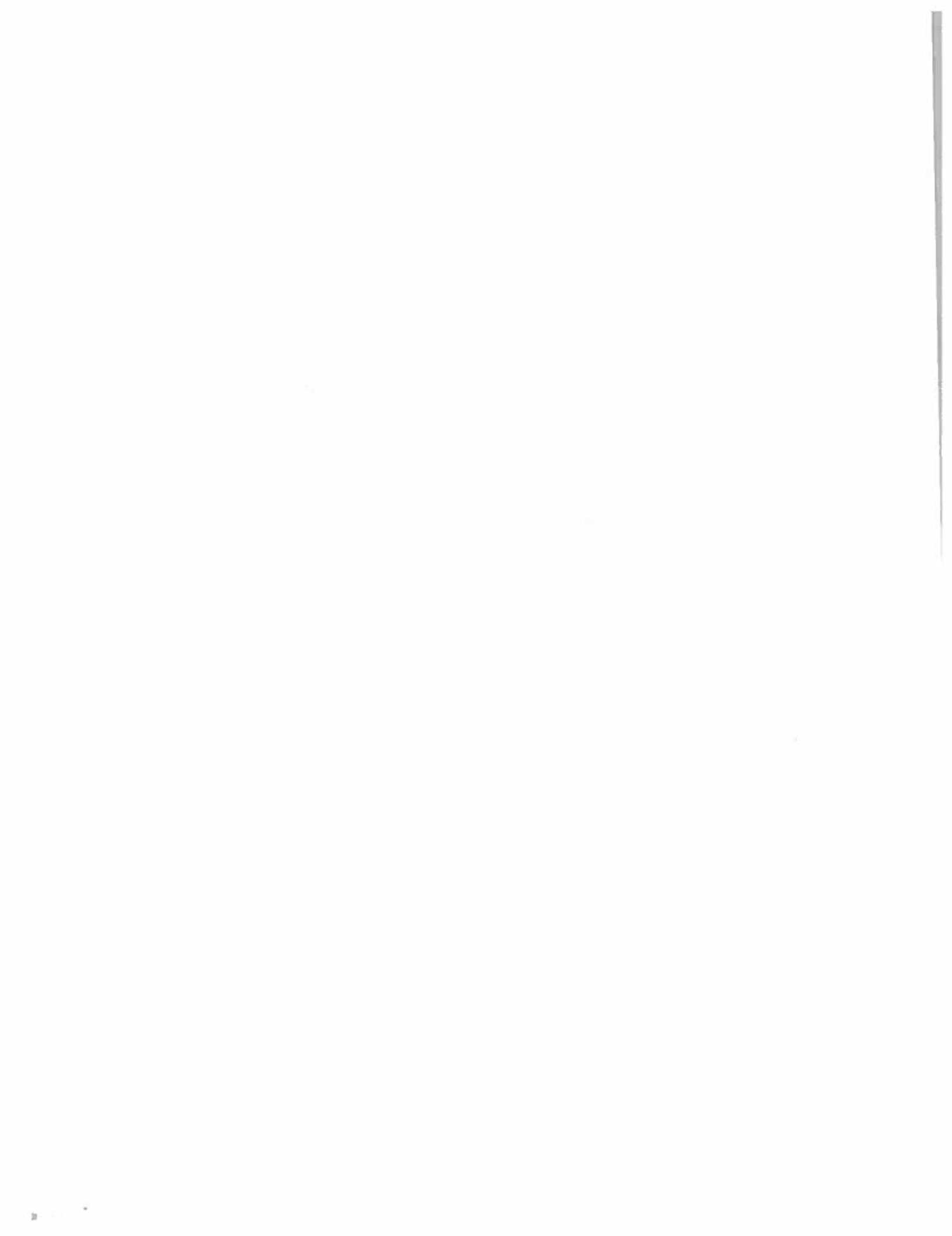
It was December of our senior year! Christmas and New Years were right around the corner. We were all so excited! Our last year of high school wasn't going by fast enough. We all just wanted to get the heck out of this building, I mean we had been there for 5 years already (currently in our sixth). We wanted all the fun senior events at the end of the year like senior ball, senior Disney trip, and graduation. Not to mention, we all wanted summer vacation!

It was an incredibly exciting time for us. College acceptance letters were flooding in to each member of our senior class, senior pictures were completed and being sent in to the yearbook committee. This was our year. Our time to "rule the school." Graduation plans had already begun such as ordering our cap and gowns and organizing invitations. It was hectic, but it was surreal. High school was almost over. We were all so excited to graduate.

... and we ALL almost did graduate, till that dreary and rainy day of December 10th, 2015.

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December 10th was a "half day." A half day is an in-service day where all the teachers have a big meeting and it happens once a month. So once a month all the students go home at 11:00 instead of 2:05. This day was an excessively foggy day. The road was wet from an earlier rainfall and leaves lined both sides of the busy highway road leading to my house. I was so hungry for food. I remember thinking about making mac and cheese or a grilled cheese. I ended



up making both when I got home. As I sat there eating my food while watching *The Office*, I got a call from my best friend. I answered it and her voice was raspy and it sounded as if she had been crying. She spoke.

“Have you heard?”

“Heard what? Are you okay?” I asked

“Paul Chuilli. He died.” Her voice quivered.

“What?” I was at a loss for words. At first I thought it was a joke but how in the world could she ever think this was okay to joke about.

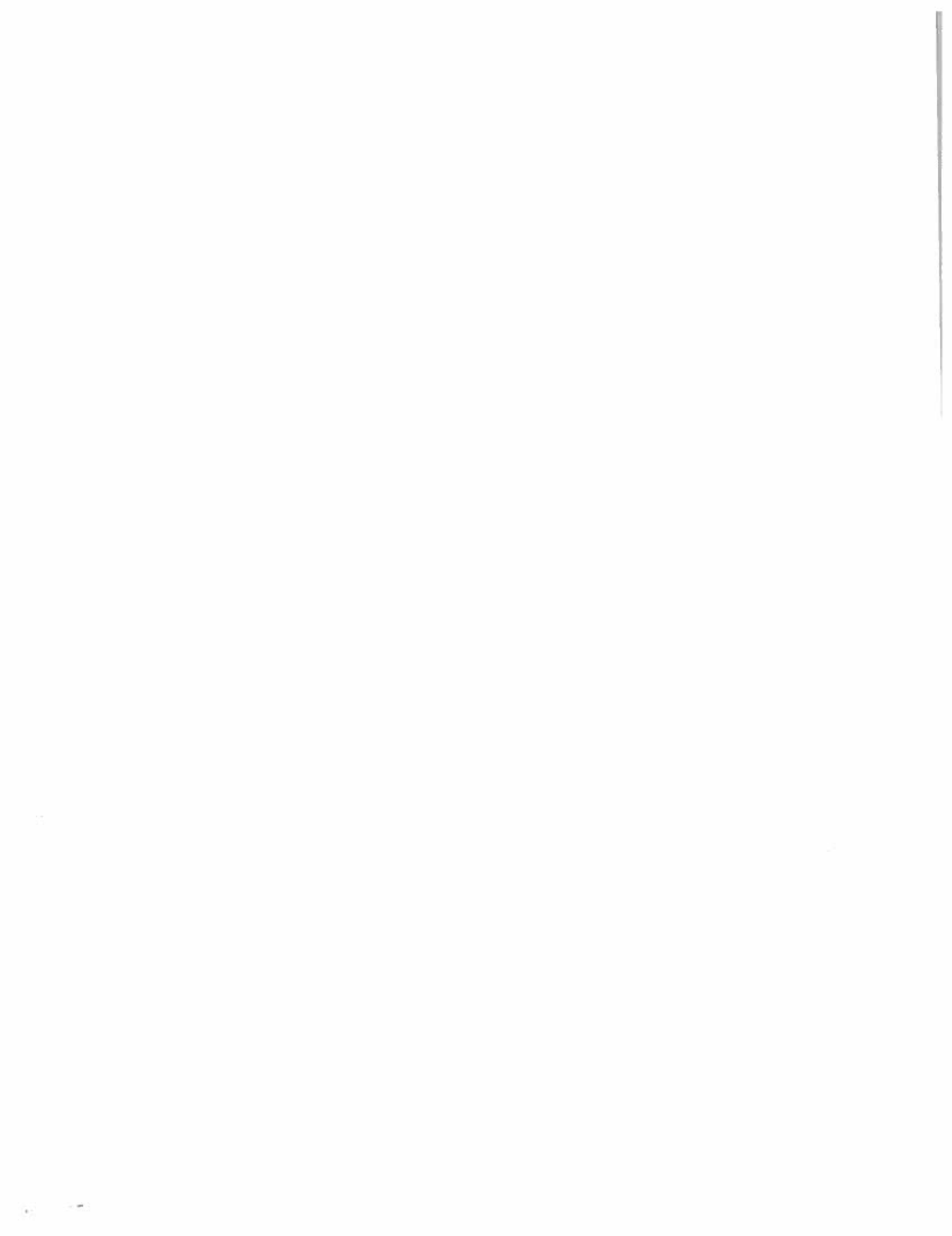
“He got in a one-car accident.” she replied.

