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Unit 2: Non Fiction Unit Project

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I don't know if you remember the movie Up. Well in it, the main character is Carl. An old man that had resigned to fulfill the dreams that he had proposed long ago with his wife. I understand him. The circumstances had changed; She was no longer with him and his health had worsened with age. Well, I am 16 years old and the truth is that I do not have illnesses or lost loves. But for most of my life, I have felt how Carl did. I am so competitive, and I compare myself constantly. So when I wanted to achieve something, I always thought that others had been training and practicing for longer and that I would never reach them. But one day, thanks to a movie, everything changed.

Last year I was watching Billie Eliot with my dad. The movie about that boy who became a great dancer. And it made me remember my frustrated dream; I have wanted to dance since I was in 3rd grade. But by then, I was nine years old and most of the girls on my school team started at four. So, my chances of being the best were slim (and as I mentioned before, I'm very competitive). Therefore, I decided to forget it and continue playing volleyball. The sport that I had practiced since I was little and in which I was talented.

The years went by and I started discovering that playing volleyball was nothing like the goosebumps that I felt when I saw those girls doing rhythmic movements on stage. But every year the excuse was the same, I can't enter at 10, maybe if I had entered at 9... Until I was 15 years old, (6 years later). Then I started questioning myself and realized something wonderful; Most of my friends would quit dancing after high school, which would mean almost 13 years of dancing. And if I started then and didn't stop until

28, I could be as them at last! And who says that 28 is the age to retire? I could dance until I wanted and be the best! So I decided not to waste more time and that day I told my mom that I wanted to start taking dance lessons. I did not feel ready to be on the school team yet. But I could enter another academy until I was. So I did it. I enter a 6-month course for beginners at one of the best academies in the city. What I didn't know is that most of the people who took the class were like me. They had discovered their passion late. Only much later than me.

The youngest person in the course besides me was 26! And although I could have been scared and quit, I just felt admiration for those people. If it had been difficult for me to stop judging myself, I can't imagine what it was like for them. So I stayed.

At the end of the course, I was the best in that group of strangely motivated people. And I could have stayed there and been the best for a long time. But it was time to face my school group. I knew that I would not be the best, but I could learn more and fulfill my dream. Later I realized that what bored me with volleyball was feeling like I had nothing else to learn. But the truth is that accepting that you are not always the best and challenging yourself every day to improve is better and more exciting, and that's what I felt when I started on the team. By then, I was feeling like Carl when he challenged himself and reached Paradise Falls.

Now I've been on my school's team for almost a year and things are going quite well. I'm not the best, but I enjoy being there. And I also learned that life is too short to give up your dreams and that you can always start learning something new, even if you are not the best. After that, I decided that I had more goals to achieve and started guitar and French lessons. I even started taking these dual school program! I'm learning a lot and I plan to follow Carl's example until I die. Because dreams are ageless.

