Success, to me, means achieving a desired result and for me, that ultimately means being happy. Sometimes it's as simple as studying hard and earning a high mark on a test or going to the gym consistently and seeing improvement in my physical abilities. Success is tied to reaching the result I aimed for, but the "desired result" can vary depending on the situation. For example, going to a group study session might be about improving a grade, but it could also be about building connections with classmates. That's why measuring success can be complicated; there are often multiple possible outcomes. For me, the true measure is whether I feel satisfied with the effort I put in.

I don't believe someone can be happy without also being successful. If you're genuinely enjoying what you do, the work won't feel like work at all. My perspective has been shaped by my parents' very different definitions of success. My mother sees success in recognition: titles, salary, and the approval of others. By her standards, she's extremely successful, but from my perspective, she's rarely happy. My father, on the other hand, values experiences and family. For him, being together and enjoying life is more than enough.

I've come to believe that success is not a destination but an ongoing process. Life is unpredictable things break, money disappears, people we love may pass away. There will be days when everything feels perfect, and days when it all seems to fall apart. That's why, for me, success means doing everything I could have done, finding fulfillment in the effort, and living without regrets.