

ACT IV, Scene I

The Wildcard

[Hansini's yoga mat in her mildly clean dorm room, a Wednesday afternoon, HANSINI and HER THOUGHTS]

HER THOUGHTS

So, this is a long one. She has a lot to say. It's going to be a rambling little diary entry, almost. She has a lot to say for how quiet she is. It might be a bit all over the place, but that's just how she is. Let's hear it, then. The wildcard! A diary entry reflecting on her first semester at UGA for the most part, and a little more than just that.

HANSINI

The hardest part of forcing myself to branch out and confront the deeply engrained issues of keeping myself confined to the suffocating limits of high school expectations and the issues of covert racism was rekindling my love for everything I used to genuinely enjoy. Everything from art and music and my relationship with my Buddhist spirituality was muffled by the toils of high school, especially when the pandemic hit. Becoming a college student and having the time to reflect on myself as both a writer and human graced me with new perspectives on myself and my creations of art and writing. I can honestly embrace myself now without resentment planted in me regarding my own existence down to the very way I look to other people.

I reconnected with just how human I really am throughout this first semester at UGA. I made new friends, found communities I thought I would never find, and I found a home in myself even when home is so far away. I learned how to love the things I used to hate. I decided for my wildcard that my Spotify playlist would reflect just how much I truly welcomed change and development with open arms this semester. I struggled a lot with burn out throughout my

senior year and these songs helped me get through the slumps I would fall into every couple days with no motivation, horrible anxiety, and uncertainty with everything I was doing. These songs generally have a negative connotation to me because of how much they remind me of my senior year and the weeks of a generally depressed mood I would fall into. This semester helped redefine my relationship with these songs as I grew as a person and reinvented myself.

I associate these songs with the beautiful memories of growing as a person even if it was a rough semester with so much change and overstimulation from life in general. I still struggle with being quiet, but everything has gotten better, and everything is still getting better. I'm constantly on the road to getting better as a daughter, a sister, a friend, a human, and a writer. I started writing again for fun for once after recovering from the wreck of senior year AP Literature, and these songs all started meaning growth for me away from the bitter memories of high school and feeling trapped. It's a whole new chapter for me as a student and in the world of literature and I'm finally finding my voice.

I'm still a quiet person and I'm finally coming to terms with finding my voice. I've discovered so much about myself this past semester. It hit me as a punch to the gut when someone I held close to me turned to me one day and said with a tinge of anger in his eyes, "Why are you so quiet?" I was forced to confront myself and reflect. Why am I so quiet around certain people? Why do I fall silent so much? Why am I like this?

I find it easy to answer that question even if I don't like answering that question. It's too raw, too honest for myself. I have to confront so much about myself to answer that question. I'm uncomfortable in my skin. Everything from the color to the way it hugs my muscles and the way my muscles hug my bones. I'm uncomfortable with the way I am with myself. This semester helped change that a lot as I realized my high school self isn't my entire world. The things I love

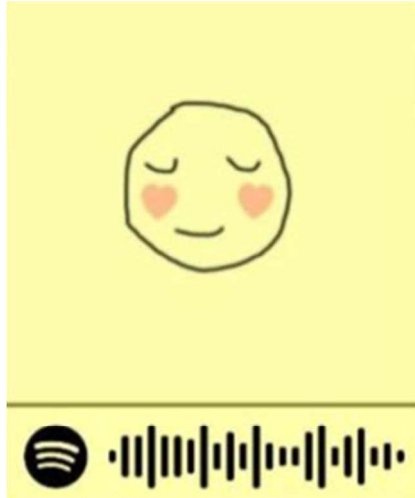
aren't the way they were in high school, and neither are the things I hate. My perception of myself shouldn't stay the same either, and people don't see me the same way they saw me growing up in high school. I'm a different person now, a different reader, a different writer, a different artist. That's what these songs are for.

It's the people and the memories I associate with this playlist, these songs, that truly bring out my voice. I wrote my essays this semester to these songs. These songs don't mean sitting along in my room at 4 AM doing last week's homework in my senior year anymore. These songs mean walking home at midnight with a smile on my face because I studied with people who bring out my voice. It means walking back in the dark with my roommate after a dinner at Snelling where I laughed a little too hard and maybe talked a little too loud. These songs mean tripping up the stairs and laughing about it with people who help me be better. It means missing my mom a lot and wanting to hug her again, and it means the excitement bubbling in me when I finally see her again. These songs mean rekindling a better relationship with my older brother and leaving people in the dust when all they do is inflict hurt.

It means recognizing my self-worth and recognizing how much love I'm full of, and it means finding how much love I have to give that was trapped in me through high school. These songs are like wrapping the horizon around my shoulders and casting a giant fishing net into the sea and pulling back the person I want to be and surrounding myself with what will help me be that person. It's for the people I love and everything down to the smaller things like the tiny little English 1102 classroom of Park Hall where I barely spoke, yet I managed to find my voice. That's what this playlist is.

SPOTIFY PLAYLIST

<https://open.spotify.com/playlist/597VNgsY4UnZ5Zhf86ssv6?si=487010e34f214a36>



[They exit]

THE END