*(Write about a time when you faced failures. What lessons did you learn then? Word Limit = 250 – 650)*

A lot of people say Math is hard and I can empathize with them. It can be very intimidating if you are uninformed of the rules of Math. Such was my case in grade 8. Although my parents kept telling me at that time, but I could not have cared less about academics; all I wanted was to have fun with my friends. Rightly enough, my folly came back to bite me. After the first quarter exam, I was absolutely shocked and devastated. I could not believe what I was seeing. I got twenty out of forty, a mere fifty percent. This had never happened before; my score was lower than ever. The humiliation coupled with my parents’ disappointment jolted me out of my ignorance. I realized that I could no longer be carefree and that I had to get serious and responsible.

So I had decided to get better at Math no matter what it took. My plan was to do Math every weekend for at least four hours each day. In the beginning I was at sea. My foundations in Math were weak and therefore, I could barely do any of the questions in the textbook. Although the fact that I could not solve a single question was very demotivating, I kept on trudging because I had made up my mind. So I learnt Math from the very basics again. I restarted algebra from scratch and this time, I made sure to master it. I kept getting questions wrong, but I kept trying again. I would go back to the start and read examples for help and then I would try again. This was without a doubt the most excruciating thing I have ever done. Yet I continued pushing forward.

Bit by bit, I was getting better. The exercise that would take me 2 hours to solve, became a task of just 15 minutes. The exercise in which I failed at every question became a piece of cake. Then I moved on to other Math topics and before I knew it, I was ahead of the class and the curriculum. I had completed the entire textbook and the grade 8 course in 5 months. Then when the third quarter exam came, I was completely prepared. When my results came back, I tasted the fruit of my labor and nothing could compare to the joy I felt when I saw that paper. A perfect score: forty out of forty. This was when I learned what hard work actually meant. I caught a glimpse of what people do to become masters in their fields. The lesson I learnt was that in order to do something, however difficult, one must have 3 things: focus, determination and sheer will. With the use of these qualities, I have conquered and got a 7 consistently in IB Math Higher level which is arguably one of the arduous feat for a highschooler like myself. And with these very qualities, I believe I am ready to excel at university and at life alike.