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My Obstacles

Ever since I was little, I never knew what my purpose in life was. I never knew what I wanted to do when I grew up. I was always undecided and unsure but I always knew deep in my heart that I wanted to help people and I wanted to be remembered like my mother. My mother was a loving and strict person who died too young but peacefully. She will always be remembered by her mother, her children, her nieces, her sister, and everyone who had the immense pleasure of meeting her. I want to be like that if I ever pass. I want to be remembered and I knew this fact once my mother died but she continued to live in the hearts of dozens.

I kept thinking about what to do with my life because I was going nowhere. I was a quiet child with average grades who almost always needed help but didn't want to ask. In elementary school, it was always a hassle because I was extremely headstrong and shy. If I was confused about a question or a topic, I would refuse to ask for help. In my heart, I believed I would be able to figure it out by myself without the help of others. This has caused me a lot of trouble because I would always come running home to my legal guardian, who is also my aunt and who I call "Mother", asking her for help. She would always ask me why I never ask the teacher and I always gave her the same response:

"I'm not comfortable. You won't judge me, they will"

There was a strain between my teachers and I because for a while, I would refuse to answer questions or ask for anything. In the second grade, I had a pencil that desperately needed to be sharpened but I refused

to ask so I kept adjusting the pencil in different ways so it would write. I stayed this way until the teacher walked by and she looked at my pencil and she told me:

“Laisha! You can barely write with that pencil! Why didn't you ask for it to sharpened?”

I would just shrug my shoulders, allow her to sharpen my pencil, said thank you, and continued to do my work.

By the end of elementary school, I was a little out of my shell and made a few friends but the only thing I still struggled with was refusing to ask for help from my teachers. It was always an obstacle in my life that I was refusing to overcome. It was too much of a hassle in my eyes so I took another road to avoid it. I still didn't know what I wanted to do and I felt like an outcast when everyone around me already had their careers in mind and I kept switching every few months.

In middle school, I was behind academically than everyone else. It technically wasn't my fault because the elementary school I attended didn't teach the students correctly and therefore anyone who attended my elementary school would most likely be behind. I felt dumb in school because I was struggling with topics other students from other schools found easy. It was an embarrassing and had an effect on my pride and self esteem.

No matter how much I struggled, I still kept my mouth shut and didn't ask for any help. What was the point? The teacher can spend their time on a student who is actually smart and a bright student instead of an idiotic student like me who couldn't make up her mind about what she wanted to be when she grows up. I didn't want them to waste their time on a good-for-nothing student like myself so I didn't raise my hand for help and the class continued on with the lesson without me.

By the end of middle school, I was more academically ahead than before and I was doing well. Of course I still struggled with the same things but I let that swim in the back of my head while I focused on my family and my studies. I was more out of my shell and I made friends but I was never truly out there. What I mean is I kept secrets to myself and had a wall around me. I was a mysterious and unpredictable person. No matter how long someone may know me or how close we may be, they will never truly know me because even I find out new things about myself.

I wanted to be a firefighter, a doctor, a heart surgeon, part of the SWAT Team, a veteran, a veterinarian, and more. I couldn't choose a solid career so I would shift between a career that put the lives of others in my hands and a career that might ultimately kill me. What they all had in common though? It had to do with helping others through either fighting/protecting or through medicine.

When I entered high school, I tried to focus on my education but people kept shoving into my life and venting their problems. I would always be there to listen and be there in any way that I could but if the problem was very serious (ex. Wanting to kill themselves, wanted to/already were hurting themselves, etc), I would tell them to tell their parents and get a therapist. I enjoyed listening to the problem of others. It gave me a sense of understanding and apathy for others and it helped me realize what to say and what not to say in certain situations.

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