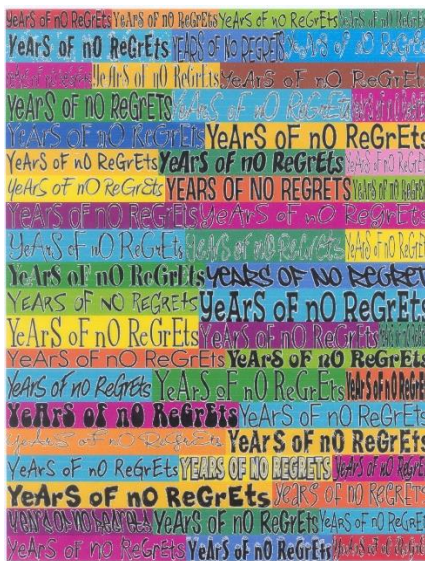
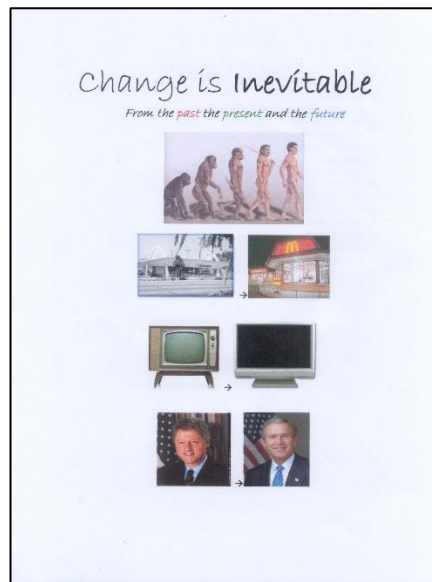


Sample Portfolio Themes



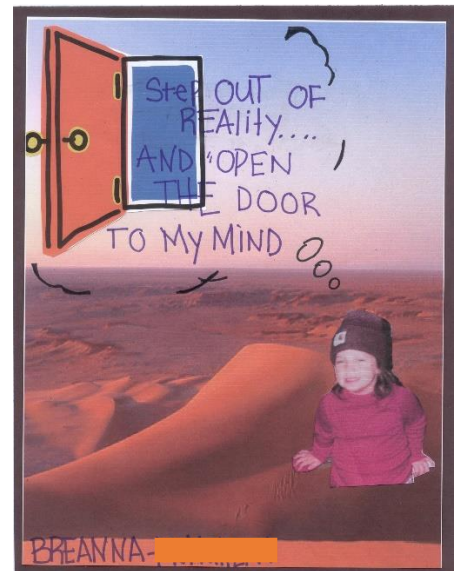
Years of No Regrets

(student talked about taking chances)



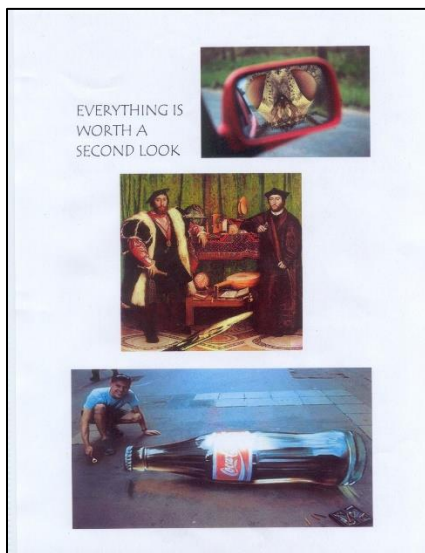
Change is Inevitable

(student talked about how he'd changed over the years)



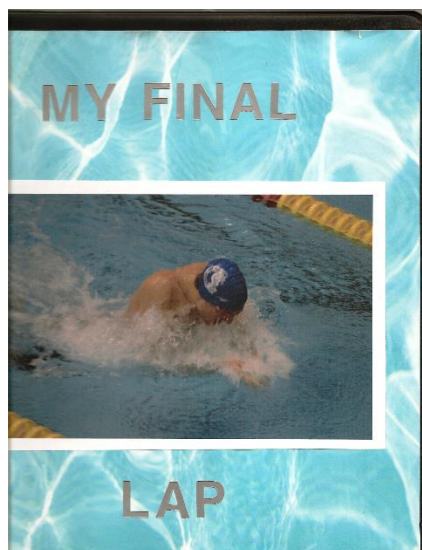
Step Out of Reality... And Open the Door to My Mind

(student talked about fantasy vs. reality of her life)



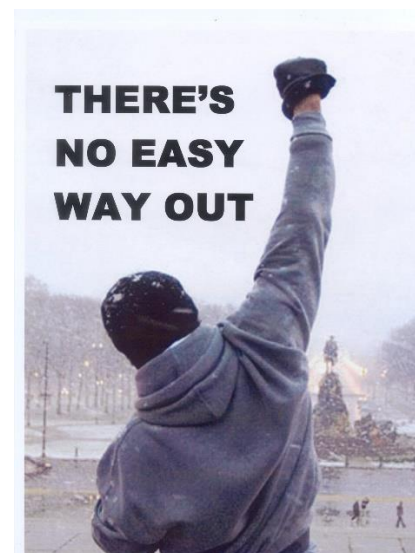
Everything is Worth a Second Look

(student talked about perspective in life)