Silence was on both sides of the phone. I couldn't believe what I had just heard. A member of my class had died. A boy who I had talked to no more than two hours ago. I began to cry.

“How did you hear about this?” I asked.

“Liam but look at the Enterprise and keep refreshing it. It should keep updating.”

We both hung up after saying goodbye. I couldn't believe it. I felt numb. Tears were streaming down my face as I realized I had lost a friend, a classmate. A friend that would never get to grow up and experience life. A boy who's life was ended so suddenly and so soon. I couldn't believe it. According to *The Enterprise* that I checked when I got ahold of myself as much as I could, Chuilli was on his way home to grab something to eat and his football equipment really quick and then get back to school before practice started. As He was taking a turn on a street, it is said that he lost control of the car due to wet leaves and crashed into the tree on the drivers side. The picture that followed showed the car wrapped around the tree. It was

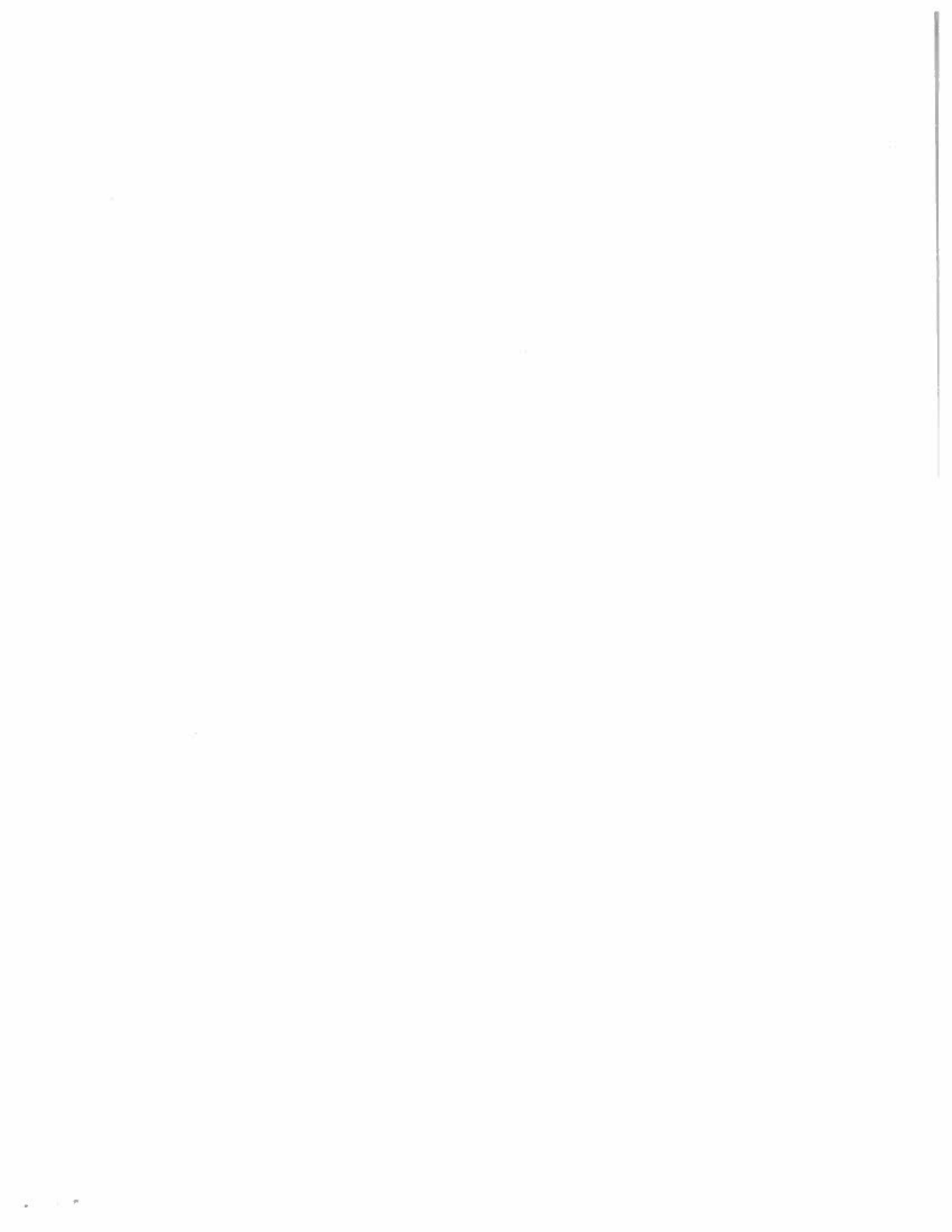




awful to look at. I lost it again. According to the article the forest responding fire fighter was Chuilli's father. That made me lose it even more. It was and still is a heart breaking story.

For the next two days at school, there was no learning. Everyone showed up to school but there were tears. Tissues were in every room and all the teachers were available to talk to anyone who needed to talk. Administration just let us morn however we needed too. We were a small school. Grades 7-12 and only about 600 students total so the loss of a student really affected us. It was really beneficial to be with other students, other friends, other people instead of at home mourning by ourselves. The town really came together as a community during this loss. Everyone knew Chuilli and he was and is very missed.

Chuilli never let anything really bother him. He took on each day with this goofy Chuilli smile on his face and just went for it. Day by day. Hour by hour. One of the things he said the most was "Don't worry about it." He would say that all the time to people who where worried or stressed out. He was a great friend and great person and lived each day to the fullest. He just enjoy life. I remember one time in art class junior year he took off his pants and ran down the hallway in his boxers on a dare given to him by a friend. Everyone was laughing so hard, including the teacher. He didn't care how he had to make people laugh, he just wanted to. He liked it when people were smiling and enjoying themselves. If I were to give advice to anyone, the experience of this loss really affected me emotionally but it also changed my physiological state of mind about life. Enjoy life. Its short and you have no idea when it is going to end. Live everyday as if it were your last. I know it sounds cheesy but it's very true. Enjoy your life. Take advantage do the opportunities that come your way and make something of everyday!



Jessica Barros

1/28/16

English 102

Pre-draft

### Origin

For the first time my dad could not spend his birthday out partying. He traded beers for bottles, clubs for play dates, and night outs with feeding time. Natalia changed her name to mom, and sacrificed her body to have me. On April 24th, 1997 everything changed for them, everything changed for me. I now have a family to call my own. Since that day I always had a support system to fall back on, I always had someone taking care of me, but now it was my turn to show my parents that they raised me right.

When I was five, my parents had told me that I was not gonna be alone anymore. I was gonna be a big sister! When my mom was in the hospital I was told it was my responsibility to take care of my dad. I had to teach him how to do my hair, what food I like, and I had to wash dishes. The sense of responsibility made me feel like I was important, and my role in the house was significant. My mom gave me a task and I completed it with my full ability.

Growing up my grandfather always taught me that, "The person who works hard sleeps easy at night, the person who does not work hard will get no sleep at night". Since sleep is my best friend I made sure to work hard during the day. When I was old enough to work, I did. Camps and after school activities were things that gave me no interest. From the start of 15 to the present I worked at a flower shop, sneaker store, camp, factory, and burger restaurant. I knew the more that I could help, my parents with paying with my fundamental funds the easier the things



would be for the either of us. I always made sure that I had money in my pocket and money stored away somewhere.

