When I first came to middle school I was scared, alone, and I felt out of place. No one would accept me and there seemed to not be a group out there that I could join. Luckily, one fateful day came along where I heard about the tryouts for some sort of robotics team. With my naïve and young brain not even knowing what this was, I gave it a shot. I went in that day and took a test that destined my path from there on out. There were so many intimidating and bright individuals, but I knew that I could not let them get to me and I had to just keep going. Many exhausting and anxious days passed until one day the team members were announced. I cautiously went up to the pinned up piece of paper and low and behold my name was there. I was ecstatic. A group had finally accepted me. Yet, my journey was not finished. I was still the smallest, most inexperienced, and worst of all; I’m not even sure what this club was exactly. All I knew was that if I wanted to be accepted I had to strive to the top and not let anyone bring me down. About a year has passed now and though it was a struggle to get to the top, I now have friends by my side, a robot in my hands, and a great motive that can inspire me to do anything I want.