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**ASSIGN
BUSTER**

A Perfect Life My daily morning routine leads me to realize one thing – my life is perfect.

Every day when I wake up, I curse my alarm, stumble to the bathroom, and brush my teeth while I stare out the window. Sometimes I stand there too long, or at least longer than my sleepy body allows. Regardless, I enjoy this.

Here I can meditate about everything that I do: breaking my pitching wedge in half in frustration after a poor round of golf or completing a plethora of schoolwork. However, only do I realize my life is perfect when, looking again through that window, I envision the balance between the relaxing and obligatory tasks that characterize my life. In my perfect life, I live on a golf course, par 72, which inevitably gives me the satisfaction of hitting golf balls into devouring pits of sand. At the same time, that golf course, with those pits of sand, is the same course where I can escape reality.

When I finish a round of golf in the late afternoon, a time free from spectators, foursomes, or geese, I feel fulfilled and tranquil. It is therapy at its best. Living about five minutes from the beach, I also find perfection.

This offers anything from surfing with the dolphins, placing my cold feet in warm sand, or sailing past the second island. The adrenaline rush I experience as I lean over the side of a catamaran with 20 knots of wind at my sail is breath taking. The same feeling comes over me as I surf in the pre-dawn or late hours of the afternoon when I am subject to the dolphins curiosity. In my perfect life, there are also challenges that involve stress and responsibility which bring out my character and work ethic. Surprisingly, to most of my friends, I defy the stereotypical definition of what my senior year

is about: letting go or, as we put it, slacking off. I find myself choosing between hitting the books or hitting golf balls into bunkers. More often than not, I am hitting those books, hitting them in the same way I hit my first tee shot, with precision and complete concentration.

Outside of school I find a sense of duty and pride. In reaching the rank of Eagle Scout, a process that has given me life long lessons and skills, I have decided that it is now my turn to give back to those who helped me travel this journey. As I give back, I find myself at the headache-prone, hour-long, Thursday night meetings.

Here I give insight to the younger scouts of what I have experienced and learned. Acting as a big brother, I help plan the meal for the next campout, offer help on knots that are impossible to tie, and, overall, exemplify the Scout Law. I take pride in this. I hope to change the lives of these younger scouts. Even though this involves a time commitment and a complimentary headache, I feel satisfied. At days end, before bed, I stumble back into the bathroom, brush my teeth and once again I look out that bathroom window. I think about my life and how it is characterized by the relaxing and obligatory tasks that I balance. I consider myself complete, and with that my life is perfect.