



NEW YORK STATE

My Brother's Keeper

Final Masterclass Essay

Walking slowly down the steps, I was careful to not make any noise because I didn't want to wake my parents. While they slept peacefully in their room, probably not waking until noon, I was leaving for work just as the sun began to rise. Although mildly envious, I didn't mind too much because my drive to work was peaceful and relaxing. My 30-minute commute to the beach, as the sky changed from pink to yellow to orange, accompanied by my ever-changing "Work Playlist" always put me in the right mood and mindset for my eight-hour shift. Besides, the early wake ups and 40-hour work weeks were just small strokes to the bigger picture. As senior year approached, I knew between the senior dues and college applications, my parents were going to have to prioritize some things and as a result, luxuries such as my clarinet lessons, additions to my vinyl collection and various coloring books were going to be sacrificed. However, I couldn't let that happen, for my passion for the arts was far too great; so, I worked. I took those 30-minute commutes and embraced the pigments of the sky as my love for the arts was much greater than my desire to sleep in on Saturdays in June.

Said perfectly by my ballet teacher, "Everyone is a lover of the arts, they just have to find their niche;" and it is with that, I decided to delve deeper into the world of arts. Dance, being my first love, consumed a lot of weekends and late nights as I took as many classes as a six-year-old could.



