

Essays on adversity and achievement
by Bottom Line students

I am the opportunity

*Now, I await that next challenge
to engulf me.
Afraid? No.
Hesitant? Of course not.
Ready? As I'll ever be.*



Bottom Line

Get in • Graduate • Go far

Success depends on you

The essays in this book were written by New York City high school seniors in the Class of 2015 who participated in Bottom Line's College Access Program. These essays tell the stories of students who have faced incredible obstacles and demonstrated the courage and persistence to overcome them. Each student has a unique background and circumstances, but also a common goal: to earn a college degree.

The authors of these essays are 10 of 350 high school seniors who received one-on-one support from Bottom Line throughout the college application process in 2014 - 2015. Many will continue to receive support from Bottom Line for another 4 to 6 years while they attend college.

Bottom Line is a non-profit organization that helps at-risk youth get into and graduate from college by providing one-on-one guidance and support. We believe that students from homes with lower incomes and limited knowledge about college need long-term mentoring and guidance to succeed. With this philosophy, 78% of our college students have graduated within 6 years, more than twice the graduation rate of students from similar backgrounds. In June 2011, Bottom Line replicated in New York from Boston and began serving economically and socially disadvantaged students from New York City. Over the next three years, we will expand to serve thousands of New York City high school and college students each year.

Most Bottom Line students are in the first generation of their family to go to college. Some have been in the United States for only a few years. Others play a critical role in providing financial support and other resources to their families. These remarkable young adults are working hard to overcome significant hurdles and become role models for their community, family, and peers. Bottom Line is here to ensure that they can achieve this goal.

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The Move

by Matthew Brandon



Matthew lives in Far Rockaway and is a senior at Information Technology High School.

He is looking forward to enrolling at SUNY Albany and being part of our Success Program.

As I stepped out of JFK International Airport, the cold wind brushed against my body. As I took in my first view of the United States, numerous thoughts swarmed around in my mind. How would I become reacquainted with family members I hardly knew? How would I deal with my mother being so far away? How will it be living with family I had bad chemistry with? With no answers in mind, I became very unsure of my future. However, regardless of what was ahead, I was determined to acquire a rock solid education and college degree.

The most difficult change was sharing an apartment with eight other relatives. Since there were only two bedrooms, there was very little privacy. We stored our things in bags and slept on the floors. My grandmother promised to find a school that I would attend but as weeks passed without enrolling me in school, I started researching options on my own, ultimately enrolling in Information Technology High School.

Around Christmas, we had finally found a better place to live. We started packing up to move from Richmond Hill to Far Rockaway. While the new apartment was great, the moving process proved to be the opposite. Since my family chose to move at night, we were still packing by 3 AM on Christmas Eve. Christmas went by - with no gifts and no Christmas tree - and I almost forgot it was a holiday. On top of that, I found out that my morning commute to school increased from 30 minutes to approximately an hour and 30 minutes. It was terrible! I had to wake up at 5 AM every morning to get to school by 8 AM.

Things kept getting worse. On top of everything, I had chores waiting for me every day when I got home from school. One of my main chores was doing laundry during the week for the entire household, making it difficult to manage my schoolwork. Since my father was unemployed, we could only afford the bare necessities, adding to my stress level. I had to learn how to save money and only spend on necessary expenses.

Regardless of all the challenges I experienced after arriving in the US, I managed to keep my focus on my goal of pursuing an education thanks to my mother's encouragement. My life struggles have certainly taught me some valuable skills. I became independent, learned how to manage my time and money, and persevered. I'm proud to be a member of the National Honor Society and plan to study computer science in college. I am glad I have been through this journey because I now know that success cannot be achieved without some work.

My Mountain

by Lidia De Jesus



Lidia lives in Washington Heights and is a senior at Jaqueline Kennedy Onassis High School.

She is excited to enroll next fall at Rosemont College.

Success exists at the top of a mountain. While success means something different to everyone, we all must face obstacles that can prevent us from reaching the top of our mountains. Unfortunately, I faced many of my struggles as a child. However, I know that how I define success – the top of my mountain – will be shaped by what I have already experienced.

