

## Why College Is Important to Me

by Myles Villafranca

My kindergarten year feels like it happened decades ago; or at least it does for me since I am currently a junior in high school. However, both years do have something in common, that something being the "make it or break it" question of: "What do you want to be when you grow up?" In kindergarten, I remembered crayons dancing across the colored paper as each kid drew what occupation he/she thought they wanted to have. Me being me, I decided I wanted to work in an ice cream shop my whole life because I believed that I would make the most people happy. I didn't want to be a doctor, lawyer, or even dentist. I wanted to scoop ice cream and so that's what I drew. To this day, my mom will occasionally reminisce on that cringeworthy memory.

Now, as a junior I must have an actual answer. I need to know the exact college I'm going to, what I will major in, and also have a five-year plan post my college education. It sounds stressful, and it is, but I do have my answers. I want to stay in my home state of Georgia, to avoid paying the out-of-state tax, unless I get a better scholarship out-of-state. I want to double major in Pre - Med Biology and Psychology, while having a minor in Spanish (why reach for the stars when there are footprints on the moon?). My post college plan is that I transfer to a good medical school for my graduate program while maintaining an internship or job. Once I get through my MCATs and residency, I want to live out my dream job as an Osteopathic Doctor (that's a really big jump from ice cream worker, which I never saw coming). I want to pay off any student loans, get a house, and then save money while giving back to my mom.

My mom is the main reason and inspiration as to why college is important to me. Going to college matters to me because not only will it get me my dream job, but it will also accomplish a life goal of mine. My mom and I are both originally from the Philippines. We moved here when she pursued a nursing job, and we have been here ever since. She practically raised me on her own in a new country

and with no blood relatives nearby. She did that all by herself and I would say she did a pretty good job. I go to an amazing school, have clothes on my back, eat dinner every night, and I sleep with a roof over my head. I made a promise to myself that, no matter what, I would go to college and one day pay back my mother and take care of her like she has taken care of me. This is why college is important to me.