

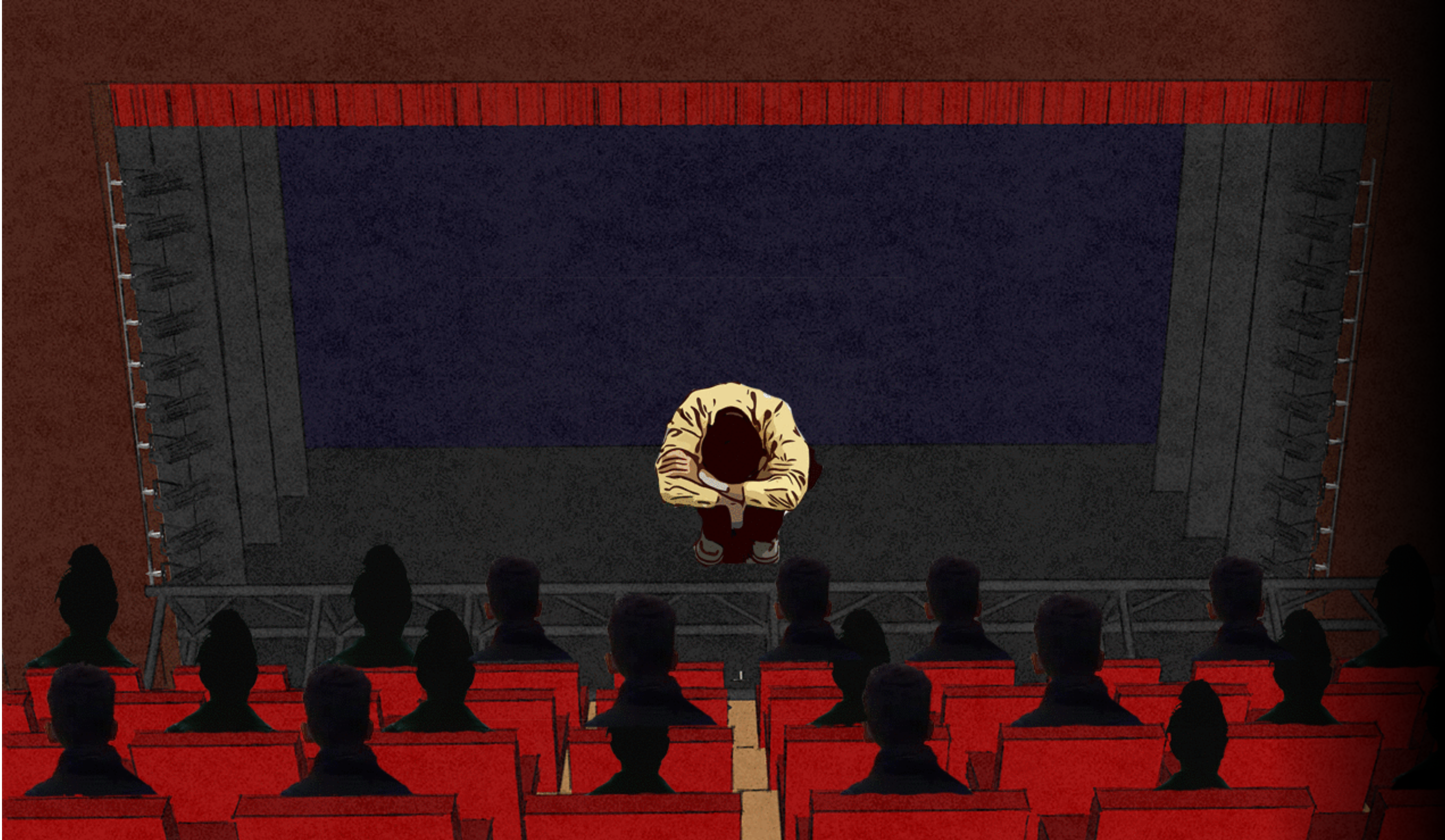
I tell my parents that I want to go to art school. They strongly disagree, which is just what I expected. They even start to blame each other, saying: "It is your fault that our son became so rebellious! What if he becomes unemployed? How about the tuition? We can't afford it!"

I...

still apply to art schools since I realize that I should live for myself, not for them.

feel guilty. They are right, I should stop thinking about it.





So, I ended up getting into a pretty wonderful art school with a scholarship that covered half of the tuition.

I had some student debt that I still haven't taking care of, but I was still thrilled since I can finally study something that I really enjoy!

But now, things are not as good as I thought they would be.

All my peers are so talented, it seems as though they were just born to have a million ideas. Even though my professor likes my drawing techniques, he still seems to think that all I can do is make beautiful pictures. I have no real stories, no soul, no ideas.

Every critique is a pain, I don't want to show my work to the public since I am scared of being judged. I have lost my passion.

I...

still try extra hard just to prove to myself

doubt that being an animator is truly my dream