

Mr. Gen-

Here is my personal statement for UC Irvine and UC San Diego. Can you please tell me if my last sentence is acceptable, or if I need to add another concluding sentence. Thank you!

Personal Statement



I hear the clinking of the spoon against a cereal bowl. The harsh ping awakens me to find myself amidst tangled covers and a hard mattress. As I feel the cool morning air and see the mist over Lake Reedy through the enormous expanse of panoramic windows, I hear the voice of my father say, "Well, Pop where do you think the fish are hiding this morning?" A muffled and accented voice replies, "Well, I don't know, I guess we are just gonna have to track'em down, son." As they pass where I lay, I pretend that I am asleep, too embarrassed to ask if I can go with them. The rickety old door creaks loudly as it closes behind them. I use this as my chance to emerge from my bed and follow the two outside.



I can hear the engine of the dilapidated old pontoon boat slowly come to life. The putrid smell of gasoline and oil tickle my nose as I approach the dock. I walk carefully on the wood planks, so as not to make a sound that would give me away. Looking through the mist, I walk closer and closer to where my father and grandfather are busily preparing the boat for a fun, yet intense day of fishing. I continue to gradually plod down the dock, plank by plank, hoping to be invisible. Unfortunately for me, a loose board makes a slight creak and it gives me away. My grandfather looks up, grins, and says, "Why hello, Kourtney, would you like to come fishin' with us?" Not knowing if the question is rhetorical or not I stand motionless and silent. I look to my dad for any sign of an answer. Luckily, he understands my insecurity, and says, "Sure she wants to come!" My dad reaches for my hand and guides me gently onto the boat. The boat rocks gently as the added weight of a five year old is placed upon it. Instantly, I feel as if I belong. As the boat idles slowly through the lily pads, I look around in amazement at the wildlife that surrounds me. I can see the tall, proud figure of an egret searching for his morning meal, I see the piercing green eyes of an alligator peering through the dark water, scrutinizing my presence, for it is his lake on which I ride.

As we continued further out onto the lake into the Florida sunrise, moving ever faster, I feel the water splashing upon my cheeks. The cold, fresh presence immediately sends chills throughout my body. I cuddle tightly against the seat to block out the cold. Soon, my grandfather stops the boat, and the fishing begins. I am given a pole and bait which I am to pierce with a brass hook. I grab the doomed worm, and watch it wriggle between my fingers. The dirt that it once called home loosely clings to the small fellow. I grab the hook, close one eye tightly, and impale the minute creature. The worm wriggles in pain, but before I can apologize, I hurl it through the air and drop it with a "plunk" into the fatal depths below. I sit and wait, watching as my grandfather and father catch fish after fish, while my red and white bobber has yet to penetrate the surface. I continue to wait, growing tired, but I do not yield to the weight of my eyelids that threaten to close from droopy exhaustion. Just as I am ready to pull the line in, I feel it. The unmistakable tug of the line can mean only one thing: a fish has consumed my bait: hook, line, and sinker.

These fond memories remind me, that as I prepare to chart my voyage into the future, my responsibilities will be much more intricate than simply baiting a hook. They will involve important decisions that will shape the way I live my life. I will not always feel the comfort of warm sheets, and I will not always hear the affectionate voices of my family offering loving guidance whenever I experience the strain of indecision. Where I eventually go to continue my education will be unfamiliar. I will have to slowly walk from plank to plank, as I did when I was younger, in order for my ambitions to be realized. However, I will not walk with the insecurity as I did when I was five. I will walk with confidence and pride as I embark on this new boat ride. There will be creatures that will give support, while others will try to intimidate me. It is up to me to take advantage of support and to overcome obstacles, in order to make the most of my opportunities, as I wait for the much-anticipated fish to bite.



excellent
description
and
narrative

from this
paragraph, you
are right to use
present tense.
This is your
reflection.