

### Personal Statement

"Two roads diverged in a wood, and I—I took the one less traveled by, And that has made all the difference." Robert Frost's poem "The Road Less Taken" is reflective of the choices I have made in choosing my high school friends. A person's friends are what make them the person they are. Friends are quite often the most influential people in a teenager's life, and I made the decision that the people who were molding me were not following the same path in life that I wanted to follow.

Entering high school is supposed to be one of the most memorable moments in an adolescent's life, and mine definitely wasn't what it was supposed to be. Entering high school is said to mark the moment where a child becomes an adolescent, yet my friends were still making childish decisions. At the same time as I began high school, some of my closest friends were experimenting ever more frequently with drugs.

It never occurred to me that one by one, all of the friends I had would turn to drugs as their source of enjoyment. It also never occurred to me that the freedom they felt from drugs would eventually be their downfall. My best friend, Erin, along with nearly everyone else in the group, became so involved in drugs that she was kicked out of our high school, and her parents sent her to a drug rehabilitation center. When I told her a couple of months earlier that I thought she was starting to get high to often she said, "No Jen, its fine, I promise. As long as I stay away from the white drugs, I'll be fine." Well, she didn't stay away from the white drugs for long.

As second semester of freshman year approached, I felt alone, isolated, and completely judged by my so-called "friends". Whenever we spent time together, they would criticize me for wanting to get involved with the building of the homecoming float, and wishing of someday being the Editor-in-Chief of the school paper. I could no longer identify with their wants and desires, because our paths had changed. I was not interested in fulfilling the same craves my friends were, and I was more interested in saying no to the puff of pot, and yes to getting involved, and being a leader on campus.

I began to distance myself from the old crowd, and got involved in as many activities as I could. Our paths didn't cross until months later when my phone rang. On the other end of the line was Erin, frantic, scared, and above all else, petrified at being found out. She said she had no one else to call, and that Angie, one of the girls in the group was just admitted to the hospital for overdosing on pills. They didn't have any "good drugs," so Erin decided ~~that it was a good idea~~ to swallow some household pills, and sit around enjoying the distant feeling. Angie took too many, passed out, and had to have her stomach pumped. Erin told me she felt like it was her fault, and she "swore to never touch any drugs again," but time went on, and Angie got out of the hospital, and things went back to normal.

They soon forgot that I used to be "one of the gang" and I soon forgot that they used to be "normal, good kids." I see none of them on campus any longer, because a majority is in rehab, some are in continuation school, and a few have graduated and moved on to better things. I am now Editor-in-Chief of the school paper, and strive daily to fulfill my goals of being a good student, and a leader on campus.

I haven't forgotten them completely, ~~as they have of me,~~ but we've all changed. I realized that they were trying to mold me into a person I did not want to become. After experiencing their drug habits, and my own ambition, I realized that "Two roads diverged in a wood, and I—I took the one less traveled by, And that has made all the difference."

good. honest. and sincere.... I like it.