At the fifteen, everyday after school I would walk to my grandfather's house to watch the four o'clock cowboys episode that played on TV Land. When he got sick TV Land time turned into story time. When he was in the hospital I was the one translating and making him comfortable. My ability to care for peopled reached a level that it came naturally for to do so. The task of giving the correct medicine dose, being dependable and being there for somebody emotionally was not a task but a calling for me.

One lesson that I will always take with me that my grandfather told me was " your cousins are your best friends" and since then the only people who know me army cousins. We were apart of the second generation that grew up in America. I was the youngest so everyone watched over me. Yet being the youngest allowed me to see how the older cousins dealt with situations. Amongst my school friends I was always seen as distant but it was only due to the fact that I never knew how to accept people outside my family. They are me and I am them, we stand together and never alone.

My mom, my dad, my family helped me outline who the wanted me to be. I am now becoming the women I want to become. I going into the profession that allows me to care for others. I know if my grandfather was here he would be proud, I know my mother looks at me like the mini her and my father sees his handwork paid off.



Richie Harris

January 28<sup>th</sup>, 2016

Pre-Draft A1

English 102

Have you ever been asked the simple yet complex question, “Who are you?” I was never shy to answer that question. Each time the answer to that question was simple, “I’m Richie.” Over, done with, next question. When I was asked by my high school advisor to respond on my college application essay question “Who are you?” it was not as simple to answer as it always was. It was at that point in time where my entire life flashed before my eyes and I had only five hundred words to both summarize my life and convince this mysterious person that will never actually meet me and who reads thousands of these essays a year that I am unique and would benefit their University. I had no idea where to start. I asked myself hundreds of questions such as “Do I talk about how I come from a large family with six different brothers and sisters who all range from nurses to teachers to high school dropouts?” or “Should I try to sound smart and write about how I came from a father who has a Ph.D. from Harvard?” or “Should I try to sound like I came from nothing and write about how I came from a mother who grew up in foster care?” After repeatedly asking myself preposterous questions and staring at a constant white screen with a blinking cursor for hours I decided to turn off my computer with nothing accomplished.

A week later I decided to give this essay another shot. Instead of writing about my immediate family I decided to try and write about my close childhood friendships and





the area in which I grew up. I went on and on but I was still limited to just five hundred words. How was I supposed to summarize my entire life in just five hundred words? I talked about growing up in a city where everyone knew my family. I began talking about losing childhood friends to the immoralities of drugs and violence and how terrible it was to be playing 7<sup>th</sup> grade basketball with a close friend to attending his funeral less than a year later because of a drug overdose. I talked about losing more friends by the age of fifteen than an average person in their lifetime. I talked about how I became immune to tragedy because it happened so frequently. After all of the depressing writing I decided to briefly mention how I overcame those adversities to develop into a young man in a good position to attend college and make a name for myself. After what seemed like forever I finally saved my essay for my high school advisor to review the next morning before I submitted it.

On the morning that my college essay was due I panicked. I deleted everything I wrote the night before and decided to rewrite it. I quickly wrote

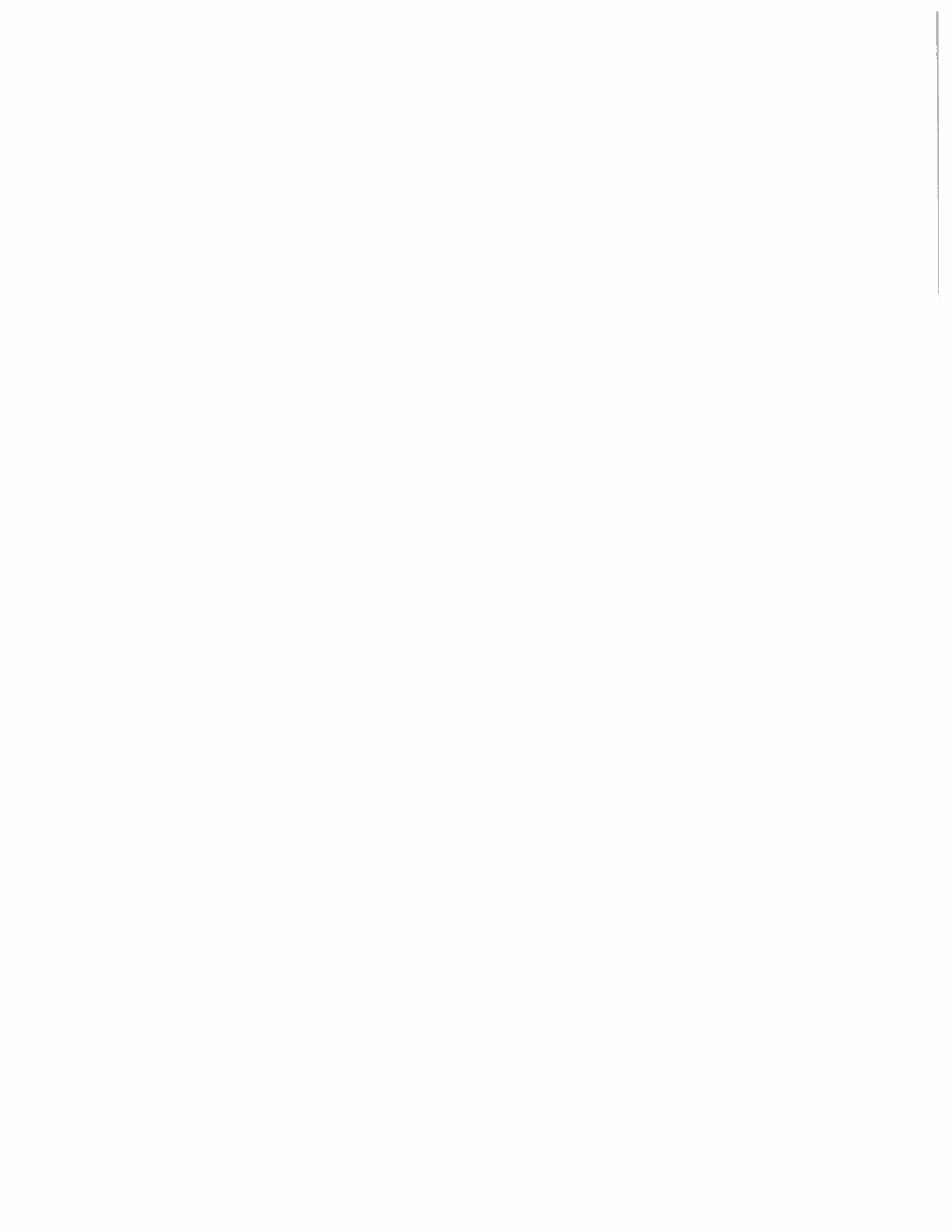
*“To whom it may concern,*

*My name is Richie, I could write about how my life was difficult, or I could write about how smart I am, but I wont. I wont bore you with what I'm sure you've heard numerous times. I will tell you this, I am a young man who will work his tail off to prove to you that you made the right decision to accept me and that your University needs me more than I need your University. That's who I am. If you do not like who I am, then that's fine, I will then make it my mission to succeed and prove to you that you made a mistake on that one application.”*



Richie Hamiz

That was it. Before I could edit it, or have it reviewed by my advisor I quickly submitted the essay and sent it off to eight different schools. After my advisor finally read my essay she told me that it was “unique” and unlike any college application essay that she had ever read. A few weeks later I got my first acceptance letter. I got into seven out of the eight schools I applied to, and to this day I will never forget how to answer the complicated question “Who are you?” and I still answer simply My name is Richie.



Nicole De Olmos  
January 29, 2016

### Accepting who I am and moving forward!

I will always remember words like “stupid”, “infected girl”, “unsuccessful.” These are the memories of a second grader. Though hurtful, they have helped to shaped the person that I am today. As a very young child the emotional scars felt like they would never heal. Failing the second grade was an experience that I will never forget as it marks a pivotal point for discovering my identity and value.

