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## Personal statement examples for colleges

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What is a Personal Statement? Your personal statement is any essay that you must write for your main application, such as the Common App Essay, University of California Essays, or Coalition Application Essay, University of California Essays, or Coalition Essay, University of California Essays, or Coalition Essays, or Coalition Essays, or Coalition Essays, University of California Essays, or Coalition Essays, or Coalition Essays, or Coalition Essays, University of California Essays, or Coalition Essays, University of California Essays, or Coalition Essays, or Coalition Essays, University of California Essays, University Office Essays, University Office Essays, University Office Essays,
This essay should be an opportunity for the admissions officers to get to know you better and give them a glimpse into who you really are. In this post, we will also provide commentary on what each essay did well and where there is room for improvement, so you can
make your personal statement as strong as possible! Please note: Looking at examples of real essays students have submitted to colleges can be very beneficial to get inspiration for your essays. You should never copy or plagiarize from these examples when writing your own essays. Colleges can tell when an essay isn't genuine and will not view
students favorably if they plagiarized. Personal Statement Examples Essay Example #1: Exchange Program The twisting roads, ornate mosaics, and fragrant scent of freshly ground spices had been so foreign at first. Now in my fifth week of the SNYI-L summer exchange program in Morocco, I felt more comfortable in the city. With a bag full of
pastries from the market, I navigated to a bus stop, paid the fare, and began the trip back to my host family's house. It was hard to believe that only a few years earlier my mom was worried about letting me travel around my home city on my own, let alone a place that I had only lived in for a few weeks. While I had been on a journey towards self-
 sufficiency and independence for a few years now, it was Morocco that pushed me to become the confident, self-reflective person that I am today. As a child, my parents pressured me to achieve perfect grades, master my swim strokes, and discover interesting hobbies like playing the oboe and learning to pick locks. I felt compelled to live my life
according to their wishes. Of course, this pressure was not a wholly negative factor in my life -- you might even call it support. However, the constant presence of my parents' hopes for me overcame my own sense of desire and led me to become quite dependent on them. I pushed myself to get straight A's, complied with years of oboe lessons, and
dutifully attended hours of swim practice after school. Despite all these achievements, I felt like I had no sense of self beyond my drive for success. I had always been expected to succeed on the path they had defined. However, this path was interrupted seven years after my parents' divorce when my dad moved across the country to Oregon. I missed
my dad's close presence, but I loved my new sense of freedom. My parents' separation allowed me the space to explore my own strengths and interests as each of them became individually busier. As early as middle school, I was riding the light rail train by myself, reading maps to get myself home, and applying to special academic programs without
urging from my parents. Even as I took more initiatives on my own, my parents both continued to see me as somewhat immature. All of that changed three years ago, when I applied and was accepted to the SNYI-L summer exchange program in Morocco. I would be studying Arabic and learning my way around the city of Marrakesh. Although I think
my parents were a little surprised when I told them my news, the addition of a fully-funded scholarship convinced them to let me go. I lived with a host family in Marrakesh and learned that they, too, had high expectations for me. I didn't know a word of Arabic, and although my host parents and one brother spoke good English, they knew I was there
to learn. If I messed up, they patiently corrected me but refused to let me fall into the easy pattern of speaking English just as I did at home. Just as I had when I was younger, I felt pressured and stressed about meeting their expectations. However, one day, as I strolled through the bustling market square after successfully bargaining with one of the
street vendors, I realized my mistake. My host family wasn't being unfair by making me fumble through Arabic. I had applied for this trip, and I had committed to the intensive language study. My host family's rules about speaking Arabic at home had not been to fulfill their expectations for me, but to help me fulfill my expectations for myself.
Similarly, the pressure my parents had put on me as a child had come out of love and their hopes for me, not out of a desire to crush my individuality. As my bus drove through the still-bustling market square and past the medieval Ben-Youssef madrasa, I realized that becoming independent was a process, not an event. I thought that my parents'
separation when I was ten had been the one experience that would transform me into a self-motivated and autonomous person. It did, but that didn't mean that I didn't still have room to grow. Now, although I am even more self-sufficient than I was three years ago, I try to approach every experience with the expectation that it will change me. It's still
difficult, but I understand that just because growth can be uncomfortable doesn't mean it's not important. What the Essay Did Well This is a nice essay because it delves into particular character trait of the student and how it has been shaped and matured over time. Although it doesn't focus the essay around a specific anecdote, the essay is still
successful because it is centered around this student's independence. This is a nice approach for a personal statement: highlight a particular trait of yours and explore how it has grown with you. The ideas in this essay are universal to growing up—living up to parents' expectations, yearning for freedom, and coming to terms with reality—but it feels are universal to growing up—living up to parents' expectations, yearning for freedom, and coming to terms with reality—but it feels are universal to growing up—living up to parents' expectations, yearning for freedom, and coming to terms with reality—but it feels are universal to grow and explore the universal to grow and explore t
unique to the student because of the inclusion of details specific to them. Including their oboe lessons, the experience of riding the light rail by themselves, and the negotiations with a street vendor helps show the reader what these common tropes of growing up looked like for them personally. Another strength of the essay is the level of self-
reflection included throughout the piece. Since there is no central anecdote tying everything together, an essay about a character trait is only successful when you deeply reflect on how you felt, where you made mistakes, and how that trait impacts your life. The author includes reflection in sentences like "I felt like I had no sense of self beyond my
drive for success," and "I understand that just because growth can be uncomfortable doesn't mean it's not important." These sentences help us see how the student was impacted and what their point of view is. What Could Be Improved The largest change this essay would benefit from is to show not tell. The platitude you have heard a million times
no doubt, but for good reason. This essay heavily relies on telling the reader what occurred, making it much more enjoyable to
read. For example, they tell us about the pressure to succeed their parents placed on them: "I pushed myself to get straight A's, complied with years of oboe lessons, and dutifully attended hours of swim practice after school." They could have shown us what that pressure looked like with a sentence like this: "My stomach turned somersaults as my
rattling knee thumped against the desk before every test, scared to get anything less than a 95. For five years the painful squawk of the oboe only reminded me of my parents' claps and whistles at my concerts. I mastered the butterfly, backstroke, and freestyle, fighting against the anchor of their expectations threatening to pull me down." If the
student had gone through their essay and applied this exercise of bringing more detail and colorful language to sentences that tell the reader what happened, the essay would be really great. Table of Contents Essay Example #2: Being Bangladeshi-American Life before was good: verdant forests, sumptuous curries, and a devoted family. Then, my
family abandoned our comfortable life in Bangladesh for a chance at the American dream in Los Angeles. Within our first year, my father was diagnosed with thyroid cancer. He lost his battle three weeks before my sixth birthday. Facing a new country without the steady presence of my father, we were vulnerable — prisoners of hardship in the land of
