“Braunsen, I am leaving now!” calls the Mother. “Don’t forget to do your chores!”
“Ok, Mom!”
“And make sure you look after Jonathan!”
“I will.”
Mom leaves and the door slams shut.
Braunsen turns to his little brother and says, “You break anything I will kill you.”
“But, Braun…”
“Shut up! I’m playing this game!”
Braunsen goes on his phone and plays a game called Among Us. He has a task to Empty the trash shoot, but his brother walks up to him and says, “Mom said to take out the trash.”
“Bro, shut up! I am playing my game, Jeez.”
As he finishes his task, he goes to Electrical to download files, but his brother interrupts him again. “Braunsen I need your help downloading my homework.”
“Oh my gosh, Bro. Press the dang download button!” said Braunsen with irritation.
Braunsen turns to his game and starts talking trash to his opponent on chat. “Bro, You know I’m in Medbay why you keep saying I killed In navigation?”
His opponent responds in chat by saying “Dude, that’s cap. I walked up and you killed him in front of me.”
“What are you talking about? You never do your task right at all.”
“Braunsen,” interrupts his little brother.
“Shut up! I’m in the middle of a game.”
“Does the pans go with the pots or does it go with the plates?”
“What? That does not make sense at all.” Braunsen scratches his forehead and stomps his way down stairs. “Let’s see what you did because you never do your task right at all.”
“I just wanted to help.”
“Quite helping so much because it’s not helping at all.”
“Just put the pots there.” As he points at a cabinet.
“Thank you Braunsen you’re such a God.”
“If you make me lose this game this God will be super mad at you.”
As Braunsen jumps on to the couch he continues to play Among Us.
“Shoot, everyone is dying and these players won’t stop lying.”
In the video game, Braunsen’s avatar walks up to Admin to report a dead body found near the Cafeteria. His avatar goes to chat to tell everyone in the game where the body was. Suddenly, Jonathan again enters the room and says, “I found a dead body in your room.”
“Wait what, what the heck?”
Jonathan points to the kitchen and says, “I’m not kidding!”
“I’m losing this game, leave me alone.”
“I’m telling you the cat brought a body in.”
“You better be telling the truth or else,” as he stomps to the kitchen. Jonathan stays back and picks up the phone and starts playing with Braunsen’s avatar. Sure enough there was a dead mouse in the middle of the kitchen. So he picks it up and he throws it away and he washes his hands.
The phone rings and Jonathan calls out “It’s mom!”
“What now? I’m coming!”
When Jonathan hands him the phone he puts his mother on speaker so he can see what happen on the game
“Hi mom,” but he raises his fist at his brother. Then he mouths “I’m going to kill you.”
“How is it going honey, you and Jonathan getting along?”
“Hold on mom.” He turns to his brother and says, “What did you do to the game?”
“Nothing I just said pink to the avatar and he was some kind of imposter and everyone voted him out.”
Braunsen smiles and turns back to the phone and says, “what mom?”
“I said how are you getting along with your brother?”
“Oh, I love my brother, he’s the best little brother in the world.”
The Remote Control

Here I am again, lying somewhere in a place where my family won't find me. Here comes the Dad! You won't find me in the couch cushions... nope, not by the TV... definitely not under the couch... there you go! You found me! Right by the cat post, Where every TV remote control expects to be found.

“Honey,” the father calls out, “the stupid remote doesn't work again!”

I'm upside down, Dad! Try flipping me around... There you go!

“Nevermind, Honey!”

The father tries to turn on the TV and his thumb goes a little bit farther than the ON button. He presses the top of the Samsung remote and it flies out of his hand.

You dumbo! The much newer Apple remote shouts at the Samsung remote. If you weren't so small, he would have a better grip on you!

The father starts surfing through channels.

You know that the up button is going to stop working if you don't stop pressing it so much, the Samsung remote says to the father.

The button stops working and the father presses harder!

Ha! You dumbo! shouts the Apple remote, Told ya, you're too old!

The wife comes into the family room and hands him a cup of coffee.

The father grabs the coffee.

“Thank you, Honey.”

“So who won the election, Babe?”

“I'm about to find out.”

He finds the election news station. The father sets down the Samsung remote and grabs his coffee. He takes a long sip, and, as he is setting the coffee down, he spills it!