Who am I and what do I understand about the world around me? Not much. What I do know is that I have Sickle Cell Disease (SCD) and that kids are cruel. Though I had context because the doctors would explain my illness, others, the cruel ones, did not. What they heard was “disease.” I felt like a fish unable to swim with the sharks. All they heard was *disease*, and that was enough for the kids to ostracize me, leaving me feeling like I was an alien. The hardest lesson I had to learn from that experience was to teach myself to believe in myself and not let my disease define me.

Today I am 19 years old and though I still struggle with my illness, I feel more successful, and confident in my abilities. When I am confronted by those who do not understand SCD I am encouraged to educate them. My knowledge will help them understand the challenges SCD presents and how it impacts my life. Today there is no cure but one day there can be. This will only come about as more people are dedicated to the research needed for discovering one.

People who are personally affected by an illness or disease are strong and passionate advocates for finding a cure and change negative perceptions. I got tired of playing the victim



role in this world, instead I want to play the role of a victorious leader that people can connect to and gain confidence from. A role model that took the negative comments of her classmates and turn it into the start of how her development as a person. My determination helped me accept myself as a person who has SCD and make a living out of it.





James Burke

Professor Janet Stevens

Pre-Draft A1

10/19/15

“What are you doing here?” inquired the customs officer, peering down at me from atop her tall desk. I was exhausted and not entirely in the mood for questions like this one, questions that I was not sure I could answer with any degree of conviction. “What *am* I doing here?” I pondered, allowing just enough silence to exist between the officer’s question and my answer that she began to grow suspicious of me. “I’m here to play music” I blurted out anxiously and rather unconvincingly, despite the truth of my statement. I was beginning to sweat; I knew that as her questions grew more specific, my answers would grow more and more vague because truthfully, the circumstances of my arrival at Heathrow Airport in London were both unspecific and indeed unbelievable to me. “Who are you meeting here in London?” the officer continued. My mind began to race. I had to lie, an honest answer might prevent me from entering the country at all. “A good friend” I responded with whatever confidence I could muster.

Some eight months earlier I had received an email from a very small, London-based music promoter. “Hey James, just took a listen to your music and am really into it” began the admittedly long-winded message that would ignite months of correspondence. I had been excited, indeed ecstatic, upon reading such enthusiastic remarks about my original music from someone within the business. Yet now, arriving alone in an enormous foreign city to finally match a face with a name, fear had firmly taken root.

Reuben, my mysterious British relative, had booked me a series of gigs at various bars in the London area. My return flight was not for two weeks and I feared that if things did not go smoothly or pan out as I hoped, disaster could ensue. Yet I could not deny my nineteen-year-old self the opportunity, I would forever regret it if I did.

"How long have you known this... friend?" the customs officer persisted. My uncertainty was beginning to show and although my intentions were far from maniacal, her look was growing in both sternness and concern. "Well actually I've never really met him in person" I fumbled. My heart began to sink, I was fully aware of just how suspicious my circumstances appeared. As I tried to explain to her my situation she cut me off. "Do you have a telephone number for this Reuben?" "Thankfully, I did and I hastily relayed it to her. "Why don't you have a seat over there" she said stoically, pointing. My gaze instinctively followed her finger to an enclosed area with bordered with uncomfortable looking seats. An exasperated looking family with two small children was already sitting in there. I solemnly moved to the area that I assumed was reserved for suspicious individuals and took a seat.

After what was likely no more than thirty minutes but felt like thirty days, the customs officer whose face had become ingrained in my consciousness came to retrieve me. But her face was slightly different than the one I remembered, this face looked relieved and was smiling. Her entire demeanor had changed and so did mine as she said "Welcome to London Mr. Burke."

Two weeks later, I returned to the United States with a heavy heart. I did not want to leave London and return to my dull life. When the customs officer asked my what I had been doing in London I could now reply with genuine confidence. "Staying with a good friend" I said.

Sadia Suhail

Professor Janet Stevens

English 102

1/27/16

### My Story

Looking back on freshman year, I remember little except for the fact that it was difficult. I remember Modern World Culture being one of my hardest classes. During sophomore year, I better understood the flow of high school and began to get used to it. My GPA really increased between 9<sup>th</sup> and 10<sup>th</sup> grade. I took chemistry as a sophomore and was exposed to material I had never seen before. I studied the material and took valuable notes during class time. Throughout the whole year, I had the highest average in chemistry. My classmates thought it was impossible to get an "A" in chemistry; I knew it was possible because of the time and effort I put into earning that grade. My junior year, I made even bigger strides. I had better study skills and worked even harder than my previous years. I achieved the highest grade that I had ever received in math. As a result, I knew that if I worked hard, I could anticipate my grades being phenomenal. In my senior year, I continued to work my hardest and looked ahead to college. I feel fully prepared and proud of following through on my commitment to always doing my best when it comes to academics.

I'm hard working and motivated, which I bring to my academics, and outside activities. I always knew that I was good at dancing and I should keep that as my hobby. Not everyone knows how to or feels fearful to perform in front of people. When freshman year started, I was afraid to join the Dance team. But when sophomore year approached, I came out of my shell and joined the Dance team. Being a member, I was included in numerous amounts of performances



either at pep rally or the half time games for the varsity basketball team. I became good at performing, which gave me a lot of experience. I really enjoyed it too! At the end of junior year, I had a chance to perform a dance at the schools' international night with my cousin. I had a perfect chance to show who I was and my dancing ability. My cousin and I chose a song and we choreographed it too. Because of the hard work and determination, we learned it quickly. On the day of the performance, we felt so prepared for the dance that when we were finished everyone clapped, I felt really proud. It was a fun and exciting opportunity for me to perform a cultural dance. During my senior year, I continued to be on the dance team and also joined color guard. I performed in The Massachusetts Instrumental and Choral Conductors Association (MICCA) Wakefield Marching Band competition where I was watched by judges. It was the biggest competition I have ever been in. Also, I had to perform in a senior pep rally dance with two other classmates in front of the whole school. I was very nervous because this was the biggest audience compared to previous performances. I did my dance and pleased that I got a chance to do it in front of a bigger crowd.

From my past experience, I have learned that if I am really passionate about my talent and about my academics, I will accomplish them. I also learned that with determination and hard work I could succeed in life. The amount of time I put into my work really helped me with my academics and extracurricular activities. Being Determined and being a handworker are traits that are so central to my identity. The traits have originated from my mother because she is a harder worker and has taught me to never give up and achieve my goals.