the free. We resettled in the Bronx, in my uncle's renovated basement. It was meant to be our refuge, but I felt more displaced than ever. Gone were the high-rise condos of West L.A.; instead, government projects towered over the neighborhood. Pedestrians no longer smiled and greeted me; the atmosphere was hostile, even toxic. Schoolkids were
quick to pick on those they saw as weak or foreign, hurling harsh words I'd never heard before. Meanwhile, my family began integrating into the local Bangladeshi mothers stayed home while fathers drove cabs and sold fruit by the roadside — painful societal positions
Riding on crosstown buses or walking home from school, I began to internalize these disparities. During my fleeting encounters with affluent Upper East Siders, I saw kids my age with nannies, parents who wore suits to work, and luxurious apartments with spectacular views. Most took cabs to their destinations: cabs that Bangladeshis drove. I
watched the mundane moments of their lives with longing, aching to plant myself in their shoes. Shame prickled down my spine. I distanced myself from my heritage, rejecting the traditional panjabis worn on Eid and refusing the torkari we ate for dinner every day. As I grappled with my relationship with the Bangladeshi community, I turned my
attention to helping my Bronx community by pursuing an internship with Assemblyman Luis Sepulveda. I handled desk work and took calls, spending the bulk of my time actively listening to the hardships constituents faced — everything from a veteran stripped of his benefits to a grandmother unable to support her bedridden grandchild. I'd never
exposed myself to stories like these, and now I was the first to hear them. As an intern, I could only assist in what felt like the small ways — pointing out to non-profits. But to a community facing an onslaught of intense struggles, I realized that something as small as these
actions could have vast impacts. Seeing the immediate consequences of my actions inspired me. Throughout that summer, I internalized my community's daily challenges in a new light. I began to stop seeing the prevalent underemployment and cramped living quarters less as sources of shame. Instead, I saw them as realities that had to be
acknowledged, but could ultimately be remedied. I also realized the benefits of the Bangladeshi culture I had been so ashamed of. My Bangla language skills were an asset to the office, and my understanding of Bangladeshi etiquette allowed for smooth communication between office staff and its constituents. As I helped my neighbors navigate city
services, I saw my heritage with pride — a perspective I never expected to have. I can now appreciate the value of my unique culture and background, and a future worth fighting for. My time with Assemblyman Sepulveda's office taught me that I can be a
change agent in enabling this progression. Far from being ashamed of my community, I want to someday return to local politics in the Bronx to continue helping others access the American Dream. I hope to help my community appreciate the opportunity to make progress together. By embracing reality, I learned to live it. Along the way, I discovered
one thing: life is good, but we can make it better. What the Essay Did Well This student's passion for social justice and civic duty shines through in this essay because of how honest it is. Sharing their personal experience with immigrating, moving around, being an outsider, and finding a community allows us to see the hardships this student has faced
and builds empathy towards their situation. However, what really makes it strong is that they go beyond describing the difficulties they faced and explain the mental impact it had on them as a child: Shame prickled down my spine. I distanced myself from my heritage, rejecting the traditional panjabis worn on Eid and refusing the torkari we ate for
dinner every day. The rejection of their culture presented at the beginning of the essay creates a nice juxtaposition with the student's view in the latter half of the essay and helps demonstrate how they have matured. They use their experience interning as a way to delve into a change in their thought process about their culture and show how their
passion for social justice began. Using this experience as a mechanism to explore their thoughts and feelings is an excellent example of how items that are included elsewhere on your application should be incorporated into your essay. This essay prioritizes emotions and personal views over specific anecdotes. Although there are details and certain
 moments incorporated throughout to emphasize the author's points, the main focus remains on the student and how they grapple with their culture and identity. What Could Be Improved One area for improvement is the conclusion. Although the forward-looking approach is a nice way to end an essay focused on social justice, it would be nice to
include more details and imagery in the conclusion. How does the student want to help their community? What government position do they see themselves holding one day? A more impactful ending might look like the student walking into their office at the New York City Housing Authority in 15 years and looking at the plans to build a new
development in the Bronx just blocks away from where the grew up that would provide quality housing to people in their Bangladeshi community. They would smile while thinking about how far they have come from that young kid who used to be ashamed of their culture. Table of Contents Essay Example #3: Why Medicine I took my first trip to
China to visit my cousin Anna in July of 2014. Distance had kept us apart, but when we were together, we fell into all of our old inside jokes and caught up on each other's lives. Her sparkling personality and optimistic attitude always brought a smile to my face. This time, however, my heart broke when I saw the effects of her brain cancer; she had
suffered from a stroke that paralyzed her left side. She was still herself in many ways, but I could see that the damage to her brain made things difficult for her. I stayed by her every day, providing the support she needed, whether assisting her with eating and drinking, reading to her, or just watching "Friends." During my flight back home, sorrow
and helplessness overwhelmed me. Would I ever see Anna again? Could I have done more to make Anna comfortable? I wished I could stay in China longer to care for her. As I deplaned, I wondered if I could transform my grief to help other children and teenagers in the US who suffered as Anna did. The day after I got home, as jet lag dragged me
awake a few minutes after midnight, I remembered hearing about the Family Reach Foundation (FRF) and its work with children going through treatments at the local hospital and their families. I began volunteering in the FRF's Children's Activity Room, where I play with children battling cancer. Volunteering has both made me appreciate my own
health and also cherish the new relationships I build with the children and families. We play sports, make figures out of playdoh, and dress up. When they take on the roles of firefighters or fairies, we all get caught up in the game; for that time, they forget the sanitized, stark, impersonal walls of the pediatric oncology ward. Building close
relationships with them and seeing them giggle and laugh is so rewarding — I love watching them grow and get better throughout their course in spired me to consider medical research. To get started, I enrolled in a summer collegelevel course in
Abnormal Psychology. There I worked with Catelyn, a rising college senior, on a data analysis project regarding Dissociative Identity Disorder (DID). Together, we examined the neurological etiology of DID by studying four fMRI and PET cases. I fell in love with gathering data and analyzing the results and was amazed by our final product: several
stunning brain images showcasing the areas of hyper and hypoactivity in brains affected by DID. Desire quickly followed my amazement — I want to continue this project and study more brains. Their complexity, delicacy, and importance to every aspect of life fascinate me. Successfully completing this research project gave me a sense of hope; I know
I am capable of participating in a large scale research project and potentially making a difference in someone else's life through my research. Anna's diagnosis inspired me to begin volunteering at FRF; from there, I discovered my desire to help people further by contributing to medical research. As my research interest blossomed, I realized that it's
no coincidence that I want to study brains—after all, Anna suffered from brain cancer. Reflecting on these experiences this past year and a half, I see that everything I've done is connected. Sadly, a few months after I returned from China, Anna passed away. I am still sad, but as I run a toy truck across the floor and watch one of the little patients'
eves light up. I imagine that she would be proud of my commitment to pursue medicine and study the brain. What the Essay Did Well This essay has a very strong emotional core that tugs at the heart strings and makes the reader feel invested. Writing about sickness can be difficult and doesn't always belong in a personal statement, but in this case it
