

# Personal statement: expo reading and writing



**ASSIGN  
BUSTER**

I'm not a leader In ASB for the awards or admiration, although I respect those 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 fnlsh 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 have 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? I've never been one to be comfortable around sadness; my childhood had 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 sister's 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 wasn't time to laugh, my attempt to bring happiness where none could be found. I took 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 I, 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 you've been there to see its fragility.