I began climbing my mountain in Anchorage, Alaska, where I was born to my Dominican mother. She moved there prior to my birth to try to start over and escape from her struggle with alcoholism. Very quickly, though, she fell into her old ways. Since my mom was not stable enough to take care of me, my grandmother became my legal guardian. Shortly after this happened, on May 23, 2002, my mother passed away due to liver failure and leukemia. My grandmother did her best to care for me, but she could not always support me in the ways I needed. She was a Dominican immigrant who did not know English. When I started school, I never had anybody to help me with my homework. I had to sit there and struggle, but I never gave up, because my grandmother never gave up on me.

All of these struggles, along with my grandmother's guidance, gave me the independence that I feel is needed for me to go away to college and obtain a degree. My grandmother is a very strong woman. She taught me that there are no limitations to my dreams. She passed on to me the value of education. To this day, her words trigger my great desire to keep learning so that I can one day reach the top of the mountain.

While pursuing higher education is an important stage of my journey, I know that my mountain top is actually much farther away. I am determined to join Congress and advocate for women's rights. It disturbs me that Congress is only 19% female when the United States population is 50% female. This is why I am dedicating my life towards the goal of challenging gender inequality in our society. I want to obtain a degree so I can carry on the work that Elizabeth Cady Stanton, Lucretia Mott, and other women started when they wrote the Declaration of Sentiments in 1848. Even though my mom was not able to support me in reaching my goals, she and my grandmother have taught me very valuable lessons that are going to help me reach the top of my mountain and help other women reach theirs, too.

Standing Up to Bullying

by Curtis Narine



Curtis lives in Brooklyn, NY and attends Brooklyn Academy of Science and the Environment

Curtis will attend Canisius College through the HEOP program to pursue either Computer Science or Engineering.

It all started in the second grade. I had a Guyanese accent and every time I spoke, my classmates would laugh at me. I did not really want to go to school because of these bullying incidents. I felt like I was not as strong as the people bullying me. Luckily, I had friends who stepped in and stood up for me. In doing so, they made me realize a fact that continues to inspire me today – that bullying will only stop when people are united, and that is why we must stand up for each other.

In the seventh grade, a new student came into my school. He spoke with a Caribbean accent. I became friends with him, but my other friends would mess with him and tease him because of his accent. I remembered how it felt to be made fun of in the second grade. I stood up for him by telling them to leave him alone and hanging out with him a lot so no one would bother him. Even though it was hard to go against my friends, I would make the same decision again without any doubts because it stopped the situation from becoming worse. I stood up for someone who could not stand up for himself alone and I know it was the right thing to do.

Throughout middle school and high school, I continued to stand up for others when they needed my help. When my friends would fight, I would help break up the fight or resolve their problem. I did it because I saw it as my responsibility to help them the way my friends helped me when I was younger. My gym teacher, Miss Nelson, recognized my leadership skills when she saw how I took control of things in class. She gave me extra responsibilities to take on, such as carrying papers to the office for her. During my sophomore and junior years of high school, she sent me to The Healthy Teen Relationship Conference.

The conference is for student leaders from all over New York City who get to talk about many types of abuse and their effects on people. I learned that bullying can be not only physical but also mental and emotional. It can have a long term impact on someone and damage them mentally for years. Learning that made me feel like I want to stand up even more to end bullying. The conference taught me that I am a leader because I stand up to bullying even when it is hard and other people might not. It also gave me a better sense of what to do in different situations by putting me in the shoes of the victim.

These experiences make me excited to pursue leadership roles in college and teach others what I have learned. I want to serve as an example for those who have been bullied. I would like to join a fraternity to help support my brothers in school and help with larger social issues as well. I plan to get involved in a bullying prevention program for youth and use my own story to show other kids how to be leaders for their classmates. My experiences in the second grade were really painful, but through The Healthy Teens Relationship Conference, I learned I can use them to help others stay strong and stand up for what is right.

Becoming an Adult

by Natalie Cao

I felt a rush of relief as I reread the text message from my mother's lawyer. My mom was finally going to be released after eighty days on Riker's Island. Even though my dad would not be released for another month, I felt a huge sense of relief that one of my parents would be coming home. Finally, our lives were starting to fall back into place.