OW, OW, OW, HOT, HOT!

HA! HA! Now you're all drenched, you coffee smelling old remote! snaps the Apple device.

“Oh no! Honey, get some paper towels!” the father yelps.

Hey, old guy. I can't even believe that he still keeps you. Your buttons are all worn out or jammed, and you're so small that he can't even find you!

So?

So you're going to get thrown away.

Maybe you're right, he sighs. All I know is that I've served the family well.

Your technology is too old, too outdated, and too basic.

Well, I guess you're right. My time has come.

After the father got some paper towels and wiped himself and the Samsung remote off, he grabs the Apple device. My time is here! I'm ready to work, Boss!

The father picks up the apple remote and searches for the volume button. He presses multiple buttons and frowns and sets it down and then he picks up the older remote. Immediately he presses the volume button up. He begins tapping the top of the remote.

What's the matter, Boss?

Shh ya fool, the Samsung remote says. He's concentrating.

The announcer comes on and explains the race.

Uh oh, his candidate lost. Don't slam mee... OUCH! No please don't do it again... OUCHIE! Ok ok, settle down. Please don't throw woAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA (Bang!)
Ha Ha, the Apple remote snarls. That was funny.
Are you serious right now? I got cracked. And my battery fell out, And I'm still talking somehow. I know you're reading this like, how is he still talking like that's not humanly possible. Exactly. I'm not a human!

The Samsung remote sees the father pick him up and bring him over to the Apple remote.

Ha, Ha, says the bigger, newer remote. Looks like your time has come, you old piece of junk.

The father sets the Samsung remote down and picks up the Apple remote. The father starts to walk towards the trash can. The Apple remote starts to yell, Hey Boss, please put me down! Oh god what are you doing???
PLease no!! Not the trash can!!!!

“What are you doing, Babe?”
“Oh, I'm just throwing away the Apple remote, Honey.”
“Why? What's wrong with it?”
“The remote is just too big and bulky. It gets in the way.”

NOOOOOOOOOOO, the Apple remote screams as it falls into the bottom of the trash can.
The father then picks the Samsung remote up, puts the battery in him, fixes the jammed button, and uses the remote, and happily watches TV.
Before My Overdose

**Viewer Discretion Advised:** Use of drugs, coarse language, sexuality, and a choking hazard for those of you who laugh quite easily.

A cautionary tale, regarding the use of drugs for highly-susceptible high school graduates looking for an escape to a world where life reflects what one wants the world to be, rather than what the world wants one to be.

Off I was! To college… leaving my family, friends, and all the other clingy ex-girlfriends behind. Today, I would begin my life anew. Today was an opportunity, a chance, for me to take control over my own destiny. Today was a rebirth, an exhausting one however. Often tired from thinking about the ways my life could have progressed, from the past, present, and future, I resented myself. I wished to be tired yet again. Wished to escape into a realm where the possibilities are unimaginable and reality is irrelevant. So with that in mind, I kicked into the driver’s seat, opened up a packet, and fell into my thoughts...

…Ah yes, the end of middle school became a new beginning to an enjoyable life: full of video games, frequent procrastination, and constant sleep deprivation. Then again, there’s nothing a cup of coffee couldn’t fix (except crippling depression and an existential crisis). My average school day in middle school generally began around eight in the morning; the night before usually spent negotiating with my friends on who was doing 90% of my homework. I began this morning with a positive attitude and a smile, realizing I hadn’t failed a single class. After thirty minutes of cycling through several back-alleys and drug dens, I had finally arrived at my destination: a run-down high school, infected with a smell familiar to my mom’s cooking.

As soon as I walked through the doors, every period since day 1, I greeted my teachers with expressive gang signs, which they reciprocated with understanding and fondness. During class, however, I constantly made the effort to piss them off with my unmatched cunning. My friends and I would be supreme asses, resulting in the birth of “Silent Mode.” Over the course of several weeks, we learned how to imitate the sound of a Nokia phone when it was vibrating. We got so good at this that the teacher went ape-shit and always gave us TSA-style pat downs to find out whose phone it was. We continued this for several months until our foreign professor gave up and moved back to his native town in Armenia; legend says he can still hear the majestic symphony of our harmonized Nokia ringtones.

