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College Essay

Boom! The sound of my snowboard helmet slamming against a cold, damp rock. That sound became pretty familiar during my first few experiences with snowboarding. I would get up, change the song on my iPod, and do it again. My sister was attending White Mountain School in New Hampshire. During our visits, my Mom would plan ‘fun’ trips to the mountains with my Au \Pair. The first time I saw the mountain I felt insignificant and helpless. The young, attractive ski instructor assured me, however, that I would be fine. During a weeklong trip to Sugarloaf Mountain in Maine, my friend seriously doubted in my plans to conquer a double black diamond by the end of the trip. My hard work soon paid off and I was cruising down the double black diamond with confidence. Snowboarding, like other new challenges in my life, taught me that I can accomplish anything, even when other people lack faith in me.

My embarrassing and relatively secret lifelong dream has always been to be a race car driver. Naturally, I was excited to get my license. Completing my twelve mandatory driving hours was rough. My instructor, Donna, would often yell and swear at me. During her angry rants, she would tell me that I was never going to be able to pass my license test. This did not detour my passion for driving. A few hot summer days before my test, I sat in front of YouTube and watched, as a funny man with a foreign accent, taught me how to drive. I rocked the driving test and made sure leave Donna a lovely voicemail.

A similar situation occurred when I was thirteen years old. Many people associate Bat Mitzvahs with the word Mazel Tav, Yamulkas, and a lot of Kedem wine. Bat Mitzvahs actually require months of intense preparation, after attending Hebrew school for nine years. My parents hired a woman, who, now that I think of it, was very similar to Donna. She would constantly

yell and belittle me out of frustration. Her anger made me anxious and embarrassed to read in front of her. Even the yummy donuts she bribed me with could not convince me to stay. I eventually stopped going to the lessons and decided to learn on my own. After weeks of studying, I was finally ready. I read my ridiculously long passage with ease, gave my proud parents a thumbs up, and danced to the YMCA.

My friend's lack of support reminded me of the other people in my life that had doubted me. Looking back on those three situations, I have learned not only about myself, but about life. I am a Jewish adult, who after working for two summers can drive my own car! I had once again proved someone wrong. I had conquered the notorious double black diamond and to this day, continue to do so. I will never listen to anyone who says that I will fail, because from what I have experienced in life, it's simply not true.

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