During the fall of my junior year, both my parents were serving time on Riker's Island. I was left to care for my younger brother alone. With this responsibility, as well as the burdens of being a teenager, I felt as though the weight of the world was on my shoulders. Dealing with the legal issues was outrageously hectic, especially because I was the only person in my family who spoke enough English to help. Although I was the one my family relied on, I was not familiar with the new legal terms that would soon become a part of my everyday vocabulary. For example, prior to this, I did not know that an attorney and a lawyer were the same person. For three months, another day meant another errand. I went from meeting with my mom's lawyer one day to rushing to meet with my dad's lawyer the next. Then, at home, I was struggling to pay the monthly bills and rent and prepare dinner for my younger brother. In addition, I knew I had to maintain my academics as well as manage the swim team. It was my obligation to do what I possibly could to get my parents out of this mess.

During this time, I felt vulnerable and terrified. Prior to my parents' arrest, I was very dependent upon them. When they were taken out of my life unexpectedly, I suddenly felt extremely lonely and abandoned. The academic and physical stress that I experienced did not make the situation any better. I was constantly tired and frustrated with my new responsibilities. Maybe it was the fact that I did not have the stable emotional support of an adult in my life. Or maybe it was the fact that I woke up every day, afraid of what decision the court would make next. Everything made me feel as if I was constantly being torn apart. I would ask myself the same questions each day, "When will be the next time my parents come home? Can I really handle the stress?" Yet I never had the answers to make me feel at ease.

As months passed, I gradually realized the importance of my responsibilities. If my immediate family, especially my parents, could trust me with such adult matters, that meant I was capable of handling it all. Once I accepted that, it became less overwhelming because I knew I had the competence to take charge of my new roles.

Throughout this difficult time, my limits were certainly challenged and my capabilities were tested. I learned how to remain strong and independent through incredibly difficult situations. I know that this will help me with any struggles I may face in the future. I am grateful for this, and the deeper understanding I have gained about what it means to be a responsible, mature young adult in the real world.

Natalie is from Brooklyn and attends the HS of Telecommunication Arts and Technology.

She is looking forward to attending Fashion Institute of Technology in the fall to pursue a career in the field of fashion merchandising.

Lessons

by Jeter Hernandez



Jeter lives in Brooklyn and is a senior at Pace High School.

He is looking forward to enrolling at CUNY - Brooklyn College and to be part of our Success Program.

The day that my father left home was one of the worst days of my life. His leaving made the house feel empty - physically and mentally. All of his things were gone and it seemed as though all of the memories we had in the house were gone as well. As he left, he warned me that things would not be the same moving forward, and he was right. Many things did change, including me. Now that my dad was gone, I felt that I needed to be more independent and rely less on my parents for help and motivation.

My parents' divorce had a big impact on me because up until then, they had been such a huge support system for me - especially around academics. They helped me with all of my homework assignments, various projects, and studying for tests. It felt like I had the perfect family and I assumed they would be together forever to help me with any difficulties I had. However, after the divorce, that all changed.

While my mother provided moral support, she was unable to help me with my schoolwork because she had received a limited amount of education in Nicaragua. Without my dad, who provided that academic support, I had to learn to do things for and by myself. I remember calling my dad to get help with my homework, and he told me, "I'm sorry, Jeter, but I cannot help you anymore. Do it on your own." Hearing that made me feel as if no one cared to help me or see me succeed. I was so used to having my parents to lean on that I did not feel confident in doing things by myself. Completing assignments with my parents could be done in an hour, but that particular night it took about 4 hours to get things done. Even though it took a long time to finish, I proved to myself that night that I could do things on my own if I set my mind to it. When I turned in my assignments, my teacher told me that everything looked correct! That was the motivation I needed.

As a result of my parents' divorce, I became more independent, which will help me be successful in life. My goal is to get into and graduate from college. My parents getting a divorce showed me that if I wanted something to get done I had to do it myself. If I struggled with a subject, I made sure to speak to my teacher about it or stay after school. In addition, I also joined a program called Bottom Line that helps students get into college.