After the end of every class, I would contact my fellow ganb members, where we travelled across our neighborhoods in white vans passing candy to children, modeling the finest of United States citizens. Schoolwork was typically started at midnight or abandoned completely in favor of other fulfilling activities, such as gardening and useless internet browsing: two activities proving crucial to my future life as a college student. This is how the rest of high-school went: an endless cycle of nothing and everything.

Soon enough… it was about goddamn time I chose a major. I only had three choices due to my lack of motivation to go to the admissions office on time: Gender Studies, Fashion Design, and Culinary Arts. I needed to quickly decide what major I was going to choose; after all, the rest of my day needed to be dedicated to debating feminists and flat-Earth conspiracy theories. Slowly shifting my attention to the Mountain Dew-soaked sweatpants and ketchup-stained XXL BroFist T-shirt I had worn since last Friday. I couldn't do Fashion Design... I knew darn well my clothing choices were too exquisite for that. For the first time in a few hours, I left my gaming chair and walked to the other side of my room. I scratched my amateurly-shaved beard in deep contemplation. I couldn't do
Culinary Arts because I took a strict, life-long oath as a professional gardener (having won four Olympic gold medals so far on Farm Simulator) to not commit homicide against plants.

That left only one option: Gender Studies. I had to look at the positive side: even though this is one of the most subjective and disciplinary majors known to man, I had learned from one of my associates that it boosted one’s chances of being hired at a job paying minimum wage, my best chance at fulfilling my dreams of having a full-time career. I sighed and hoped for the best; if anything, at least I knew how to use the Google search far better than most applicants (not to mention my superb knowledge of navigating LinkedIn pages). I wiped off the ring of Cheeto powder around my mouth; then smiled and looked at the very bottom of my resumé. Despite the atrocious state of my qualifications, I knew my higher-than-average GPA would compensate and earn me what I would need to succeed. With that realization, I slumped back into my gaming chair and returned to my usual antics.

Today was my time to shine. Over the course of thirty minutes on procon.org, I had gathered enough information to masterfully win a debate for my Gender Studies class. Triumphant walking out of my dorm, I waved my 12-point, Arial-font research paper in the air and straightened my coat; this debate wasn’t going to be any ordinary battle... it would go down in college history as a full-blown war. As the only male in the class, I knew the odds were stacked against my favor, but I braved on; just to be safe, I had worn my picnic pants along with a dress-shirt to shock my unprepared opponents into submission. With my mop of hair swishing in slow-motion, I made it to the debate room just a second before the bell rang; nearly everyone rolled their eyes at my choice of attire, but I smirked (those dimwits had nothing on me). After some girl was done babbling about the “wage gap,” I got up and observed the winding labyrinth of incoherent text I had printed just a few minutes before class had started; I practically only had one useful bullet point at my disposal, so I yoloed it. With my picnic pants in full-display and a confident voice at my disposal, I interjected, ‘YOUR ENTIRE TAKE on this is incorrect; after all, esteemed Harvard medical professor, Edward Clarke, said it all himself: “…if women go to college, their brains will grow bigger and heavier, and their wombs will atrophy.”’ The room fell silent. Knowing I had won the debate with full certainty, I bowed my head and awaited roaring applause, only to get none. Awkwardly, I returned to my seat and received an F later that day. When I was walking back, however, that same girl I destroyed with facts and logic walked up to me and alerted me to her presence, as she fell down and could not get up. I reluctantly decided to bring her to the medical wing of the campus, to which she thanked me with a slap on the face as I carried her... To no surprise, she ended up becoming my wife...

Surprisingly after college, I had gotten myself a job, albeit one that offered little to no benefits. I only had two duties in that job: stapling papers and answering emails, both of which were difficult things that took a bit of time to get used to. I knew that to rise up through the ranks of this job, being efficient and hard-working would be key, even if it meant sacrificing my dignity in the bathroom. I cracked my knuckles in anticipation for the flood of morning emails; I had to get my A-game on while taking a thirty minute dump. I hit each key on my company-assigned laptop with fine-tuned precision while diligently taking care to answer each email; it was only a matter of time until the salmonella-ridden street burrito I ate would work against me. My boss knocked the door loudly, exclaiming “What the HELL are you doing in there, rookie? It’s been TWO goddamn hours.” He impatiently waited for a response but was only met with a soundblast of flatulence from the lavatory. “I’ll leave you to your business then...” he acknowledged. Unbeknownst to my manager, I had just earned the company one more star on Google Reviews. Finally, the entire office building shook with the mighty force of the flushing toilet. After I opened the lavatory door, I returned back to my small strip of office space and began stapling the fresh stack of papers on my desk; I continued this menial task for several hours until my shift ended. At this point, the only three positive things about this hell-hole of a job were functional air conditioning, free hot dogs, and rose-scented toilet paper...