works well because the focus is on how this student cared for her cousin and dealt with the grief and emotions surrounding her condition. Writing about the compassion she showed and the doubts and concerns that filled her mind keeps the focus on the author and her personality. This continues when she again discusses the activities she did with
the kids at FRF and the personal reflection this experience allowed her to have. For example, she writes: Volunteering has both made me appreciate my own health and also cherish the new relationships I build with the children and families. We play sports, make figures out of playdoh, and dress up. Concluding the essay with the sad story of her
cousin's passing brings the essay full circle and returns to the emotional heart of the piece to once again build a connection with the reader. However, it finishes on a hopeful note and demonstrates how this student has been able to turn a tragic experience into a source of lifelong inspiration. What Could Be Improved One thing this essay should be
cognizant of is that personal statements should not read as summaries of your extracurricular resume. Although this essay doesn't fully fall into that trap, it does describe two key extracurriculars the student participated in. However, the inclusion of such a strong emotional core running throughout the essay helps keep the focus on the student and
her thoughts and feelings during these activities. To avoid making this mistake, make sure you have a common thread running through your essay and the extracurriculars provide support to the story you are trying to tell, rather than crafting a story around your activities. And, as this essay does, make sure there is lots of personal reflection and
feelings weaved throughout to focus attention to you rather than your extracurriculars. Table of Contents Essay Example #4: Love of Writing "I want to be a writer." This had been my answer to every youthful discussion with the adults in my life about what I would do when I grew up. As early as elementary school, I remember reading my writing
pieces aloud to an audience at "Author of the Month" ceremonies. Bearing this goal in mind, and hoping to gain some valuable experience, I signed up for a journalism class during my freshman year. Despite my love for writing, I imagined
lyrical prose, profound poetry, and thrilling plot lines. Journalism required a laconic style and orderly structure, and I found my teacher's assignments formulaic and dull. That class shook my confidence as a writer. I was uncertain if I should continue in it for the rest of my high school career. Despite my misgivings, I decided that I couldn't make a
final decision on whether to quit journalism until I had some experience working for a paper outside of the classroom. The following year, I applied to be a staff reporter on our school newspaper. I hoped this would help me become more self-driven and creative, rather than merely writing articles that my teacher assigned. To my surprise, my time on
staff was worlds away from what I experienced in the journalism class. Although I was unaccustomed to working in a fast-paced environment and initially found it burdensome to research and complete high-quality stories in a relatively short amount of time, I also found it exciting. I enjoyed learning more about topics and events on campus that I did
not know much about; some of my stories that I covered in my first semester concerned a chess tournament, a food drive, and a Spanish immersion party. I relished in the freedom I had to explore and learn, and to write more independently than I could in a classroom. Although I enjoyed many aspects of working for the paper immediately, reporting
get out my opening questions. Fortunately, the coach was very kind and helped me through the conversation. Encouraged, I prepared for my next interview with more confidence. After a few weeks of practice, I even started to look forward to interview my next interview with more confidence. After a few weeks of practice, I even started to look forward to interview my next 
practice was challenging, it was anything but tedious. Over the course of that year, I grew to love writing for our school newspaper. Reporting made me aware of my surroundings, and made me want to know more about current events on campus and in the town where I grew up. By interacting with people all over campus, I came to understand the
 breadth of individuals and communities that make up my high school. I felt far more connected to diverse parts of my school through my work as a journalism gave me a window into seeing beyond my own experiences. The style of news writing may be different from what I used to think "writing" meant, but I learned that
I can still derive exciting plots from events that may have gone unnoticed if not for my stories. I no longer struggle to approach others, and truly enjoy getting to know people and recognizing their accomplishments through my writing. Becoming a writer may be a difficult path, but it is as rewarding as I hoped when I was young. What the Essay Did
Well This essay is clearly structured in a manner that makes it flow very nicely and contributes to its success. It starts with a quote to draw in the reader and show this student overcame it. Finally, it concludes by reflecting on this
of writing, I imagined lyrical prose, profound poetry, and thrilling plot lines" stand out because of the intentional use of words like "lyrical", "profound", and "thrilling" to convey the student's love of writing. The author also uses an active voice to capture the readers' attention and keep us engaged. They rely on their language and diction to reveal
details to the reader, for instance saying "I felt everything from my toes to my tongue freeze into a solid block" to describe feeling nervous. What Could Be Improved This essay is already very strong, so there isn't much that needs to be changed. One thing that could take the essay from great to outstanding would be to throw in more quotes, internal
to life with descriptions about the clacking of keyboards and the whirl of people running around laying out articles. Table of Contents Essay Example #5: Starting a Fire Fire! Was I no longer the beloved daughter of nature, whisperer of trees? Knee-high rubber boots, camouflage, bug spray—I wore the garb and perfume of a proud wild woman, yet
there I was, hunched over the pathetic pile of stubborn sticks, utterly stumped, on the verge of tears. As a child, I had considered myself a kind of rustic princess, a cradler of spiders and centipedes, who was serenaded by mourning doves and chickadees, who could glide through tick-infested meadows and emerge Lyme-free. I knew the cracks of the
earth like the scars on my own rough palms. Yet here I was, ten years later, incapable of performing the most fundamental outdoor task: I could not, for the life of me, start a fire. Furiously I rubbed and rub
away with a shower of curses, and began tearing through the underbrush in search of a more flammable collection. My efforts were fruitless. Livid, I bit a rejected twig, determined to prove that the wood cracked like carrots between my teeth—old, brittle, and
bitter. Roaring and nursing my aching palms, I retreated to the tent, where I sulked and awaited the jeers of my family. Rattling their empty worm cans and reeking of fat fish, my brother and cousins swaggered into the campsite. Immediately, they noticed the minor stick massacre by the fire pit and called to me, their deep voices already sharp with
              "Where's the fire, Princess Clara?" they taunted. "Having some trouble?" They prodded me with the ends of the chewed branches and, with a few effortless scrapes of wood on rock, sparked a red and roaring flame. My face burned long after I left the fire pit. The camp stank of salmon and shame. In the tent, I pondered my failure. Was I
so dainty? Was I that incapable? I thought of my hands, how calloused and capable they had been, how tender and smooth they had been my fingers; instead of scaling a white pine, I'd practiced scales on my piano, my hands softening into those of a musician—fleshy and sensitive. And I'd gotten
glasses, having grown horrifically nearsighted; long nights of dim lighting and thick books had done this. I couldn't remember the last time I had lain down on a hill, barefaced, and seen the stars without having to squint. Crawling along the edge of the tent, a spider confirmed my transformation—he disgusted me, and I felt an overwhelming urge to
squash him. Yet, I realized I hadn't really changed—I had only shifted perspective. I still eagerly explored new worlds, but through poems and prose rather than pastures and puddles. I'd grown to prefer the boom of a bass over that of a bullfrog, learned to coax a different kind of fire from wood, having developed a burn for writing rhymes and
scrawling hypotheses. That night, I stayed up late with my journal and wrote about the spider I had decided not to kill. I had tolerated him just barely, only shrieking when he jumped—it helped to watch him decorate the corners of the tent with his delicate webs, knowing that he couldn't start fires, either. When the night grew cold and the embers of the tent with his delicate webs, knowing that he couldn't start fires, either. When the night grew cold and the embers of the tent with his delicate webs, knowing that he couldn't start fires, either.