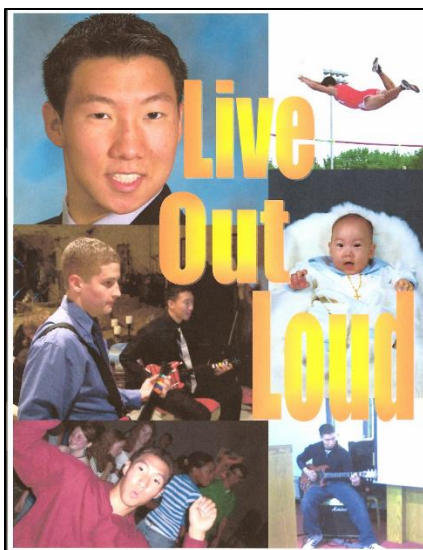
My Final Lap

(student talked about how being a swimmer defines him)



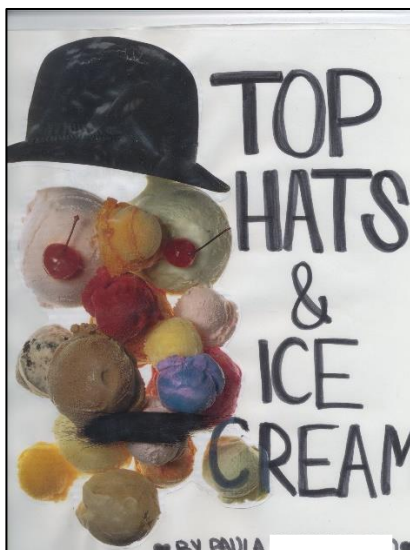
There's No Easy Way Out

(student talked about working hard)



Live Out Loud

(student wrote about living life to the fullest and being an extrovert)



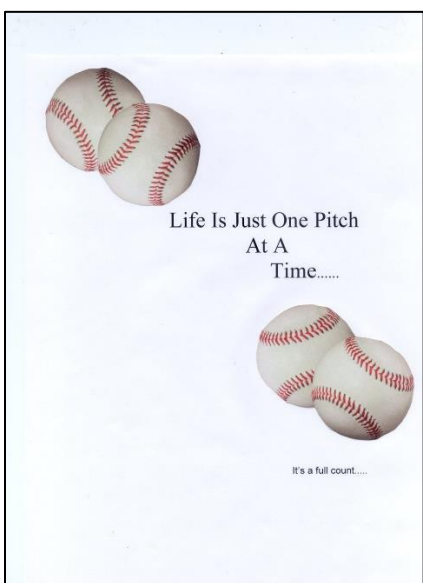
Top Hats & Ice Cream

(student used this as a metaphor for life)



Think, Feel, Sing

(student talked about how these are the verbs that define her)



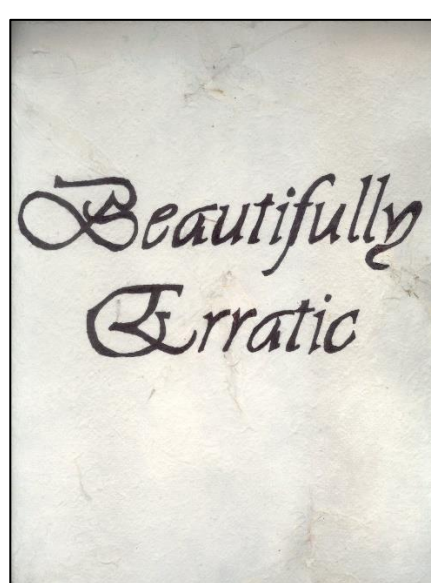
Life is Just One Pitch at a Time

(student wrote about how baseball was a metaphor for his life)



Popping the Bubble

(student wrote about how graduating was like popping the bubble of childhood and entering adulthood)



Beautifully Erratic

(student wrote about how life had been crazy for her but beautiful in its chaos)

beautifully erratic

My life has been a roller coaster of events wrapped in spontaneity. When I became a teenager, I promised myself I would live life as it came. I refused to make plans because I believe that everything runs according to destiny and karma. And so I let my life play out in front of me like a documentary, an interesting one at that.

Nothing ever seemed to stay in one set path or direction, but no matter what course I took it was always beautiful. Exciting.

During eighth grade a passion bubbled inside of me as if a mad scientist dwelled within my soul. I needed a change. Change has always been a big part of my life because I strive to break free of all constraints. Whenever I am contained in one circumstance, I feel trapped; I can't breathe. And so, I traded the beaches of Miami for the *campos* of Santo Domingo. The drastic move was exactly what I needed. I needed new everything, and when I was ready to come back (six months later) I migrated once again.

Throughout the years to come I wandered about life as it came, admiring the beauty my world held, and enjoying the ride. Writing whenever I could because it was a form of pure liberation. Crying as much as I could, because I hate holding things in. Loving, laughing, partying, working, living. I got in trouble at any occasion to challenge the limits, but in intervals I'd be the best student. I loved being purely erratic.

That sense of eccentricity made me feel free, and freedom is beauty.

Four years later, without much thought, I packed my thing and within three days I had moved to New York. Most people would find this hard to believe, but yes this was my life, full of surprises and pandemonium. But this kind of crazy is what really cleared the way for me. It has made me who I am. Who knows what the future will bring, but I can bet it will be exhilarating because of the pure fact of the unknown.