

## DREAMIN'S FREE ESSAY *by* EMILY BOLEY

Every person has dreams, goals, and ambitions that inspire them to perform at their best in order to try to reach the occasionally unattainable standards that they set for themselves. I'm not unlike these people. Dreams, like people, come in many different shapes and sizes. Although I have many short-term dreams (giving a kickass speech at graduation, starting *and* finishing scholarships, putting an end to my incessant procrastination), the most prominent long-term dream I have is to become a psychiatrist. It's not exactly the job a ton of people are rushing towards, but for the past four years, my heart has been yearning to go into a profession that allows me to help others.

During my freshman year of high school, I happened to carry a psychology book for one of my friends. Being bored out of my mind in algebra inspired me to start flipping through the pages. There was an immediate connection that I had never felt for a 600 page textbook before. I began reading and trying to absorb as much information as I could. I was captivated. I had previously had a curiosity about psychology, as most do, but this was different. It became a gut-deep, all-consuming, everything-I-could-think-about field that I had just scratched the surface of. I spent countless hours reading and telling people about everything I could think of. It was like finding a new best friend that was made just for me and I couldn't keep my mouth shut about her. I ended up notifying my parents that I want to be a psychologist, to which my mom responded, "Why not be a psychiatrist? They make more money."

I eventually read the entire book and worshipped every word, though chapter six was surprisingly boring. I didn't really care about how tomatoes are every color BUT red and that's why we perceive them as red. Yawn. Pass. No thanks, I didn't ask. What I really had a passion for was chapter fifteen. It taught me about disorders. I had done research before on anxiety and depression, but there was so much that I didn't know. I ate it up. The feelings I had and the nervousness I got finally made more sense to me. The relief and comfort I received from knowing about disorders is a sensation that nothing else could replicate. I knew that I wanted to help others to feel the same way I did when everything came together. It's like having an ever-present sliver, one that bothers you, but for the most part, you have learned to live with it. Having it there has hindered you from doing things that maybe you would without it (why would you want to pick something up when you know that it'd drive the sliver in further?). The wound

may become infected, so eventually, you want to remove it. I'm the one who will have the tweezers and bandaids ready for those for want the slivers in their minds removed.

I've always had a passion for helping people, which reflects in my commitment to the National Honor Society, to student council, and to my peers. To have the opportunity to help people as a career is something I constantly dream about. I believe that every small action makes an impact. My desire to help others can create a ripple that could benefit more and more people. Making the world a better place is— or at least should be— the dream of everyone, myself included. I want my life to leave a positive impact on the world. By caring for others, listening to them, and providing assistance, I can help to shift society in the best way possible.