

Ms. Carota
English 12 - Period 7
13 Oct. 2017

At last, it was my first summer with a driver's license. In my head, this meant leaving home with my friends and not returning until September. While this was merely a hyperbolic daydream, I did drive around with my friends for hours. Our first real adventure was to Port Jefferson, a beautiful little town on the North Shore of Long Island, approximately twenty miles from home. After stopping for a "nutritious" Chick-fil-A lunch, we embarked on our journey into town. We had been driving around admiring the winding roads for some time when I experienced one of those moments an amateur driver fears. We lost all forms of navigation. We were driving blind in a foreign land.

As a driver who was often made fun of by his family for possessing a disappointing lack of direction (I've gotten better), this wasn't an occurrence I anticipated or desired on any level. First, the GPS lost connection. Next, all of our phones. I was actually quite intrigued by this relatively risky type of adventure. However, with the odds against us, I will admit that I was considerably uneasy about the situation. After all, I did have the lives of three of my best friends in my hands. Even still, the spirit of adventure willed me to do something that could have exacerbated the situation. It beckoned me to just keep driving and see where we ^{ended} end up, So I did just that. I drove deeper and deeper into the ominous undiscovered world before us. Suddenly, the atmosphere changed as a new road appeared. Despite the disagreement from my gut, I made the decision to turn down that road.

This was a decision I would not regret.

The dull and unnerving setting suddenly became beautiful and luminous as we entered what seemed to be an entirely new country. Houses, MANSIONS, with driveways that swirled and balconies that peered over the treetops. We proceeded and discovered a road literally (and appropriately) named Cliff Road. After following this deserted road for several miles, we reached the end. We pulled over and stepped out onto what, for Long Island kids, seemed like the top of the world. We were standing atop an enormous cliff overlooking the Long Island Sound, with a view that could make your jaw drop to the pavement. Boats purred as they seemingly hovered across the glassy water. On this clear day, we could see all the way to Connecticut. This was a view that we thought was only available in magazines. A true Hollywood movie shot. We had stumbled upon the most beautiful view on Long Island by complete mistake.

Eventually, we regained service and found our way home, but this event actually sparked somewhat of a tradition. We revisited Cliff Road five more times that summer. We would drive to Port Jefferson, turn off our navigation systems, and just drive. Sometimes the most insignificant and straightforward events actually possess a much deeper meaning, which is something I've grown to understand more each day. This foolish teenage summer story taught me a much greater life lesson than the average person might recognize. Through this experience, I learned that life's greatest views are often found by mistake. I learned that when you feel completely lost in life, just keep driving.

Ms. Carota
 English 12- Period 6
 11 October 2017

Who am I? Where am I going? I was 7 or 8 years old when I started on a big journey, ^{It was} a journey where I could have died, a journey of many "I could have's". ^A journey where my life changed its path ~~into a new direction~~. My life is not normal, but I am not sure if normal exists. Ever since I can remember my life has had ups and downs, but every time I fall I pick myself up because I was born alone, and in this world you're alone. I am one of the millions of immigrants who ^{came (just to add variety...)} (immigrated) to the United States, searching for a better tomorrow.

I'm an immigrant, but that's just a title that I was given. I'm just like everyone else with hopes, dreams, and beliefs. Ever since I got to this country I was faced with many obstacles." Bathroom "was the only word I knew. I didn't know how to speak English. Other kids would look at me like I was an alien, just because I didn't know how to speak English. I remember that I had to take tests and I couldn't understand a word, yet for some reason I would get 90s and 100s. There ^{was} ~~was~~ so many ^{times} times ^{when} where I wanted to give up, ^b But that wasn't an option because I wanted to continue. I'm still waiting for that better tomorrow. It wasn't easy for me to learn English because I had no one to help me or ^{when} encourage me. There were times ^{when} where I wanted to cry because I couldn't do my homework or do anything. I would cry because I was tired of being the kid who didn't ^{be specific - name some other specific things} know how to speak English and wasn't able to do what other kids did. I would sometimes

Why? Can you elaborate a bit?

isolate myself because I didn't want people to laugh at me because I didn't know how to pronounce some words. I was a shy kid but not anymore.

What would life be without problems? It wouldn't be good. I had to open thousands of doors, but every door I opened was a lesson. Every door gave me more courage to fight for what I want and where I want to be. Learning a new language did not only open more opportunities, but it also showed me that with patience and dedication you can accomplish anything. There's nothing impossible in this world except for what you make impossible.

After all, I am a fighter and I wouldn't let life take me down. I crossed a desert once and I didn't give up; I'm not giving up now. Who am I? Where am I going? Many times I thought about these questions. Overthinking is not going to answer those questions. I know who I am and I also know who I want to be in the future. Where am I going? I have no clue, but that I'll leave for time to answer. I opened thousands of doors and I'll continue to open more because no one is going to stop me from seeing that better tomorrow.

Your story brings
tears to my eyes
and makes me
so very proud to
know you,

great vocab

love ending!

!

Bravo!

A thought
I wonder
if you can
begin your
essay with
this notio
too!!

