One activity that has become a staple in my life is my daily FaceTime call with my friends. Every night a couple of my friends call me with frantic homework questions, trying to soak up as much information as possible to avoid being clueless during tomorrow’s lesson. Here’s the disclaimer: I used to hate answering those late night anxiety-ridden calls, especially when I’m trying to complete my own homework. In the beginning, I would answer out of politeness, happy to elucidate any math quarries, but by the time we finished, the clock would strike 1 AM and I’ve have to scramble to get my own studying done. Other times my phone would ring while I was already fast asleep, my bleary eyes adjusting to the video screen as I answered the video call. At some point I just couldn't take it anymore and stopped answering my friends’ calls. That’s when karma decided to pay me a visit. I went into history class the next day after studying for hours for the forewarned chapter four test. I confidently flipped through the test and quickly came to the realization that I was clueless about most of the answers.

That’s when it hit me. This is what my friends must have felt when they would call me for a rapid-fire math lesson. After a drastic improvement to my time management, I was able to better help my friends while finding time to complete my homework as well. Now, I look forward to our late night study sessions. Helping my friends has engendered a sense of humility in myself and I feel rewarded for doing good, however infinitesimal the act may be. This experience has shown me to put myself in someone else’s shoes before I jump to any conclusions. Helping my friends has strengthened my relationship with them; as a result, I’ve grown into a more mature and understanding person since the era of our daily FaceTime calls.