

# College Application Essay

At last the time has come, the time I have been dreading: the time to write a college application essay. This essay, as I have been told by teachers, parents, fellow students, and just about every adult who finds it necessary to put in his or her two cents, must be witty, charming, interesting, unique, attention-grabbing and modest (but not *too* modest). It must illustrate my intriguing personality, my countless achievements, my entire life's history, all of my good points and none of my bad points. It can be sarcastic but not insulting, funny but serious, and it must never be generic. In short, I must cram the most perfect telling of my entire existence into five hundred words or less.

So, how do I possibly start such a thing? I guess I start by figuring out what to talk about and what to leave out. My teachers say I shouldn't include my activities because they are right there on my resume, but I have a problem with that: a resume doesn't even come close to explaining what I do, especially with band activities and chorus. A resume doesn't explain how being in band and chorus led me to discover jazz band and ultimately my passion: to sing jazz professionally. It can't explain the sweat, the pain, the heat exhaustion, the frustration and the ultimate satisfaction that comes from marching band and indoor color guard. It can't explain the lessons that they teach, such as time management, getting along with people who annoy you beyond belief, or juggling a million concerts and auditions and competitions and practices and classes and performances. And it certainly cannot begin to explain how much I feel I have matured from these two activities alone, or how much I have learned about myself, my interactions with other people, and my life. So that's something I must comment about in my essay.

Now, my mother says I should mention that we lived in Sicily for a year when I was in first grade, but does it really matter that I was completely immersed in the Italian language and the culture, that we were the only English-speaking people in the small mountain town of Piana Degli Albanesi, or that I fell head over heels in love with the place? I suppose my stay and my several visits thereafter have given me a more open-minded view of the world and of people who have different ethnicities, customs, religions and languages. But is it worth using a few of my precious five hundred words? Yes, I guess I'll mention that.

But, oh no! Look what I have done! I've used up my five hundred words just planning out what to say, and I haven't even gotten the chance to discuss my love for mythology, my logic puzzle binges, my fascination with how machines work, my commitment to gender equality, or my attraction to hands-on creating and tinkering which led me to take the only cooking class offered at my school. Well, I guess I can't submit an essay--so I'll just submit a glance into the workings of my mind.