died, my words still smoked—my hands burned from all that scrawling—and even when I fell asleep, the ideas kept sparking—I was on fire, always on fire, always
immense use of details and figurative language. Lines like "a rustic princess, a cradler of spiders and centipedes, who was serenaded by mourning doves and chickadees," and "rubbed and rubbed until shreds of skin flaked from my fingers," create vivid images that draw the reader in. The flowery and descriptive prose also contributes to the nice
juxtaposition between the old Clara and the new Clara. The latter half of the essay contrasts elements of nature with music and writing to demonstrate how natural these interests are for her now. This sentence perfectly encapsulates the contrast she is trying to build: "It had been years since I'd kneaded mud between my fingers; instead of scaling a
 white pine, I'd practiced scales on my piano, my hands softening into those of a musician—fleshy and sensitive." In addition to being well-written, this essay is thematically cohesive. It begins with the simple introduction "Fire!" and ends with the following image: "When the night grew cold and the embers died, my words still smoked—my hands
burned from all that scrawling—and even when I fell asleep, the ideas kept sparking—I was on fire, always on f
the essay that this student likes to read and write, and depending on other elements of her application, it might make total sense to have such a flowery and ornate writing style. However, your personal statement needs to reflect your voice as well as your personal statement needs to reflect your writing, don't put
it in your personal statement. Make sure there is a balance between eloquence and your personal voice. Table of Contents Essay Example #6: Dedicating a Track "Getting beat is one thing - it's part of competing - but I want no part in losing." Coach Rob Stark's motto never fails to remind me of his encouragement on early-morning bus rides to track
meets around the state. I've always appreciated the phrase, but an experience last June helped me understand its more profound, universal meaning. Stark, as we affectionately call him, has coached track at my high school for 25 years. His care, dedication, and emphasis on developing good character has left an enduring impact on me and hundreds
of other students. Not only did he help me discover my talent and love for running, but he also taught me the importance of commitment and discipline and to approach every endeavor with the passion and intensity that I bring to running. When I learned a neighboring high school had dedicated their track to a longtime coach, I felt that Stark
deserved similar honors. Our school district's board of education indicated they would only dedicate our track to Stark if I could demonstrate that he was extraordinary. I took charge and mobilized my teammates to distribute petitions, reach out to alumni, and compile statistics on the many team and individual champions Stark had coached over the
years. We received astounding support, collecting almost 3,000 signatures and pages of endorsements from across the community. With help from my teammates, I presented this evidence to the board. They didn't bite. Most members argued that dedicating the track was a low priority. Knowing that we had to act quickly to convince them of its
importance, I called a team meeting where we drafted a rebuttal for the next board meeting. To my surprise, they chose me to deliver it. I was far from the best public speaker in the group, and I felt nervous about going before the unsympathetic board again. However, at that second meeting, I discovered that I enjoy articulating and arguing for
something that I'm passionate about. Public speaking resembles a cross country race. Walking to the starting line, you have to trust your training and quell your last minute doubts. When the gun fires, you can't think too hard about anything; your performance has to be instinctual, natural, even relaxed. At the next board meeting, the podium was my
starting line. As I walked up to it, familiar butterflies fluttered in my stomach. Instead of the track stretching out in front of me, I faced the vast audience of teachers, board members, and my teammates. I felt my adrenaline build, and reassured myself: I've put in the work, my argument is powerful and sound. As the board president told me to
introduce myself, I heard, "runners set" in the back of my mind. She finished speaking, and Bang! The brief silence was the gunshot for me to begin. The next few minutes blurred together, but when the dust settled, I knew from the board members' expressions and the audience's thunderous approval that I had run quite a race. Unfortunately, it
wasn't enough; the board voted down our proposal. I was disappointed, but proud of myself, my team, and our collaboration off the track. We stood up for a cause we believed in, and I overcame my worries about being a leader. Although I discovered that changing the status quo through an elected body can be a painstakingly difficult process and
requires perseverance, I learned that I enjoy the challenges this effort offers. Last month, one of the school board members joked that I had become a "regular" - I now often show up to meetings to advocate for a variety of causes, including better environmental practices in cafeterias and safer equipment for athletes. Just as Stark taught me, I
worked passionately to achieve my goal. I may have been beaten when I appealed to the board, but I certainly didn't lose, and that would have made Stark proud. What the Essay Did Well This essay effectively conveys this student's compassion for others, initiative, and determination—all great qualities to exemplify in a personal statement! Although
they rely on telling us a lot of what happened up until the board meeting, the use of running a race (their passion) as a metaphor for public speaking provides a lot of insight into the starting line, the audience to the track, and silence to the
gunshot is a nice way of demonstrating this student's passion for cross country running without making that the focus of the story. The essay does a nice job of coming full circle at the end by explaining what the quote from the beginning meant is...'
