

## Transcript:

### **Student Project #2: “My Story? Oh. What?”**

**One of my favorite movies is *Mystic Pizza*.** An obscure coming of age film from the 80s starring Julia Roberts. It's not action-packed or scary; the plot doesn't make you contemplate the meaning of life or existence of demand the attention of further research besides what's presented on screen. It's a homely experience. Following the transitioning lives of three small-town girls, and it's as plain and bland as it sounds. However, that doesn't seem to stop me from the emotional investment I have in the actors and their stories. **I know every boring twist and turn.** Every only slightly emotionally climatic plot about to happen. **And yet, every time I watch it, it's as if I'm experiencing all of the simplicity of their lives for the very first time.** It's all so mundane, yet incredibly vulnerable. I can see all that is shaping who they are and all whose molding their biography. It is then, the narratives of their lives, if only for an hour or so, is also mine.

**So what about my narrative? What do I express in order for those around me to immerse themselves in an understanding of my story?** Tell me *about* yourself. Who are you? What *is* your story, people ask. But what do I stay? What do I really want to tell them? Do I start from the top of the most excruciating details of where my so-called issues stem from? Oh! Or, maybe my claim-to-fame of ex-boyfriend testimonials...that'll be good (chuckles to self) Or maybe, Should I just tell them the childhood trauma I credit my sense of humor to? Yeah...that's good. But no! That's only part!

**Maybe I'll start off small and vague.** I'll describe my eating habits because that small portion of my daily routine says a lot about my Type-B personality that I shrug so easily towards. **Or maybe I'll just....ughh! My narrative...what a tricky thing! It's the big and the smalls, and the funny and the sorrowful. It's my personal accounts and my interactions with others. It's how I pay attention to the world around me.** How do I condense all of who I am into a few phrases a stranger will retain for at least 10 seconds more than the average 5?

**But, how our narratives change! I am not who I once was, and I do not tell my life story as I once did.** Life has made sure that the person I saw in the mirror not only a couple of days ago is only slightly different than the person I saw today. To express such changes is to reflect on all of the happenings between and all the great questions I ask from Sunday to Tuesday of what will my life be? And if I dropped out now, will I still be able to make it into the Avon field before it's completely extinct.

**My story, it's not just what's been recorded through the lens of my experience,** but through my family and friends whose lives overlap so finely with mine. My story goes into my mothers story, which goes into my grandmother's story, which refines the definition of my story, and our narratives continuously overlap in lines what my brain can only picture as a thousand scribbles with loops and circles – **oh – it's *our* story.**

**Well now I'm just not too sure of my narrative at all. Is it mine to tell? Is it theirs to hide? Is it even that defining in the making of me?** Of *course* it is. Well that's just it, isn't it? It's everything. It's every sensation and interaction and ancestor that courses through my veins. It's what I choose to highlight in this moment. It's what I choose to hide in the shadows for forever. It's the awareness of myself that makes it come alive. The narratives of our lives—how we speak plainly and emotionally about our day to day—it is not shaped only by the exhilarating peaks of our existence, but the small-town moments as well. It's just as fluid as our emotions on a sunny/drizzling day; **it's every human interaction and momentary relationship all webbed together, that creates a *Mystic Pizza* experience all our own, our narratives.**