



NEW YORK CITY DEPARTMENT OF EDUCATION
GROVER CLEVELAND HIGH SCHOOL – Marc Pascente, Principal
Dr. Robertson, Assistant Principal, Supervision, Communication Arts & Music
2127 Himrod Street Ridgewood, NY 11385 718.381.9600 extension 1371 fax 718.417.8457
mpascente@schools.nyc.gov

English 10H
Mrs. Smith

Name Ava Thompson

Most of my personality traits are never my own.
They are just mere reflections of the people in my life.
But, it could never amount to the authenticity or
The pure element and natural state of them.
And it is never entirely replicated with meaning.
Therefore, my simple installation of these attributes are nothing—
If it were not for these people.

For instance, my empathy.
The imitation of my brother's actions.
Yet, it dwells within me and sometimes, it holds me captive.
And then, I don't get to choose who I cry for and who I wish well for.
He calls it his harsh blessing.

Or my kindness,
The mimic of my father in me.
The endless chances given to those who have never given one to me.
I've learned from him that it is vital. Like the blood that pumps to my heart
And gives me life.

And my tranquility.
My center of everything.
And the adapter of my older sisters.
The master of my mind that teaches me to always keep a level-head.
Especially in situations where I feel like it will be my end.
Because actually— it never is.

But, my composure and control.
The only characters that are genuinely mine.
The twin puppeteers that hold me together.
And make me walk into school everyday.
They hold my arms out to hug my dad each morning.
They open my mouth and make me talk instead of scream.
They open my eyes but only let me cry when they're not around.

And my trust.
The rare copy of my best friend.
It allows me to be dependent on her. And now, her on me.
There are times where I don't feel worthy of reliance.
But then I remember that her trust in me is ever-present.
As stubborn as a clingy child to a mother, it never leaves.

So, for these moral contributions, I am forever thankful
To the people I love the most.
For molding me into who I am and who I live to become.
For holding my hand, and guiding me into the brighter light.

By being the perfections of epitome,
And the protectors of my peace,
With every flaw in me, I look down to.
But these traits of theirs, I admire and hold high.
Unknowingly of the impact they leave on me, they exist
And I live to exist with them.