

I have had a lot of big crazy moments in my life. But one that really affected me in every which way possible was when I received my report card. It was the summer of '06. I kind of knew my grades were going to be poor. Well I was at school one day when I got a phone call from my mom. I kind of figured out what it was about because that week I knew any day the report cards were coming in the mail. But I was surprised because she did not raise her voice at all. All I knew was that it wasn't good because my heart just got a sudden pain. She said she was very disappointed in me. She asked me, "Stephanie, what is going on with you?" I did not have any answers for her. I still didn't know my exact grades. Since I just stayed quiet she told me she was going to talk to me when she got home from work. So I went on with my day just the insides of my stomach tossing and turning. So I got home and saw the report card on my dresser. I race to it and opened it. As I am looked at it I felt like my chin dropped so low, it hit the floor. It was so devastating. I just felt my eyes watering. I had 3 fails. I was both sad and mad. I thought to myself how could I fall this low in so little time?

I was so heartbroken was because first of all I knew I disappointed my family because they know what I am capable of. For me to fall that low is very unacceptable. Secondly, I wanted to participate in cheerleading for my school this upcoming year. In order to be on the cheerleading squad I had to have a 2.0 GPA. I wasn't going to let anything stop me from reaching my goal in doing this. So instead of sitting around wishing this and wishing that I got up real quick to see what I should do about my grades. I knew nothing was going to get accomplished if I didn't take actions immediately. I stopped procrastinating, got my act together and talked to my teachers. Two out of three of my teachers said I was still capable of bringing up my grades. One said I had no chance. To start it off I did any type of extra credit. I for tests, so it could be a little bit easier for me because I would never study at all before. That was a positive change for me. I also had to take two summer school courses. I was willing to do anything to bring my grades up. In the end, I accomplished my goal. It was just a nightmare I had to snap out of. It was hard to wake up, but I did it.

One particular moment that I remember was the week before finals. I was really stressing out because I had to do my extra credit work. Like in my English class I had to read a story

that I should have already read, then complete an assignment based on the book. For math, I had to take a lot of notes to make sure I understood everything. I tried my best to learn and I pretty much got it, but I still had my ups and down in this class. For both of those classes I had to study for the regular test we would get in that class. Aside from all that I had to prepare myself for finals. I couldn't afford to fail anymore classes, and it was very challenging for me. I was a turtle trying to run.

The reason why I was so eager to cheer is because it was something I really enjoyed. I enjoy it because when I am out there performing it builds up my self-esteem. I feel like I can do anything and everything. I think it's just me holding my pom poms knowing that I am going to cheer for my school. I like supporting my school and that is a good way to do it. I like cheering the players on, whether it is from the football team or basketball team.

A very great moment I remember was the first week of the new school year. It was on a Friday, the day we always have our football games on. It was our first pep rally. We had practiced this a million times. All of us were nervous, but I was extremely nervous because I was in a stunt. It was a 3-high stunt and I was on the very top. I knew we had it because we had it perfect when we practiced it. I was just hoping it was as good when we performed it for our audience. First we did a cheer. It was our anthem song "SYLMAR." We had a loud applause just for that. For me that was a big relief we started off well. We changed formation, did a dance, and I am sure that came out good. We changed our formation again for the last and final stunt. At the moment I was just praying that we stuck the stunt up. I was hoping the other groups kept their stunts up too. My captain called out the cheer. I jumped up and placed my feet in my bases hands. They are strong so they took me up easily. Then they had to throw me up to a higher stunt. There were two stunts in front of me, but diagonally. One was on the right. The other was on the left. In that stunt they threw me up and I have to place my feet on two of the other flyer's hips. I placed my foot on the flyer's right hip, but at the same time I put my right foot on the other flyer's left hip. All this stuff was happening at the same time. As well as we all have to say the cheer loud and clear. In the end when the cheer was over we still had the stunts up. That was tremendous that none of them fell. I was so relieved

after that. We had an even bigger applause then the first time. A lot of people were complimenting me because I was at the very top and they said it looked so nice. I was so happy because I like getting compliments on stuff I been trying my best to do. I was a baby bird that finally learned how to fly after practicing so hard.