

# [Personal statement: expo reading and writing](https://assignbuster.com/personal-statement-expo-reading-and-writing/)

I'm not a leader In ASB for the awards or admiration, although Irespectthose few who do choose to lead for the credibility. I don't lead for the satisfaction, although my never ending smile at the end of a good rally indicates otherwise. I don't lead because I have anything to prove, although I've proven a lot to myself along the way. I lead for the feeling of every student on my campus becoming one, so perfectly matched In school spirit and school pride.

I lead to feel the rush of my heart every ime I see a sea of orange and hear the deafening cheer of the crowd. I lead because it Isn't easy to get thousands In a school Involved I lead for the challenge to fill the stands at every rally fill and to fill every seat at any blood drive. I am a leader in ASB to get my message across so know I left a legend when I turn to leave for college. I not only lead for myself, but for my fellow students as well, myfamilyand my equals.

Prompt 2 I was working on a school project when I got a call from my dad saying he was coming right away to come pick me up, I remember the sheathing anger I felt arguing hat no he wasnt going to pick me up that I really needed to flnlsh this school project. I still shake my head in dismay knowing the fact I in fact didnt need to finish the project I Just wanted to hang out with my friends. I cant pretend that I didnt sulk my way to my dad's waiting vehicle that I looked at him with a scowl across my face.

Nor can I wipe away from my memory the words he said next mfour sister is in the hospital, she's lost her baby and she's asking for you. " This complete wash of emotion that came over me the shame the concern I was mortified with myself. How could I ave been so mad about my Importance when my sister had Just faced a devastating event? Looking up and saying " Take me to her. " The drive to the hospital was long I sat in a seat of despair. What would I say to my sister? How would I face her? ye never been one to be comfortable around sadness; mychildhoodhad been stripped of innocence as I had faced several of my mother's divorces and countless deaths. I had taught myself to be unemotional towards sickness and sorrow for they brought never ending hurt and unmasked truths to lies. Should I cry when I knew my eyes would be dry? Going into my sisters hospital room I looked from her so fragile and upset to my mother's face streaked with tears. My meek voice barely audible above the beeping of many machines " Hey there. Was it wrong that I felt uncomfortable around all the sickness and gloom that came hand in hand with hospitals, like I could feel the reaper in every corner? All I could do was make Jokes when it wasnt time to laugn, my attempt to Drlng napplness wnere none could De Touna. loucn my sister's hand while asking myself " Am I doing this right? " My dad wouldn't stop looking at me after we left constantly asking are you alright? Calculating and recording every answer every movement I made.

Truth is I don't know if I was alright I didn't know if I was allowed to be. My sister has never really been the same since that event, but then again no one else has been either. My mom cherishes us children a little bit more. My sister cherishes those who supported her and held her hand through the situation. And l, well I cherish my family every second of every day. " Life is fragile", a saying used in many ways, but one doesn't really know how fragile a life is until youVe been there to see its fragility.