As I prepare for college, I know that I will not always have people around to help me when things get difficult, especially since I will be a first-generation college student. However, I will do my best to try to use the resources around me to succeed. I plan to take advantage of tutoring, writing centers, and professor's office hours to make sure I am on track to graduate and fully understanding what is being taught in class. Life does not always turn out the way you imagined, but there are always lessons to learn from these difficult situations. Growing up, I would have never thought I would have a broken family, but I learned the importance of being independent, motivating myself when I felt discouraged, and persisting when others may have given up. I hope to use this experience to push me in college and in life so that I can become the person I know I can be.

The Definition of Family

by Holly Leung



Holly is from Brooklyn and attends Midwood High School.

She is very excited to take classes at CUNY Baruch in the fall and attend Babson College in the spring to pursue a career in the business field!

For half my life, I was raised in a daycare center. When the daycare workers threw birthday parties for me that everyone enjoyed, I remember sitting, thinking about the next time I would see my mom. Even when she would call and promise to visit soon, she never could. Though I sometimes felt all alone, I knew that she put me there because she loved me, and that one day we would live together again. This experience helped me learn about myself as well as the meaning of family.

I was raised by people to whom I was not related. When my twin sister and I were born, my mom was a single mom. She did not have the time to take care of two infants and work at the same time. To make sure that we had the care and support we needed, my mom decided to put us in a twenty-four hour daycare facility.

Many people would think I look back at this time as horrible and sad, but I do not look at it this way. In BoBo Daycare, I went to school and made many friends. Despite the fact that there were other children who stayed overnight, I received a lot of love growing up. The daycare owners were my guardians. They would treat my sister and I like their own daughters. They took us on vacations, bought us clothes, and cared for us. The other children around me became my best friends. Altogether, these people were my family.

Growing up with this experience, my perspectives on family and friendship are different than most. Family are not just your blood relations, but the people who care about you and who are there for you in your time of need. Although there were moments when I was lonely, it was a unique experience to grow up with my friends. While it was easy to make friends when I was younger because we lived together, I now know how difficult it is to make friends in other situations. Though I have struggled to do this, it is something I am working on improving about myself.

While others may think I have a lot of resentment towards my mom, it is actually the opposite. I have learned to have a deeper appreciation for her. Today, I am happy to be living with her. When I was young, I knew she needed to leave because she had to work and earn money to support us. Now, in school, I try my best and work hard so my mom will not have to work as much in the future. When I receive paychecks from my part-time job, I give it to my mom to help pay the bills. Though it does not seem like much, I know I am helping my family, just like my mother had all those years ago.

This experience at daycare taught me a lot about myself and helped me realize who I am as a person and who I want to be in the future. Even though I grew up without my mom, I never grew up without a family. I also learned to take care of myself and not always depend on others. Now, I strive to achieve more, to do better for myself, and to help support my family. Through this experience, we have become closer as a family and I look forward to seeing how our relationship continues to grow over the years.

To Find a Cure

by Emmanuel Anning



Emmanuel lives in the Bronx and is a senior at the Bronx Leadership Academy II High School.

Emmanuel will matriculate at College of the Holy Cross next fall, where he will be supported by Bottom Line MA's Success Program.

My eyes were always glued to the television like a train to the track when I watched the news about HIV/AIDS in my native country, Ghana. The death rates of this disease are very high there and as a result, my goal and hope is to find a cure. Because I am in the United States of America, where there are advanced institutions and educational opportunities, I am willing to challenge myself and take advantage of the opportunity to go to college in order to reach my goal.

Attaining a degree in Ghana is very difficult. Going to college in my native country is not easy due to lack of preparation and lack of knowledge about the importance of higher education. This causes many students to drop out and engage in dangerous behavior. In my experience, those who dropped out of school were more likely to contract HIV/AIDS and become a statistic in the growing death rates in Ghana. All around the world this disease is taking too many lives; my hope is to stop it before it continues to affect future generations.

My dream to find the cure for HIV/AIDS began when my favorite science teacher had a heart attack and was rushed to the hospital. When I went the following day to pay her a visit, I had the chance to talk to the doctor about HIV/AIDS and the death rate in the hospital. He told me the death rate was extremely high and those numbers increase daily. Hearing this was heartbreaking and I began to wonder how I could find the cure for this disease one day. I made a commitment right then to gain the education and knowledge I need to achieve this dream.

