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Image 1103

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IMAGE 1103 AMY HASKELL

Running My Own Race

KEONI HOLOMAN

I HAD CONTINUOUSLY BEEN applying for colleges, keeping up good grades, asking for recommendation letters, completing hours of community service and balancing time for extracurricular activities. Senior year in high school was a hectic time in my life. I missed out on spending time with friends, family meals and even sleep trying to juggle all of these tasks, but at the time it was worth it. Right?

Imagine little me, from a suburb in Texas, attending a major university in a big city like New York University, or being accepted into the best journalism program in the country at the University of Missouri, or even better, attending the Harvard of the South - Southern Methodist University. It was the dream that always ran through my head and fueled my spirit when I felt I was about to break down.

Being in an environment like Plano Senior High School, filled with very intelligent students with a history of successful at the highest academic universities in the country made this seem like only a great grade point average away. Students there had high expectations of themselves, as well as their parents, and going off to a university was their plan A with no other option; thus it was mine as well. Trying to keep up with my successful peers was so important to me and drove me to the brink of obsession, so much so that my Spanish teacher could tell. One day after class he approached me asking if I was OK because I seemed completely worn out. I explained to him how stressed out I was because of the tasks ahead of me in applying for colleges and trying to keep a competitive grade point average with my top classmates. In a simple response, he gave me the most genuine smile and told me, "Run your own race."

What was that supposed to mean? I am running my own race. He made no sense! In utter confusion I walked off with no understanding of his words or what to make of them.

WHAT WAS THAT SUPPOSED TO MEAN?
I AM RUNNING MY OWN RACE.

