

Dreaming Big

Since I was four, my dream job has been to become a doctor. I have nurtured my dream all this time by reading books about how doctors help people and about medicine. At home when I don't feel well, my mother first tells me to lie down and rest. If that doesn't work, then my mom gives me medicine. Sometimes my dad buys guava juice and it's a substitute for water. I drink that and it helps me feel better.

When covid hit, my dream became bigger because I have seen a lot of suffering and death. It makes me sad and connected to my big dream undoubtedly. I started thinking about how my big dream can impact the community who cares about me. People in the community can come to me and I will listen to their problems.

One reason why I want to be a doctor is because I want to treat sick people. I want to treat sick people because I don't want to see people suffer. I also don't want people to be sick around others. When people are sick, they don't have the energy, they need to do their jobs. Everybody will miss school or work and it's hard to catch up when you've been away.

It has always been my dream to help others, and I want to help my community. Community helps each other in many ways like planting a community garden. When people are in desperate need of money or others, community rallies so the family feel loved.

It will take many years to become a doctor. I know I can count on my family to support and encourage me when I run into difficulties. In turn I am there for my family.