

Memorable(adjective): Worth remembering or easily remembered. Twelve years on Earth, and what have I done? Nowadays, an 'A+' is as extraordinary as a pebble, and no one bats an eye at extra credit. I didn't discover gravity, or invent a device to transmit one's voice across oceans – what's worth remembering? So, when I sat down to answer the question, what is the *most* memorable day of your *whole* life, I had no answer. How can one moment be the most notable when each day is a single star in the constellation of life?

Perhaps, I thought at first, the most memorable day was the day I was born. The constellation of my life began on July 1st. My family agrees that I brought joy by arriving early. But if that day - one I can't even recall - could be considered most important, isn't the day I first took a step equally significant? Or the day I first fell and got back up?

I remember it took months to finally ride my bike with two tires - I was miserably late to the trend. Terribly embarrassed, I knew I had to learn quickly. Surprisingly, that fear only led to a strange, foreign feeling I couldn't identify, but loved. My sweaty palms betrayed my nerves, but I was purposeful. Those months of falling down and climbing back up were welcomed openly. The first time I used my own plan to accomplish something, I uncovered a newfound treasure - *determination*.

Another year passed; I soared aboard a rocket ship, undergoing countless adventures in the constellations. The trail of smoke behind me was determination fueling my ride - until one day, a meteorite found its mark. At the time, I appeared to be doing great. So, when this meteorite hit, only I could see it. That day, I was scrambling to finish a book report the day it was due. My mother ended up finishing it while I was at school. The chances of a bad grade immediately shot down. Yet, a different kind of ache bloomed in my chest - *disappointment*. Receiving my teacher's praise passed in a gray blur. On the ride home, gloomy skies matched my mood. Suddenly, the clouds parted for the sun to wave hello. Then I saw it – my self-reliance had quietly slipped away. Depending on others had drained my determination. I had been introduced to the sometimes-invisible meteorite of *failure*.

Another year passed; my shell hardened. I realized there was no avoiding meteorites in the galaxies. But I wasn't ready to hop back on my rocket ship until 2020, the year my grandfather and our secret handshake dissolved into the stars. Afterwards, I faced blasts of sorrow and the black hole of regret. However, I was also taught something extremely valuable, something at first unfamiliar, floating above me like a UFO. Despite not knowing what it was, I began to utilize it. I learned to preserve and maintain my cool when it mattered. Soon, this mysterious lesson became clear - its name was *resilience*.

Another year passed; I was armed with determination and resilience to face failure. I boarded my rocket ship again. Nothing much was happening in the constellations; the stars

around me glinted less brightly. At that time, I was guarded around people, prepared to fend for myself in unexplored areas beyond Pluto. However, that changed when my mom decided to make me an artist. I resisted at first, but eventually, what used to be as insignificant as a speck of dust among the stars grew to be as important as the sun - sometimes the only light in my day. Soon, I started classes at a local studio, where the teacher reminded me of my mom - always going out of her way to help others reach new heights. I was introduced to community service, which I learned doesn't just benefit others - it fosters independence and leadership in the doer. Both figures have profoundly changed my perspective on people. Their devotion inspired me to become one of those helping hands.

*The future years.* Feelings and lessons learned from one day impact the next, all compounding; one memorable day leads directly to another. Without my discovery of determination, the first shortcoming I faced wouldn't have affected me as it did, and I would never have learned the valuable lesson about failure. Without that exposure to failure, I would never have developed resilience – the sole reason I am here today. Resilience and determination in the face of new things allowed me to discover my love for art, along with the two pairs of helping hands who altered my view of others. It isn't just one day or moment, but the celebration of the entire constellation that is truly memorable.