Brian Engvik

English 102

Instructor: Janet Stevens

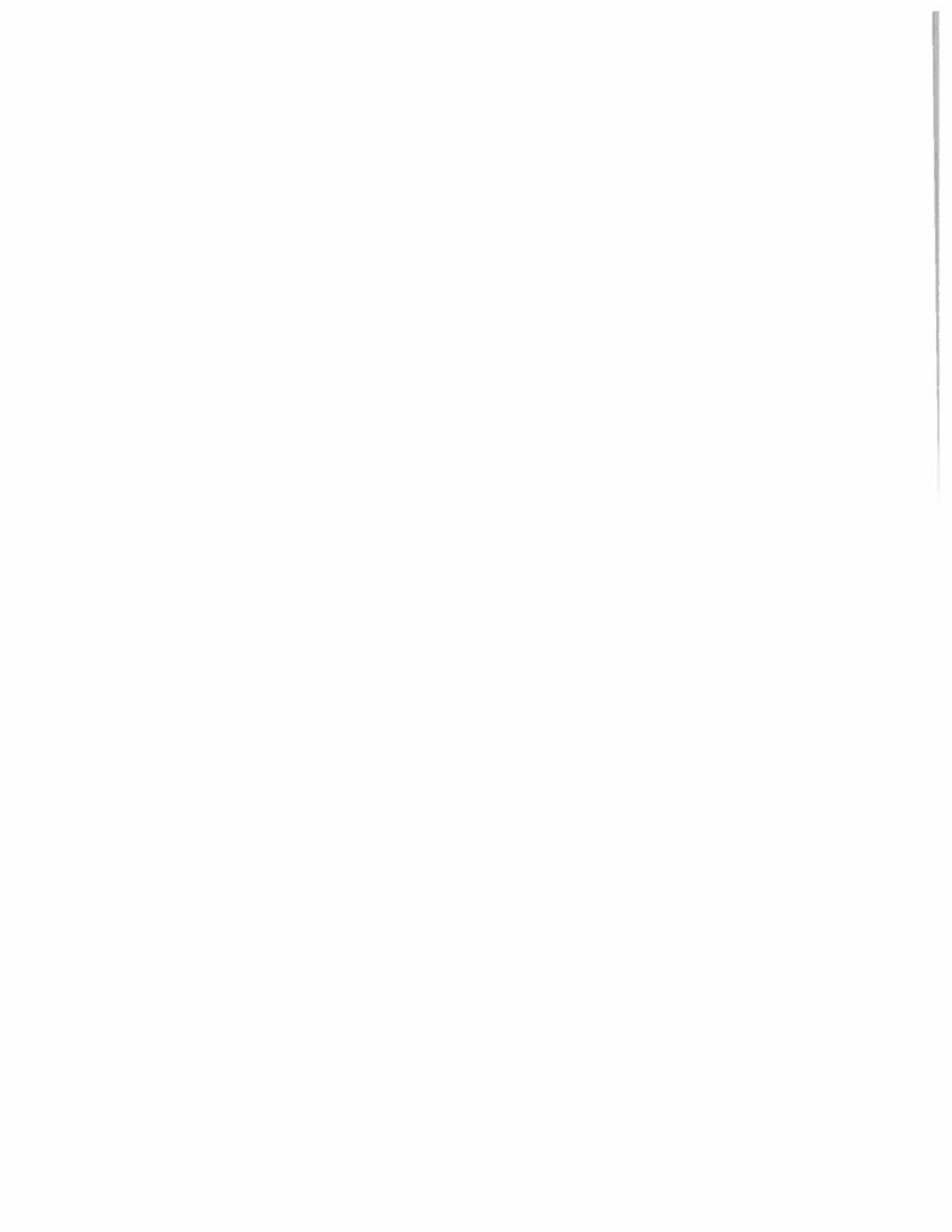
01/29/2016

Unit 1, Pre-Draft A

My parents were always relatively lenient in regards to chores and housework. They always told us that “if you want an allowance or anything like that, you’ll have to work for it.” I decided that I would much rather not work and just find free ways to have fun. My friends and I would make up stupid games at the local playground. Any given day, you could expect to see a game of tag or stickball, or some godawful combination of the two, taking place just down my street. I remember my father making wisecracks about me coming back from the Martian surface when I would be out all day playing in the snow in five degrees below zero weather.

As I got older, and playing in the local parks became stale, we began using what money we did have on video games and the occasional pizza. Still, I refused to work unless I absolutely had to. This continued throughout high school. I only studied or did homework that I deemed necessary. I was completely content passing with a C or a D; or in some cases, not passing at all. I thought that being a kid was more important than having money.

The whole time I was thinking of it in terms of dollars and cents, I missed the life lesson of having good work ethic. Sure, I had tons of fun and made good memories, but I became a master procrastinator and a lazy bum. I only wanted to do things that seemed fun. Things that needed to be done would be done at the last moment and with little real effort.





Page - 2

The summer I graduated high school, I left for Marine Corps basic training. Among concepts of loyalty, courage, commitment, and et cetera, I learned that there is no skill more important than motivation. As much as you may not think so, motivation is a skill. The ability to be stubborn, undaunted, and enthused is a trait that needs to be worked at constantly. You may be determined to do something you actually want to do, but being pushed from within to do things you hate is something that does not come naturally to most. It is something that I practice every time I wake up at 5:30 am to go to school when I'd rather be sleeping in or staying up late the night before. It is not waking up to go to work so that you can survive. It is going to work, ready to exceed all expectations, so that you may thrive.

It's a shame that it took me until I was already an adult to really get a hold on this lesson. Although, it is better to learn it late than not at all. Four years of military service can be the most important thing some people will do. It molds you into someone, not completely different from who you were, but more refined and better equipped to handle the world of adulthood.



Pre-Draft A1

Growing up in a middle class family in Brockton Mass I was a quiet and shy kid. My quietness and shyness slowly came undone with the help of my family and the youth programs they signed me up for. Some of the youth programs were my Cub Scout/Boy Scout troop, Little League baseball, Youth Hockey, and Youth Soccer. Now unfortunately I never got into soccer and hockey became too expensive for my parents to allow me to continue however Little League was supported by my elementary school and the Cub Scouts/Boy Scouts were less expensive and helped me get out of my quiet and shy shell. After elementary school I stopped playing baseball but continued Scouting and it was in scouting I grew to gain lifelong friendships that still last today. Scouting also helped me turn into the person I am today by allowing me to learn what trust, teamwork, confidence, and friendship truly means even more so than Little League did although Little League did teach me those traits as well just not as much as Scouting.

Mostly I learned trust, teamwork, and confidence during Scouting camping trips and summer camp. That trust and Teamwork I gained allowed my troop to vote for me to become part of a special order within Scouting Called Order of the Arrow and my troop also voted me Assistant Senior Patrol Leader which is second in command of all patrols with in the troop. By the time I was 18 I completed my Eagle Scout project and became an Eagle Scout an award that I proudly hold to this day and will hold until I die. I also said I met my 4 closets friends in scouts that without them helping my through my scouting accomplishments I would not have even considered going for my Eagle Scout award. My friends can and will say the same thing about me and their scouting accomplishments and respective Eagle Scout awards (my friends and I are



all Eagle Scouts) We all trust each other and gain traits from each other that one did not have such as my trust, teamwork, and confidence.

That trust, teamwork, and confidence allowed myself to join the Air Force after my first attempt at college. If it wasn't for the confidence I got from my friends I don't think I would have even thought about joining let alone signing my enlisted contract. After basic training and Tech School (the school I learned how to do my job) I learned even more about teamwork. Once I got to my first permanent station in Charleston S.C. I truly learned what it means to be a Jet Engine Mechanic as I worked on C-17 engines. My shop at Charleston much like scouting once again taught me about trust and teamwork as a single person can't simply fix a jet engine by themselves. You need trust and teamwork to fix a jet engine especially a jet engine big enough to power and keep a C-17 in the air. In order to change a C-17 engine the job take five people working together to disconnect all the lines and connecting bolts and lower the engine without hitting anything such as the pylon (the structure connecting the engine to the wing) or even the C-17 it's self not an easy task with one or two people. I also gained a lot of confidence as a jet engine mechanic especially when it came to huge delicate jobs such as the engine change or even during engine operational checks or engine runs. Much how my troop gained enough trust in me to vote me into the Order of the Arrow and Assistant Senior Patrol Leader my engine shop eventually gained and showed trust in me to become engine run certified. Even though my shop trusted me to run engines and in turn be in charge of the C-17 while I sat in the pilot's seat I still lacked the confidence to perform adequately in that pilot's seat how ever after a motivational talk and completing the class to become engine run certified I took a deep breath and cleared my mind of negative thoughts and performed my first official engine run flawlessly. After become engine run certified I gained all the confidence I need to step up and perform any task, job, or



leadership role my shop needed me to do. Unfortunately six months after becoming engine run certified I got orders to be transferred to Tacoma W.A. still working on C-17 engines. The bad part about the transfer was that a person of my rank at the time could not be engine run certified while stationed at Tacoma. Even with that bad news I was still able to keep the confidence I gained while in Charleston and became a valuable leader with in my shop in Tacoma. After two years stationed in Tacoma my enlisted contract expired however I decided not to renew it and start a new chapter in my life. I decided to try school again and I can confidently say this time in school is bigger success than the first time as now thanks to all the trust, teamwork, and confidence I gained through my life I was able to forget my first experience at college and succeed in my second attempt at getting my degree. I will carry my trust, teamwork, and confidence in my future endeavors and the chapter of my life after college.





Cheyenne Perryman

Composition II - 03

Draft A1

January 27, 2016

The development of the hominin brain 5 million years ago is the main reason why humans have survived this long on earth. The complexity of the brain allowed humans to accomplish tasks that were thought to be impossible. From sailing across the globe to performing open heart surgery, humans have been able to solve complex problems and find the answers to the problems faced in life. Despite this complexity two questions seem to stump many individuals: Who are you and how do your characteristics shape you as a person. As an individual who has been alive for 19 years I admit that I don't know nearly as much about myself compared to my vast knowledge on topics ranging from biochemistry to haute couture and high fashion. Although I don't know who I am (yet), there are two traits that play a large role in how I am today: observant and level-headed.

