

### Personal Statement

As a kid, people always called me shy. I had a hard time talking to people and making friends. Unfortunately, this trait did not go hand in hand with what I wanted to become. I wanted to be the main character of something. I wanted to be that person who the story was about. I wanted to be someone better than who I was, someone who had confidence, someone who had a talent, someone who was going to save the world. I think I watched too many superhero movies and read too many Rick Riordan books but bottom-line I wanted to feel like I mattered to people.

So, when I started middle school and became part of no extracurriculars I realized that this so-called dream of mine wasn't going to work out. I bought a yearbook at the beginning of sixth grade expecting to at least see my face on an assembly photo. In June, I flipped through the pages, read the paragraphs, and was disappointed to see that my only photo was the one I got taken at picture day.

Thus, I began seventh grade by being part of the yearbook team. I liked writing and design, so I thought I'd kill two birds with one stone. I would develop my writing skills and get myself featured on more pages this year. The latter did not happen. Well, technically it sort of happened because I was in the yearbook group photo. Although, I looked at the page the day after an editor put in everyone's names and where my name was supposed to be was instead this: "?????" This was around halfway through the year and there were less than 30 people in our class, so that really helped with my self-esteem. It also didn't help when I did most of the work for my group, doing all the writing, designing, and interviewing. Then, February hit and my teacher assigned new pages, remembering everyone else's names but mine.

At this point, I knew I wasn't going to get my name or face on that many pages anytime soon. I'd accepted the fact that I wasn't that important. So, realizing that I had some sort of power in this class, I got to decide who I get to interview or which photos get to be put on a page. I thought if I couldn't get myself on those pages, I could at least try to get other people there so that they didn't end up like me. I hated going through those pages looking for some mention of myself and instead constantly seeing the same people. I didn't want others to feel like they were left out. I wanted them to know that someone saw them and that they weren't just in the background. This led me to deciding that I want to tell stories for the rest of my life and make sure everyone has that chance to be represented. I want people to know that they're not alone.

### Artist Statement

What lasts forever? I wanted to try to make each piece open to the viewers' interpretation as much as possible. I wanted to show certain instances where impermanence can be seen but gave room so as not to make the viewer feel as if this is the only perspective out there. Rather, I don't want to tell them that nothing lasts forever, I want them to question this statement and reflect this concept onto their own lives.

I used acrylics and to have as much organic shapes as possible to add to this idea that impermanence isn't black and white. It's something that is "wiggly" and flows through our life. It's something that we don't automatically know the answer to off the top of our heads. It causes us to think in ways we have never thought to look. We know that one day we, as individuals, will be gone. We know that all this "stuff" and "things" in our lives will be gone. We know that in a lot of years from now the sun will explode and the earth will be gone. What we don't know is what stays. We don't know what will change. We don't know how much of ourselves live on. The unknown is scary but it is part of human nature to seek it out.