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Business



**ASSIGN
BUSTER**

It feels as if my entire education has led to this essay. Every exam and paper has been a stepping-stone on the path to the series of doors ahead of me. Only time will tell which doors I receive keys to and which door I'll unlock.

As I said, THIS essay is what I, a young perfectionist, have been preparing for since elementary school. This is the story of how I have been anticipating this very essay since I knew what it was and eventual realization that I must not fear " the essay". A perfectionist, as defined by Oxford Dictionary, is a person who refuses to accept any standard short of perfection. Well, no offence to Oxford, but that may be the greatest understatement of this generation. Nowhere does it mention the stress and innumerable preparatory hours for minor assessments that come with perfectionism.

It isn't stated I would grow to analyze Shakespearean plays to the fullest extent and then over-analyze common core math curriculum. In middle school I joined band, soccer, basketball, and baseball. This taught me balance between schooling and extra-curricular undertakings. However, it became frustrating that I couldn't be paramount in every area and those awkward years pushed me to grow. I have to succeed not only for my future, but to show everyone that I am capable of anything. I could lie and say receiving an award is the best feeling in the world, but it cannot compare to proving those who underestimated you wrong.

So, I left middle school with grades placing me in accelerated freshman courses and secured spot on the soccer and baseball teams. Now, not only did I have to excel more than before, I had to work on me. When I entered high school the pressure was on. If my grades slipped, it felt like the whole

world, too, was slipping beneath my feet. I scramble to find time for everything. I can't count the nights I don't sleep because my mind is in a million different places.

My parents always say, " Do your best." If it was my best, that was all they could ask. I'd still end up here typing a draft of my college essay. Perfection is not essential for success. Perfection may be ideal, but I'm still looking to find stability within each aspect of my hectic life. By this point you esteemed Admissions Officers may be wondering if this high school student has completely lost his mind.

Maybe? But, I still have time to overcome the anxiety of perfectionism and find myself. Hopefully two years from now I'll be able to look back on this as a high school senior that has found himself. That man will be the one to unlock the next door into my future and I'll step through the threshold with anticipation.