

# Who i am

Technology, Future



As I scroll through the unknown hallways of high school for the first time, anxious and worried of the unexpected I was about to anticipate, my palms start the tip of shaking heavily and sweating uncontrollably. Thinking to It, I knew It was a start, a new start of life as a beginning, new chapter of not just believing in finding myself, challenging more to my limitations, setting high bars, letting myself free to the world of judgments and doubts of others around me, and showing my heart to the world in the creation I knew was forming " my future" already.

As in the future I knew would be he outcome of the things that old chosen to follow or present of today, I knew I would want to become and be the things that I desired or worked for. I was the kind of average teenager that was very practical and simple to my own age, as they describe it. In someone who was just rousing around life and just living to the very last purpose, but that wasn't the person I wanted to be identified as.

I was the kind of grown girl that was more prone than to just being there for living, I was living it to the very Max of how I wanted to create an life that I took advantage of shaping It successfully, happily, and valued more than just to myself. I am the kind of person who takes a stand in my life and to the opponents of speaking up for what I believe in strongly in whatever take in I have to, whether for the sake of my good, to speak out, or against an disagreement or for someone of any kind who struggles without an example of following, or helped along the way.

I am the girl who finds more than an example of following someone In their steps to accomplish, like my mom, and using a motivation and dedication

towards life of my own to fully provide the example to the environment and people around of everything I do or am. I am the girl who desires a accomplishment and long and short term goal, and challenge to be overcome and expected a lesson or outcome out of it to allow myself to keep improving whether I was defeated by those or won them, I would still keep pressuring myself to doing more each day.

I am the girl that fully improves myself to keep understanding and lack of communicating skills, even for the times that many might not understand me in a way, but I am different. Deferent in a sense that nobody will be completely be eke the way I was or Is created today, in the sense of my doing, humor, personality, thinking, writing/ clothing style, or especially the person I made itto be rememberedBut before beginning.. I was Borneo in a familyof strict, traditional, hard workers from Tray Blah, Vietnam. I was raised on books and the Asian doctrine that educationIs the only way to success.

Shortly being as an elite kid with so much fun filledchildhood, life as I knew was going to drastically change. I started school as soon as I arrived at the beginning of second grade. I didn't know any English, I had no friends, and I was constantly picked on for the way I dressed and talked. I could not complete any of my schoolwork because I didn't understand anything but aside that, my parents got divorced. I was so ashamed of the life I was living with. Worse, I was lonely and overwhelmed, and I felt so utterly lost.

I knew In the example that my dad, a new life to provide her children, new house, and transportation, but she made it happen. Meanwhile at home my

mom was pushing me to learn English, bringing mom worksheets and books to help me. My shame became my source of motivation, forcing me to work and relearn the basics until I mastered the language. As I began to grasp the mechanics of English, I made friends and my school life greatly improved. With my moms' encouragement and my own perseverance, within a year, by the end of third grade, I was getting straight As and even surpassing many of my classmates.

From that day on, the language barrier became nonexistent. Looking back now, I fully appreciate everything that my mom did for me those first few months. While I was struggling to learn a language and to fit in, my mom was working even harder to learn a new lifestyle of her past struggle and to assimilate to a country whose values and culture are so drastically different from her own in which she didn't know how to handle individually living out alone. For her, her entire life were in Vietnam. She had grown up in that land, established successful career, and made a name for herself.

In moving on to a new beginning, she gave all that up in the hopes that I, and my brother would have a chance at a better life. In which my mom sacrificed so much for me and my brother, she continued to put aside her own interests and wants, to provide for the two of us. She allowed me to live the life of comfort that I do today. From my mom, I have learned the meaning of hard work, integrity, and compassion. I truly believe that my drive, determination, and dedication in everything I do come from my mom, because I see it in her every single day. I respect my mom tremendously and I work hard to become successful to repay her for all she done.

Of course, our relationship is not perfect. I am always frustrated and angry with her unreasonably high expectations, endless comparisons, and overbearing protectiveness. However, I have learned to fuel that anger into motivation to try harder and prove to her that I am good enough. Today, I work for my dreams, to provide for myself as an independent woman, and to travel the world and get lost in the chaos of busy cities. I work to give back to my family, to my friends, to my community around me, of all which have made me the person I am. I want to leave my mark on this world, to make a name for myself, and to become a somebody.