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Unit 1: Educational Narrative

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What do you want to be when you grow up? For a lot of us we have grown up asking ourselves as well as being asked by others about the future and what we will do with it. For a long time I really didn't know what I wanted to be and what I wanted to pursue professionally. Trying to discover who you are and what you like can be tricky sometimes. For me I tried doing everything I went through phases in my life where I was interested in hobbies like drawing or painting. I stuck to artistic forms of expression for the first early years of life. Overwhelming my mother with requests for supplies and tools like new paint bundles of acrylic, gouache, and some acrylic paint. Asking her for all kinds of big artist grade paint brushes. As well, as fine brushes as well if I ever wanted to get into more detail. Asking for canvas after canvas after canvas just to paint on and keep stored under my bed until I was ready to paint again. Sadly it all came to an end. I could never be as good as I wanted to be no matter the quality of the brushes or the richness of the paint. I just couldn't wrap my hands around it. Painting was fun and a hobby worth rediscovering. But my issue was my hands, I for the life of me couldn't paint in a straight line. If I ever needed to add detail to a painting of a flower or a house. When outlining either of those things my hands would shake, messing up something I spent hours on. So I stopped.

Next was music. Music is very important to me considering I cannot go a day without listening to some kind of song. I tried piano as well as the guitar. Both I had pretty good luck in considering I practiced and practiced until I memorized all of the notes and chores. Playing was exhilarating and I really thought I found something in this. But doubt always appears whenever thinking about the future. After battles with myself asking if what I am doing truly is just a hobby or if it could blossom into something more. Trying to find the reason behind pursuing such a risky lifestyle takes more than just because "I think I can do it". So after a long battle with myself I understood that it just wasn't for me. I could still be an amazing hobby but in terms of professionalism it just wasn't for me. Besides I didn't have time for it considering I had to go to school and I only visited my moms house every once and a while.

Feeling stuck isn't a good feeling but sometimes you cannot change it. Going to school everyday learning to prepare yourself for the future. But what future? Future doing what exactly? Waking up everyday going to class knowing that you aren't working for something is depressing. Time just stops moving and everyday just feels the same as the one before. Working without a purpose. Hours spent working on assignments then handing them in understanding what you just learned but not why you are learning it. From all of this time trapped in a void of emotion and lack of the sense of time. The year has already ended. Surprisingly enough life was going to change. My mom was moving into a new house that she will own herself. Interested in what my mother was doing I went with her to look at all of these houses and after a while I kept getting more interested and interested in houses. Together we searched and visited and searched for

houses all over New Jersey. The only thing was none of these houses look eye-catching. No matter what or how much time we spent looking at places there was always something wrong. An imperfection in every house we came upon from being too small, to old, to ugly, to far, to expensive. Nothing was perfect and when you come to a stop like this you think. "Why don't I just build it myself".

From there everything changed. I understood the answer to my question. I knew what I wanted to do with my life and I wanted to become an architect. It was so simple at the time that if you wanted something done right you would have to do it yourself. Following that summer coming to my senior year of highschool my perspective changed. Now with a goal in mind I was able to see the tasks and assignments for more that I thought were there to merely waste my time. Time moved faster. The sun shined brighter than before and the colors of the world all came back. The air smelled fresher, the trees more vibrant with color even the nights felt more alive. Applying to college and seeing the big empty box that said "Major". Knowing this was going to be something I will spend the next 5-6 years studying for I knew I needed to be prepared. Again the same as before I went to see my father this time with a request for supplies and tools. I needed all kinds of pencils of all varieties of all kinds of shapes, thicknesses and volumes. I needed fine pens to detail my work and bring a final bang to my work. I needed all kinds of rulers and triangles for measuring, as well as rolls of rolls of paper to lay out in front of me to draft and design buildings and floor plans. I asked for knives and tape to destroy and rebuild sculptures for class and personal work. Only now this isn't a hobby, this is my work and my purpose.

Finally I am here in college at the New York City College of Technology enrolled as an architecture major pursuing what I want to do finally after years of questioning myself I finally found where I wanted to be.