

General Comments

This essay has a lot of personality and very creative organization. In that vein, this personal statement will certainly stand out from its competitors.

I think, though, that you should try to find a different way to close the essay the fits with the theme of a file download better; I'm happy to discuss this with you if you want, but I've no doubt that given your creativity something will come.

A few suggestions:

Tone

Though it's good to convey personality with your writing, at times this essay seemed a bit too informal. I've worked to make sure it's the right tone to submit for an admissions reader.

Focus

Sometimes I felt like the writing was not that focused, and I was a little bit confused as to what you were saying. This is primarily because you're a very talented writer and are working to express complex ideas which can be difficult without lifelong knowledge of idiom and complex syntactical rules. I've marked such areas and cleaned them up.

Details, Details, Details,

You do a very good job of providing some specific details which help us to envision your room, but at times you could use some more. I've marked areas for you to insert the information necessary to take this essay to the next level.

INITIAL DRAFT with specific comments

Who is Wirun Pubpanon?

Take a tour to my room to know me. To give you a mental image of it, let's say, try imagining you downloading my room from the computer server. (not that I'm a computer-fan anyway) Now get yourself in.

15% - The furniture popping up makes you wonder how insipid my room is! The wall, desk, chairs, closet with mirror doors, and shelves are all monotonously white. Doors, lamps and bin too, if you'll count.

25% - You see 4 pairs of shoes: fashion, casual, sport, and school's uniform. Some garbage and dust spread over the floor, not so much that I'll call myself a slob anyway. You'd know my sport shoes. They're pretty old, almost 4 years old, the witness of my physical improvement bought after I tried joining in Body Combat martial arts class and got addicted to it until the trainer named me BodyComaniac. Going to such class melt my 85 kilos off to my fit 57 now, with more refreshing and active personality. Besides, spotted as the youngest member of the club, I easily became a friend of people at my parents' ages, and last but not least, the after-class free meals, you won't really ask money from a boy at your own child's ages, will you?

42% - Now laptop and books on my desk come up. They're all one type, academic books (and you feel Yuck! a geek!), classifiable into two groups: for national Thai test and for the SAT test. I did work hard on them both, not that I love to, but after all, this helps to build up my patience and to learn to manage time, and the SAT too helps me to get the first place of English subject without touching books of my Thai English teacher. Then you notice the thick, black notebook I named it Charlie after Charlie Chaplin my favorite comedian. Aren't they familiar? Black, thick, and never speak a word. I like to put it beside my bed, so that as soon as I wake up from my often-remarkable dreams, I'd be able to catch and write, telling all the fresh feelings and sudden emotions, just like that Charlie Chaplin said, We think too much and feel too little. Thus, I rarely record what I did much, or if I did so, they're mostly pertaining to a way of describing my emotions at the time anyway.

58% - And on the wall shows up the picture named The Gift, my last gift from my grandmother, of nothing much but an old, decayed wooden jetty stretching along the lake over the crystal-clear water. Well, three steps back to its best look. The lower area's water is so transparent that it reveals the rough rocks underneath. The water grows lighter until disappears into blank white at the center, absorbing the bright sky above. Not far to the right floats a tiny island's silhouette that in the first place seems to play no role in this picture. Why do I hang it here? You sense its soft serenity like I do. But there's more if you'll carefully stare at it. Whether the painter intended to or not, he gave a gift at its heart, the most beautiful spot of it, the invisible horizon line. Right where exactly? Ask that silhouette. Whenever I want to give up and get away, I'll stare at, or just close my eyes think of, it for a while, reminding myself that something invisible are there, waiting to come to my eyes. Just keep going on.

70% - The music turns on. I like all kinds, but this one is my classical record. Chopin's Nocturne No.2. I play softly or sometime hit the keys hard, depending on my mood. Teacher called it a Bad Classic. But as long as I can touch the feelings in the air, a great connection of what I felt at that moment, I don't care who says what.

98% - You approach to the empty shelves now filled up with books, noticing that most of them are novels, with a few applied religious books bought to soothe my first breaking up. Novels are my fantasy, as I recalled, as I couldn't read, like open them for pictures. When I could, I found my

Comment [MSOffice1]: Let's set the idea for the essay a bit more eloquently.

Comment [MSOffice2]: This is not quite the right word to use here.

Comment [MSOffice3]: I think the way you divide the essay is original, but it also disrupts the narrative flow. Let's convey the sense of a file download without signposting so obviously.

Comment [MSOffice4]: Spell out the number if it takes fewer than three words to express.

Comment [MSOffice5]: This is not quite the right word.

Comment [MSOffice6]: I think to include your specific weight might make the admissions reader uneasy, especially if he/she is not very thin! Let's make it less specific but convey the same meaning.

Comment [MSOffice7]: Too informal.

Comment [MSOffice8]: This is not quite the right word; "similar" makes more sense.

Comment [MSOffice9]: Charlie Chaplin was not black; what do you mean by this?

Comment [MSOffice10]: This is good detail.

Comment [MSOffice11]: This is very good writing.

right corner in the bookstore, sitting with E-Sop's stories for hours until mom called me back home. I haven't changed much, still walking to see if there's anything interesting, and buy it until I have so much novels unread that I have to tell myself not to buy more today. Not that I can do that often.