they rely on the strength of their argument above to make it obvious to the reader what it means to get beat but not lose. What Could Be Improved One of the biggest areas of improvement in the intro, however, is how the essay tells us Stark's impact rather than showing us: His care, dedication, and emphasis on developing good character has left an
enduring impact on me and hundreds of other students. Not only did he help me discover my talent and love for running, but he also taught me the importance of commitment and discipline and to approach every endeavor with the passion and intensity that I bring to running. The writer could've helped us feel a stronger emotional connection to
Stark if they had included examples of Stark's qualities, rather than explicitly stating them. For example, they could've written something like: Stark was the kind of person who would give you gas money if you told him your parents couldn't afford to pick you up from practice. And he actually did that—several times. At track meets, alumni regularly
would come talk to him and tell him how he'd changed their lives. Before Stark, I was ambivalent about running and was on the JV team, but his encouragement motivated me to run longer and harder and eventually make varsity. Because of him, I approach every endeavor with the passion and intensity that I bring to running. Table of Contents Essay
Example #7: Body Image and Eating Disorders I press the "discover" button on my Instagram app, hoping to find enticing pictures of food. However, one image stops me immediately. A fit teenage girl with a "perfect body" relaxes in a bikini on a beach. Beneath
it, I see a slew of flattering comments. I shake with disapproval over the image's unrealistic quality. However, part of me still wants to have a body like hers so that others will make similar comments to me. I would like to resolve a silent issue that harms many teenagers and adults: negative self image and low self-esteem in a world where social
media shapes how people view each other. When people see the façades others wear to create an "ideal" image, they can develop poor thought patterns rooted in negative self-talk. The constant comparisons to "perfect" others make people feel small. In this new digital age, it is hard to distinguish authentic from artificial representations. When I was
11, I developed anorexia nervosa. Though I was already thin, I wanted to be skinny like the models that I saw on the magazine covers on the grocery store stands. Little did I know that those models probably also suffered from disorders, and that photoshop erased their flaws. I preferred being underweight to be ing healthy. No matter how little I ate
or how thin I was, I always thought that I was too fat. I became obsessed with the number on the scale and would try to eat the least that I could without my parents urging me to take more. Fortunately, I stopped engaging in anorexic behaviors before middle school. However, my underlying mental habits did not change. The images that had
provoked my disorder in the first place were still a constant presence in my life. By age 15, I was in recovery from anorexia, but suffered from depression. While I used to only compare myself to models, the growth of social media meant I also compared myself to my friends and acquaintances. I felt left out when I saw my friends' excitement about
lake trips they had taken without me. As I scrolled past endless photos of my flawless, thin classmates with hundreds of likes and affirming comments, I felt that I could never be enough. I began to hate the way that I looked, and felt nothing in my life was good
enough. I wanted to be called "perfect" and "body goals," so I tried to only post at certain times of day to maximize my "likes." When that didn't work, I started to feel too anxious to post anything at all. Body image insecurities and social media comparisons affect thousands of people - men, women, children, and adults - every day. I am lucky - after
a few months of my destructive social media habits, I came across a video that pointed out the illusory nature of social media, we can all focus on what
matters on the inside and not what is on the surface. As an effort to become healthy internally, I started a club at my school to promote clean eating and radiating beauty from within. It has helped me grow in my confidence, and today I'm not afraid to show others my struggles by sharing my experience with eating disorders. Someday, I hope to make
this club a national organization to help teenagers and adults across the country. I support the idea of body positivity and embracing difference, not "perfection." After all, how can we be ourselves if we all look the same? What the Essay Did Well This essay covers the difficult topics of eating disorders and mental health. If you're thinking about
covering similar topics in your essay, we recommend reading our post Should You Talk About Mental Health in College Essays? The short answer is that, yes, you can talk about mental health, but it can be risky. If you do go that route, it's important to focus on what you learned from the experience. The strength of this essay is the student's in your essay.
vulnerability, in excerpts such as this: I wanted to be admired and loved by other people too. However, I felt that I could never be enough. I wanted to be called "perfect" and "body goals," so I tried to only post at certain times of day to maximize my "likes." The studen
goes on to share how they recovered from their depression through an eye-opening video and therapy sessions, and they're now helping others find their club a national organization; we can see their ambition and compassion. What Could
Be Improved The main weakness of this essay is that it doesn't focus enough on their recovery process, which is arguably the most important part. They could've told us more about the video they watched or the process of starting their club and the interactions they've had with other members. Especially when sharing such a vulnerable topic, there
should be vulnerability in the recovery process too. That way, the reader can fully appreciate all that this student has overcome. Table of Contents Essay Example #8: Becoming a Coach "Advanced females ages 13 to 14 please proceed to staging with your coaches at this time." Skittering around the room, eyes wide and pleading, I frantically
explained my situation to nearby coaches. The seconds ticked away in my head; every polite refusal increased my desperation. Despair weighed me down. I sank to my knees as a stream of competitors, coaches, and officials flowed around me. My dojang had no coach, and the tournament rules prohibited me from competing without one. Although
wanted to remain strong, doubts began to cloud my mind. I could not help wondering: what was the point of perfecting my skills if I would never even compete? The other members of my team, who had found coaches minutes earlier, attempted to comfort me, but I barely heard their words. They couldn't understand my despair at being left on the
outside, and I never wanted them to understand. Since my first lesson 12 years ago, the members of my dojang have become family. I have watched them grow up, finding my own happiness in theirs. Together, we have honed our kicks, blocks, and strikes. We have pushed one another to aim higher and become better martial artists. Although my
 dojang had searched for a reliable coach for years, we had not found one. When we attended competitions in the past, my teammates and I had always gotten lucky and found a sympathetic coach. Now, I knew this practice was unsustainable. It would devastate me to see the other members of my dojang in my situation, unable to compete and losing
hope as a result. My dojang needed a coach, and I decided it was up to me to find one. I first approached the adults in the dojang - both instructors and members' parents. However, these attempts only reacquainted me with polite refusals. Everyone I asked told me they couldn't devote multiple weekends per year to competitions. I soon realized that
would have become the coach myself. At first, the inner workings of tournaments were a mystery to me. To prepare myself for success as a coach, I spent the next year as an official and took coaching classes on the side. I learned everything from motivational strategies to technical, behind-the-scenes components of Taekwondo competitions. Though learned everything from motivational strategies to technical, behind-the-scenes components of Taekwondo competitions.
emerged with new knowledge and confidence in my capabilities, others did not share this faith. Parents threw me disbelieving looks when they learned that their children's coach was only a child herself. My self-confidence was my armor, deflecting their surly glances. Every armor is penetrable, however, and as the relentless barrage of doubts
pounded my resilience, it began to wear down. I grew unsure of my own abilities. Despite the attack, I refused to give up. When I saw the shining eyes of the youngest students preparing for their first competition, I knew I couldn't let them down. To quit would be to set them up to be barred from competing like I was. The knowledge that I could solve
my dojang's longtime problem motivated me to overcome my apprehension. Now that my dojang flourishes at competitions, the attacks on me have weakened, but I find solace in the fact that members of my dojang now only worry about competing to
the best of their abilities. Now, as I arrive at a tournament with my students, I close my eyes and remember the past. I visualize the frantic search for a coach and the chaos amongst my teammates as we competed with one another to find coaches before the staging calls for our respective divisions. I open my eyes to the exact opposite scene. Lacking
a coach hurt my ability to compete, but I am proud to know that no member of my dojang will have to face that problem again. What the Essay Did Well This essay begins with an in-the-moment narrative that really illustrates the chaos of looking for a coach last-minute. We feel the writer's emotions, particularly her dejectedness, at not being able to
compete. Starting an essay in media res is a great way to capture the attention of your readers and build anticipation for what comes next. Through this essay, we can see how gutsy and determined the student is in deciding to become a coach themselves. She shows us these characteristics through their actions, rather than explicitly telling us: To
prepare myself for success as a coach, I spent the next year as an official and took coaching classes on the side. Also, by discussing the opposition she faced and how it affected her, the student is open and vulnerable about the reality of the situation. The essay comes full circle as the author recalls the frantic situations in seeking out a coach, but this
 is no longer a concern for them and their team. Overall, this essay is extremely effective in painting this student as mature, bold, and compassionate. What Could Be Improved The biggest thing this essay needs to work on is showing not telling. Throughout the essay, the student tells us that she "emerged with new knowledge and confidence," she
 "grew unsure of her own abilities," and she "refused to give up". What we really want to know is what this looks like. Instead of saying she "emerged with new knowledge and confidence" she should have shared how she taught a new move to a fellow team-member without hesitation. Rather than telling us she "grew unsure of her own abilities" she
 should have shown what that looked like by including her internal dialogue and rhetorical questions that ran through her mind. She could have demonstrated what "refusing to give up" looks like by explaining how she kept learning coaching techniques on her own, turned to a mentor for advice, or devised a plan to win over the trust of parents. Table
of Contents Essay Example #9: Eritrea No one knows where Eritrea is. On the first day of school, for the past nine years, I would pensively stand in front of a class, a teacher, a stranger waiting for the inevitable question: Where are you from? I smile politely, my dimples accentuating my ambiguous features. "Eritrea," I answer promptly and proudly.