...Seems like quite an immature lifestyle I would endure to reach such a phase. In the car, I pondered at the degree of seriousness allowing for one to live a comfortable life. Spending time doing the right things might be more efficient in achieving my dreams, rather than trying to live for the sake of enjoyment. Upon that realization, I saw myself dozing off, followed by the picture of studying texts for my upcoming test...

...Study, eat, sleep, repeat. Study, eat, sleep, repeat. I forgot how to be human, but it didn't matter. In time, my hard and frivolous work habits would eventually make it up. I would reach a prestigious college, encompass new settings, and have a well-sustained job. My parents proudly supported my actions, although with the slight agreement of myself seeing the sunlight once every week. Soon enough, I had given my valedictorian speech, and everything was looking on the up-and-up.
As a person being so reliant on my parents, college life easily shocked me. Interacting with classmates would be uncomfortable, as I would occasionally call them “Mom” or “Dad.” Following my quirkiness, I quickly made new friends, immediately went to a campus party, got drunk within a glass of whiskey, and found myself laying half-naked, spread out across the floor like a pregnant mom in a swimming pool. From then on, I found myself avoiding people other than my professors until graduation day.

I spent my newly-attained college education networking for drug and cigarette companies for work experience until securing a job as a hedge-fund manager. My parents, wife, and children, were proud of how I endured to achieve their visions for me...

...Maybe the packet I took was a dud this time. It’s not as exciting or adventurous as I thought this lifestyle would be. Working hard requires effort, effort most people lack due to the pre-pubescent banter they have with their families regarding “life choices”. Certainly, my family isn’t any better. Although I would get what my parents wanted for me in life, it certainly doesn’t make the most of it. Having the job most middle-aged men wish they had, but are too busy reading about in the news isn’t the life I wanted either. Action, excitement, drama, I yearned for a story. Sitting back and taking another… of whatever I had brought with me in the car, I wondered if something completely random happened in my life? Dozing off again, I saw myself reading through my computer, differently, but just about the same...

...Ah, recruiting week. Endless days of the exact minute-timing of Monday’s at 9pm, keeping up on whether or not a privately-funded website value my efforts as “the finest degree of excellence” or “the most pathetic effort an athlete has ever made.” This was none other than the tennis recruiting website that made sure my Tuesday’s were extremely relaxed or the start of a prolonged existential crisis. After months of waiting for the new lists to come out after quarantine, I was elated to find my ranking had reached what I had intended for my late sophomore year; the highest-tier recruit... by doing absolutely nothing! Gearing down, I was determined to keep my ranking up, so I made sure to live up to expectations, by pulling 5 hours worth of physical training everyday until I could finally grip a tennis racquet properly.

Over the Christmas holidays during that time, I also received a present from myself, horrifying my parents. A gaming computer, quickly installing Rocket League upon securing. With the help of getting carried by teammates and SunlessKhan videos, I found myself inside gaming. My love for school eventually dwindled into the abyss and I had started focusing these bizarre events unfolding in my life. One by one, I’d move up rank upon rank. With the help of locals who took notice of my skills, I had received tennis scholarships, wildcards into Tour events, offers of training programs by different Esports teams, and the constant disapproval from my parents by leaving the mainstream Asian job-path of doctors, engineers, and lawyers.

Years after these experiences, my superstitious behavior acted up. Placing my Blue Ice G-Fuel bottle next to my plus-sized DASANI was all it took to end my tennis career. Had I known my defeat was in the name of rituals and discipline, I would’ve retracted all of those hours practiced shuffling the lucky placement of my beverages. Entering a pro tournament as the 2nd seed, I was determined to place in the number 1 spot and earn a place into a Grand Slam, my long-time dream. My mentor was on the opposite side, posing as the number 1 seed, furthering my drive to take this tournament. Starting the opening round with a win, I knew my mentor’s day of reckoning was coming.

