Contile 1

Jasmine Contile

Humanities 1

28 Aug. 2014

**Justifying My Dreams**

“What do you want for yourself? What is it that you’re going to set your mind to and

accomplish?” Dad asked.

I answered his question simply, but I would rather tell you in depth, exactly what I

am chasing after...

Ever since I was little I’ve dreamed of doing something involving the law, and now I

have a perfect idea of what I want. I want to walk in prepared with all of my evidence, and

witnesses, everything I need to win the case. The courtroom will smell of wood, and I will take a

confident breath in, filling my senses with the sturdy warm scent. The judge will sit at the

podium, his long black robe baggy, and wrinkly, he’ll speak loud and clear, for everyone to hear..

Once the defendant’s attorney speaks, I’ll walk up to my spot, and begin to talk. Everyone’s eyes

would land on me, the family of the victim will look at me yearning for justice, I’m the only one

that can give it to them. I’m the only one to put the person that hurt them in prison. And I will. I

will accomplish everything I’ve worked for. I’ll be the most successful prosecuting attorney of

my time. I’ll win every case, and make enough money someday to own the perfect house. Giant,

stunning, modern architecture, glass windows, grand dining halls, and swimming pools so large

you could use them as aquariums. And my favorite room, that would be the library, where the books

Contile 2

will come to life, where you’ll get lost just walking through all the isles. Where I could come home from a hard day at work, with a book in hand. I’ll leave one hand on the soft velvety sofa, I’ll take sips from warm and sweet, calming tea, the flavor will dance on my tongue. And then, I’ll relive the day again. But I don’t want to be one of those workaholics, I still need something to add to this life. Family. And when the time is right, I will have a family of my own, a husband, smart, kind, loving, funny, and handsome. Our kids running around, laughing and playing in the backyard while I make dinner, causing the house to fill with the aroma of steak and macaroni and cheese. It will smell like heaven. Our home will be a loving and happy place. And I will raise my own children the way my parents did for me, valuing their unique dreams, supporting them through all their special journeys and then, my life will be complete.

“That’s what I want.” I replied.