**COLUMN**

**ANNA EDWARDS**

**TRHS**

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Dear Dean (fill in the blank here), this is what I want to say

***Anna Edwards***

***editor***

*I am a senior and I have applied to several colleges...and now I wait. To pass this never ending time, I came up with a letter that I wish I could send to one of the university officials who will decide my fate....but I won’t.*

Dear Dean of Admissions,

 William Ernest Henley once wrote, “I am the master of my fate, I am the captain of my soul.” Obviously, Henley never met the Dean of Admissions of my dream school.

 For years I was lied to as a student. I was told to be myself, that I control my future, and that I determine my destiny. However, this inspirational ideology is complete crap. I can “be myself” and control my own destiny if I am a student that has 11 extracurricular, killer SAT scores, five leadership positions, four varsity sports, and speak three different languages fluently. However, if I work at the local ice cream shop and offer as much diversity as a saltine cracker, I can count on you, the Dean of Admissions, to be the captain of my fate.

 I send my sincere apology that I am not good enough for your school. I apologize that I am Caucasian. If it were up to me I would gladly have been Navajo or Pacific Islander. I am sorry that I did not cure a disease by the age of 17, or practice a rare religion where I worship dinosaurs. I apologize that I was not forced to watch “60 minute” segments as a young child or know the entire periodic table by the age of four. I am sorry that I did not start my own charity at the age 12 or start a foundation to feed the homeless or rescue stray pets. I send my apologizes for not raising money to support nearly extinct Yangtze Finless Porpoise or raise awareness for the people fighting chapped lips and runny noses in the winter. But if I used someone else’s misfortune in an attempt to propel myself into the Ivy League or my dream school, I guess then I could be the master of my own fate.

Maybe I should even apologize for being myself. The unfairness of being a girl in a middle income family applying for college is ridiculous. Ever heard of a scholarship for someone in a middle class family that has blue eyes blonde hair and has never even broken a bone in her body? Nope, I did not think so. Once I win the lottery I will be sure to create a scholarship fund for basic white girls like myself, and no, not just the girls who love Starbucks, but for the girls who cannot help that their ethnicity is as common as they come.

 And I bet you, the Dean of Admissions, are probably thinking that I am bitter? Me, an average female teenager complaining about my own shortcomings? Never. If you want to talk about bitter, let me tell you about the hours I spent working on the seemingly endless application for your school, only to have you deny my admission. Bitter? Let’s talk about the endless days that I check the mailbox. That’s bitter. I do not know why I put myself through agony. It’s like waiting for rain in a drought or going back to the cheating ex-boyfriend and expecting that go-around to be different. No, I am not a teenage drama queen (unless that scores me some diversity points on my application). I guess that somewhere deep inside of me, despite all common sense, I have hope that I, a mere mortal, could actually be the master of my fate, and the captain of my soul and be accepted to my dream school. With that being said, I think I’ll go check to mailbox one more time.

 Sincerely,

 A basic white female dreaming of her dream school