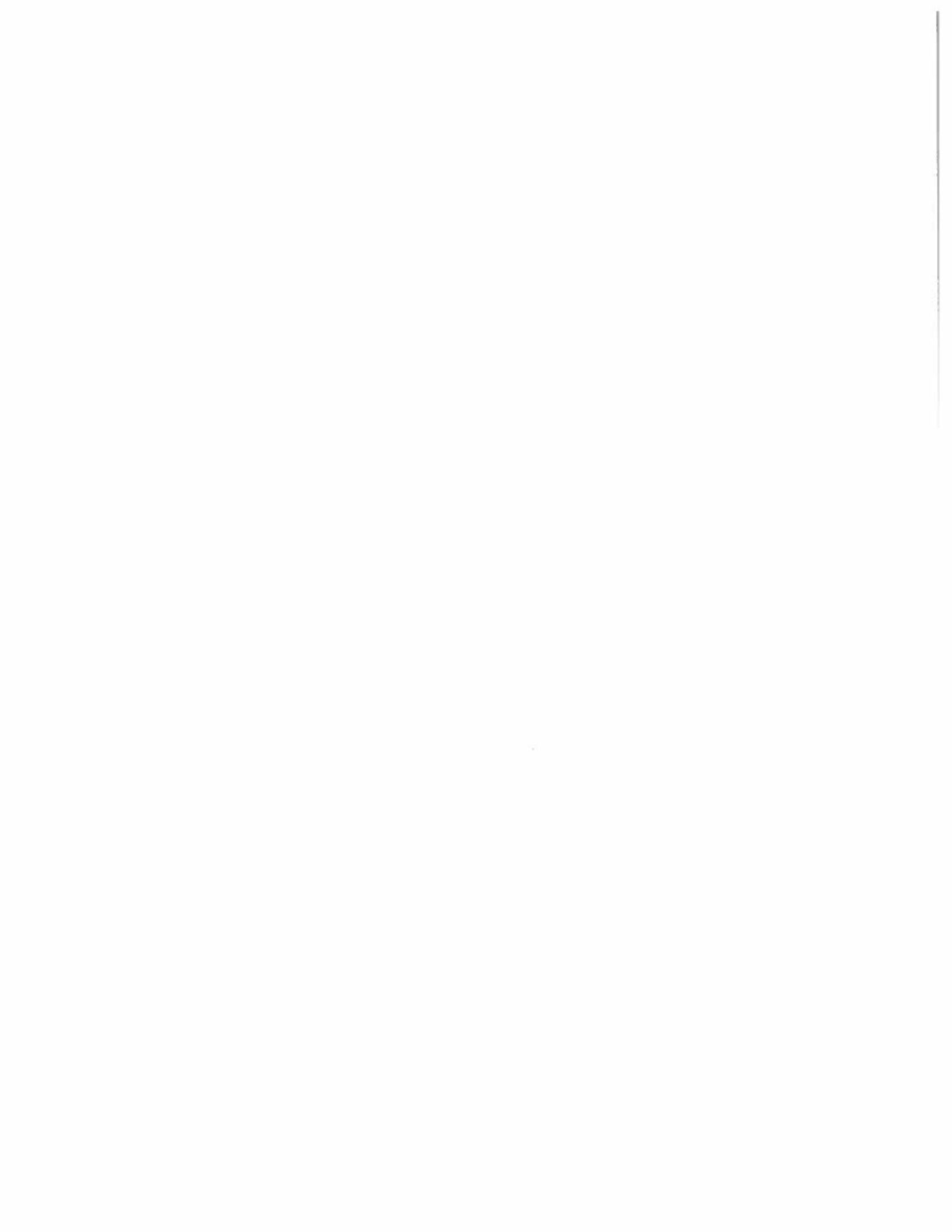
Usually people identify being observant as a negative trait, but I think it is a strong characteristic to have. I'd like to think that I was born with this trait since even as a baby my parents describe me as quiet and watchful. My sophomore year in high school I realized how powerful observing a situation and people could be when I noticed one of my classmates become exponentially unstable over the weeks and decided to keep an eye on him. One day he came into class and as the teacher was talking I looked over and noticed over 10 horizontal cut marks going up his forearm starting from his wrist. When I asked what happened he told me that a cat was doing it, but I immediately knew he was lying because I've observed his unsteady



behavior. I reported his situation to a teacher I was close with and the student was able to get the help he needed. Being observant allows me to assess people and has given me the opportunity to see things other people miss. As a strong believer that actions speak louder than words, I try to say less and do more and hold other people to this standard which is why being observant is one of my best traits.

The other trait that I pride myself on is being level-headed. I've always been a calm person, but over the past few years my ability to stay calm in stressful situations has improved. The first event that strengthened my mental strength was when my former neighbor went crazy and tried to hurt himself and his family one sunny day during the summer of 2011. There was lots of yelling coming next door it took me a moment to realize that the dark substance that covered our grey driveway was blood. I was freaked out at first, but after about 10 minutes I calmed down and was able to call an ambulance and was able to help save the mans life. As the ambulance rushed the man (who was severely injured) to the hospital I was the only one who remained calm as my family was hysterical and shocked at what unfolded on the formerly peaceful day. As I operated through everyday life and worked in the operating room I was able to control my stress levels and stay clear headed while those around me were in chaos.

I still can't answer who I am as a person, but I can start be describing traits that define me. As a child I have always been observant and as an adult this allows me to observe people and situations in order to react the best way. My other trait is being level-headed and this helps me in high stress situations and every day life. I am able to keep my stress levels to a minimum and work at my max potential. These traits can lead me into discovering more about myself and help me discover who I am.



Etienna Tazoa

1/28/16

Professor Stevens

## Forgiveness

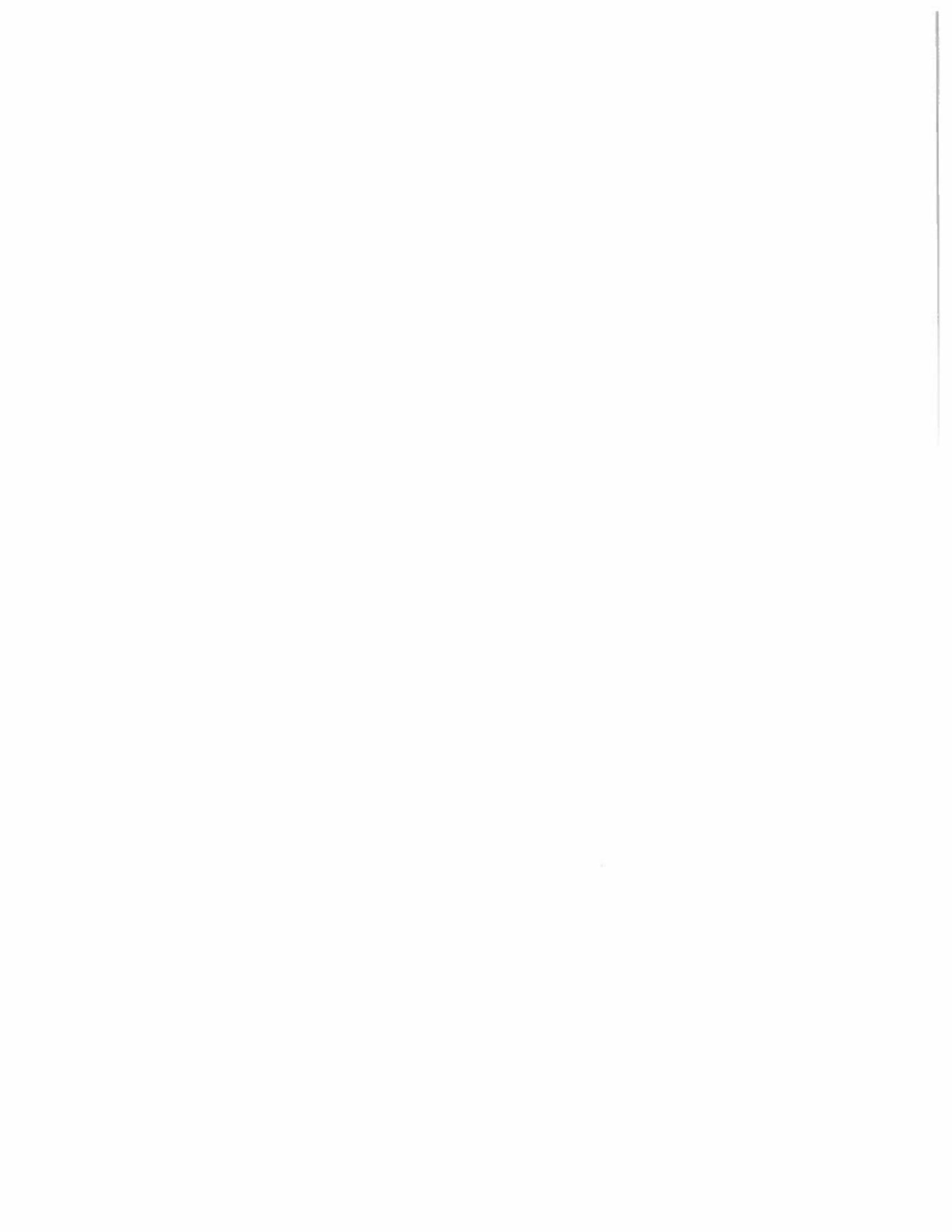
She never believed in forgiveness. She never believed people deserved second chances regardless of the situation they were in. Of course, she was only an adolescent and what much did she know about forgiveness and giving second chances. She refused to heed to anyone's advice. She believed remaining harsh to anyone who let you down is the only way to gain happiness and remain happy in this world. Of course, she was only an adolescent and what much did she know about forgiveness and giving second chances. She had never felt such betrayal from someone she trusted and loved so much and all she felt, deep within was hatred. Little did she know this experience would change her perspective on forgiveness forever.

