

Pupil Name: Isobel T

School Name: Durham High School

School Post Code: DH1 3TB

Year Group: Year 11

One Day...

One Day

One day

I will wake up older
and the mirror will ask me a question
I've been dodging since childhood.

What are you becoming?

I used to think the answer
was a single word—
doctor, artist, builder of something solid,
something that could be pointed to
at family gatherings.
A word that would stop the room from waiting.
But time keeps moving
without handing me a map.

I walk forward carrying a backpack
full of half-loved dreams,
abandoned sketches,
careers I wore for a season
like borrowed jackets
that never quite fit my shoulders.

One day

I fear I'll be expected to arrive—
as if life is a station
and everyone else has a ticket
with their destination printed clearly.
Mine just says *in progress*,
smudged by doubt,
creased from being folded too many times.

I don't know what to be
when I'm older,
because I am still learning
how to listen to myself
without the noise of deadlines,
without the weight of comparison
pressing its thumb into my chest.

Some days I want to be useful.
Some days I want to be free.
Some days I want to disappear
into a small, quiet happiness
that doesn't need explaining.

One day

I hope I learn that becoming
is not a single moment of clarity,
but a long conversation with fear,
a gentle negotiation with change.
That it's okay to grow sideways,
to bloom late,
to choose again.

Maybe one day
being "older" won't mean having answers,
but having the courage
to keep asking better questions—
to say *I don't know*
without shrinking,
to trust that not knowing
is not failure,
but space.

And one day,
when I finally look back,
I won't see a person who was lost—
I'll see someone
who was brave enough
to keep becoming.