

Place Narrative

I remember the moment when I first stepped onto the campus of Yale University. I remember the smell of freshly cut grass and the sharp autumn breeze. I remember the warm sun on my face, and my heart beating fast with excitement as I was surrounded by thousands of students just like me. The year was 2008, and I had just finished my senior year of high school. Although I had been accepted to Stanford University, Yale was always my first choice. From the moment I heard about Yale, it was where I wanted to be. My family and friends were happy for me, but they did not understand why it meant so much to me. When they asked why Yale was so special to me, I couldn't find a way to explain it in words — until now.

Yale is special because it is where I came into my own as a person — intellectually, socially, and emotionally. It is where I found myself in a place that gave me freedom to pursue my passions while still holding on to who I am as a person and what values are important to me. As a result of this exploration, I found my own voice and a new sense of confidence. I realized that even though I am a minority, I do not have to be defined by it. I can be the best version of myself and create my own path.

Yale is also special because it gave me an opportunity to learn from people who have different perspectives from me. It is where I learned how to speak up in class, ask for help when I needed it, and learn from my mistakes. It is where I made friends with people who challenged me intellectually and challenged my assumptions about the world. It is where I found a community that supported me in my goals, no matter how ambitious they were.

My experiences at Yale have been some of the most formative years of my life. In order to convey this to you, however, I must tell you about the place itself — not just as a university but as a living organism with its own history and culture.

The first time I stepped onto the campus of Yale University, I was overwhelmed by its sheer size and beauty. It was autumn, and the trees were changing colors. The bright reds, oranges, and yellows of the leaves against the blue sky and gray buildings made me feel like I was in a painting. Everywhere I looked, there were people laughing, studying, playing sports, or just hanging out with friends. Everyone seemed so happy to be there. I was also amazed by how old everything was — some of the buildings looked like they had been there for centuries! The Gothic architecture made me feel like I had been transported back in time to another era. At that moment, I felt so proud to be a part of this great institution.

Now that I have been at Yale for several years, I take the campus for granted. I know exactly where to go for which class, and how to get there. The campus is so big that I sometimes forget how it looked when I first saw it. I also forget how big the campus is in comparison to other colleges. This semester, my sister and her friends came to visit me at Yale, and they were amazed by how big the campus was. She was particularly impressed by the Gothic architecture and told me that it reminded her of Hogwarts from Harry Potter! Now, whenever I walk around campus, I look at it with fresh eyes and think about how much it has changed over time.