Having reached the 2nd round, I was surprised to find my opponent was a 15-year-old American prodigy by the name of Jimmy Jones. With my superior experience, larger muscle groups, and sexy style, I would certainly make quick work child’s lucky run. Soon enough, I was serving for the match, when I had made a fatal and careless mistake during the changeover. I was quick to notice I had put all my beverages in the wrong places. Swiftly following that note, I remained calm and switched them back into their original places as fast as possible, but it was already too late. My mind was unsettled at what I had done, and soon enough, the match ended with the kid ending up as the victor. To my further dismay, he got ejected from the following match, breaking 3 racquets in an attempt to get his team to find the ingredients to his lucky sandwich he would have before every match. My tennis career soon plummeted, as my mental focus deteriorated. Eventually, it was too hard to recover.

My job applications to Esports teams were also getting rejected as well, because of my motor skills being far below the average as my fingers biggened from holding a tennis racquet for extended periods of time. This dramatic change flung me from comfortable 5-star hotel travelling to a 1-bedroom apartment infected by parasites and my
broken spirit. Having reached the lowest point in any man’s life, I picked up a hobby consisting of gathering fitness model magazines from nearby grocery stores, as I did not have the monetary funds to pay annual subscription fees for the adult magazine collections. I had gotten so depressed that I put all of my life-savings into a Youtube ad guaranteeing my money would grow exponentially. That one decision made all the difference.

Risky, but effective. My life had turned upside down. I became a hundred-millionaire in a month’s time, considering the crypto-currency I invested in skyrocketed its coinage value from ten to fifty-thousand dollars. Soon enough, I went back to the state college nearby, and found myself back as an accepted individual of society, to my family’s dismay. The network I had created when doing tennis and Esports significantly helped, as I met a lot of “unique” people who took interest in the magazines I had owned and would pay top-dollar for it. Looking around at how these rich snobs spent their time unsettled me, as I had experienced heaven and hell in one life, looking for ways to help the future of tomorrow not repeat the mistakes of the past. Through the network, I met my beautiful wife, who was the owner of a small charity run for underprivileged children, specializing in STEM programs. With my funding, the outreach we had reached was astounding. To think of all the children I would take care of. To think of the future change I would have created. To think of the ways my life took ups and downs, from promising to powerless, from helpless to hopeful. To think of the ways... the ways...

...To think... to think all the countless possibilities awaiting me at the end of the road, only for me to foolishly throw them all away. I’ve failed my own goals, my own aspirations. What have I done, and why have I gotten to this point? There is so much I could have done differently to end up at a better place in life; now, the only thing that lays at my horizon is a mirage of lost treasures... After five minutes of continuous, uninterrupted driving, I took a sharp left turn and headed to my final destination, my college. Suddenly, at the campus parking lot, I saw a roadblock of police vehicles in the direction I was going for. Crap... I was high as hell again; I needed to recollect my thoughts and calmly answer the officers’ questions. There was no point in struggling. I was going to jail. In desperation, I reached for what had been surrounding my car for the last 5 hours. So as I took the last whiff of the meth I had been carrying, the police greeted me with a familiar “You’re under arrest,” ...before I dozed off once more.
Darth Vader College Essay

Darth Vader Goes to College

Nothing is more important to me than family. While loyalty and obedience to authority are also of extreme importance, nothing will stand between myself and my son. When the clone wars ended, I was gravely injured, and when I finally came to, I was told that my wife had died in a tragic accident. However, I was unaware that she had died in childbirth. Thus, my son’s birth happened without my knowing, so I have sworn to do everything within my power to reunite myself with him so that he can rule the galaxy by my side. I feel that I owe it to my late wife to do better as a father after having failed him for so many years. My loyalty to Emperor Palpatine is unbreakable, but my son’s needs trump all else.

I am a born leader. I have been a military general for much of my life, serving in the clone army throughout the clone wars as a jedi knight, and then as second-in-command to the Emperor and leader of the imperial army for 19 years. I have learned much in my many years of service, including the most difficult to learn lesson: you cannot please everyone, and often cannot please anyone in order to accomplish what is needed. I have time and time again been forced to make the tough choice and relieve senior officers who were not up to the grueling tasks they had signed up for when joining the imperial fleet. While I do not take pleasure in such action, I do what is necessary for the Emperor and for the empire, as well as for the galaxy. Luckily, my hardship has been rewarded, with the creation of the first fully-functional Death Star now under my belt. So, while the job is tough, it is rewarding.

