

Dilemma

Business



One thing you must know about me before you read this: I like science. A lot. Truth is, if I wasn't set on writing, I'd be fully invested in trying to make some new discovery about the properties of class O stars or making observations of the planet Kepler 452-b. By now, I should have already mapped out a plan for the perfect astrophysics career to ensure my future. But I haven't.

All I can say is that it feels wrong. I get really excited talking about stars. That's always fun. And I love understanding some deep physics concept that shows me the way the universe is thinking. That's exciting.

But it feels wrong. For some reason, I always come back to writing. Even when I hate writing and I don't think it's fun and I just want to start an entire storyline over again, I come back to my laptop and start scribbling in notes on how frustration fills my blood with fire. When I think of unwinding after a hard day, I think of reading with a cup of hot coco and a good long book that makes me forget that I am a person in the real world with some big decisions ahead. Even when I'm looking at the stars through my telescope, I try to find the words that describe the wonder we all feel when we look up.

I guess it's this feeling that leads me to these crosshairs. I could pursue a career in astrophysics or astronomy, but it would never feel right to me. The world needs astronomers and astrophysicists. What the world doesn't need is another graduate with a degree in English literature searching for a job that isn't a teaching one. So sure, I may love science a lot, and it would pay incredibly well.

I would sit comfortably for the rest of my life with a salary like that. But it would never feel right. Even when I'm looking at the SAT majors list, I see

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the astronomy and physics options. I remember their numbers. And I write down the numbers for the English option.

Maybe I'll get lucky. Maybe I'll find a nice job as a publisher or an editor. Or, more likely, I'll be scribbling down little stories on the side of my paper between math problems while calculating the mass of a star hundreds of thousands of light years away, wondering about what I could have accomplished had I taken a chance at what I really wanted.