Since grade 10, ability to read in English tripled my novels in the shelf, and I know I want to be a writer too, writing in English (one of the first reasons to study in America; my own Thai language doesn't touch me much), so that most people in the world can read from me directly. Writing gives me a sense of creativeness in the stillness of mind. Reading is like receiving carefully written shares from other writers, and often I even look at my already-finished novel contentedly, appreciating for what those writers give to the world, out of nothing. That's thing those academic books could never make me feel, and this is why they can't have place in my special shelf book.

Complete!!! – So that's me: A lack-color room dweller, young BodyComaniac, hard working student, emotions writer, notebook namer, gift finder, horizon line starrer, a Bad Classic player, and novel lover. I don't drive, sleep late, and can feel satisfied just by buying novels. More? I hate noodle, like ice-cream, and love starbucks! (even just thinking of the smell) You know me now?!

Comment [MSOffice12]: Good details but awkward wording.

Comment [MSOffice13]: Let's find a way that closes this more thematically.

EDITOR'S FIRST REVISION

Imagine my bedroom downloading as a file onto your computer.

At fifteen percent of the file's completion, the furniture begins popping onto your monitor. The wall, desk, chairs, and shelves are all monotonously white. You think to yourself: "How insipid this room is!" The doors, lamps, and garbage bin all reinforce this impression. You begin to see specks of dust appear on the floor along with the occasional piece of trash, though not so much that you would call me a slob.

At twenty-five percent, my four pairs of shoes - fashionable, casual, sporty, and uniform - appear. The [DESCRIBE HOW THE SHOES LOOK] sporty shoes are four years old and heavily worn from my Body Combat martial arts class, where my addiction to the program led my trainer to call me BodyComaniac. I transformed myself with the program - inside and out - leaving me a more active, energetic person. As the youngest member of the class, I easily befriended other students my parents' age. After working up an appetite in class, I would take advantage of the after-class free meals with the adults; they wouldn't very well ask for money from a boy their children's age!

The download is now at forty-two percent, and my laptop and books come onto your screen. All the books on the shelf are academic preparation manuals for the national Thai exam and for the SAT. Neither excites me, but studying hard builds my patience and teaches me to manage time. Moreover, the SAT builds on my English lexicon, enabling me to better express my ideas. Along with the books comes my thick, black notebook named Charlie after my favorite comedian, Charlie Chaplin. (I named it in his honor because they are both thick, black, and always remain silent.) I keep Charlie beside my bed so that when I awake from my dreams I can record them, capturing all the fresh feelings and sudden emotions. Just as Charlie Chaplin said, "We think too much and feel too little." My notebook ensures that this is never the case for me.

Now the download is picking up, and a picture called "The Gift" hanging [INSERT WHERE THIS WAS HANGING] comes into focus. A last gift from my grandmother, it is a portrait of an old, decaying wooden jetty floating on crystal-clear water. If you zoom to three steps away from the picture, the transparent water reveals jagged rocks underneath. The gradient of the sea grows lighter until disappearing to a pale white in the center, absorbing the [DIFFERENT ADJECTIVE FOR SKY] sky above it. A tiny island's silhouette seems to play no role in the picture. If you simply pass the work, you'll sense its soft serenity. But if you stare, you'll see the artist's heart in the invisible horizon line. Whenever the stresses of life seem overwhelming, I'll close my eyes and think of "The Gift" for a while, allowing the calm to come over me.

As the data streams to your machine, music starts to come through your speakers; it is Chopin's Second Nocturne gushing from my stereo. I will play the air piano, stroking the keys either softly or firmly depending on my mood. My teacher calls the work a bad classic. But as long as I can touch my feelings in the air, connecting with Chopin as the melody flows, it does not matter much what anybody says.

The download is now at ninety-eight percent, and the formerly barren shelves are filling up with novels and a few applied religious books which soothed me during my first

Comment [MSOffice14]: What is a better word to use here?

Comment [MSOffice15]: Where are the SAT prep books? How are they separated?

break up. The novels are my fantasy, my escape, and even when I couldn't read English I would page through them for hours to look at pictures. When I was younger, I used to sit with Aesop's Fables in my hand at the corner bookstore for hours until my mother called me back home. Things have not changed much since then, though now I can read the books when I walk through the long shelves of the shop. I know now that I want to be an author, that writing taps into my creativity and gives me a stillness of mind. I want to study in America because my own Thai language does not touch my soul, and I want others in the world to be able to understand what I write. Reading to me is like receiving intimate secrets from others, and I want to share my thoughts with the world. I often look at my completed novel contentedly, thinking of the day when [INSERT FUTURE PLANS WITH NOVELS]. My academic books could never make me feel this way, and this is why they are separate from my novels.

The file download is complete! You now have a sense of me: a blasé-colored room dweller, young BodyComaniac, diligent student, emotional writer, notebook namer, painting starrer, air piano player, and novel enthusiast. I do noot drive, I sleep late, and just the act of buying a new book satisfies me. [THINK OF AN ENDING TO INSERT HERE WHICH WILL TIE THE ESSAY TOGETHER.]

Comment [MSOffice16]: Consider removing this since it just distracts from the focus on novels here.