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| Narrative Essay Rough(After Peer view) |
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ENG

Narrative Essay

The Epiphany of a Lifetime

 Why am I here today? Why am I sitting in class when I could just be lounging around my older friends? I've gone through many ups and downs throughout my entire life; and even had a time where I felt like breaking down and giving up. However, with the help of the very special people I cherish and treasured in life, I was able to get back onto my feet once again. They were my inspiration to keep me going when I felt worthless and confused about my purposes and goals. Now because of them, I have planned out my future and have goals to accomplish such as expanding my skills as an artist and strive to achieve my dream to become a part of a very famous game company.

 The beginning of my challenge was then I was just a kid. As a child, I always had a hard time communicating with others. It was a something I wasn't really great at doing as I grew older, either. It's very frustrating to be in a position where the person who you're trying to convince, really does not understand the point you're trying to get across. It's almost like living in a small box where the world you see in your eyes can't be seen by anyone else. I've always had the wrong choice of words, and other times I would even regret saying a single thing. Bizarre stares would shoot and cripple through my body like guns during presentations, and laughter would even be heard from across rooms. This was mainly because some of the ideas I'm trying to portray are so much easier to see than to express in words. One event led to another, to the point where I figured out that I'm better off alone. I felt like if I was isolated amongst everyone, I wouldn't have to face the fear nor the embarrassment of my inability to communicate.

 However, that was when my mother stepped in to give me a hand. She was the only person who was able to read and understand me from inside out. I told her that it was slowly eating me up, and that I wanted to give up on everything. I told her that communication is the vital fruit to humanity and without it, I probably won't be able to properly live for the rest of my life. She rested her right palm onto my shoulder and looked me into the eye. She said that one does not always have to communicate verbally. There are artists and writers and many other people just like me who find their way around things. She also told me that's how tricky life is.

 That was when I had an epiphany. I realized that instead of communicating verbally, I could simply draw it out. I always liked drawing, but never took it into consideration. Finally realizing that I'm more of a visual person, I began displaying my emotions and ideas through drawings and charts, so that people could grasp a clearer idea of what I was trying to explain. A chain of events led me further and further as I drew more and more and became more of an artist than just a normal 'doodler'.

 I decided to go further into drawing. As I said, one event led to another. I bought a tablet mainly used for drawing, and a drawing program called SAI Paint and let it grow from there. All of my thoughts and emotions were all laid out one by one in each piece of work, where I would take hours, or even days to complete. It's my way of coping with the outside world that cannot understand me. I explored many different themes of drawing, from dark and gloomy, to bright and illuminating, to vague-dreamy like images.

 Then it hit me. I finally came to realize that words can be used to express emotions, but usually emotions and one's ideas can't be completely covered with just a page of letters in clutters. Words with millions of different meanings, such as love, hate, sadness and happiness can be easily drawn out with a pencil or any writing utensil and a flat sheet of blank paper. For me, drawing and sketching is not only a good way to explore the breadth of my artistic skills, but it's also a way for me to draw out what I can't express with simple words. Yes, verbally communicating was something I struggled with while growing up, but now I feel like it doesn't really budge or bother my feelings anymore. No matter how hard it may be for me to portray and visualize with words, I visualize in my own way by using a blank paper and bringing it to life with something beautiful.

 Although I haven't exactly started my life yet, I know where I'm going to go. I know where I'm going to be later on. A long time of confusion has been solved by the help of my mother along with the courage and strength to figure out what I want to do, and who I want to be when I get older. From the point of reaching that epiphany and solution, drawing has always been my passion and inspiration to further my on my path to becoming a three-dimensional artist, and game designer. The fog in the purpose of my life has cleared up, and now I can see where I'm going. The narrow edges of the path has widened and opened up. It's all clear to me now. The path was already set up for me, I was just blind to the endless options that I should have considered. Drawing is not only how I make money, but also a new way to cope with my feelings. Whenever I'm down, I bring out a blank sheet a paper and a pencil and just sketch whatever's on my mind. It's amazing how one can simply turn a blank sheet of nothingness into something so beautiful and mesmerizing. Drawing so far has been the best success and an answer to a challenge I overcame.