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## When I Got My License

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# When I Got My License

Felicia Munzo

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IT was a tough journey to be able to get my license. When I told my parents that I wanted to get my license, they asked if I was sure. They didn't know if I could handle driving by myself because it took a lot of responsibility. Previously, my older brother had failed the driving test twice before he was able to successfully get his license. But, I was ready to take that next step. I wanted to be able to drive by myself wherever I wanted.

Before I could get my license, I had to get my permit. I spent many hours figuring out why the answers to the questions were correct on a confusing study guide. Then, I had to take the permit test. I had to take the test on the computer but, all of a sudden, the computer crashed on me while I was taking it, so I had to wait in line to get a paper copy of the test. While I was taking the test, I felt like I was doing well because I had studied so much that I had to pass. After all of that, I had to stand in line and wait for someone to correct the test. I was so nervous because I saw a lot of people fail the test, and I wondered if I was going to pass or fail. I waited anxiously as the worker corrected my test. Then the worker said "If you didn't miss this question, you would've passed." My heart dropped to my feet from the pain I felt during that time. I was so confident that I passed that test and just hearing those words from the worker made my day worse. I was upset after that and told my parents about it. They felt bad for me because I was extremely close to passing. I had to wait two weeks before I could retake the test. I studied even more than I had before so that I would be ready and confident to take the test.

The day of the retake came, and I was ready. I went into the testing room, remembering all of the material I had studied and learned from my previous mistakes. I answered the questions confidently and went up to the person for them to correct it. He said to me, "Excellent job! You Passed." I was so excited I told my parents and they were proud.

A week later, I practiced driving around with my dad in the neighborhood and in a big parking lot so I had a lot of room in case something happened. Also, I had to practice with my driving instructor, who made me extremely nervous because he took me to drive on narrow, hilly roads in Berkeley. My driving instructor never told me that we were going to drive on these roads. There weren't many buildings around but the road was very steep and there were no borders on the outside to protect cars in case they crashed. I then realized he did that to get me more comfortable to drive on any roads I can.

After weeks of driving with my dad, I was finally ready to take my driving test. I was nervous because the instructor was asking me a lot of questions about different things. He was telling me a lot of commands like turn on your bright lights and honk your horn. I was overthinking it more than I should have. When we got on the road, I was doing pretty well. However, on one of the roads, there was a bike lane that I could barely see and I accidentally turned into that and he gave me an automatic fail.

I was so devastated that I could barely focus on any of my schoolwork. My parents supported me by telling me that I can do it and there is nothing to be nervous about. I was able to try again another time, and I was determined to get even more practice than before. I practiced driving more than ever in the same parking lots and roads. Then a couple weeks later, I took the test again. This time, there was a lot of traffic so it was even harder, and I was the last participant to take the test. I kept myself calm while I was driving and by the end of the test, the instructor told me a few things I did wrong but then I passed.

I was so excited that I could barely keep it to myself. It took a lot of hard work and determination, but I was finally able to accomplish a task that I was proud of. After many countless hours of studying, I was able to take full responsibility for my actions and figure out what I could do to improve. That motivation helped me move on and succeed, to always do my best. I will never forget this moment for years to come.