

**Describe the world you come from — for example, your family, community or school — and tell us how your world has shaped your dreams and aspirations.**

“Hahaha,” she mocked me with that sinister laugh every time she beat me at tennis on the Wii. I would always rebound by making fun of how “chunky” she was and she would slap me, reminding me that she’s my mother, and that she was a 52 year old woman who just beat her son in a video game. When we play, we always have cute conversations and usually tend to have some of our goofiest moments, but on this particular day, my mother threw me for a loop—she was serious. Though we have had many conversations, both insightful and hilarious while playing the Wii, the conversation that I truly cherish is the one when my momma asked me, “What do you want to be?” This question was shocking to me, and I didn’t know how to respond because it was rhetorical.

In reality, I am Shivam. I come from a world that has a prewritten future—I am destined to take over the entrepreneurial empire that my parents have been growing for twenty-seven years. I am destined to be a millionaire. Even though this is what I have in store for me, I believe that every destiny has the ability to be altered, and my interception came from Google. After my mother asked me that unanswerable question, I remember thinking about it constantly. I Googled my name one day out of curiosity, and it asked me for alternative searches. It was at that moment in which I realized that I was absolutely no one, and that I did not know who I wanted to be, but it at the same time changed my whole world and fueled me with the desire to become someone of my own, and add a few new chapters into my future.

My parents own hotels. They are the somewhat perfect examples of a rags to riches story—the American Dream. They came to this country dirt poor from Fiji, and are now living peaceful lives. Since I am their only son, they have agreed to pass on all of their assets to me once I have graduated from college. Coming from the impoverished neighborhood that I come from, anyone would be ecstatic to know that he or she will be a millionaire by the time they are around twenty-two years old.

Though I love the idea of being a millionaire, I don’t want it to be given to me. I want to earn the title through my own hard work, and though I greatly respect my parents for working as hard as they have, that money and title is theirs, not mine. Because of this, I dream to achieve the status of millionaire, but not with the generosity of my parents. I want to work my way from the bottom and climb to the top, not start at the top and keep on climbing. I have no idea what I want to do as a career, but my desire to carry on my education and go to college is definitely imminent because I refuse to take the easy way out and simply take what is waiting for me.

Google has inspired me to achieve my own glory. One day, I will be able to search my name on Google, and there will be no need to stare at a blank screen. My life that seems predetermined right now will be one that I have the ability to control. I will truly be able to tell my momma who I want to be, and I will have an answer to the question that will no longer be rhetorical.