

Sample journal: 1st entry

The Force



For some students, August 13, 2012, marked the first day of school. For me however, it marked my last first day of high school. As I walked through the all too familiar gates, I became overwhelmed with the idea that I was a senior in high school. As a young kid growing up in Lindsay, when I ran into a “high-schooler” I would think to myself, “They are so huge!” and they seemed so mature. When I looked in the mirror that morning, the only thing I could think of was how a little kid would look at me. Did I even look like a senior?

Whether I did, or didn’t look like a senior my schedule, it sure did display a senior schedule. When picking my classes my AVID teacher told us, “Don’t slack on your senior year! Pick rigorous courses that will challenge you!” This was nothing new from Rivas; since my freshman year she has always pushed my AVID class and I to take rigorous courses. She preached that AP courses would help us stand out during college application time. Keeping that in mind, I selected my classes and hoped that my schedule would be just hard enough to please my AVID mom, and just easy enough to go to bed at a decent time. Instead my classes ended up being; AP English literature, AP Spanish literature, Leadership, AVID, Economics that would later turn into AP Government, Pre-Calculus ,Psychology and since Yearbook and AP English were only offered during first period, I made special arrangements to have Yearbook as a class on the side.

I was annoyed to know that most of my friends had simple classes and tons of free time, whereas I had all my free time going to my senior project. My AP English literature was going to focus on AP material; that means no room for senior projects. As I began reading through however, I began to like the new approach because it seemed less time consuming than the previous years. I liked how it was all online, and I loved the idea of putting a more personal touch on things. Panelists will have a better feel of who I am. It was more difficult than anticipated. It added a bit of stress to my whole senior year.

I knew this year would be difficult and tedious, and I knew my dream of going to bed at a decent hour was a relic of the past. The whole time I was thinking, “Nothing ever works out for the kids on track that want to go to college! They always schedule that one fun class during that one AP class!” Well, I decided to let that negative thought dictate my whole first day. Given my personality traits, I knew that I would let that negativity influence not only me, but whole senior year. I ended up having to go to talk Mr. Robles the first couple days of school. I told him about my schedule and how much of a bummer my senior year would be. I ended my whining with a “Nothing ever works out for the smart kids”. I wanted Mr. Robles to join my pity party; instead, I received a roar of laughter. “Yeah, nothing ever does, not the good schools, not the good jobs, the degrees, nothing ever works out does it!” Robles managed to say, all while laughing. I sat there in astonishment on how right he was. I shouldn’t be having a pity party; I should have an “I’m going to college” party! All at once everything began to hit me and I became okay with the work load, and my sleepless schedule. I always knew it would be worth it, but now I actually believe in my ability to do it.

I came out of his office feeling as if I had been given super powers and I could fly. Nothing could bring me down after that moment; not my AP classes, not my senior project not even the all-powerful Darth Vader could take away the power that I felt. I was Luke Skywalker, and I had always had the will within me, I just needed to know how to use it. The force was strong with me, and it was going to help me get through my last year of high school.