

The road to me

Business



**ASSIGN
BUSTER**

The definition of a road trip is simply a journey made by car or other type of vehicle. I personally believe it is much more than that; my life has been one big road trip to date, and I want to take you on my path so far. Ohio: known as the buckeye state and home of the Cleveland Cavaliers. It is home to more than that though; it's the place my heart most often frequents. This is where my road trip starts.

I spend the least amount of time there, only off and on since I was young. The never-ending flat land and long car rides consisting of looking out the window at the snowy landscape were quite a boring prelude to our annual holiday season visit. A little white house on Pasnow Avenue is home to my memories of grandpa's famous pink sherbet punch and opening presents on the old creaky floorboards where I first learned to crawl. Illinois: This is the state I remember the least, although I have fond memories of the windy city, Chicago. Moving into my new house, getting ladybug wall decals and a princess net to put around my bed was the most exciting thing I knew.

Along with the net around my bed, I became a princess to match, making the neighborhood boys save me from the dragon that was lurking around my swing set. Living in tornado alley, hearing sirens was not a strange occurrence, but no match for the emotional destruction ahead. I did not yet understand that moving truly meant not coming back. Kentucky: I have fond memories of working on a horse farm during my summers, standing on a hill overlooking it, and seeing the flashes of purple heat lightning in the distance but not caring to take shelter. I felt like I was always covered in water, whether it was cooling off in the creek running through the farm, from swim team practice, or water balloon flights with my neighborhood friends.

Leaving behind Maggie and Jane, my childhood best friends who were sisters, was one of the hardest things I've ever done. Tennessee: my most recent stop. New school, new friends, new everything once again. This was where I chopped off my hair and got pink highlights, and my best friend got blue ones to match. Middle school came and I thought the world was so small.

I was deathly quiet and Hollister and Abercrombie filled my closet; skinny jeans were the new trend. My time in Tennessee was enjoyable overall. However, the last day of eighth grade while playing UNO with some of my classmates from the past 4 years, I kept quiet about the fact that I wouldn't be coming back. A week after 8th grade ended, I got a one way plane ticket to Massachusetts. What even is Massachusetts? Where even is it? I pondered those answers through tears on the plane. The summer before freshman year was four months long, four long miserable months during which I had no friends to spend it with.

I slipped into a sadness I've never known, but came out stronger than I ever could have imagined. I've fallen in love with Boston and with the people I have met, but most importantly discovered that I have fallen in love with life. I am in love with all of the places I've lived because they've made me into who I am today. I am the creaky floor boards on Pasnow Ave, the princess hiding from the dragon, still careless about taking shelter from lightning, and the same girl that loved her pink hair. I am a combination of everything I have experienced and the end product is the person I have come to accept today. This is the beginning of my roadtrip; just get me a plane ticket.