But I am always prepared. Before their expression can deepen into confusion, ready to ask "where is that," I elaborate, perhaps with a fleeting hint of exasperation, "East Africa, near Ethiopia." Sometimes, I single out the key-shaped hermit nation on a map, stunning teachers who have "never had a student from there!" Grinning, I resist the urge to
passed through the hands of colonial Italy, Britain, and Ethiopia for over a century, until a bloody thirty year war of Independence liberated us. But these are facts that I have memorised and compounded, first from my Grandmother and now from pristine books borrowed from the
library. No historical narrative, however, can adequately capture what Eritrea is. No one knows the aroma of bushels of potatoes, and garlic - still covered in dirt - that leads you to theopen-air market. No one knows the poignant scent of spices, arranged in orange piles reminiscent of compacted dunes. No one knows how to haggle
ready - the exact moment you have to lift the lid of the mogogo. Do it too early (or too late) and the flatbread becomes mangled and gross. It is a sixth sense passed through matriarchal lineages. There are no sources that catalogue the scent of incense that wafts through the sunlit porch on St. Michael's; no films that can capture the luminescence of
hundreds of flaming bonfires that fluoresce the sidewalks on Kudus Yohannes, as excited children chant Ge'ez proverbs whose origin has been lost to time. You cannot learn the familiarity of walking beneath the towering Gothic figure of the Enda Mariam Cathedral, the crowds undulating to the ringing of the archaic bells. I have memorized the sound
of the rains hounding the metal roof during kiremti, the heat of the sun pounding against the Toyota's window as we sped down towards Ghinda, the opulent brilliance of the stars twinkling in a sky untainted by light pollution, the scent of warm rolls of bani wafting through the streets at precisely 6 o'clock each day... I fill my flimsy sketchbook with
pictures from my memory. My hand remembers the shapes of the hibiscus drifting in the wind, the outline of my grandmother (affectionately nicknamed a'abaye) leaning over the garden, the bizarre architecture of the Fiat Tagliero. I dice the vegetables with movements handed down from generations. My nose remembers the scent of frying garlic,
the sourness of the warm tayta, the sharpness of the mit'mt'a... This knowledge is intrinsic. "I am Eritrean," I repeat. "I am proud." Within me is an encyclopedia of history, culture, and idealism. Eritrea is the coffee made from scratch, the spices drying in the sun, the priests and nuns. Eritrea is wise, filled with ambition, and unseen potential. Eritrea
isn't a place, it's an identity. What the Essay Did Well This is an exceptional essay that provides a window into this student's culture that really makes their love for their country and heritage leap off the page. The sheer level of details and sensory descriptors this student is able to fit in this space makes the essay stand out. From the smells, to the
traditions, sounds, and sights, the author encapsulates all the glory of Eritrea for the reader. The vivid images this student is able to create for the reader, whether it is having the tedious conversation with every teacher or cooking in their grandmother's kitchen, transports us into the story and makes us feel like we are there in the moment with the
student. This is a prime example of an essay that shows, not tells. Besides the amazing imagery, the use of shorter paragraphs also contributes to how engaging this essay is. Employing this tactic helps break up the text to make it more readable and it isolates ideas so they stick out more than if they were enveloped in a large paragraph. Overall, this
is a really strong essay that brings to life this student's heritage through its use of vivid imagery. This essay exemplifies what it means to show not tell in your writing, and it is a great example of how you can write an intimate personal statement without making yourself the primary focus of your essay. What Could Be Improved There is very little this
essay should improve upon, but one thing the student might consider would be to inject more personal reflection into their response. Although we can clearly take away their deep love and passion for their homeland and culture, the essay would be a bit more personal if they included the emotions and feelings they associate with the various aspects
of Eritrea. For example, the way their heart swells with pride when their grandmother praises their ability to cook a flatbread or the feeling of serenity when they heart swells as well as sensory ones would create a wonderful balance of imagery and reflection. Table of Contents Essay Example
#10: Journaling Flipping past dozens of colorful entries in my journal, I arrive at the final blank sheet. I press my pen lightly to the page, barely scratching its surface to create a series of loops stringing together into sentences. Emotions spill out, and with their release, I feel lightness in my chest. The stream of thoughts slows as I reach the bottom of
the page, and I gently close the cover of the worn book: another journal finished. I add the journal to the stack of eleven books on my nightstand. Struck by the bittersweet sensation of closing a chapter of my life, I grab the notebook at the bottom of the pile to reminisce. "I want to make a flying mushen to fly in space and your in it" - October 2008
Pulling back the cover of my first Tinkerbell-themed diary, the prompt "My Hopes and Dreams" captures my attention. Though "machine" is misspelled in my scribbled response, I see the beginnings of my past obsession with outer space. At the age of five, I tore through novels about the solar system, experimented with rockets built from plastic
straws, and rented Space Shuttle films from Blockbuster to satisfy my curiosities. While I chased down answers to questions as limitless as the universe, I fell in love with learning. Eight journals later, the same relentless curiosity brought me to an airplane descending on San Francisco Bay. "I wish I had infinite sunsets" - July 2019 I reach for the
charcoal notepad near the top of the pile and open to the first page: my flight to the Stanford Pre-Collegiate Summer Institutes. While I was excited to explore bioengineering, anxiety twisted in my stomach as I imagined my destination, unsure of whether I could overcome my shyness and connect with others. With each new conversation, the sweat on
my palms became less noticeable, and I met students from 23 different countries. Many of the moments where I challenged myself socially revolved around the third story deck of the Jerry house. A strange medley of English, Arabic, and Mandarin filled the summer air as my friends and I gathered there every evening, and dialogues at sunset soon
became moments of bliss. In our conversations about cultural differences, the possibility of an afterlife, and the plausibility of far-fetched conspiracy theories, I learned to voice my opinion. As I was introduced to different viewpoints, these moments challenged my understanding of the world around me. In my final entries from California, I find
excitement to learn from others and increased confidence, a tool that would later allow me to impact my community. "The beauty in a tower of cans" - June 2020 Returning my gaze to the stack of journals, I stretch to take the floral-patterned book sitting on top. I flip through, eventually finding the beginnings of the organization I created during the
