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Finding Who I am

 I like how there is a diversity. How there are (ww) different topics; variety of colors, and (O) topics, art, science and history, it is tied to imagination; turned into a picture, an essay, a sculpture, by anyone who shows the ability, either when they feel cramped from the voices of the streets, the warmth ice cream gives in the heat of summer, the final need of making the world with sharing their thoughts on different platforms. Creators channeled through ‘creativity’.

Being called creative for the first time was a given designation for me; I started to employ myself to be the artist of the group. I doodled my notes, sketched my projects and painted my goals. I loved to draw a lot; it’s (O) very easy for me to do tasks like “*Use pictures to describe the theme of this story”*, as actions speak louder than words, making pictures was an action I did louder. I began to think that I’m the best as the people around me notice what I make; drawing was a talent that I continued to raise, until turning my attention to what other people could do. A classmate undertaking a local contest and win first place; a graduate’s inquiry to discover an alternative power, Thomas Edison inventing the lightbulb. I seemed to have applied unnecessary pressure to myself as I learn about heroes; builders, innovators; bringing the concept to me that everyone has pull the sword out of the stone [before they started the lesson]. Reading in the newspaper: I made the illusion that heroes learnt all they need in a day; that they didn’t have any aid, as I always had. I felt outshined; stumbling with the memory of when I noticed it in class. The emotion of being overshadowed ate at my need to do what I enjoy, giving me what I find is what made me forget the main reason why. Why it led me down to where I stray off trail and take someone’s map to copy, for I didn’t see the proof that there is potential in mine. Having doubt when I notice that I fail to answer the question that anyone can answer.

Here I was in elementary school (ww). Taking new steps in math, gym and writing, finding that my legs would still wobble. Then I take (O) my first chance at flight and find that I can still fall. When the dust clears, as I kneeled; the sand that stings my eyes and dragged by the tears down my freckled face, my hands and knees scream in pain from the scrape of gray rough asphalt. That time one would discover the safety and comfort of a protecting parent’s warm embrace that is a child’s shelter.

There I am in middle school. Gripping the pencil as fear grips me; hovering over the paper that was blank as my mind. Filled with thoughts of being criticized by the invisible ghosts in my peripheral vision. It gives you indecision, hesitation in taking chances and new opportunities; distracting so much that there is no up or down. All I care about now is to make the present for someone I may never meet and be perfect as I can be. Then taking back the assignment written in blue, red ink scribbling errors and alerts that are common sense to know: “This is the most foolish thing to show” I thought glaring at the paper. A hand was gently placed on my shoulder, and her other leads toward a door guiding me, and she says, “*Mistakes are worth making when you learn from them.”*

I name the time of experience because of the mistakes I made (ww), and first learned how to avoid them.

Here I am in high school. As I sit in this desk, the light seems to look over my shoulder, the desk crooked and the chair failingly keeping my back straight (dw). I finally know what to write, advancing with certainty as the pencil touches down on the paper. I know the reason why I ‘forget the main reason why’. I matured, turning 16, and learned now that this is a time of reflecting all that I am. I understand things now that I didn’t know then. I first learned I like to draw, to read, to run, and to help people I know because *it’s what I like doing.*

I fell first when I made the mistake of comparing myself to others; everyone is better and faster than me; guessing that everyone already knows more than I do. [Before the eve of the senior year] it was when the pressure finally broke the dam that held back the thoughts, allowing for someone to hear. Finally, achieving the revelation that people are looking as much as I am; looking for what they make themselves feel joy; whether it’s paint, reading, or inventing. Like me, they have talents in one place but fall short in others. (dw) We keep exploring and testing limits, climbing mountains of knowledge, opportunities and careers because everyone wanted to get better; so, they can never fall again.

 *“Your work is going to fill a large part of your life, and the only way to be truly satisfied is to do what you believe is great work. And the only way to do great work is to love what you do. If you haven’t found it yet, keep looking. Don’t settle. As with all matters of the heart, you’ll know when you find it.”* – Steve Jobs (CEO, chairman and chief executive of Apple Inc.)

1. **Poetic Devices**
2. Allusion – *“Pulled the sword out of the stone”*
3. Parallel structure – *“ Here I am in \_\_\_\_ school”.*
4. Metaphor – “*It led me down to where I stray off trail and take someone’s map to copy”*
5. Rule of Threes – “*art, science and history”, “a picture, an essay, or a structure”.*