Being in the United States has enabled me to pursue the college education I need to achieve my goal. One of the first opportunities I took advantage of was participating in a summer program with New Jersey Medical School at Rutgers University. There, I learned the process of applying to and getting into medical school and I even saw a human cadaver. This experience inspired me even more to become a doctor.

I will be a first generation college student and my goals are to not only get into college, but to graduate, go to medical school, and become the first person to find the cure for HIV/AIDS. With that goal in mind, I am motivated to overcome every challenge in college when obstacles present themselves and things get difficult. Once I have completed my schooling, I hope to return to Ghana to further educate my people about the importance of higher education and health awareness.

The Scent of Poverty

by A'Nisa Megginson



A'Nisa Megginson is a senior at Humanities Preparatory Academy, a public high school in Chelsea. She has taken college-level classes in epidemiology and photography.

A'Nisa is excited to attend New York University next year.

What is the scent of a rich person? It can vary from the pungent smell of an expensive perfume to the near odorless smell of a hypoallergenic soap. Too often those who are poor carry their poverty with them as a stench. When I was homeless, I believed that perhaps I, too, carried a stench—detectable to all, leaving others aware of my economic inferiority. Growing up I imagined that I was above my economic situation and that I wore a veil of sophistication. After all, my mother had versed me in black accomplishments: jazz, dance, science, art and comedy. Together we convinced ourselves that because of my mind, I was exempt from the humiliating effects of homelessness. Yet my veil wore thinner with each change of address and each missed meal.

The stark awareness of my situation first developed when I was homeless and living in a one-bedroom Harlem shelter with my mother, three brothers and two sisters. Over time my mother's promise of future greatness began to fade. What did it matter that one far off day my siblings and I would be amazing? What counted was the present. My fear of being discovered as homeless grew. I became paranoid, imagining that everyone with whom I spoke rubbed their nose in polite horror at my stench. Under this new veil, one of shame, I shied away from socializing.

I was of two worlds. On the surface I appeared to be a refined lover of the humanities. Wearing this façade, I was approachable and ready to speak of a recent dance performance or an exhibit a sibling took me to. I would often reminisce about my siblings' achievements. My most cherished memory was of my oldest brother dancing at Alvin Ailey. Yet below the surface was another guise—a filthy child, ignorant of everything interesting and obsessed with her lowly status being revealed. No matter how many times I purchased a five-dollar cup of caffeinated prestige at Starbucks, I knew that, when it was finished, so was my disguise. I was Cinderella returning to the slums every day. Prince Charming would never come.

My ancestors' accomplishments, recounted by my mother each day, inspired me to do well in school. My world expanded through education. I have taken an undergraduate-level epidemiology course at Hunter College, which heightened my passion for science. I also expressed my love of photography. Last year, the International Center of Photography granted me a scholarship for a year-long photography course. In class, not only my art, but also my heart were exposed. My work was seen and appreciated in four New York City gallery exhibits. Through photography I was able to express the beauty and ugliness of living in Harlem. Through art, I criticized the rapid gentrification that devastated families like my own. Most recently, we were pushed out of Harlem and moved to the Bronx. I felt heartbroken as I was separated from my culture. It was through my artistic expression of Harlem that I realized Prince Charming was education; I had to rescue myself.

I was once haunted by the thought of being exposed as poor, and I wanted to be invisible. Now I see how right Ralph Ellison was when he said, "I am not ashamed of my grandparents for having been slaves. I am only ashamed of myself for having at one time been ashamed." Art and reading have served as a cure for my anxieties. My poverty is not only a scent that I wear proudly; it serves as inspiration for my art.

Changing Misconceptions

by Ruperto Peres



Ruperto Peres is a senior at the Bronx High School for Law and Community Service; he is the valedictorian of his graduating class.

Ruperto is looking forward to attending Boston College next year. He will join Bottom Line's Success Program in MA.

World maps, chart paper, and pictures hung off the classroom windows and walls. As a young man born and raised in the Bronx, I did not know what to expect when I walked into my Global History classroom in 10th grade. I did not know that what I was about to learn would shape my perspective on the world, as well as my future goals.

