John Li

The farmers market had finally begun.

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As the horde of kids entered the school room, I dug my hand into my pockets and pulled out my hard-earned cash. Frantically scanning each vendor, my eyes locked onto the treasure - Ms. Hoang and her apples. I hurried my short six-year-old legs towards the mob who were bombarding the teacher.

Eventually making it to the front, I slammed the monopoly money against the table and left with ten fresh apples in my bag along with my empty Spiderman wallet. After that single transaction, I began heading towards the exit.

In the hallway, I rushed towards my mom and excitedly showed her my spoils of war.

"Look at what I have! We can have ten yummy apples for dinne-," I managed to suggest before being scolded.

"WHY DIDN'T YOU LISTEN TO ME? I TOLD YOU TO GET BOK CHOY AND CARROTS!"

As my mom continues to ramble on about obedience, I begin to salivate about the sweet and

juicy sensation from the fruit.

The positive experience to Later that night, we sliced open the apple and began enjoying its flavor. In the moment, I had proved her wrong – by following my intuition, it led to a positive experience for her and I. Being so young, never have I made my own decisions. At the age of six, I began to fall in love with the farmers market at my elementary school.

While I ate the rest of the apples that week, I discovered more about myself from that event. Taking the next step forward, I had a clearer lifelong objective – the aspiration to love your work, while having it impact others. However, I must prioritize my own passions and interests rather than the opinions and negative stigma behind it, just like I did with the apple.