

What does college mean to me? – free essay

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I never realized how close college was. My whole life it seemed far away. I would fantasize about going away to school, carrying around heavy text books, making something of myself.

And here I am, a sophomore and I don't know what I'm going to do once I graduate. Everything used to be so easy. Elementary school was a breeze, I never had to study, or struggle to do homework. I didn't have to worry about what I would get on a test, it was as if getting an 'A' was always guaranteed. Then middle school.

Things were becoming harder and for the first time in my life, I received a 'C'. That's when I realized everything was changing. I was so used to succeeding academically that I had no idea what to do. That year, I took the test to get into my high school. I remember coming home from the test thinking that I'd failed.

A few months later, I received a letter saying I had been accepted. I felt like my old self again. During my first term, I used the strategy I had been using my whole life to get good grades: take notes in class and study those notes for five minutes, maybe ten each day. I learned the hard way that that method wasn't going to cut it at that school. I felt out of my comfort zone and confused. I didn't understand how I had gotten to this point where an 'A' was impossible and receiving a 'C' was a miracle.

I tried tutoring, extra-credit assignments, you name it. But nothing seemed to be working. Lately in school, teachers have been mentioning college more often. It scares me to know that I don't have much time left. And my grades are only half the problem. Since I was young, I've always wanted to write.

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Write novels like , articles, maybe editor in chief of a magazine, or even better: a poet. Langston Huges, Maya Angelou, I wanted to be like them. Problem is most writng publishers are in New York. That doesn't seem like a big deal since Boston is only four hours away. But the fact that my mother lives there is the reason my father wont allow me to fulfill my dream as a writer. Since my father raised me here alone while my mother had been living in New York, he feels like everything hes done for me would be unappreciated if I go there.

What he doesn't realize is that me going to New York has nothing to do with being with my mother. In fact, once I go to New York, all I'll be focused on is school and achieving my goal. Trying to convince him that theres more to New York than my mother's home has been difficult and has been causing a lot of problems in the household. Which brings me to the question: Whats more important, obeying my father, or doing what I've always dreamed of doing? My final problem is money. I have two jobs and looking for all the ways I can to save money. Even though my father repeatedly tells me he will pay for college, I know that's unrealistic.

My family is struggling as it is and honestly, I feel more comfortable knowing I can pay for college myself without having to depend on anyone, but how? I only have about a year and a half to save. And even if I receive a scholarship, will it be enough? So what does college mean to me? It's my dream that I hope wont be deferred, a bird that I cant allow to be caged. College is my ticket to achieving my goals in life.