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Ccv story

"F---" its fall 2013 and I had just started my ccv experience, I'm walking out of my councilors office knowing I won't be allowed to start school until atleast the spring and that's if everything goes as its supposed to. As I leave I make appointments to talk to mark and my councilor again for the spring classes. I walk outside and start the car kicking angrily at the autumn leaves as I walk by.

I walk into dimensions of work and find a seat, of course I was nervous, I had only ever gone to mvu and Vermont adult learning so I had no idea what to expect, I wish I could have known right than just how similar to val it is. Also during this time I started my second class storytelling through media, this class I felt like I was learning a lot more from than the dimensions class, and it's not all just to tell a story you need x y and z there is that, but what I like about the class are the stories that teach you something important that you're going to use when you get out of here weather it's the little boy getting through his paper bird by bird or the archer that paints his targets after he shoots the stories we learned in class seem to teach me more than the actual class.

Im currently still only in my fourth week at ccv so I'm still only starting the adventure that schooling always seems to be. Looking ahead I can't wait for next semester so I can take some new classes and see what else there is to learn here.