The force is strong with me. I have been deeply devout in the force since I was a child, and was raised from a young age by the jedi order on the planet Coruscant. After spending my childhood training to become a jedi knight, I served with my master, Obi-Wan Kenobi, in the clone wars, and was eventually granted the rank of jedi master shortly before the temple fell at the end of the clone wars. When the fall happened, I converted from jedi to sith, believing that they were the path to proper power and prosperity for the galaxy after the failure of the jedi order. Emperor Palpatine, previously Chancellor Palpatine, has been a close friend and mentor for most of my life, and I believe in his cause and his ability to bring peace to the galaxy under his rule.

One of the skills I take the most pride in is my ability as a pilot. Since I was a child growing up as a slave on Tatooine, I have always had a unique proficiency for driving speeders and flying ships. In fact, I even won a pod race when I was only nine years old, using the money earned from my victory to get myself out of slavery. I will always remember my humble beginnings, and I use them to remind myself of how far I have come and how far I have still to go.

I am a father. I am a leader. I am a sith. I am a pilot. Despite my humble beginnings in slavery, I have worked hard my entire life to rise up above the shackles I was born into. And I hope to further my journey through college education.
Kira Kramer
Age: 18, Grade: 12
School Name: Bishop Gorman High School, Las Vegas, NV
Educator: Christi Thomas-McEachern

Category: Humor

A Simple Story

Fantastical, whimsical wonderlands of fantasy have always encaptured me. The Bible was my first grand story, and I have always been inspired by the story of “Jesu Christ” taking “hold” of “St. Peter” as he Jesus guided Peter to ascend upon the unruly ocean waves (Chaucer 716,717). Since I was a young boy, my love for literature and stories has allowed me to evolve into an avid reader and storyteller. I have a passion for taking the hands of my listeners and guiding them through a sensational story. However, as I grew up, my job of processing through a “brimful of pardons” from “Rome” dampened my spirit of storytelling (Chaucer 707). I found that my occupation deviated from my preferred way of connecting with people through storytelling. Despite my occupational challenge and its influence on my emotions, I have learned to find remarkable joy and satisfaction in storytelling to all of those whom I pardon. I have catered my stories to contain lessons of morality that guide my listeners out of their despondencies and hope to follow in the footsteps of “Jesu Christ” and convert sinners into saints.

My competent communication skills and my diverse literary background will serve my community best through attendance at the University of Pennsylvania within their Annenberg School for Communication. Once I established my skillset in interpersonal communication, I found myself “bold in… speech” while remaining “wise and full of tact” no matter what situations my clients were enduring (Chaucer 774). My storytelling ability allows me to seek “justice” and provide peace to every audience (Chaucer 727). During my trip to Canterbury for a pilgrimage, I was able to facilitate a group storytelling workshop that promoted “good morality” and “general pleasure” further testimony to my competence in facilitating interaction and communication with others (Chaucer 818). Additionally, my success on this pilgrimage in developing a collaborative, supportive group environment, but I was not the only one to benefit from this experience. It brought me the most reward to see the other members of our group feel safe and included as well as open up to their lives with pure strangers on this “bright and merry” pilgrimage to Canterbury (Chaucer 822).

While I love telling stories of my adventures, the greatest adventure lies ahead of a fulfilling, academic path. I believe the University of Pennsylvania will give me the opportunity to contribute to the growth process of this institution which is founded on the idea of creating a facility that trains the art of caring and transforming communities. Through attending this prestigious university, I not only want to commit to the rigor and excellence of the educational process but also develop meaningful relationships with stories that will last a lifetime. Through this program offered at UPENN I will be able to better serve my community through the most effective methods of communication; ultimately, working towards improving the quality of life and unity within the community of our glorious nation, because at the University of Pennsylvania “However much the journey cost” it “pays” in goodness tenfold (Chaucer 854).