outbreak of COVID-19. Since then, Door-to-Door Deliveries has woven its way through my entries and into reality, allowing me to aid high-risk populations through free grocery delivery. With the confidence I gained the summer before, I took action when seeing others in need rather than letting my shyness hold me back. I reached out to local
churches and senior centers to spread word of our services and interacted with customers through our website and social media pages. To further expand our impact, we held two food drives, and I mustered the courage to ask for donations, I saw the value of reaching out to help others and realized my
own potential to impact the world around me. I delicately close the journal in my hands, smiling softly as the memories reappear, one after another. Reaching under my bed, I pull out a fresh notebook and open to its first sheet. I lightly press my pen to the page, "And so begins the next chapter..." What the Essay Did Well The structuring of this essay
makes it easy and enjoyable to read. The student effectively organizes their various life experiences around their tower of journals, which centers the reader and makes the different stories easy to follow. Additionally, the student engages quotes from their journals—and unique formatting of the quotes—to signal that they are moving in time and show
us which memory we should follow them to. Thematically, the student uses the idea of shyness at the Stanford Pre-Collegiate Summer Institutes and Door-to-Door Deliveries, this essay can be read as an Overcoming
Obstacles essay. At the end of this essay, readers are fully convinced that this student is dedicated (they have committed to journaling every day), thoughtful (journaling is a thoughtful process and, in the essay, the student reflects thoughtful you the past), and motivated (they flew across the country for a summer program and started a business).
These are definitely qualities admissions officers are looking for in applicants! What Could Be Improved Although this essay is already exceptionally strong as it's written, the first journal entry feels out of place compared to the other two entries that discuss the author's shyness and determination. It works well for the essay to have an entry from
when the student was younger to add some humor (with misspelled words) and nostalgia, but if the student had either connected the quote they chose to the idea of overcoming a fear present in the other two anecdotes or if they had picked a different quote they chose to the idea of overcoming a fear present in the other two anecdotes or if they had picked a different quote they chose to the idea of overcoming a fear present in the other two anecdotes or if they had picked a different quote they chose to the idea of overcoming a fear present in the other two anecdotes or if they had picked a different quote they chose to the idea of overcoming a fear present in the other two anecdotes or if they had picked a different quote they chose to the idea of overcoming a fear present in the other two anecdotes or if they had picked a different quote they chose to the idea of overcoming a fear present in the other two anecdotes or if they had picked a different quote they chose to the idea of overcoming a fear present in the other two anecdotes or if they had picked a different quote they chose to the idea of overcoming a fear present in the other two anecdotes or if they had picked a different quote they chose to the idea of overcoming a fear present in the other two anecdotes or if they had picked a different quote they chose to the idea of overcoming a fear present in the other two anecdotes or if they had picked a different quote the other two anecdotes or if they had picked a different quote the other two anecdotes or if they had picked a different quote the other two anecdotes or if they had picked a different quote the other two anecdotes or if they had picked a different quote the other two anecdotes or if they had picked a different quote the other two anecdotes or if they had picked a different quote the other two anecdotes or if they had picked a different quote the other two anecdotes or if they had picked a different quote the other two anecdotes or if they had picked a different quote the other two anecdotes o
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officers who you are and what makes you stand out from the crowd. But writing a good personal statement, complete with example essays. Each essay was reviewed and commented upon by admissions expert Bill Jack. Let's dive in!Related:
How to write an essay about yourself What is a personal statement? A personal statement is a special type of essay, you're expected to share something about who you are and what you bring to the table. Think of it as a chance to reveal a side of yourself not
found in the rest of your application. Personal statements are typically around 400 - 600 words in length. What can I write about? Pretty much anything, as long as it's about you. While this is liberating in the sense that you'll probably be
responding to a specific prompt. Chances are you're applying to a school that uses the Common App, which means you'll have seven prompts to choose from. Reviewing these prompts to choose from. Reviewing these prompts to choose from the brainstorming process.
For each of the following questions, spend a few minutes jotting down whatever comes to mind. What are your goals for the future? How have you arrived at those
goals? If your life was a movie, what would be the most interesting scene? What have been some of the biggest challenges in your life? How did you respond and what did you learn? The purpose of these questions is to prompt you to think about your life? How did you respond and what did you respond and what did you learn? The purpose of these questions is to prompt you to think about your life? How did you respond and what did you respond and you respond and what did you respond and what did you respond and you respond you respon
meaningful. In the next section, we'll offer some advice on actually writing your essay. Also see: How to write a 500 word essayHow do I write my personal statement? Once you've found a topic, it's time to start writing! Every personal statement? Once you've found a topic, it's time to start writing! Every personal statement? Once you've found a topic, it's time to start writing! Every personal statement is different, so there's not really one formula that works for every student. That being said, the following
tips should get you started in the right direction: 1. Freewrite, then rewrite The blank page tends to get more intimidating the longer you started in the right direction: 1. Freewrite, then rewrite The blank page tends to get more intimidating the first draft absolutely perfect. Instead, just get your ideas on the page and don't spend too much time thinking about the first draft absolutely perfect. Instead, just get your ideas on the page and don't spend too much time thinking about the first draft absolutely perfect. Instead, just get your ideas on the page and don't spend too much time thinking about the first draft absolutely perfect. Instead, just get your ideas on the page and don't spend too much time thinking about the first draft absolutely perfect. Instead, just get your ideas on the page and don't spend too much time thinking about the first draft absolutely perfect.
