

## Why College is Important to Me

By: Jaiden Clark

I usually give all my clothes that are too small to Goodwill. Sometimes, I have a hard time giving them up. I get tearful thinking about the items of clothing. A too-small purple shirt that I received for my 3rd-grade field trip. These stupid white pants have old paint stains that are impossible to remove from a 6th-grade art project. It's depressing because it all hits you at once. "I'm growing up and getting older. Everything is changing."

As I felt the nostalgia in these clothes, the thought emerged that these clothes were just objects that don't hold value anymore. But the joyful memories from them make it so hard to let them go. I've never worn those white pants after realizing those stains will never go away, but I can't seem to throw them away. I never even wore the purple shirt from the field as I thought I would look like an idiot. I can't let go of these objects because I don't just want to be finished and over it. You might be completely lost, but it makes perfect sense. College is my closure.

College is my next chapter

College ensures that I'm not just finished and over it. College is my ending and beginning. Let me clarify, life is like chapters. You read a chapter and start the next. Somehow, the endings of chapters have a way of making you feel incomplete. So, you flip to the next one worried how this is going to play out. College is that next chapter. I am completely terrified of college and that is why I must go. College is important to me because you have to flip the next page and move on to the next chapter. I can't become an old and unfinished book on the shelf collecting dust. I won't allow it. New memories have to be made. Those memories could come from anywhere. It could be the parties, the classroom, the football games, the late nights, or even the random drives to fast food restaurants. The thing is I don't know. I'll never know unless I flip

that next chapter. I have to move on. I have to keep growing, keep learning, keep experiencing, and keep feeling. I can't just stop. It's too important. Life is too important to be stuck. College will push me, and I'll cry, scream, fuss, and fight. But I have to do it, I need to do it. I want to.

So, I put the clothes in the box and close it. I'm finally realizing that the memories don't go away when you let go of the items. They stick with you and you collect more along the way. You get to choose to let these items hold value. I'm choosing that they don't, at least not anymore. 3rd-grade field trip and 6th-grade art project: I will never forget you, but it's time to flip the page and start the next chapter.