During her adolescent years, she had a best friend, by the name of Mariam who was like more than just a friend to her, more like a sister. They did everything together from school, having sleep overs, etc. Her best friend was not only her best friend, but her tutor. Mariam was so much smarter and understood all the various subjects being taught in school. Mariam was one of the top student and she would see go to Mariam whenever she was having any difficulties with school. Mariam helped her become stronger, academically. She thought of Mariam to be a very loving and caring friend little did she know what was lying ahead of her. Mariam happened to have all the brains but was struggling financially. Mariam was unable to pay her school fees and became very disheartened about the fact that she or her parents couldn't



afford her monthly school fees payment. Mariam did the unimaginable; Mariam stole from a fellow mate to pay her school fees. Once the issue was reported to the school authorities, Mariam decided to let go of the guilt and give in. Instead of telling the school officials she took the money, Mariam blamed it on her best friend. Mariam's best friend was severely punished for it and Mariam's best friend promised herself never to forgive Mariam or give anyone a second chance. Despite the fact she knew Mariam was her tutor and really helped her school, she was ready to work hard on her own and get the grades but little did she know of how desperate Mariam was. Trying to convince herself that she is better off without having Mariam as a friend, her grades started dropping but she still refused to open up for forgiveness. Mariam came to her begging for forgiveness and she ruthlessly denied.

Coming from a family with strong morals and values, some sense was talked into her by her mother. Her mother made her realize that not everybody is perfect. People make mistakes. Sometimes, we as humans do things we are not proud and in the end, want to take back every single minute of it. Her mother told her that the key to living a happy and stress free life is to learn to forgive. When you live life holding a grudge forever, it is going to eat you up and negatively impact your life. We all need each other to support ourselves and uplift ourselves. Mariam was her up lifter. Mariam helped her understand things she never understood in school no matter how hard she tried. Keeping a grudge for Mariam negatively impacted her life and the only way to make things better was to reconcile with Mariam. Her heart was cold. Ever since she threw Mariam out of her like an unwanted memory, she had more frowns on her face than smiles. She was barely happy. Life seemed as though it was an unsolvable puzzle to her. Although she didn't want to forgive Mariam who framed her up, she knew she had to put everything behind and forgive Mariam. She realized forgiveness will put her at a better peace of





mind and positively impact her academic life as well. She was ready to start all over again. From the little pep talk her mother gave her, she grew and learned to understand people and the reason as to why they do the things they do. Everybody deserves second chances no matter what and she still carries this belief along with her till this day. This belief has shaped up the person she is today. Always willing understand people's situation and forgive because it makes you a much happier person. To err is human, to forgive is divine.



Rohan Chaudhry

First Writing Assignment- Origin Story (Prompt # 1)

English 102-Professor Stevens

1/28/16

“When I grow up...”

Every kid gets asked the same question: ‘What do you wanna be when you grow up’? And you know, for the most part the answers are the same: Policeman, Teacher, Astronaut, Firefighter, Superhero, Racecar Driver, and also Doctor. Well, that was mine ever since I can remember. (That and Batman, of course!) While this might not seem like all that much, a Doctor has been the only thing I have ever wanted to be, and this remains true about fourteen years later today.

The first instance I can remember of this would have to be when I was around five years old at our old house in Revere. We used to have tenants in the upstairs part of our house, and they had a cat. One morning, he found some birds and began attacking them. My mom saw this and began chasing after him with a sandal. Afterwards, we took the mauled bird inside and began to care for him, and later that day he died. I was devastated. I knew my dad worked in a hospital and when he got home later that day, I remember digging the bird back up, bringing it to my dad and being like, “fix it! My poor father had to sit there and explain to four-year old Rohan that that’s not really how that worked. I can’t remember exactly what he said to me but I remember by the end of it I was thinking to myself, ‘If I was a doctor this wouldn’t really be a problem because I could just make the bird not be dead again!’ . Simple!



Rohan Chaudhry

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English 102-Professor Stevens

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Also, over the years I would hang out with my dad in the hospital sometimes when he would be working and see the kinds of things they would do; the kind of impact they would make. It was the coolest thing to me, and I just loved the environment. I know for a fact that I just would never be able to do an office-y type of job. I love helping others and I knew I wanted to do something where I was doing more than just getting money for stuff.

Another place which reaffirmed my passion to become a doctor was actually not too long ago. Last year I was in the hospital for 2 weeks because of pneumonia and everyone that I met was super amazing. There was always someone there to help me and make me feel better, as well as just get me through it and I have to say that being able to do that would simply be amazing. Also, whenever something was wrong someone just appeared out of nowhere using their magical powers to do fight the evil, and then disappear without me ever getting a chance to thank them!

The ability to help others, having the power to use my special skills to do good, as well as being able to swoop in and save the day are the reasons that I guess you could say what I really want is to be a superhero after all!



