A Future Inspired by the Past

Driiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiriing! The school bell cries shrilly overhead bringing cold loud life back to the once comfortable silence. I falter for a second eternity, sitting in my chair warmed from sitting for the past hour and a half. The other people, classmates, begin to change the organized rows of desks in the room to chaos. They scurry to the open door. Their faces become immediately less familiar as they separate themselves from the class. I stand and join the upright bodies, the very few that remain around me, who are mindlessly putting together their backpacks. After snatching up my notebook and pencil I begin to depart, but I am slowed by a harmonic voice projecting from behind me. A familiar voice, the voice matched with Ms. Miller, my English teacher for this year, my junior of high school. “Christian,” she said, “could you come here for a minute.” Slightly confused and scared, like all high school students at any given time are, I turn back around to greet her glowing face, the face not only of a teacher but of a friend. I respond briefly with a mere, “Yes mam?” She smiles, “I just wanted to let you know I really enjoyed the poem you wrote last class.” Speaking softly, “You did really well. Would you mind if I used it as an example for some of my other classes?” Amazed, I finally pronounce “thank you” and “yes, of course. That would be awesome.” Immediately regretting the use of the word ‘awesome’. Without hesitation however, she reassures, “Cool, thank you. I’ll see you next week then.” Then ending “and have good weekend.”
Many other instances like this one occurred later in that year, all of these instances seemed to be completely based on compliments Ms. Miller gave to me about my writing. Within these compliments, she also began to better my writing skills and process. Ms. Miller was undoubtedly my favorite teacher throughout my high school career because she was so friendly and helpful to me. I did, however, consider all of my high school English teachers as friends. I believe this to have happened because of my decision to remain in regular level English classes instead of moving to the advance level, which I was often suggested to do. As humbly as I can say this, I was noticed by my English teachers because I stood out among the rest of my classmates. I may have stood out less in an advanced level class, but in my classes I had a higher appreciation for writing than anyone else. I was in the right place at the right time; being noticed by these teachers helped me cultivate my now extremely strong desire to write much more than being in any advanced level class would have.

A mere year later, during my senior year, I found myself in a theatre company belonging to a different high school I now attended. Transferring to a completely different school for my senior year seemed to have had a devastating effect on me seeing as my year younger self would have never dared dream about being involved in theatre. However, due to the new atmosphere of people and instructors alike, I chose to thrust myself into being a more confident and public person. Although I changed my self-image immensely, I still clapsed onto the idea that Ms. Miller had gifted to me, to become a writer. Linking my new found appreciation of theatre and my concrete desire to write, I became moved to follow the career of a playwright. For the first time in my life I began to have a confident direction to move in.

I forge on with my studies knowing how difficult any career in arts can be. Even though no collegiate degree is needed to be a writer, I desire to strengthen my possibilities of success
with new knowledge and experience. I also desire new chances to become involved in the theatrical world. My curiosity of human nature and emotion grows exponentially along with my creativity within writing. It only serves to fate then, that both an understanding of human nature and a keen sense of creativity is needed to accomplish any goal involved in creative writing. Nonetheless I fear the uncertainty of career stabilization that awaits a playwright. I do not plan to rely solely on freelance writing to support myself, and because of this I am uncertain of the location I will be put in that will suit this career. Uncertainty, however, does not slow my courageous stride. I remain inspired by Ms. Miller. And just as I was inspired, I strive to inspire others with my writings.