

Teacher

Breanna W. Luck High School

The big question – “What is your dream job?” If you asked me this question when I was in Kindergarten, I would have given an answer like Nurse, Veterinarian, Pilot or even an Astronaut. Each year I would be asked this question, and my answer constantly changed. Back then it didn’t matter what I answered because I had so much time to think about it, yet the time flew by, and that question became crucial.

The time has come to have a final answer, and I’m still working out the kinks. Do I want to be a teacher, a flight attendant, or even a photographer? There are so many choices but, deep inside I know what the correct answer is, it just has to rise to the surface for me to reach out and grab. As senior year is already coming to a close, my childhood memories randomly start appearing. It feels as if the correct answer is creeping its way to the surface.

In Wisconsin, the winter months were too brutal to play outside, but that didn’t stop me from having playtime. I hibernated in the house impersonating a teacher. I would bribe my younger siblings with candy, to be my students and I would read short stories and teach them simple math. I would have them lined up behind me as we marched around the house as if we were on a field trip or taking them to library skills or art class. Of course, I was prepared to impersonate the librarian and art teacher too.

In middle school, I would volunteer to help classmates who were struggling with their homework. I remember a friend struggling to name the states and capitals, so I went above and beyond and sketched a rough drawing of the United States with the states and capitals in the correct location. A week later that person came to me with an A- on their test.

Since I was thirteen, I have been babysitting for families in the area in which I live in. Ages have ranged from a few months old twelve. It seems easy to take care of little ones, but in this case, it wasn’t. All of these kids have been through the ringer due to family issues or health complications. I’ve done everything from holding a baby like I would with a football, so he/she wouldn’t choke, to being less than a babysitter and more as a friend.

I’ve done all of these amazing things throughout the years. The correct answer is clearer than ever. I love watching little ones grow into strong kids. I love helping kids get through rough patches in their lives. I love how I can make them laugh as the pain becomes tolerable. My answer to the big question is to become an elementary teacher.

We depend on the new generation. Hardworking teachers who are passionate in what they do, and can discipline when it is necessary, is what I want to be. They are making a difference, and what not a better way of doing so than being a teacher.

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715-472-2152

