

Keyana Alambeladi
Int. Seminar
F 3:50-6:30
9/21/18

Exposed

I wish to be known for all of the happiness I leave behind every corner, every conversation, every action, and every interaction. I want my sister to look up to me not only as a sister but as a human being who has gone through so much and managed to be okay. I want my parents to be at peace in this world and not wish for the next. I need to be annoyed as to how successful and accomplished I am. I need to experience, see, hear, smell, taste, hate, and love everything this world has to offer and I will take risks and do what I need to accomplish this. I don't care what people think of me as long as they portray me as kind and understanding. Financial Security. For my parents and grandparents to look at me with pride and love, bragging about who I have become. Find my calling and purpose in life and accomplish it to the best that I can. Be the very best in the world at something and go down in history for it. To never worry about my physical appearance. I want to get up and go about my day as if it had zero impact. Fall in love and be loved. Experience true love and companionship, even for just a short amount of time. To be more patient. To always know what to do in any given situation and circumstance. ... Pretending to understand what was being said to me in a new language and randomly answering yes or no and seeing my new classmates' expressions change with each response. Piercing my own ears. Twice. Changing my sister's very first diaper 10 days before my 13th birthday. The first time I stayed up late, watching The Others with my dad. Waking up to my grandparent screaming my name. Losing my first tooth and how incredibly funny it was that it wasn't the wiggly one. Every single time that I have stepped foot in the Tehran airport because it's always to leave them behind and not knowing when I'll see them again. Cutting 20 inches of my hair and my mom's horrified face. Getting my braces taken off and running my tongue over my smooth teeth. Getting glasses and understanding the joke about seeing every single individual leaf on the trees. Reading my first chapter book even though my teacher told me to just look at the pictures. Making my first meal, pouring the sauce over the spaghetti and mixing in the veggies. Getting pushed deeper and deeper into the bottom of the pool. Congratulations! On behalf of the Admission Committee, I am pleased to offer you a place at Parsons School of Design... Holding up my first kitten against my face and hearing her purr.