

Why College is Important to Me
by Scott Mills

Kindergarten ... about twelve years ago I went to school for the first time. I remember this blue sweater vest that I wore that was too big for me. I kept my eyes glued to the floor as I walked down the hallway, scared of the 8th graders. But at the same time I was excited for this new experience. Fast forward twelve years and I'm now staring at the prospects of going someplace that seems to be just as foreign as Kindergarten was to me back then: college. A lot of my peers in high school want to go to college because it's important in order to get a good job that will result in good money and therefore happiness. But for me going to college has far more importance than just trying to obtain financial success.

I'm ready to give my best shot at meeting possibly over 40,000 people. I want to work with brilliant teachers and peers that make me feel like high school was no sweat. I'm ready to get rocked by my first college physics test. I like challenge because it makes you work harder and feel that much better when you succeed. I want to know that I'm challenging myself, not just taking the easy way out. College gives me the opportunity to succeed and fail, and to grow from both. To come out the other side a better person. Every teacher I've had has seemed to add a pack of tools made up of experiences and learning that I carry with me everywhere I go.

College necessarily isn't all about my fantastic dreams. I want to go to college for small reasons, reasons that barely count. Like the simple thought that I want to finish what I started by walking into Kindergarten twelve years ago. Or that college is the logical next step up on the staircase of life. I want to lose my voice at the football and basketball games. I want to be quiet as a mouse in the library.

College will help me with my future. I want to be a doctor and being an undergraduate at a university is a useful launching pad towards that goal. So yes, I want to go to college for some of the same reasons as my peers. But I have more. I have dreams, races to finish, places to go, tests to fail,

challenges to conquer, and staircases to climb. I can't think of anything much more beautiful than that single word on my first college letter: accepted. I will then start to feel excitement for another new experience just like I did twelve years ago. Then hopefully instead of keeping my eyes glued to the floor, I will hold my head high; because the little kindergartner with the blue sweater vest will get to go to college.