Works Cited
Being the Son of a Los Angeles Millionaire

I have experienced a life of luxury and opulence. I have lived in a multimillion dollar mansion. I have visited the Bel-Air Country Club. I have cruised down Rodeo Drive in a Model X. I have strolled down Melrose Avenue. I have dined at the Penthouse at Mastro’s. I have shopped at Louis Vuitton and Balenciaga. I have partied in the nightlife of Sunset Boulevard. I have relaxed in a beachfront beach house. I have watched a premiere at the TCL Chinese Theatre. I have observed priceless art at the Getty. I have seen the unbeatable view of downtown Los Angeles. I have lived through it all. I now know what it is like to be the son of a Los Angeles millionaire.

Of course, living an affluent, wealthy life will have perks; however, on the other hand, this life can be quite monotonous, even bothersome. Have you ever been to a fine dining restaurant where an appetizer, which is as unsatisfying as biting into string cheese whole, costs more than a Big Mac combo at McDonalds or where a mere steak costs as much as a full tank of gas? It is not cheap. Now, being the son of a Los Angeles millionaire simply answers the question of who is paying. Right there and then is at least a couple hundred dollars out the window, given the fact a group of friends is there as “company”. That is the least of the concerns. There are always those that are called gold diggers trying to kiss up and become close “friends”. Their next birthday present may be an expensive one. Then, there is the rightful millionaire himself, father. Constantly receiving an earful, I have to listen to my father yelling that his money is spent on frivolous items and that money does not grow on trees. I am sorry I have leeches who are friends with me simply because of “my” wealth. However, despite all these succulents, I still have some true friends who are not friends with me just for my “mula”. Still then, I get an ear full from my father if I get my true friend a twenty dollar cake for his birthday. I may be living a life of luxury, but what many do not know is that this affluent lifestyle is quite vexing, even burdening.

Overall, I have found this life to be full of facades, emotional torment, and money. Of course, owning a one hundred twenty thousand dollar car at the age of sixteen and cruising on a personal private yacht in the Bahamas is nice. However, when you have it all, it is difficult to enjoy the small things in life. Rather than finding another pair of expensive shoes or a designer seater that you “need,” enjoy what you already have and value it. As the saying goes, money does not buy happiness. So the next time you think that you need something, rethink the question: do I truly need this or do I just want it?
Kings are men and men have failed! No longer being able to sit there and watch the kingdom go into ruin. Prompted me to act swiftly to visualize a prosperous future for Denmark. Liberating the people from the old burden that restricted their growth I took a modern approach to governing. Problem solving and ambition were key strategies to this new governing system. Thinking about the well-being of the people prompted this decision as Denmark is full of possibilities. In addition to possibilities safety is a priority as someone has to be strong enough to handle Prince Fortinbras. In addition to being a strong leader I married a widow and took in her son as my own. Parenthood is a challenge in itself! One would think running a country is harder, but from my experience not very equivocal. To help mentor me to transition into power I had Polonius my trusted chief counselor. He taught me the reins the do’s and don’t of foreign policy. In exchange for all his service he gained my trust and friendship. Solving each other’s problems was the best way to ensure order. The problem I encountered as a new king and father was my new step-son Hamlet. Hamlet was insecure and uneasy about me marrying his mother, however, we make each other happy. When leading a country like Denmark one must have someone to share the burden with so it is not too much. Having two views on an issue makes certain that intense consideration for each policy is the utmost priority for the citizens of Denmark.

Demonstrating compassion, I had to act promptly to help bring optimism into Hamlet’s life by bringing his friends to comfort him in this time of transition. As king no one tells you the amount of external affairs preoccupy your time. As a man of faith during times of difficult I turn to prayer for guidance and clarity. Living through faith has saved my life without any questions. Constantly looking out for everyone in Denmark Hamlet, my wife’s son, for his mental well being he must be sent back to England to continue his schooling. As the head of a country and family the wellness of everyone is my utmost priority.

