

Dale Calkins  
ELA 30-1  
Mr. Kabachia  
June 14, 2006

## Who Am I and What Am I Doing Here?

I sit here in my basement, contemplating how to complete this assignment which is meant to be a self-evaluation of myself. My computer's clock displays 23:00, I have been in front of this computer for 20 minutes, just thinking. This assignment is due tomorrow and I have been putting off working on it until now. Perhaps that is what I should write about, how much I regret always leaving my assignments until the very last minute. Ah, Star Trek: Enterprise is on the Space Channel, I think I shall watch it, I suppose I can delay the completion of this assignment for one more hour...

Well that was a thoroughly disappointing episode, the series finale of the show and I think it was probably the worst episode of the entire series. What a shame this series wasn't very popular, causing the creators to truncate it with a moronic episode filled with cameos of characters from Star Trek: Next Generation, a far more popular series. They also did this right when the series was finally getting on the right track. I however must get back on track if I am to finish this assignment for tomorrow.

I do indeed regret being such a procrastinator, however I do not lament the end result of my work, which no matter how long I leave it, I still complete my work to the utmost of my abilities. I am very proud of the work I do, especially when I know that I have put absolutely everything I could into it. I just finished my portfolio an hour before starting this self reflection assignment, I built a website, one that I am extremely proud of. I worked on this site for three weeks, building absolutely every part of it with my own two hands, well with a keyboard, mouse and some software too. Every single element of the website came together perfectly and it is a website I am truly proud of. Of course it is not the world's most impressive website, but it is my website, something I have built and I very much enjoy the feeling of accomplishing something all by myself.

All by myself, that is how I have been for the vast majority of my life, either because I had no way of being with others or because I had chosen to isolate myself from society. When I was just 4 years old, my family moved from my place of birth in Mississauga, Ontario, here to Alberta. I found myself in a strange new world, away from the skyscrapers and freeways which I had been accustomed to, I was now in the middle of nowhere, a field where my skyscrapers had been replaced by trees and my freeways were no gravel trails. The scenery

was not a negative change mind you, the people rather were what I truly despised. I never fit in at my new rural school, which happened to be populated by children influenced by their ultraconservative redneck parents, something I certainly was not. I was made fun of on a daily basis and beaten up regularly by students, who disliked me simply because I was different than them. This forced me to isolate myself from the society, I did not really associate with anyone at my school, nor did I ever have friends over to my house. I simply relied on myself, my toys and my good friend the television for entertainment.

Ah, the television, something we are supposed to believe pollutes the mind, however, this is completely untrue. Television opens our minds to new ideas and intriguing new prospects. One of my favorites shows as a child was Star Trek, and as revealed previously in this document it still is. It exposed me to a new way of thinking, that I could do anything I wanted to as long as I worked hard at it. The characters inspired me through their actions of overcoming great adversity to survive, I now knew that if was intelligent enough and clever enough, I too could survive and prosper. Star Trek also exposed me to being more accepting of people for who they are, whether they had brown skin, red skin, white skin, black skin, yellow skin or half-white-half-black skin. Star Trek may have been just a show about a

bunch of humans and aliens wandering around the universe in an interstellar spaceship, fighting other aliens and having the Captain score with hot green female aliens, but really it was so much more it was a show representative of humanity's continuous progression of thought. All lame geeky jokes aside, Star Trek inspired me to think differently as did many other television shows. What can be extrapolated from this? Television is good for human development especially if it has really snazzy ships and cool phaser battles!

I digress, I seem to have gone off on a tangent... Hmm, writing exactly what I am thinking is certainly an interesting way to complete an assignment. Back to my original points about my feelings of not belonging. During my time at my rural school I did separate myself from society, but this was for the better. I learned how to exist on my own, without the need for outside influence, I believe this aided me in the advancement of my abilities and in my quest for greater knowledge as I carried on my self reliant existence for many years. When I moved to Saint John, New Brunswick during the 4<sup>th</sup> grade and then to Calgary in the 6<sup>th</sup> grade, I found myself in a vastly different situation than that which I had experienced in rural Alberta. I was once again in the city, something I just prefer over the country-side. I also found myself among friendly, caring people who did not despise me for

who I was. This was such a welcome experience but was not able to take full advantage of it. I made friends while I was in New Brunswick and Calgary, but my reluctance to become close to anyone because of my past experiences and then because of knowing that I would lose them when I moved again. This once again meant that I would often be by myself, which at this time gave rise to my interest in web design, something which I still enjoy very much. I don't think I will write about that though, I would talk about it for two pages and that would cause my assignment to be much too long.

After only one year in Calgary my family moved back to Central Alberta, but at least this time it was to Lacombe, which was at least somewhat less populated with ultraconservative rednecks. Even if Lacombe was a more friendly place to me, I still felt somewhat removed from the rest of society. This was especially true from grades 7 to 9, a time when I attempted to convince myself that the people who I had chosen to associate were truly my friends. This certainly was not true, I had nothing in common with them and in hindsight, befriending them was only to fill a sense of loneliness that perhaps had finally after all of these years, caught up with me. Whatever was the case, for the first time in my life I found myself not being myself and being more like that which I despise, an intolerant individual. This all

seemed to change during my first week at Lacombe Composite High School.

I was still associating with my “fake friends” of junior high for the first few days of grade 10, but all of the sudden I realized that these people were not my friends and that I did not want to be like them. I went in search of people who were like who I really am. I found them and to this day they are my best friends, real friends who respect me for who I am and I in turn respect them. One of these people in fact is not just a friend to me but rather someone who means the world to me. At age five she was my first love, we played house in kindergarten everyday and during recess we would kiss under the slide. Now 13 years later, we have come together again and she is still my first and only love. I attribute much of the rediscovery of myself after junior high to her, she brought who I really am to the surface, chiseling away all of the false emotions and personalities which had taken hold of me. From that point on I became even more myself, exploring deeper into the human psyche and expanding and refining my beliefs. Beliefs which if I were to elaborate upon I would write for dozens of pages in regards to my thoughts on existence, religion, the preservation of independent thought in the face societal

obligations. Those are topics for another time and in a far more intellectual and philosophical medium than this.

My life is a journey, one which the destination of is irrelevant, who I am and what I do during this adventure is greater than any final outcome. For the past 18 years despite numerous elements of existence which have attempted to distract me from who I really am, I believe that at this moment, I am more myself than I have ever been. I am always under pressure to conform to the demands of others, as are most individuals, I however make no compromise with regards to this. Nothing deters me from expressing my ideas and acting according to these beliefs. I am me and I am doing what I want, then, now and always.