

Scholarship Essay

The Impact of English Studies on My Education

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I grimaced as she placed it in my hand. It was a thin purple notebook. As I wallowed back to my small third grade desk, I felt the notebook burning my palm with its foul blank pages. When I reached my seat, the teacher began: “These notebooks are for two things. They’re for your spelling stories and for whatever creative writing you wish to do in your spare time. You can all be great story tellers.”

Later that day my teacher gave us our first assignment: to write a creative story using all of the spelling words we had learned in class that day. So I went home, emptied my books out on my dining room table, and grabbed my vile purple paperback. I opened to my word list and slumped in my seat, seeing no possible correlation between those words. So, I started to dwell in angst, mocking the project with silly ideas, one of which involved a tropical island and a parrot with a headache. For some reason, this idea stuck, as obscene as it was. So I started writing. And writing. And I wrote for some time until my “masterpiece” was completed.

The next school day I walked into class beaming about my pained parrot idea, and placed my notebook on the pile to be graded. At the end of the day, our teacher handed our storybooks back to us as we left the room. Before I exited, she pulled me aside. She said something that has stuck with me to this day: “Your story was so creative. You have a real gift. You need to write more.” You need to write more...

And so I wrote. I wrote for the rest of third grade; not just spelling stories but any stories that squirmed their way into my imaginative mind. I wrote the next year, and the next, and the next. And now I'm a Senior in high school.

I take pride in all essays I write. I take an active role in various writing related clubs in school like the National English Honor Society and Newspaper. I even have taken honors English courses.

But most importantly, I still take time to write what I love to write. I keep three running journals full of songs, poems, and short stories, Dead Poet's Society is my favorite movie, and I still look to verse as my most important and vital means of expression. If I ever have a problem, a happy experience, or an occurrence that is confusing to even myself, I put the event into words before I do anything else. I know I am destined to be a writer, and my determination to keep to this goal is unyielding.

It's ironic to think my future educational and career goals stemmed from a floppy notebook that I once viewed as an abominable waste of my time. However, everyday I am thankful for that parrot and his headache, because without him, I doubt I would still be writing today.