

Embarrassing College Application Essay, by Me at 16

When I was a little girl, I wanted to be a mermaid, an astronaut, and a mother. Now that I'm older and considerably more mature, my goals are a little more realistic. I still want to live in a fantasy world, but one of my own devising, made up of words, not of sea and fish tails. I still want to explore uncharted territories, but with a pencil or a typewriter, not a spaceship. I still want to pass on my knowledge, my thoughts, but through stories and articles as well as children.

I want to be a writer.

I'm planning on a career as a journalist, but I would love to write creatively. Often ideas, words, or even fully formed sentences flit through my mind, tantalizing me with their possibilities. When I can develop an idea into a story, an article, or a poem, I feel joy as if in the birth of a child, my own creation, a small version of myself. When I cannot make the words express the idea in my mind, I feel unfulfilled and frustrated. At those times, the only recourse is to write down anything that comes into my mind and go back and fix it later. Which I do, sometimes crossing and recrossing out a word over and over before I find one with exactly the meaning or feeling I want to convey.

When I was a little girl, I wanted to be a mermaid, an astronaut, and a mother. As I grow older, I will be content if I can write something that I feel is truly good.