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I am not perfect. This, above all, is what being a Warrior taught me. Yes, I learned to be resilient in the face of adversity, to turn my cheek when anger threatened to consume me, to be brave when my heart felt as if it would explode out of my chest with fear. But alongside all this, I learned that no human, no warrior, is perfect. And that is what being a Warrior means to me.

A warrior, in the literal sense, is a brave and noble being, one who fights and wins. However, there are times when a warrior falls. It's in these moments that a warrior must pick herself up off, brush away the dirt, and limp back to the battlefield. A warrior perseveres, yes, but she is human, and humans are not perfect.

I have always been a perfectionist. If I failed at something, I fell into a cycle of stress causing failure, failure causing stress. This cycle was destroying me. That is, until I looked to my peers, my fellow Warriors, and realized that perfection truly isn't everything. Being a Warrior taught me that it is not how you deal with success, but rather how you deal with failure, that defines you. You can either get up and move forward, or get stuck in an endless cycle of despair. I chose the former. And because of this, I am a better person. I chose not to let my failures define me. Instead, I let them become my battle scars.

Every warrior has scars, seen or unseen, that take away from their perfection. But those scars are nothing but pieces of a whole, memories and experiences that add to a person, but do not define one. I am proud to be human, to be a Warrior.