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The community question;

The people you work with become a second family. Some you look up to like parents, or quarrel with like siblings, but you love them all the same. Over the summer, I worked at Nordstrom full-time, and for the majority of it I was placed in the delivery room. Every day, there were at least three of us forming an assembly line, packaging and shipping merchandise for 8-9 hours. Since this was a repetitive job where we never needed to move from our spots, we found ways to pass the time. We would blast music through the warehouse and have dance parties, or competitions to see who could box the most in 20 minutes, or endless games of "Would You Rather?" with hypothetical scenarios. The group of people I worked with became a group of best friends, and work felt more like a reunion with them than a repetitive packaging job. It was a home away from home.

The best part of my summer was that I had the opportunity to meet new people who showed me that being productive can coexist with having fun. I also became a pro at using a tape gun, a skill I found only an elite few could master. At the University of Washington I'm looking forward to meeting an entirely new group of people, and creating another family, another home away from home. I want to be able to strive in my academics, but still find ways to have fun. I can't wait to join communities, create some of my own, and when Christmas comes around, I'll be the go-to person for packing a box in 15 seconds.

Commented [CBR1]: Cute :)

Additional information about myself;

Not only is art a way to express myself, it's also a go-to stress reliever and creative outlet. Not a single day goes by where there isn't a doodle drawn or a stroke painted. I've donated some of my pieces to charity, such as Draw Me a Change, which is a non-profit organization where the consumer can choose which organization gets the proceeds. Some of the causes include Unicef, American Cancer Society, and Red Cross. I've also given many away to loved ones, and shown them in art shows. Creating art gives me confidence in doing what I love the most, and a way to always be improving. There's always a new technique, style, or subject to try. It has the power to cheer me in sad times or encourage the happy ones, and it is always opening my eyes to new perspectives. I've spent countless hours in art museums learning of the cultural and religious backgrounds behind artworks, styles, materials, and stories. Did you know the first instance of art was recorded back in the Stone Age as stone carvings known as petroglyphs? Since then, art has evolved and changed thousands of times over, and I love being part of that change. When I was nine years old, my dad took me to a free art class, and I drew a large brown bunny, messily colored in with pastels. It was completely terrible, but I fell in love with art

nonetheless. From that day on, I spent years in multiple art classes as well as creating at home. The medium didn't matter, either. One day I would be splashing a canvas with paint to meticulously drawing with pencils the next. My recent obsession is spray-painting large galaxies on 3 feet canvases. Art isn't just another activity to me, it's an integral part of my life in which I can hope to continue on no matter what I end up pursuing.