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English Comp I

Life-Choice Memoir

Bettering Myself

It wasn't that long ago that I decided to come back to school. I am always the person who makes decisions at the drop of a hat, and I didn't want to do that with this choice. I thought about this for a long time and truly struggled with it. Did I want to go to school and fail? Did I want to be in debt, possibly for the rest of my life? What if I go to school and then can't find a career that I worked so hard for? These were all questions I regularly asked myself and things that also kept me from coming back for as long as it has. My boyfriend was a motivating factor in this decision, as I watched him take his college courses. He was learning a lot, and I became tired of depriving myself of that knowledge. We had many conversations about school and I'd ask him for help deciding and it would always end the same way. He'd tell me, "You either want it, or you don't. Stop making excuses." I became tired of the fact that I work 40 hours a week or more, working underneath people, and every single day was the same. I am not growing in these jobs that I am working, and I started to feel defeated. I need something that is going to complete my life and something to prove what I am worth to myself.

I always hated school. I hated my classes, hated authority and being told what I could and couldn't do. I never applied myself to anything and stuck with it, but when I did, I allowed myself to see how smart I was and what I was capable of. I don't like feeling stupid and not knowing the answers to things, but as I get older I realize that the only way I will get the answers to everything I want to know, is to ask. I left my high school after 10th grade and began taking online cyber school classes until I graduated in December 2012. I took the easiest classes I could find in order to simply scrape by and just get it done. I promised myself that once I was done, that was it. I never have to deal with school again. This way of thinking, however, got me where I am today. I am not my best self because I failed to educate myself and this also makes me self-conscious. When I started working and had to sometimes do simple math in my head, I would freeze, realizing I don't even remember how to do things that are simple to everyone else. I realized I needed to do something to change myself for the better. Coming back to school and educating myself to find a real career would do this for me.

Some nights, when I am driving to the school and walking to my classes, the negativity comes back. I tell myself, "You're never going to get to where you need to be. You're lazy. Let's find an excuse." I try to just push it off and just continue to my class because I know in the end that it's worth it. Being tired will be worth it. Feeling stupid will be worth it. Anything that you can do to better yourself for you and your family is worth it. I had a hard time choosing a major because, like I said before, I am indecisive and kept asking myself if I wanted to be in debt for something I may not find a career in. I backed up my indecisiveness with the fact that neither of my parents went to college, and both make great money doing what they're doing. Couldn't I do the same? The answer quickly started to show itself as "NO". These days, myself and others my age don't have too many choices other than school, because in the end, that's where the money is. This is how I will take care of myself and my family. Despite how much money I was making at any of my recent jobs, I hated it. I have to talk to people who don't care

about me and to be honest, I don't care about them either. It becomes draining. At the end of the week, I am so tired and miserable. I don't make time for my friends and family and I feel bad about it. I cannot continue to give all of myself to these shitty dead-end jobs and not have anything left for myself. Coming back to school almost guarantees that I will love the career I have some day because I worked hard for it. If I don't do this now, I will remain stagnant in the same place. My life will remain stale and unfulfilling.

I found out I was pregnant with my first child about a month before school started, and I thought, "Should I just wait to start?". I am glad I didn't wait because I realize that not only do I want to be better for myself, but for my child. I want them to look up to me and see the love I have for them because I chose to give us a better life. I want them to be proud of their mom. The saying is cliché, but you can literally do anything you put your mind to. My own fears were keeping me down because I let them keep me there. The brain is the best part of our bodies, but at times it can be your worst enemy. It can keep you in a place that you know you don't need to be in, even if you don't want to be there. I have something that I am finally working towards, something with a real purpose. I am working to be the best version of myself that I can be. I won't fail.