Larissa Alcantara

December 28, 2016

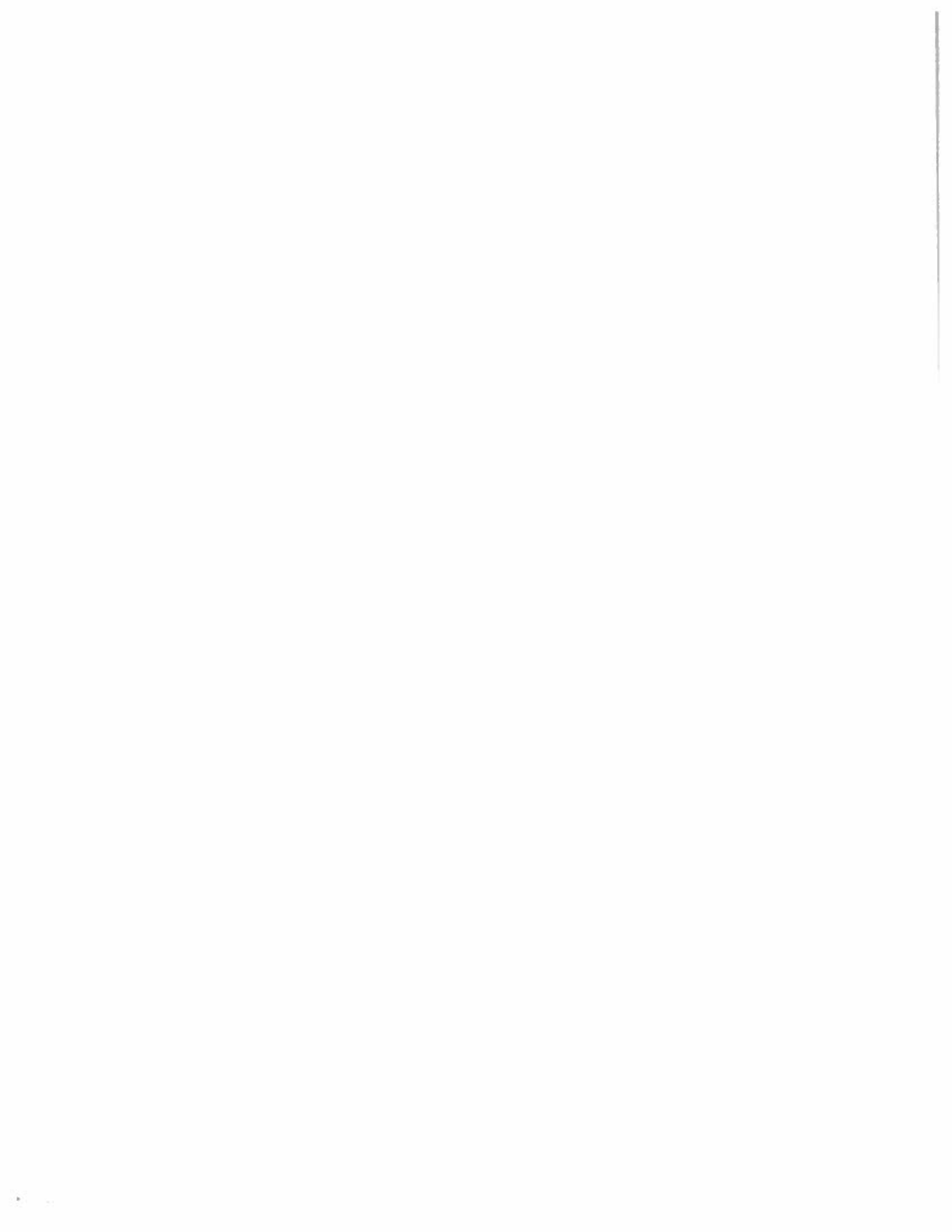
Professor: Janet Stevens

### Age is just a number

A windy and rainy morning gave it a dark gloom in the hospital. Dim lit hospital corridors and rooms allowed patients to sleep in their rooms comfortably. New patients in hospital beds strolled by me as the nurses pushed them into their new assigned rooms. Rushing nurses scurried past me as patients rung the buzzers on their beds. As a high school student, I was not used to this type of environment. Placed in a nursing unit with patients going in and out of surgery, I was not used to seeing so many frightened faces. It was scary to me, but I knew I would have to get used to it.

As an intern I followed one of the nurses into the new patient's rooms. We introduced ourselves to each one of the new patients. There were multiple. I was sad to see that most of the patients were elderly. Inside I had this fear of becoming old because I did not want to end up like these suffering elderly patients. Each patient had a different type of incident, a heart attack, stroke, broken bones. Each patient was there either because they were coming out of surgery or going into surgery.

As I talked to each patient, each told me a unique story about their young selves. It seemed so beautiful to me, their facial expressions lightened with joy when they talked about their past. Then they would get sad as soon as they mentioned how old they were now. No one seemed to be happy anymore. It made me scared about growing old now. The patients had nothing good to say about old age, some even cried when the topic of old age was mentioned. I became emotional with them, I dwelled with them. They seemed to have lost all hope. It didn't even seem like they wanted to get better and leave that hospital, they just looked miserable with their lives now.





Families would come visit, sons, daughters, nieces, and nephews; bringing roses in vases, gifts, and "get well" cards along with them from the gift shop. The patients seemed happy when their families showed up to see them. The kids yelled "Grandpa!" or "Grandpa!" jumping onto their hospital beds. Chit-chatting about life outside the hospital. Sons and daughters showing a concerned face not knowing if their loved ones would be alright. You felt the love these families showed just by looking. But the happiness seemed temporary, because as soon as the families walked out the door, the laughing and smiles were gone. Seeing this made me appreciate my family a lot more, knowing that one day those elderly people laying on those beds could be one of my parents or even me one day.

But one day I came across this beautiful elderly women. I Knocked on the door and went in, immediately she smiled at me. I haven't gotten a smile like that in a while. She had these beautiful blue eyes, fragile skin, and white hair. I helped her get off the hospital bed and into her wheel chair. My conversation with her started by her asking me to get her red lipstick out of her bag. I smiled and grabbed her red lipstick. The red lipstick tube was basically empty, so I asked if red was her favorite color. She laughed and said that red was always her favorite lipstick color. She explained to me that she was a nurse back in her twenties, she said she wore red lipstick to work and all the soldiers would fall in love. She had a great sense of humor. She put the lipstick on and said maybe she'll meet some new men who likes her red lipstick. It was the first time I ever meet a patient with a sense of humor like that, she seemed so happy.

As I talked to her I got to know more about her. I knew she was special because I've never seen an elderly patient smile as much as she did. She embraced her older self, she liked it. She said to me that she knew one day she will die but until then she won't dwell on the fact that she is old. She said she wanted to live her life to the fullest until the day it ends. I was almost emotional. She had so much courage and it was beautiful to me. I went home that night thinking about her. She made me not scared to become old and she made me realize that it's not that miserable either!



Celine Briggs

English 102

Janet Stevens

29 January 2016

### Jump Rope

New City Street. Hearing those words makes me tingle with overwhelming excitement. It is the street in my home country Trinidad that holds all of the memories of my childhood. I have grown to cherish the laughter, tears, sweat and pain that New City Street has brought over the past 18 years of my life. It gave me the opportunity to meet people that would later hold a special place in my heart. They inspired and molded me to become the person that I am today. I have created experiences that will forever live within me and went on adventures that surmount anything I have ever witnessed. During the summer of 2006, I discovered an activity that I would become extremely passionate about- jump rope.

“Little caribbean dancer turn around, little caribbean dancer, touch the ground,” my friends and I would sing garishly and full of passion as we jumped according to the sound of the rope striking the ground. We each took turns jumping in, while the others would count the number of skips the person was able to complete. Whoever had the highest number of skips would be the champion. I always ended up with the very least number of skips, having been the youngest and most fragile of the group.

I remember specifically June of 2009, all of the girls on New City Street decided to organize a “Jump Rope Battle.” My goal was to inspire the other young girls around my neighborhood. Yet as ecstatic and dignified as I was to be a part of such a compelling

experience, I ended up once again in last place. That day I sat under the palm tree in my

backyard hysterically crying, abashed by my performance.

My mother encountered me weeping and gave me one of her speeches. She told me that ever since I was a little girl, I have had this momentum and strive to be the best. Pointing at my heart, she exclaimed, "it comes from within," and walked away. Her words left me in a deep

train of thought. I remained overwhelmed while seated under the blissful palm tree for hours, evaluating what I was doing so badly. At that point I had an epiphany; I realized that I was not skipping to my full potential. I was lacking the "three P's." Practice, perseverance and most

importantly, passion. I realized that I needed to constrain myself to work harder if I wanted to improve my skills.

As I grew in age, my passion for jumping rope grew with me. I began practicing

constantly in order to obtain my fitness. I had a jump rope in my hand almost all the time.

Ultimately, I ended up being able to do a good amount of skips in a few minutes. All of my hard work had finally begun to pay off, not only my jump roping skills, but also my identity and work

ethic.

New City Street and the friends that I created there became the fundamental inspiration

for my growth. Jump rope initiated a drive in me. This one activity that captivated me as a young

child has helped build my character by bringing out a strength in me that I had not known was

there. It taught me that the only way to accomplish something is through hard work and

dedication. The "three P's" - practice, perseverance and passion, is the motto that I live by. I have

built my character based on this motto and I plan to carry these values with me through the rest

of my adulthood.