

Script for the narrative story:

starting with the MTA train sound

Stand clear of the closing doors, please, the next stop is Court Sq-23 St

As the train approaches the station, I feel the entirety of middle school rushing back into my body. Those swift moments before the door opened were a reality check into a transitional period from middle to high school that declared who I would soon become.

The easy 5 min car ride from home to my South Ozone park islamic middle school turned into an hour-long commute with the Q40 and E train to Long Island City. I no longer had the layout out of the green and white uniform that was required. But I could now explore my sense of style that came with exploring my sense of self.

As I submerged myself in this transition, a spark ignited within me. Soon after, I realized the value of school, both socially and academically, and began to strive for new heights I had yet to discover.

Delving into the academics of attending Bard High School was starkly different from what I was used to and what my childhood friends were doing. While they were doing high school for 4 years, I finished high school in two years and started college in my junior and senior years. The pressure was on, and I could no longer rely on my smarts of studying the night before and using the simple state exams essay outline. Bard taught me the importance of individuality and thinking outside the box. An answer in English and the humanities was right as long as you could back it up with evidence rather than because there was a straight, concrete answer.

As we dove even deeper into the discussions and started to address societal norms and discrimination during different periods, we also began to reflect on our applications of these norms in today's society and the historical process behind them. In doing so, I realized that I wanted to bring about change. I didn't just want to wish for it but address the societal problems, starting with my community. From there, I interned for organizations that allowed me to do just that. It made me realize that even though I, alone, may not be able to change the world, one day at a time, every little strive and action is a change that is making an impact, whether big or small. (I want to write a little bit more about how this led me to want to work in women's health).