



NEW YORK STATE

# My Brother's Keeper

## Final Masterclass Essay

Walking slowly down the steps, I was careful to not make any noise because I didn't want to wake my parents. While they slept peacefully in their room, probably not waking until noon, I was leaving for work just as the sun began to rise. Although mildly envious, I didn't mind too much because my drive to work was peaceful and relaxing. My 30-minute commute to the beach, as the sky changed from pink to yellow to orange, accompanied by my ever-changing "Work Playlist" always put me in the right mood and mindset for my eight-hour shift. Besides, the early wake ups and 40-hour work weeks were just small strokes to the bigger picture. As senior year approached, I knew between the senior dues and college applications, my parents were going to have to prioritize some things and as a result, luxuries such as my clarinet lessons, additions to my vinyl collection and various coloring books were going to be sacrificed. However, I couldn't let that happen, for my passion for the arts was far too great; so, I worked. I took those 30-minute commutes and embraced the pigments of the sky as my love for the arts was much greater than my desire to sleep in on Saturdays in June.

Said perfectly by my ballet teacher, "Everyone is a lover of the arts, they just have to find their niche;" and it is with that, I decided to delve deeper into the world of arts. Dance, being my first love, consumed a lot of weekends and late nights as I took as many classes as a six-year-old could.






**From ballet to tap to hip-hop to classical, I loved being able to express myself through music. More importantly, I loved being able to perform in front of crowds, making them feel what I felt: the notes, the melodies, the beat. However, as I grew older, I took an interest in drawing, specifically doodling. I loved the way random lines and marks could lead to a scene and masterpiece. Furthermore, I admired the subjectivity of drawing, for I could see a painting one way, but you can see it in a totally different light. Nevertheless, it wasn't until I began playing the clarinet in the fourth grade, I realized I truly loved the arts, specifically music. Playing for eight years, I discovered I was happiest while playing in concerts and marching alongside other musicians down 5th Avenue in New York City.**

**Not only am I my happiest while doing anything related to the arts, but I also found that I was more open-minded and creative, in general. The arts are an outlet for stress-relief, and it helps alter my mood, my way of thinking, and my perspective. Similar to seeing Edvard Munch's masterpiece, "The Scream," one way, while you may interpret it in a complete opposite way, I've learned to approach problems through different lenses. The arts taught me to take everyone's perspective into consideration because it's not a matter of right or wrong, but rather different people having diverse backgrounds.**





**For example, when planning Junior Prom, problems surfaced as there were many different suggestions about the theme such as Roaring Twenties and Mardi Gras. However, through collaborating and compromising with everyone, I was able to bring all the different suggestions together, having different sections of the gym different themes. So, as you made your way through the gym, you went from yellow and purple beads to feathers and glitter, living in different time periods and embracing different cultures, because “it’s a flat world, after all.”**

**My parents have shown me time and time again that in order to truly appreciate luxuries later in life, one must work hard in the beginning and make a few sacrifices because essentially, it’s about the bigger picture. It’s about accomplishing the goal, making the deadline, and in my case, being able to fulfill my passion for the arts. It is in college where I hope to not only further pursue my passion in the arts, but apply what I’ve learned from the arts: patience, open-mindedness, creativity, and the importance of sacrifices, whether it’s sacrificing nights for dance class, weekends for music lessons, or Saturday mornings for work; the hard work you put in will yield great results.**

