**Share an essay on any topic of your choice. It can be one you've already written, one that responds to a different prompt, or one of your own design.**

As a lover of technology, I have always dreamt of a fantasy-like, technological utopia where everyone would be driving flying cars, communicating through holograms, and I would contribute to that large image as an innovator and game changer. These dreams would be crushed the moment I wake up from my sleep and realize that I had to go to school.

During breaks, I would hang around in the back area of the school library, taking a nap while listening to “No Friends” by Cadmium. I enjoyed times when I would not be bothered by anyone. I often rejected invitations to hang out and chose to sit away from all the noise so that I could enjoy my peace. However, as a result, no one openly talked to me in school. I often became the last one picked when it came to a sports match or team project, and sometimes, I would even be forgotten about in class.

Despite all that, my burning passion for programming allowed me to keep aiming for my dreams and ignore my dull social life. To me, it was an escape from reality since programming allowed me to create however many fantasies I wanted, whether it's through the games I made or the websites I developed. Everytime I finished a web development or application project, I was ecstatic. However, something deep inside of me still felt hollow after that, like an itch that I cannot wrap my head around.

One night, I was sitting at the dinner table across from my dad, and he asked me a question.

“What’s your goal after all this programming?”

A question that seemed so simple, yet, difficult. I thought of the dreams that I had about a technological utopia but it was too embarrassing to say. No words came out of my mouth that day as I sat there pondering for a proper answer. I had to think back to everything I have done for the past few years. Back to when my passion first ignited. *What was I doing all of this for? Why do I never feel satisfied with the results?*

The next morning, while showering and listening to music, a new song called “Fighter” by The Score started playing. The lyrics ‘building a dream is what shaped me’ sent shivers down my spine, and throughout the song, the theme of standing tall in the face of adversity is very prominent. Upon hearing the song’s rhythm, every musical instrument worked in unison to tell me that it was finally time I stopped sighing and prepared for school. Unlike “No Friends”, this song made me feel thrilled to go to school for the first time in months.

When I went to school that day, I came in wanting to talk to more people. I asked a few of my classmates if I could sit on their table during lunch, to which they responded ‘yes’; following this day, we became very close friends. Moreover, when my classmates approached me to ask about their programming homework, I gave a reply that turned out to work. It did not really show on my face, but inside, I was glad that the solution worked. The day went great, and I realized that helping and talking to my classmates made me feel quite content.

“Perhaps I have been wasting all this time spending it alone when with just a bit of effort I could spend it with others and feel content,” I thought to myself.

This year, I tried something new and used my passion for programming to teach others by launching a programming club. Me and my new found friend became the teachers of the class, and although there were only 5 people in the club, I made sure to teach each one of them with dedication and commitment. I gave them group projects to enhance cooperation and allowed for many group discussions. At the end, I found the answer to the question my dad asked that night. My true dream is to create a better life for people using the technology I built. However, from the song “Fighter” I realized that right now, I am not at the level where I can achieve that yet. I need to first shape my mindset and character so that I can achieve my dream in the future.