

Title: "Rose"

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Essay:

If a single human could be shipped and taken through space and time, past the billions of stars, away from our moon, through human history and Vivaldi's music and this life time to come down to our small humble town to meet me, I would like for it to be me. Specifically, myself four years ago. Years and choices were enacted in a certain way that makes me regret the past. I'm not the first to reminisce and wonder and sigh, and surely I won't be the last. Not having any deathly dramatic moments that I want to redo, I was simply a shy girl who should have smiled more, who should have laughed more, and who should have stayed passionate about anything and everything that I've loved.

I want to let my past self see this future, just a glimpse, and know that this world, her future, my present, is graspable and real and approachable and perfectly flawed-- there's nothing to be afraid, there was never anything to be afraid of. There are many things I'd like to tell myself, and show myself, and let myself listen to: many musical, and artistic, and lyrical, and everyday miracles in our everyday lives.

But I just want to let myself know that the future is a beautiful and unpredictable, a very real and elusive creature; the more we leash it in, the more it'll seem beyond our control.

And there was once this girl who liked to be in control of her world, small and shy, but quiet to those who didn't know her. She had few friends, but they had all had deep friendships. Then, suddenly it seemed, one day they all seemingly all floated away like flowers on a breeze, shipped off to lands far and wide, leaving her on her island. Alone. Heart broken, and terribly lonely now, in a impromptu un-researched type of way, she decided to never let anyone get close to her so she would never again know the pain of being left behind. This was unwise. That was no life to live. If it's too mysterious and baffling, then I'd like to point out that the girl in this anecdote, is the girl writing this essay. Never letting anyone get close to me, I was lonely. Now though, I want to convince my past self to embrace her present. I want to let myself know that she can be the savior of her own life, she could be her own friend, perhaps even her own best friend. It's obvious that a person should trust themselves more than anyone else, perhaps at times this may not hold true, but I'd like to believe that I have my own best interests at heart. I know I've pushed a lot of people away over the years, many have tried to break through my wall of ice, now I want my past self to know that the ice will melt; I just needed to wait for my spring.

I want myself to know that everyone is a gem: unique, rare, and expensive. A wise, though not too old, English teacher told me this. Though I also believe that every one's a bug. More specifically a caterpillar going through metamorphosis-- cliché, but the perfect paragon for everyone I've passed in my life-- some people go through their metamorphosis earlier than others, but we are constantly going through change. There will be late bloomers, but, to me, life is always spring-- we are all flowers and bugs and earth and poetry-- we are always changing. It's evolving, adapting, and staying on our toes, that makes life memorable.

That's why, if I were to bring one person, out of the billions and trillions that have existed in our world, or through paper and ink, or through the media on screens, I want it to be myself. Out of everyone, I want myself to be the change that I see in the world (like Gandhi inferred). One lesson that I want myself to learn, that took me four years to conclude to, is that "You don't get to choose whether you get hurt in this life, but you do get a say in who hurts you." This was written in a letter by young Augustus, from John Green's novel, The Fault In Our Stars. Maybe, this time around, I'll finally get to understand this lesson. And even if I don't, I'll know, either way, that I'll turn out just fine.