Personal Essay

I am sick. Sick of all my addictions. I always need to play the sax or make a robot. I cannot get enough of the electric shock or the red-line mark on my lips that my mouthpiece leaves. Once I stand up and walk, I unconsciously begin to whistle or think about a bug that I encountered previously.

Starring at the rain after stepping in the car. Drops were sluggishly decelerating until my eyes could follow each one of them. Brain cells were conceiving an image of myself programming at a desk. I was coding and assembling a robot. All those thoughts because of an amazing movie we had watched. Once we got home, I rapidly went upstairs avoiding the grim reaper on the way because of the greasy stairs. Slinking myself between the pills of Lego I finally reached my desk. “How to make a robot?” were the first words typed in the web browser. Suddenly my finger clicked on the left mouse button, and before realizing it, I had bought a programming course.

Exhausted from school, I glimpsed a highly interesting mail that was proposing students participate in a litter challenge. After writing a motivation letter and going to the first meeting. The team decided that we would make a talking trashcan and at last, we adumbrated the first design; I was given the electronics part of it. I had to assemble and program an Arduino, which I had never done before. The journey was rude, with no experience in electronics it was a perfect opportunity to try out the programming skills I had acquired during the past six months. Through the days, I heaped sweat and tears to finish the project in time and each time I clicked on the upload button, I was feeling anxious. Is the command line going to show: ’compiling error’? Thankfully, nothing arose. I startled off my chair and began hopping all around my room. My speakers were finally playing the meme sounds I had downloaded. It worked! The trashcan was placed on a lawn near the toilets. Every time I go downstairs, I find myself face to face with the talking trashcan, pride must course through my body.

No, it was empty. The flamboyant golden sax was laying in the soft black case, but the tiny mouthpiece was missing. A few minutes ago, I had entered the classroom with a shiny smile, but when the teacher said: “You cannot participate.” I became pale. And with my eyes locked on the black hole, I did not even notice that tears were falling down my cheek. As I was wiping away the tears, I clutched my mom’s leg and turned my back to the teacher. Courage escaped through my fingertips and did not come back for the remaining minutes. On the ride back home, my mom was desperately trying to solace me, but nothing could muffle this uncomfortable feeling. This first sax experience proved my love for it. I could not stay emotionless after hearing that I could not take part to the first lesson. One week later, after the lesson, even if I could not play correctly, I spent all the night trying out my sax. The neighbors did not sleep very well but the excitement could not be held inside.

Am I still sick? Yes, I will be my whole life. Because passions come and go. Even if programming and music decide to leave me, memories will stay. Memories of ruining a whole website with one single space and trying to master a piece before an exam will always be present.