As I've 'grown up', I've realized how many shortcomings I have had throughout my life and continue to have. In my late teens and early twenties (I'm 23 now), I feel that I have made a lot of changes for the better. During my time in highschool, I struggled to get good grades, sometimes I even struggled for middling grades. It was never easy for me because I thought homework was stupid, and I didn't like to pay attention in class. Even in my first two years of college at Western Washington University, I struggled to pass classes. Class content was never interesting to me, I skipped class, and I always procrastinated. In the end, I had to drop out of WWU, because of my shortcomings as a student. I had to make up my college credits at a local community college and it changed my mindset of how I should be approaching education. I didn't want to be unemployable or not have a degree. So I decided to tough it out. I started by doing the easy things - doing homework, attending class, checking my canvas. It took a while to get used to these changes but in the end I started to ace classes. I finished my AA degree and applied for a transfer to the University of Washington and now, I'm here.

Starting in my freshman year of college I developed two main health conditions: anxiety and depression. It was hard to sleep, hard to stay awake, hard to eat, and hard to socialize. These were all compounding factors that made my mental health worse. To this day I still struggle with both, I'm on two different medications with a third for emergencies. Not every day is hard to get through but there certainly are days that are. Ever since I 'gained' anxiety, it's been hard to make friends. When I do make friends, it's hard to make plans because I know that I might have a panic attack at any moment. I love my friends, but it's hard to reveal to them that I am struggling. Struggling to function as what most people would deem 'a normal human being.' I loathe yearning for the days when I used to feel 'normal.' It seems to me that my anxiety comes in waves. Some days I do just fine with tasks I used to struggle to complete. Other days, I am ridden with an overwhelming fear and inability to do anything substantial. Sometimes we just have to get through to the next day, hoping that it will be better. My current situation with anxiety is not caused by school work but it does influence it. My grades begin to suffer because of my attendance. There are many days when I feel that I just cannot bear to get out of bed and go to class. On these days, I find myself reflecting on why I cannot be different. Is it a choice for me to better myself? Or am I in a paradoxical relationship where my own anxiety (that I am trying to cure) disallows me from ever bettering myself?