Ms. Carota
Eng. 12, Period 5
10 Oct. 2017

Identity. The dictionary definition of identity is "the fact of being who or what a person or thing is." However, what this literal interpretation of the word fails to acknowledge is that a person's identity is constantly changing. Identity is not a fact. No one is born with a factual identity that is the final definition of who they will be. Every experience a person has ultimately contributes to a compounding list. This list is otherwise known as identity. While identity never stops evolving, I believe that everyone has one experience that permanently shapes the person they become. They have no control over how this particular experience will affect them and there comes a point in this experience in which they truly understand the person that it has allowed them to become. I am elated to say that I have finally realized what this experience was for me.

At the age of three I began dancing. At the time, I didn't have the ability to understand everything that dance would eventually do for me. As I have grown older and advanced in my journey, I am in awe of how dance has changed my life. Dance has provided me with countless opportunities, including the chance to work with world renowned choreographers. I have also had the opportunity to travel around the country, where I have met dancers from all over the world. While all of these experiences aided me in bettering myself in dance, they also taught me more life lessons than I can count. Dance has taught me discipline, made me stronger, mentally and physically, and given me an exceptional outlet of expression. Most importantly, dance has given me confidence in myself and my abilities. I am so thankful for the people that have helped transform a shy girl into someone who can confidently perform in front of hundreds of people. I

truthfully don't know where I would be without the family dance has provided me. These people have made me the person that I am today.

While it is important that everyone on a team put forth their best effort in order to achieve success, it is crucial to remember that dancers have the ability to use their talent to give back to the community. Each year my teammates and I participate in an event called "IDance4aCURE." We collect donations in exchange for our participation in an all night dance marathon. Last year our small team raised a total of \$23,473 ^{then} which we donated to childhood cancer. My participation in this event has made me realize how blessed I am to have dance in my life. As a team we have also participated in numerous "Toys for Tots" events, nursing home performances, and dedicate every October to raising money for breast cancer research. Events like these allow me to look past the trophies and think of dance as a way to give back to the community through my art form.

The moment I realized how immensely dance has influenced my life was when I began teaching. When I first saw my students I immediately thought about myself as a three year old in dance class. I thought about the person dance has allowed me to become over the last 14 years. My greatest hope is that I can teach my students to appreciate how lucky they are to have dance in their lives. I hope they push through all of the struggles they may encounter on their journeys, and allow dance to ^{positively} change their perception of the world and themselves. If they learn to embrace the experience, I know that dance will do for them ^{what} ~~all that~~ it has done for me. So while my identity is not set in stone, I know that my journey with dance is what has created the foundation for who I am and who I will become.

I might use this as 1st sentence.

and close with other sentence with then rephrase at

Ms. Carota

English 12

10 October 2017

My College Essay

There's nothing better ^a than seeing the look on a teen's face when they get their first car. That satisfaction could be found on my face, as my ^d Dad, informed me that he bought a car and it was expected to be delivered ^{that} this afternoon. "Yippe! What type of car?" I asked. "Oh, it's a surprise" said my Dad. I was excited *about the thought of what it could possibly be.* Could this be it? The freedom that every teen in America dreams of. The freedom to control your own destiny, to choose where and whenever you can go with a car. After a couple of hours of anxiously waiting in my room, my father finally knocked on my door and said, "Son, come on out; the car is here." A big smile came on my face as I excitedly stormed out of my room and came outside to see my new car. "Well, what do you think?" my ^d Dad said. My jaw dropped as I could not tell if my ^d Dad was joking or if I was in a dream. My dad, without telling me, bought a twenty year old Jeep that looked more like a rust bucket ^d than a new car. "I think it looks great." I said in a half-truthful tone knowing that this vehicle had past its prime.

"You see she's a fixer upper, but anything is possible" said my ^d Dad.

I tried not to be mean as I knew my family didn't have a lot but I proceeded to question my ^d Dad in his decision making skills to buy such an old vehicle. "Hey, Dad, why did you get such an old car with this many miles on it?" My ^d Dad responded, "Son, in this world you need to have the analytical ~~skills~~ and maintenance skills in order to survive. I am going to teach you by helping

check all comma place
you repair this car.” Now my Dad is a pretty smart guy, he was once a chemical engineer student turned software engineer, so when he wanted to fix something or discover how something worked he usually knew what to do. I decided to trust my Dad on this one. In response I told my Dad “Ok, how do we begin?” My Dad then proceeded to explain to me everything that was wrong with the car and told me about the parts and tools that we needed to get in order to make the car run as good as the day it was manufactured.

Over the span of the next few weeks, new parts were replaced on the Jeep by me and my Dad. As each part was changed you would hear the sound of mechanical gears of a wrench ratchet grinding, and the beeping sounds of an analytical computer as we installed new brakes, suspension system, and electrical components. In the process as I would like to call an engineering project, my mental state of negativity in not wanting to rebuild an old car turned into a positive “can do” attitude. From my experience of rebuilding the Jeep, I can tell you that automobiles are a marvel of the modern world. It is an amazing transfer of chemical energy to kinetic energy from the explosion of a piston to the spinning of the tires on the ground. The experience of rebuilding and understanding how a car works has inspired me to want to major in engineering. The rebuilding of the Jeep has made me want to study not just fixing parts, but also understanding how they are created. With this idea in mind I hope to improve the condition of mankind by applying technology into useful products. elaborate

What a great experience! Your father is a wise man! :)