Deeper and deeper I sink, down into the icy blackness of the abyss. I struggle to pull myself upward, wildly thrashing my appendages about in a useless effort against the seemingly unstoppable pressure dragging me down...down...down. I am a junior who has no plans for the future.

I think inward, trying to extract the answers from past experiences and my interests I've hopefully noticed in my classes. My future should be spent doing what I've found I like to do, so the most common question I receive on the subject is "What's your favorite class?" In response I go through subjects in my mind: certainly I'm no mathematician, I find science interesting but some of its more complex concepts have a habit of alerting me of the reality of my future in the field, English makes me want to hire a lawyer for all of the "choose the answer that is most right" multiple choice questions, and the skill I've developed most dynamically throughout my years in history has been my doodling. I like all of the subjects, and I do fairly well in them, but none of them stick out as my special talent that I'd want to use the rest of my life. Due to this, the longer I trek through school, the more I mentally clump individual subjects into the category of "school." There is no math, no science, just 'school." It's not that I don't enjoy school, it's just that most universities that I've researched do not have a "school" major.

This is the problem that I'd like to solve, the problem that has stalked young adults throughout high school, college, and the years spent in their parents' basement. There are far too many aspects of the problem to be addressed accurately and fairly, so I will refer to the issue as "it." "It" encompasses everything that haunts high school students and beyond: talent, college, housing, careers, etc. So far my attempt to solve this daunting Rubik's cube of

my potential has been to aimlessly twist it and turn it, hoping that somehow I'll get lucky and it will solve itself, while being forced to watch people around me faced with the same confusing cube solve it within a matter of seconds, click, click, click, masterfully in control of their futures, which in some cases have been clear since their childhoods.

A little while ago, while on the verge of bashing my head against the wall out of pure unadulterated mental frustration, I happened to recall something my dad said to me once: "It doesn't matter how much money you make in life, all that matters is whether or not you enjoy what you do." At the time it was said, I remembered silently voicing something along the lines of, "That's easy for a lawyer to say," but for some reason, it now had the effect of starting into motion the old dusty gears in my mind that control the subject. I started to consider what really makes me happy in life; the annual Fourth of July pool party at my neighbors, playing wiffle-ball all day with my brothers, barbeques, spending time with family, enjoying the company of friends; the more I thought about it, the more I realized how little my happiness has to do with school.

What makes me happy is what makes me me. Figuring "it" out is truly figuring out how to achieve personal fulfillment. The objective of school is not to bore kids out of their minds with temporary facts and skills. The purpose of school is to help kids find themselves; find what makes them happy through the experimentation of skills and inadvertent life experiences.

I don't quite know the answer to "it" yet, but I know I'll figure it out eventually, and I know the answer will start with me.