The Most Difficult Decision

 The thoughts swirl around my head like a drain and beads of sweat gather around my hairline and trickle down to the tip of my nose, only to drip to the floor a split second later. My family surrounds me, but their voices seem almost non-existent, just murmurs that eventually fade into white noise.

“So, what are you going to do after high school?” my father asks me.

The very question sends shivers throughout my bones and shakes me to my inner core. A question so simple, but at the same time, full of complexities. So many different options, routes, and schools to choose from, the logistics of it all was enough to give me a daily migraine. There is always a constant fear lurking in the back of my mind, reminding me that I need to make the right decision or else I would not be able to get a good education.

I spend endless hours doing research on countless schools within my city and outside of its borders. Pages upon pages of prospects to pick from, and choosing one seemed like the most difficult decision I have ever had to make. The pressure of it all feels like a giant weight, resting upon my weary shoulders, pressing down harder and harder until my unsteady legs eventually give out. It is obviously not a great feeling to start one’s mornings off.

I have so many vast interests that it is impossible to narrow it down to just one to focus my degree in. They range from the sciences, to history, to languages, to physical education. How am I supposed to pick just one? If only there was a program that included all of them.

The whole decision process is made worse with the fact that all of my friends have already decided what they are wanting to do. One is to become a nurse, one is to become a firefighter, one is to start their own business, and one is to become a kindergarten teacher. They all have financial plans set up, schools set in place and a whole chapter of life’s decisions already made. Meanwhile, I am stuck sitting at my kitchen table driving myself crazy with it all.

I think the main fear is the worry that I will make the wrong decision and be stuck living with the consequences of it, but the more that I think about it, the better insight I feel. Maybe it is not the fact of which school or which program is the best overall, but rather which school or program is the best for me individually. It could be possible that there are no wrong decisions in this situation, and that if I end up choosing a program that I thought was right for me but ultimately is not, it is okay to change what I want to study. I do not need to grow up and decide my whole life out so quickly, I have time to experience different classes with others to truly discover what it is I am happiest doing. Realization sets in that I am overcomplicating the whole process.

Perhaps this decision will not be as difficult as I originally thought.