I barely remember my childhood. From the moment I was born until I was about thirteen, all my ‘memories’ feel like stories I’ve been told about someone else - none of it feels like it actually occurred to me.

But one thing I do remember, incredibly vividly, is sitting at my laptop every single day, and watching live performances of my favourite bands: no matter what phase I was in - My Chemical Romance, R5, 5 Seconds of Summer, or GOT7 - you would always catch me staring longingly at the screen, wishing that I were there.

At that time, I never imagined that I’d be able to see my favourite bands in concert: I never even thought I’d be able to escape that house. To be honest, I couldn’t envision my life past seventeen: “can I *truly* become an adult when my life is currently like this?”

I think that’s what makes me even more grateful to be here today, doing things that I never thought I’d live long enough or fulfilling-ly enough to do. Like, getting my first tattoo: I had it booked and on my arm within 24hours of deciding - very impulsively. The design I chose was the artwork of SUNWOO’s ‘Berry’ - the song that got me through my GCSE. My point here is that, not only was it crazy to me that I was the first out of my inner circle to get a tattoo, but I just couldn’t believe that I’d gone to get it *by myself*. I was proud.

Even in terms of responsibilities, I’m taking on everything I possibly can and keeping myself busy: as a kid, being busy was my biggest nightmare. Now, I’ve got three paid jobs, a couple of volunteer tasks, and uni assignments stacked up: balancing this all with my hobbies (dance practices, events, film festivals, etc.) is tough, but it’s rewarding, too.

And to think that, when I was eight, I never imagined that I’d be doing all of this at eighteen. Concerts, tattoos, jobs, *fun* - these were all once-in-a-lifetime experiences in my mind. Everything good was temporary. Now, I’m in such a position that I can do what I enjoy regularly, and I’m just so grateful.

Someone recently told me that they don’t think reaching your dreams or being successful is what *makes* you happy - because no matter what, you’ll always want more. It’s therefore important to be happy enough with where you are now: not complacent, because it’s productive to always be working on yourself and your craft, but simply content.

I think that’s how I feel right now - nothing’s perfect, but I am *so* proud of myself for getting this far, and I’m only going to keep going further - and that’s very much enough.