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**Transfer Alumni Scholarship Essay**

Before I begin my story, I had been contemplating the word that could concisely describe my transition into University of California, Los Angeles (UCLA). After a while, I couldn’t find any other better word than this: urgent. During my last year in Irvine Valley College, a thought of moving out of my house and living somewhere else away from my parents soon drove me frenzy. I could not wait for that ‘college experience’ to come, which I’ve always dreamt of ever since I graduated from high school. When I finally got my apartment complex near the campus, I still remember vividly how me and my roommates from same college spent all nights excitedly, discussing about how we would invite new friends over and go knock on the doors of fraternity parties every week. However, it didn’t take long until all the glitz and glamour disappeared and I was hard struck with the reality. After failing first few quizzes in the class and experiencing how everything had changed, I realized just about how foolish I was.

I try not to compare myself with others, but meeting non-transfer university students were honestly daunting experience. As a junior who haven’t had much real-life experience in my field yet, being surrounded by so many intelligent people that have so much more knowledge and involvement than me, even in lower grade levels, in my field was scary and at the same time, discouraging. Moreover, networking was quite difficult for me since I’m not very extroverted person. I personally felt that it is definitely harder for transfer students to assimilate into campus life. Being a junior and living off the campus, it can come off challenging to make friends since most non-transfer students seem to have formed their social bubbles already, or maybe it’s just me.

Classes definitely were on whole different levels. I had never taken a class where the midterm averages out to merely 40%. Neglecting a little bit can easily trip you and make it much harder to stand back up. Though I’m now quite used to new school system, first quarter of UCLA was extremely strenuous. While in community college where there are plenty of rooms to relax, here I had to force myself to spend most of my days in library, with a black coffee and a calculator by my side. It was a struggle but fortunately, I survived.

It seems like everything I described about transferring to UCLA as overly cynical. However, as much as challenging it was, I learned and personally matured a lot. There is abundance of opportunities for education and people that are always willing to guide you to success. I believe that this amount of pressure placed on my shoulder will be compensating at the end and eventually have pushed me to grow bigger. For the rest of time I have left in this school, I am looking forward to make the best out of it.