I believe in humor to quell discomfort. I believe in laughter to sooth pain. I believe in making jokes instead of fighting. Hilarity is a daily part of my life, whether I am the butt of a joke or the jokester herself. Sometimes I can only see the humor in a situation after it has happened; sometimes I see the humor right away. Overall, I always look for humor in my life because I believe that laughter is the greatest reward one can be given.

 From nearly the moment I was born I was cracking jokes. My older brother, Matt, and I loved to make our family members laugh. Our favorite pastime was teaming up against our eldest brother, Michael, and bothering him to our own amusement. When our younger twin brothers, Jacob and Josh, were born, Matt and I were gifted two pawns for our little humorous schemes. We would often use the twins as scapegoats if any of our fun went awry, though Matt and I both admit now that it was wrong to do so.

I fondly remember having put on a weekly show called *The Hamper Show* (because we would jump out of our hampers at the beginning of the show) with all performances performed by my brothers and me and with the audience being our family members. The show would open with Michael because he claimed that as the oldest sibling it was decreed that he must go first. Michael usually went for a song that was a real people-pleaser much like Michael himself. He would sing some sports song or a nursery rhyme. Matt, as the second oldest, would go after Michael. Matt was not an understated child; he was ready to bask in our family’s attention throughout his performances. He would purposely mess up singing a song so that his performance could become a bit about him trying to remember the words. The twins went up next and babbled in their baby talk for a few minutes and then it was my turn.

Always wanting to go last, I knew I would have to be dressed to impress and ready to slay the crowd with my uproarious jokes. I know the key elements to making people laugh and forget about their stresses: wear a funny outfit, do something wild with my crazy, curly hair, and walk into the room with the cockiness only a six-year-old can have. So I emerge onto the “stage”, the spot in front of our fireplace, dressed in a sparkling dress with Tweety Bird slippers with my hair in two ridiculous ponytails and my mood being all *sass*. I told my jokes with the confidence of a seasoned comedian; I knew my crowd, I knew what I need them to say in order to get the reward of laughter. I talked about why six was afraid of seven and why the cow jumped over the moon as if I were in the Kodiak Theatre hosting the Academy Awards for all of the big names in Hollywood. It was there, on my home stage, that I realized I wanted to stand in front of a crowd, with their full attention and completely at ease, and make them see the fun any little thing. That moment was the moment I knew I wanted to be a teacher.

 I know the expected conclusion to that paragraph was to say that I wanted to be an actress or a comedian, but I can assure that I do not want to have either of those careers. I want to stand in front of a class and teach them basics of the English language or the simplest amount of math. I want to make the children, six-year-olds like the age I was at the height of my comedy career, laugh and have fun while they are learning. Teaching is passion and comedy is how I plan on getting the attention of my class so that I can show them that one of the best ways to get someone’s attention is not through anger, ignoring them, or running away. No the best way to get someone’s attention is by making them laugh.