

# Jacob Hernandez

When you're staring out at miles and miles of asphalt road ahead of you, it's easy to zone out, and lose sight of what you're really out there for. There was plenty of time to anticipate, and be nervous for what did lie ahead, but I knew that there was definitely something out there for me. Maybe in all the chaos, I could find some

Boston, the epitome of all aspects of culture. Illustration, architecture, and most important to me, music. Jazz, instrumentation, and everything else in between right there in front of me to take in all at once.

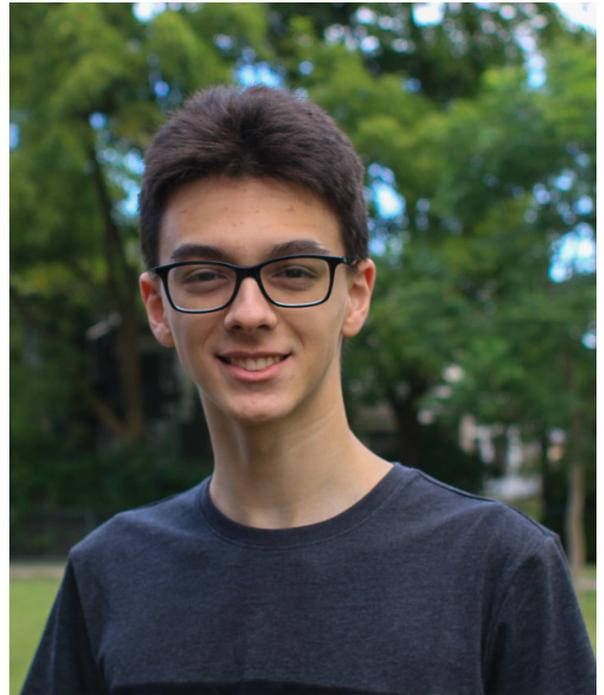
My dad and I went out to take the trip. It would have been terrifying to go down there by myself, or with anyone else.

We had taken the 12 hour drive from our home all the way out to Berklee College of Music, and there's no one else I could have made that journey with.

My dad was good for guiding me through all the rings that I needed to hop through, especially getting through all the states.

Music has always been a huge part of my own life, and my love for it's only been growing more and more as time goes on, so much so that in 8th grade, I had decided to try and really commit to trying to get into a music related job in the future.

Over the years, I had written a few songs, inspired by some of



the artists I've heard, like Daft Punk, and learned how to play some instruments, but nothing really clearly set in stone to really motivate me.

The college's existence had stumbled right into my lap at the most unexpected time, right in the middle of class, looking through endless lists of colleges I didn't have any sort of interest in. Wondering if I'd have to work towards getting into a college I wouldn't even be all that excited for, and there it was, having found something to really work towards later on in my life. I came back to reality staring back out at the seemingly longer road I had ahead now, but I felt ready.

