

The Constant

I have lived a sample of a nomadic life for the past three years. In that short amount of time I have moved to eight different places. The most recent uprooting was to Franklin, Tennessee for two months in the middle of my junior year. I moved late September, and returned back to Fort Mill in early December. I did not even finish a semester at the school I was attending. The constant change in scenery caused a seemingly unbreakable habit-the inability to commit. The thought of never being able to follow through was in the back of my mind, until I walked into the Television classroom. Mrs. McKemey, the instructor, provided me with the perfect potion to break me of my fatal flaw, and ignite my passion for journalism. Ever since I walked through the boldly decorated door with *The Buzz* painted in bright blue letters; Journalism has been one of the few constants in my life.

Even as a young girl I was always interested in journalism. When I was in elementary school I was apart of the school's morning announcements, and in middle school the weekly broadcast-The Howl. However, I was too young to realize that it was not the recognition I enjoyed, but the responsibility of relaying the news. Naturally, I was drawn to the Television classes offered at school when I started my freshman year. Every Friday a new episode of The Buzz is released, and shown at the end of the school day. I would watch in awe as the staff effortlessly highlighted current events happening around Fort Mill. The magic of visual storytelling was something I wanted to be apart of from the beginning.

Sophomore year, I took the first level of Television, and moved three times. While I was learning to pack the perfect box; I was studying how to create the perfect news package. Mrs. McKemey's-my journalism teacher- magnetic environment took my mind off of the chaos at home. I was always on my toes because of the constant complaining about where I lived. The house was either too small, in the wrong neighborhood, or just not good enough for my Mom. My only way of rationalizing the constant change was the fact that she was a single-mom with two kids, and continuously running around for my sister, and I. Also, complaining was never an option because I know my Mom had a plethora of things on her plate, so instead of crumbling under the instability I devoted my time perfecting my craft. The thought of moving was silenced by my captivation in Journalism.

As my senior year is coming to end Journalism has shaped my life in unimaginable ways. The Buzz TV has been the most challenging class all four years at Fort Mill High, and completion of the course has provided me with the opportunity to grow as a young-adult. Weekly deadlines have impacted me by learning to follow through with commitment because if I did not the show would have been incomplete. My classmates will also be disappointed, considering The Buzz is viewed by the entire school. This has caused me to become a cycle breaker in my

personal life. I have overcome my families weakness to be able to commit. I have had a job for over a year, completed high school, and committed to attend the University of South Carolina to continue studying Broadcast Journalism.

Journalism presented me with the opportunity to fall down seven, and stand up eight times. Moving meant finding new friends, going to another school, and adjusting to a brand new home. However, the foundation journalism has provided me caused a chain reaction. As I grew older, constantly working in production provoked qualities of self-confidence, independence, and responsibility. Finally, I established an equilibrium to my life. I never stuck with sports, hobbies, or homes but I have found my niche through the power of journalism.