

# Blank paper assignment



**ASSIGN  
BUSTER**

Blank Paper My first assignment in world history was finishing a worksheet. Mr. Mathew, history teacher, described it would take fifteen minute to be done. In order to do the homework, I had to look up a textbook. I still remember when I first opened the book; it contained a thousand words that I did not recognize with hard grammar. With these confusions, I was heading to My first assignment took me more than four hours and still I could not turn in my assignment on time. I was getting bad grades C, D even F on tests, quizzes, and assignments during first semester.

I was scared to fail, and disappointed with me I could not even sleep because I was doing my homework and study for the history class. However how much I tried for that class, the grade I was getting was C. I did not know what to do. It was the moment that I realized I need to get help, but I did nothing much about it. I knew that I had to talk with my parents who were in Korea, but I could not. I did not talk to my parents, I was embarrassed and scared if they would disappoint at me. Finally when I reached the meeting with Mr. Mathew about my behavior of absents, I told him what kind of struggles I had.

Mr. Mathew gave me mercy, gave me one more chance to raise my grade up, and when I begged for one more chance, it was the day right after I had spoken to mother about what was going on with me. She called me with all excitements and worries about me. I did not know what to say to her, but she forced me to say, so I did. She did not get angry, but she was sad. Mother told me sorry how she could not be with me and regret that how we did not move to America earlier so I could adapt to English easier. I was so

embarrassed and I realized how much my parents sacrificed to support me, so I can have better life.

I had to change. I always knew how many hours my parents work a day and how much they are happy for me. They did not give me a pressure to be a doctor or lawyer. However they always told me that I have response of my life and no one would take a term to live my life. After my parents' encouraging for my successful life; I saw myself as a drunken driver of life; who did not care for myself and who was driving to the edge of darkness. Also I had to think of my parents who worked everyday even on holidays to support me. I needed to fix all the problems that I had. I started to go to school on time.

I talked to teachers of classes that I was struggling with. I told them what kind of problem I had and told them I was going to be a different person. Even though the terms in biology and world history were hard, I managed to pass for second semester with acceptable grades. However I had to take summers school for my first semester courses of those classes, which I failed. During the junior year, I got A on American history. I believe after going through those hard times in world history class helped me to be a better person and to the take next level of social science.

For a coincidence, when I tried to fix my life, it was a period I started to take art academy. The only reason why I went to enrolled art academy to make friends. At art academy, I made some friends I still talk to, but I had a chance to face my self through a pencil; it helped to find easily that I was broken down, so I could fix my cruel mind or build a new mind. When I was so tired

of schools and getting stress from them, art did not ask me to memorize unknown vocabulary or understand hard grammar. Art did not care what kind skin color I have. Art did not ask whether I am a woman or a man.

I finished my first work; it was my first accomplishment ever since I moved from my homeland. I believe after I realized I enjoy art; it became my hope and dream. My parents were motivating and art was encouraging me to be a better person. By completing small piece-by-piece, I got achievements to be confidence. I love how I can create from nothing to something on any kinds of blank paper. I can stay up late till dawn just doing paint with all happily smile. Even it is such hard job for living, I do not want to be a person who complains every second when I do my job.

Art is nothing like that, I want to do it for habit. Because of art, I could go back who were fulfilled with confidence and who had a dream. In order to get in an art school, I had to pass my World History class and retake them over summer. Even my dream changed to be an artist, how I much enjoy art while I am working on. Through the experiences, I could come across from Los Angels to Chicago to be an artist. What would happen to me if I did not pick up the phone the day mother called to encourage me for my life?

Or what if I decided to be an anti-social person, and not enroll art academy? I would not be here, but I am. Everything is mean to happen. As an artist who's life is still too empty to fill up with following experiences that I will go to through whether I want to or not. My life is a main artwork that I am working on, and it is been just few moments I started. I am excited to draw my own life with the entire occurrences that I will have. Even now I am

working on my life piece. When it is the last day to paint my life, I bet there will be no space to put more.