**Choices to be Made.**

**Jheriza Mae C. Zotomayor, 13**

**373 words**

A thing as simple as *peace, solace, sense of contentment really hard to achieve?* I wish to leave this world as a person who achieved so little but passed on as someone who is contented and happy with the only life they lived.

Difficult? *Absolutely*, in these generations’ happiness is hard to set as a goal when there’s many more priorities, opportunities to commit to. It reminds me of one of the times that i wasted half of my life dedicating my goals for academics and getting more achievements, to get all their praises, to hear their unsympathetic cheers, *but what about me?*  What about my joy? Did i sacrifice too much for it not to be recognized by the ones who i called *family?* Were the burdens i held on my shoulder as the eldest become too much?

Did the severe pressure get to as to bringing me into a well of my own feelings?

Not until I chose myself, if i would be given another thousand chances, i would still choose my own well being putting my other priorities aside because deep inside I know it’s what i want, I gave my blood sweat and tears for this kind of peace given even just for a moment. All the tears i wept and people I’ve talked to about my problems, eyes stained red, snot covered nose, sobbing, begging for some kind of calm to the storm.

*The stillness in my life is finally here.*

Now let me ask you, if a thing as simple as tranquility in your life really hard to achieve when theres people who are enlightened by your presence? When you still have dreams that you still must fulfill? At least for me, just keep on going with your silly dream.

In my fourteen — and *more* years to go, I have felt so much and will feel and experience more. Love can be so beautiful and scary to experience, but thats the most exciting part. I can rest easy while still having priorities within academic reach, *because life doesn’t end when you choose to be happy for yourself, I know the love i feel for living exists, because i exist, and I am bursting full of it.*