

Dreams

Sitting in the passenger seat, with the windows down, in 80 degree weather is pure happiness for me. Gazing at the hundreds of people walking through the busy streets, seeing restaurant after restaurant and horse and buggies galloping down the streets. Smelling the salt water and passing the ocean view driving by the beach. The atmosphere and smell was what I fell in love with. Turning to my friend driving, I questioned, "how amazing would it be if you lived here?" She smiled and said, "anyone can, just everyone is too afraid to do something out of the ordinary." That stuck in the back of my mind everyday after that moment. The feeling of having a city and a beach in one town is mind blowing to me. The mood of Charleston, South Carolina is undeniable. It's uplifting and it seems like it's a place where you can truly be happy. That's what I need and want. I want to be happy and right now I'm not. I'm only content with my life.

After driving back to my friends apartment at University of South Carolina, she asked me what was wrong. I explained nothing's wrong I'm just debating my decision on going to Temple University. I firmly believe Delaware County is a trap, if I don't get out I never will. My friend eyes brightened and she screamed with excitement, asking if I was thinking about moving down South. A rush of adrenaline that soared through my body. Questioning to myself, "Could I really do this? Am I capable of this? Is this smart? What am I going to do without my friends or family with me?" My mind starts to go insane. The whole plane ride home I just thought about talking to my sister Amanda because she always gives me the best advice.

Amanda and her boyfriend Connor were at the house when I got home from my visit to South Carolina. I told them what an amazing experience it was. Connor introduces this idea of the residency to me. He didn't finish four years of college at Temple University and has been working since he dropped out. He sat me down and asked what I was doing next year and I said probably going to Temple. He was like, "Meg, you're there almost three times a week, don't you do and see the same people every week?" I agreed and said, "yes , I feel like I've already been at Temple for four years. But I don't know what else I want to do." He explained the residency idea and the loopholes with that and it was like a light bulb in my head. My eyes brightened and I never felt that way about something I wanted to do before. It was like something in my brain clicked and I saw a future for myself.

"Mom, dad, can you come down to the living room please. I need to talk to you guys about something." I yelled to them from the living room. They came downstairs and sat on the opposite side of the couch as me. They looked at me as if I was about to tell them the worst news of their life. "I'm not going to transfer to Temple University anymore." They were beaming with light. To them, that was the best news. My mom cried out of happiness, "Oh thank god, you give me a heart attack everytime you go down there on the weekend, then I watch the news and see someone was shot one block from where you stay." I nodded my head agreeing to a worried mother. I wasn't sure whether the next thing to roll off my tongue was going to change the mood. "Instead, I'm going to move to Charleston, South Carolina. By myself." My mom put her head into her hands, while shaking her head. My dad yells, "why would you do the same mistake your sister did, move out mid-college, by yourself. You see

how lost she is in California. Why are you doing the same thing? You know she regrets a lot.” I explained, “I have a plan though, Danielle didn’t have a plan when she moved out to California. She just dropped out of DCCC and moved without anything planned.” Swallowing my tears, I told them that I would be moving to South Carolina, taking a year off from school and working to pay for my rent, once I live there for 12 months I will become a resident of South Carolina. Therefore, I would be able to receive in-state tuition for when I go back to college somewhere in South Carolina, preferably College of Charleston. My parents started to ease up and understand where I’m coming from. I wrote down the points I had to moving, I wouldn’t be losing college tuition in case I don’t like it and want to come home within the 12 months, it’s not as far as California, I have two friends in South Carolina so I wouldn’t be completely alone, I’d be working 24/7, I’d have my associates degree after this year of school, and I’d be finding who I am as a person and how to be on my own. My parents see how I took it into my own hands, and they are proud of me. They believe in me and said if it’s what I want to do, then I should follow my dreams.

There is so much more to see and I don’t want to do what my parents did. They lived in Havertown which is where I live now, they’ve spent their whole life here and haven’t explored or taking risks or done something out of their comfort zones. I cherished all my memories here and I have the best friends and family, but it’s time for me to do something for myself. I’m so content with all the people I met and what I have done in my life and I’m ready for a new challenge. No one is stopping me and I’m ready to adapt to a new way of living. It’s scary to think I won’t have my 14 best friends to call and ask them to come over when I need them, or when I need my parents to help me with a payment or talk to them about what I’m struggling with. Each day something new pops up in my mind that I’ll be missing. Whether it’s all my families birthdays or all my friends 21st, it’s little thing that creep into my mind that makes me doubtful. I have to look on the brighter side though. I will be meeting new people, making new memories, I won’t be losing my family or friends. I have to stay positive. This could be where I spend the rest of my life, or meet someone I marry, or my new job for my career. It’s going to be all new beginnings for me. I’m looking forward to starting a new life.

September 19th, 2017, I received two packages on my front door step. One was from my brother from Penn State and one was from my sister from California. I opened up my sister Danielle’s package first. It was a letter. It read, “Happy 20th birthday Meg! I cannot believe how grown up you are. Mom and dad called me explaining your idea that you want to move to Charleston. I’ll tell you exactly what I think. You’re doing everything right. You’ve been saving up and working your ass off. You’ll be getting your associates degree in Business Management at DCCC. You’re one of the bravest, most outgoing person I know. You make friends with anyone you make eye contact with. You will have no problem moving by yourself. You’re doing it all right, not like me. I moved out to California without a good education, barely any money, and with all the wrong motives. I will stand by you and fully support you with this decision. You just turned 20 years old, it’s time to live your life the way you want to. Happy birthday and I love you. Love, Danielle.” I opened my next package from my brother Kevin who usually is horrible at giving presents and will just get my mom to put his name on something without any thought to what it actually is. As I open the next package, I pull out a thick book that was titled “South Carolina”. It’s a book on everything you need to

know about South Carolina and where to go. Page 76 was book marked with a bracelet of the South Carolina state shaped pendant and was at the start of the new chapter that was on Charleston. Those two presents meant the world to me and showed me the love and support I will have throughout this journey. They'll support me no matter what the outcome is of my decision. Planning out my next steps to make my dream come true is what I need to do. My journey has just begun.