I’ve always been asked what I wanted to be or if I plan to go to college. I knew I wanted to go to college, but I didn’t know what I wanted to be or which college. At first I was like, eh, I don’t know if I really want to go. My parents have always told me to go, especially since they never had the opportunity to go. They always ask me, “Do you want to work like I do?” “Always keeping up with a job, that doesn’t even pay much?” Especially this one, “Do you want to be working at McDonald’s or some other fast food place?” Of course I want to have a job first to pay for my studies, but I want to go to college.

 Some of my goals for my high school life are, of course graduating. I want to have straight A’s and B’s, if possible straight A’s. I want to join activities around the school and not being so shy. Also I want to get my driver’s license and find a job. I still haven’t decided on what college to go. I want to go to a really good college, but that means studying hard and doing great on my tests. I want to show my parents, myself, and everyone else that I can.

 I’ve finally decided what I want to become and it’s a Medical Assistant. I knew I wanted to be like a medical person, a doctor, or something like that. I know what classes to take to prepare myself. I wish I have decided earlier so I could’ve taken them when I started my sophomore year, but I was still deciding. Sometime I talk myself out of it, like what if I don’t have the skills or I change my mind. I don’t want to waste my time on something I’m not interest on. I’m scare that I will make the wrong decision, hopefully not.

One day we were at the clinic. The girl that was attending me it was the medical assistant she looked very young; she was 19 years-old. My mom asked her what she did to get this job so early. She said she took all the classes she needed for college and didn’t even need to go to college or pay for anything. She had to do hours so she did them at the Intermountain. After she finished all her hours they asked her if she wanted a job here at the Intermountain and of course she said yes. She didn’t even have to go to college. But one specific class she took was medical assistant terminology or something like that. But the thing is, they don’t offer is here at my school. So I know what I have to do. Even if that means extra classes/work or take some in the summer. I’ll give out my best do to what I always wanted and accomplish what I can. I hope one day my dreams will come true and become a medical assistant.