details. Think of this initial writing session as a "brain dump". Take 15-30 minutes to quickly empty all your thoughts onto the page without worrying about things like grammar, spelling, or sentence structure. You can even use bullet points if that helps. Once you have your ideas on the page, then you can go back and shape them exactly how you
want. 2. Establish your theme Now that you've got some basic ideas down on the page, it's time to lock in on a theme. Your theme is a specific angle that reflects the central message of your essay. It can be summarized in a sentence or even a word. For example, let's say you're writing about how you had to establish a whole new group of friends
when you moved to a new city. The theme for this type of essay would probably be something like "adaptation". Having a theme will help you stay focused throughout your essay. Since you only have a limited number of words, you can't afford to go off on tangents that don't relate to your theme. 3. Tell a storyA lot of great essays rely on a specific
scene or story. Find the personal anecdote relevant to your theme and transfer it to the page. The best way to do this is by using descriptive language. Consult the five senses as you're setting the scene. What did you see, hear, taste, touch, or smell? How were you feeling emotionally? Using descriptive language can really help your essay come to life
According to UPchieve, a nonprofit that supports low income students, focusing on a particular moment as a "revised version of a memoir" is one way to keep readers engaged. Related: College essay primer: show, don't tell 4. Focus on your opening paragraphYour open
your essay. In most cases, this is the best place to include your anecdote (if you have one). By leading with your personal story, you can hook your audience from the get-go. After telling your story, you can hook your audience from the get-go. After telling your story, you can explain why it's important to who you are. Related: How to start a scholarship essay (with examples)5. Use an authentic voice Your personal
statement reflects who you are, so you should use a tone that represents you. That means you shouldn't try to sound like someone else, and you shouldn't use fancy words just to show off. This isn't an academic paper, so you don't have to adopt a super formal tone. Instead, write in a way that allows room for your personality to breathe. 6. Edit, edit,
edit...Once you're done writing, give yourself some time away from the essay. Try to allow a few days to pass before looking at the essay again with fresh eyes. This way, you wrote some things. Once you're satisfied, let someone
else edit your essay. We recommend asking a teacher, parent, or sibling for their thoughts before submitting. Examples of personal statements Sometimes viewing essays are written in response to four different Common App
prompts: Example #1Prompt 1: "Some students have a background, identity, interest, or talent that is so meaningful they believe their application would be incomplete without it. If this sounds like you, then please share your story." When I was eight years old, I wanted a GameCube very badly. For weeks I hounded my dad to buy me one and finally
he agreed. But there was a catch. He'd only get me a GameCube if I promised to start reading. Every day I played video games, I would have to pick up a book and read for at least one hour. At that point in my life, reading was just something I had to suffer through for school assignments. To read for pleasure seemed ludicrous. Needless to say, I
wasn't exactly thrilled about this proposed agreement. But I figured anything was worth it to get my hands on that shiny new video game console, so I bit the bullet and shook my dad's hand. Little did I know that I had just made a life-changing deal. At first, the required hour of reading was a chore — something I had to do so I could play Mario Kart.
But it quickly turned into something more than that. To my complete and utter surprise, I discovered that I actually enjoyed reading than I was playing video games. I found myself captivated by the written word, and I read everything I could get my
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hands on. Lord of the Rings, Percy Jackson, Goosebumps — you name it. I was falling in love with literature, while my GameCube was accumulating dust in the TV stand. Soon enough, reading led to writing. I was beginning to come up with my own stories, so I put pen to paper and let my imagination run wild. It started out small. My first effort was a

limentary picture book about a friendly raccoon who went to the moon. But things progressed. My stories became more intricate, my characters more complex. I wrote a series of science fiction novellas. I tried my hand at poetry. I was amazed at the worlds I could create with the tip of my pen. I had dreams of becoming an author. Then somewing the way my family got a subscription to Netflix, and that completely changed the way I thought about storytelling. My nose had been buried in books up until then, so I hadn't really seen a lot of movies. That quickly changed. It seemed like every other day a pair of new DVDs would arrive in the mail (this was the early days of Netflix). Dark gotten are the properties of the house. And I couldn't get enough of the house. And I couldn't get enough of the house were crafted. I kept was criming in and out of the house. And I couldn't get enough of them. Movies especially in the screenplays of my favorite filling soldenly I wasn't writing, one she was the page of a book. But I was still doing the same thing I had always done. I was writing, just in a different format. To help with this process, I read the screenplays of my favorite filling and patention, to the way they were crafted. I kept washching more and more movies. Now gotten about my first love, either. I still cherished books and looked to them for inspirition. By the end of my junior year of high school, I had completed two scripts for short films. So why am I telling you all this? Because I want to turn my love of storytellings. It was to turn my love of storytellings. It was the care i'm not totally sur how to do that yet, but I know it can take me even from films. So why am I telling you all this? Because I want to turn my love of storytelling into a career. I'm not totally sur how to do that yet, but I know it can take me even from films. So why am I telling you all this? Because I want to turn my love of storytelling. It also shows the reader that they are open to how they option. White mechanism is the properties	I er eing es , nus, rest
wer, harder classes, and more complicated homework. Sitting in the discomfort of this unfamiliar environment, it is started to seem that "change" was something not only inevitable, but insurmountable. As the years went on, however, this idea seemed to fade. 1 got used to my classes and blke racing through chiral tenting the tenting our way over the narrow creed path areat to our school, to the laughs we shared during definition on a lowuld make space for not carefully making our way over the narrow creed path areat to our school, to the laughs we shared from my time in a laugh shad grown to share there were very real. As I move onto this next part of my life, hope I can use this knowledge that I have gained from my time in I rivine to make the most of what's to come. Even if the change may be frightening at first, I have learned to be embrace what? I have learned to be mbrace what? I have learned to be mbrace what? I have learned to be mbrace what? I have learned to be missioned problem on the start of my life, I have learned to be missioned by the start of my life, I was a large of the start of my life, I leave the season of the laugh was a large of the start of the st	ne rom of of ity had lub ing y and
tity much any situation thrown her way. She made everyone around her better. On top of all that, she was four months pregnant! I was a lavays impressed by Deja's work white, but I gained an entirely new level of respect to from the united to couple blocks to wheel and gain everyone around her better. On top of all that, she was often and ado's '98. Chery kup truck, and it was in rough shape. It had no heat or A/C, the leather seats were cracked beyond repair, and the driver's side door was jammed shut. I sighed as I got in through the passenger's side and scooted over to the driver's seat were cracked beyond repair, and the driver's side door was jammed shut. I sighed as I got in through the passenger's side and scooted over to the driver's seat were cracked beyond repair, and the driver's side door was jammed shut. I sighed as I got in through the passenger's side and scooted over to the driver's seat was to she carried. There was no she was was cheered and was to all the passing cars. I spot the passing cars. I have a so other way home. Apparently she ddin't have a car and had been walking on the side of the road. Here, he was so cheered a so was so cheered at work, but I glain do work every day. I couldn't believe it. Here I was complaining about my set of wheels, while Deja did not not not have a so the entire of the was a subject of the passing cars. I have a lot better than not had not an advantage of the passing cars. I have a lot better than not have a so cheered passing and the sea was expectaged as a bay in rive we have a sexpectage in a bay in rive mean was a lot and the passing cars. I have a lot better than not have a so cheered and the passing cars. I have a lot better than not h	as She Yay e ore ne. I Su your  Illing, se St J g
ws is, you can always go back to the start of your essay and make adjustments as you go along. Don't stress too much about immediately finding the perfect start, rather, let it come to you as you write.	