As a result, I was able to please all the people of Denmark as they are the true reason I upheld this position. The impact I made in Denmark will be shared for years to come. The opportunity to expand my skill set in a business major would allow me to grasp a better understanding of what it takes to control a corporation financially. Grasping a better idea of economics would set Denmark for years to come becoming a front runner for an advanced country. An advance country would allow my family and the citizen of Denmark who I consider part of my family to be set for years to come. In other words, instead of hoping to be the change in the world I acted to be the force that drives us there.
The Untold Story of the Unknown Man

The Untold Story of the Unknown Man A story that would describe me would be Sir Gawain and the Green Knight. I was considered arrogant and boisterous. Yet, many people did not understand me they saw me for who I was attempting to be rather than who I truly was. When I challenged King Arthur many people thought that I was boisterous and loud and obnoxious. Many people saw my green coat, and thought I was royalty. They thought that I was truly an awful person for how I had acted. Royalty would have never acted this way. However, during the battle they learned about me, and continued with me throughout this journey to make good on my agreements. In the beginning of the party I was thinking about what I was going to do to impress the King and win his respect, maybe even his crown. Yet, the people did not understand that I was a good person. I had a lot to prove and the only way I knew how was to duel, that is why I challenged King Arthur through my many years of studying, I figured out way to win any battle, by being able to have my head cut off and live. This allowed me to successfully win the bet with Sir Gawain after he accepted my challenge to duel in King Arthur’s place. However, that was not enough to stop the people from thinking of me as an impostor they still believed that somehow I was the villain, yet the didn’t get to see who I really was so I went on a journey to show them who the green knight really was, I was just Lord of the inn. test of fidelity with my wife the Lady of the inn, he passed the test and showed me that he was truly worthy of my respect and that he could be further tested. Later, my wife gave him a gift and he accepted. This was not a test that he passed because he took the gift and tried to bolster his status which is not a part of the knightly code of honor. However, in the end he gained my trust and is paired his life. It was me desire to help mold him into the knight he was destined to become. He was not a bad person, he was just nope on the correct journey to becoming an honorable knight. In the end, I showed mercy by sparing Sir Gawain’s life by not cutting off his head. I finally revealed who I was, and he was extremely surprised and embarrassed. I helped to improve his demeanor about knighthood, and even though I acted boastful in the beginning of this journey, my true identity is a caring innkeeper who wants to help people to succeed and reach their full potential.
Moving Past Mistakes

It can be hard feeling like the less successful sibling in the family, knowing that you can also accomplish great things, just like your sibling has. Feeling like something is holding you back or standing in your way is the worst, because you feel trapped and as though you will never be able to get past this obstacle. You will take every opportunity to get past this hindrance, even if the risk of this action is high. I used to have this mindset and it wasn’t good for me. The obstacle in the road was my own brother, and I ended up killing him to feed my hunger for power. Although this was a bad decision in my life, I learned a good lesson from it. It contributed to my later success of becoming a capable monarch who knows how to problem solve by reading in between the lines and by praying to resolve my sins.

When I killed my brother, I was at a low point in my life. I was jealous of his power and I believed that I could be a successful monarch like he was. He had a beautiful wife and I wanted to be in his position. I let my jealousy get the best of me, and I murdered him with poison. “Oh my offense is rank, it smells to heaven; It hath the primal eldest curse upon ‘t, A brothers murder”(3.3.40-43). I realized the severity of my sin and it led to later success for me. Because I knew that queen Gertrude was struggling with the loss of my brother and her husband, I stepped up to the throne and helped to rule the kingdom. I used my skills as a politician and my ability with words to deal diplomatically with the rising situation of the military threat from Norway and the depression of my nephew and now, step son.

Yet another bump in the road was the madness that my stepson, Hamlet, was experiencing when I became king. He had found out about my guilty past and wanted to get revenge on me for my past actions. “My thoughts fly up, my thoughts remain below. Words without thoughts never to heaven go” (3.3.102-103). I wanted to repent for my sins, but I wasn't totally sure if my conscience agreed. I pushed my doubts aside and showed Hamlet that I had turned my life to God, and he spared me my life. He had the chance to kill me while I was in prayer, and didn’t. I am hoping to put all of these actions behind me in college and make up for the time I have lost, being jealous of my brother's life, when I should have been building a life of my own.

After realizing my mistakes and the severity of my actions, I hope to be pardoned for issues in my past when considering my college application. I truly am a different person now, after realizing what power is like, and that it is more than the flashy, outward appearance that it gives off. I want to have an education to further extend my knowledge of authority and kingship. I hope to be considered at Arizona State University because I believe that I would be a perfect fit for this school and all of the amazing leadership opportunities that it has to offer. Go Sun Devils!