Everyone belongs to many different communities and/or groups defined by (among other things) shared geography, religion, ethnicity, income, cuisine, interest, race, ideology, or intellectual heritage. Choose one of the communities to which you belong, and describe that community and your place within it. 250 words

Essay #1:

• I am from Birmingham, Michigan. This means, for most of my life, I have lived in what is known as 'the Birmingham bubble.' Most of us are well-off, living in an affluent area, of Christian faith, Caucasian, and with intelligence in our DNA. With all of these traits, there are so many opportunities laid out before us, and so many ways to get involved. For a lot of my fellow Birmingham Bubble comrades, these opportunities don't seem too worth it, because taking them would require leaving the perfect bubble we call home. But I choose to be in a smaller sector of the bubble that takes these great opportunities we have been offered, and that is where my niche in the bubble lies. My group chooses to do volunteer work, and when asked why, our reply is "because I can, and the better question is 'why not?'". I chose to go down to San Antonio on my spring break trip with students from both my high school and the neighboring high school. We were a group of Birmingham kids looking to get involved. We went to build homes for those who are less fortunate than ourselves through Habitat for Humanity. We weren't afforded the luxuries usually equipped with being a part of the bubble, but instead used tarp bags to hold all of our things, slept on a church floor, cooked our own food, and spent our days doing the hard labor of building houses. We learned so much, and grew with new cultures that simply don't exist in our little bubble.

Essay #2

• The green field, spread out before me, my teammates all along the edges, me playing center midfield at the bottom of the circle. This is the place, where everything is still possible, where my muscles are buzzing in anticipation, where the game is still a complete unknown, this is where I am content. Some of my teammates I have known for years, since I began playing soccer when I was twelve, others have come in through the years, but the one thing we all have in common is a singular goal. We must win. When we're standing there, lined up to begin playing whichever team, we're in sync. We rely on one another, as there is no 'I' in 'team', and not one of us can succeed without the combined efforts of everyone else. We train, for hours every week, and in that moment before the first whistle is blown, we are ready. We have put in the time, and I know this, I know that every dribble of the ball has led to this moment, another game, another chance at victory. It parallels and makes me reflect in other aspects of my life. Its such a trivial thing, a sporting event, but it translates into so many other aspects of my life, and that fact is not lost on me. The calm feeling before the game begins reminds me so much of how I feel before a test, where I am sure I have prepared to my maximum potential, and before a singing recital, when I'm standing on the stage holding the microphone knowing that this is the moment where I have put in countless hours of work for. I love this feeling, this complete self-assurance that I am ready. I strive and long for this feeling, and put in the work necessary to achieve this complete tranquility. So much of life is planning and preparation for a bigger thing, for a grander goal, but being there, ready to begin, when the time has finally come and the challenge is about to be faced and I know I can do it, and I'll enjoy it.

ski group up north

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Otsego ski and golf resort ... in Gaylord in northern michigan

learned to ski when I was 4

family members and friends

in this small community of families from throughout the state

develop friendships with kids from different towns throughout the state and even schools close to home.

The relationship with these kids is different than that of my friends in birmingham
get to experience
you fags

LOL IM WITH A WRITING GUY AND YOU guys just blew up this fucking essay