

Emma Lawrence

## Decision Day

It was winding down to the end April and the big day was coming. May 1st was decision day, the day I have to decide where I want to go to college. I had so much riding on this. My parents pressuring me to choose the right school for my major, Nursing, but my friends pressuring me to go to school near them so we can still keep in touch. How do I choose? I needed major advice but not from someone who was pressuring me to choose the schools I needed to go to but someone on the outside that could help me. A week before decision day I asked one of my older friends to come out to lunch with me. I walk into the restaurant to find her sitting quietly at a table and she looks at me with a worried face.

"Are you okay Carly?" Said Jill.

She must've seen the distress on my face and my body dragging as I walked through the door from being so stressed. "Yes, I am just so stressed out and have so much pressure on me to make this decision." I reply shakily.

Jill reliably replies, "Well you are getting down to the wire. But it is a huge decision to make and I understand what you're going through. It wasn't easy for me to choose either."

"I know and it doesn't help with my parents telling me one thing and my friends telling me the other. I just figured I needed an outside opinion." I reply.

"I'm happy to help. So, tell me a little about your choices." Said Jill in an optimistic voice.

"Well I've narrowed it down to four top schools, University at Buffalo, Duquesne University, Niagara University, and Binghamton University. All of the schools are great but there's pros and cons to each school." I said nervously.

I continued to explain to Jill that I wanted to go to University at Buffalo because I loved the campus, student life, and my friends were going there, but my parents didn't want me to go there because the Nursing

program is competitive. Duquesne was too far away for me, but they have a great Nursing program. Niagara is close to Buffalo so I could still see my friends, but their Nursing program isn't good enough. Finally, I explained that Binghamton had the best Nursing program out of all of the schools, but it was fourth on my list and I didn't really enjoy the campus that much.

"I just don't know how I'm going to choose." I continued to say.

Jill looks at me with a smirk, like I already knew what she was going to say. "You have a lot of good choices here Carly and I can see why you're so conflicted, but it seems to me like you already made up your mind."

I look up from my food with confusion and say, "what do you mean?"

"It seems like you have your mind set on Buffalo. I mean besides your friends going there, it seems like you fell in love with the campus and that's a big part of your time at college. If you don't like the campus and everything it has to offer, you won't enjoy your college experience." Jill said with significance.

"I know and all of that is true, I just don't want to disappoint my parents if I don't get into the program." I sadly reply.

With excitement she responds, "Carly, you are so smart, and you work very hard. If you put that effort in you will get into the program, you just have to set your mind to it."

"You're right I know I can do it! My parents' voice in my head just haunts me because I feel like they don't have the faith in me." I sadly reply again.

"Don't let that bring you down! Ultimately it is your decision, and no one can force you to do anything." Jill said.

We continue to finish our food and talk about all of my future possibilities I will have at University at Buffalo. She gave me some tips on how to study and put myself out there to make my college experience really worth it. I couldn't have been more thankful for this conversation. Excited that I finally got the clarity I needed, I jumped up from my chair and reached over the table to give Jill a hug and thank her for helping me with my big decision. We said our goodbyes and I start my drive home, but I realized that I have to go tell my parents and I don't know how they will take it. My hands were sweating so bad they were slipping off of the steering wheel. I pull into the driveway and I didn't even want to go in, but I decided I have to face my fear of my parents. I walk through the door and they were already waiting for me at the table anticipating a good response.

I nervously walk up to the table and say "I decided I am going to University at Buffalo. I know that wasn't your choice for me, but I know I have the strength and perseverance to get into the program."

With a surprised look on their faces they replied, “all we want for you is to be happy. Sure, that wasn’t the school we wanted for you, but we are proud of you for finally making the decision for yourself.”

I couldn’t believe it. They were happy for me! I was more stressed than I should’ve been but, I couldn't be happier to start the next chapter of my life knowing that I will be successful and content with my decision.