

I am still growing.  
My college should be too.

There are a lot of schools out there. My college has got to have the right feel—young, diverse, modern. Sounds like a lot to ask, but I don't think I should settle for less.

Estrella Mountain Community College opened in Avondale in 1992. I've never seen another campus like it. Young, new, no peeling linoleum, nothing that looks like my parents would have gone here—this is *my* school.

I can sit in the grass and tap into wireless internet, or just sit and hang out next to bubbling fountains and koi ponds, nestled among soaring architecture against a wide, blue sky. Inside, the college has *learning studios*—an entirely flexible, cutting edge approach to educating my generation. This is just the beginning. With close to 13,000 students today, it will eventually grow to over 40,000 students, with more learning studios, labs, and so much more to meet the changing needs of its students—and that includes *me*.

When it comes to college, I want to feel like I belong, but I don't want everyone else to be just like me. Now I have a place among people of all ages and ethnicities, here to learn, here to grow. They belong here. I belong here.

And I couldn't ask for more.



learning studio



outside estrella hall