My interest was most piqued when we learned about the Middle East. It was fascinating to learn how many groups in this region are fighting for the same rights we wish to have in the United States, and how much we have in common with them in spite of our cultural differences. I began dialogues with my teacher, Mr. Broomfield, and every morning we delved deeper into Middle Eastern politics and culture. Over time, my interest turned into a passion, and that morning class became the foundation for a new love for international diplomacy in the Middle East.

Growing up in the post-9/11 era, I was told to believe that “those people”—as my family called Middle Easterners—were terrorists, radicals, and dangerous to America. The news led me to regard Islam as a global threat. Yet the more I read and discussed with others, the more I realized how untrue this is. Many innocent people in the region suffer themselves, living in terrible and dangerous conditions. I make an effort to interact with the few young women of Middle Eastern descent in my school because I want to know more about their culture and experiences in our country. Having grown up as a minority in the United States, I can empathize with their feelings of isolation. This inspires me to constantly advocate for all minorities in my community. Still, some people tell me that I am too idealistic to believe we can achieve peace in the United States and around the world if we simply listen to one another.

Standing up for my beliefs has not been easy. My family does not understand the Middle East. They often don't want to listen when I talk about the many good qualities of the region and the people. When I told my mother that I want to study International Relations and Arabic in college, her face filled with disapproval. It hurt me to see that she did not support my dream and desire to help achieve peace in the Middle Eastern countries. Similarly, speaking about these issues with my classmates is nearly impossible. They tell me I am wrong and that peace in the Middle East is impractical.

Yet that negativity has not discouraged me. I continue to be passionate about the relations between nations in order to understand how we can begin to provide diplomatic solutions for other world crises. I use my friends' criticism as motivation. I want to make them aware that “those people” are part of our global society, that advocating for their rights is like advocating for our own. The path to change will not be easy. One day I hope to become a diplomat in the Middle East, working to change misconceptions about the region and its people to make the world a safer place for us all.

Quinceañera

by Alonda Lucero



Alondra lives in Astoria, NY and is a senior at the High School for Environmental Studies.

She is excited to enroll at Barnard College in the Fall of 2015.

I can almost hear the random family relative in Mexico, one whom I never met before, gasp in shock when she learned through the grapevine I was not going to have a quinceañera. I thought my mother would react the same way when I told her, maybe shake my shoulders. But instead, relief washed across her face, as if the Pope himself had blessed her. I did not realize my decision, a simple no, would cause such a reaction from my mom. I only knew, deep down, that I had made the right decision for myself.

In Hispanic culture, a quinceañera is a special celebration of a girl's fifteenth birthday that signifies her transition from childhood to womanhood. It is a chance for a girl to feel like a Disney princess, to have all eyes filled with admiration for her. I could have been that girl, but I did not want to be. The last time I wore a lavish dress was when I had my first communion. Even then I was uncomfortable. I had to sit up straight to avoid wrinkling my dress and eat very carefully to avoid staining the white fabric. I could not play outside with my cousins. Instead, I had to be a "doll" for the photos. I knew this would happen again at my quinceañera.

Now, I have a better understanding of why the tradition bothers me. The quinceañera presents a terribly narrow vision of what is womanly and feminine. Instead of encouraging individuality and passion in a girl's life, the custom encourages conformity. For many generations, girls have been fit into the same doll-like mold. This was something I struggled with for a long time, until one day I realized that I could decide how I wanted to present myself in the world.

When I was a high school freshman, I always dressed in a comfortable shirt, jeans and sneakers. This was my go-to outfit. Back then, I would have described myself as a tomboy. As the years of high school passed, I slowly changed my appearance. Now, I feel more confident and feminine. But I did this at my own pace, not because others expected me to act a certain way.

Although I have grown in the last four years, much of who I am has not changed and never will. I know I will always be too busy with more important things to spend much time worrying about high heels and makeup. Even though I do sometimes listen to "Corazon de niño" by Raul Di Blasio and imagine myself twirling on the dance floor in the beautiful, silky dress I would have chosen for my quinceañera, I do not mind leaving that version of myself behind because, deep inside, I know she is not me. Instead, I am still growing and transforming myself into someone much more complex. Someday I will be sitting in a research lab, observing specimens through a microscope and carefully taking notes. I will wear a white lab coat and study thousands of samples given to me in test tubes. I may or may not find a cure for cancer through my intensive research. Whatever happens, good or bad, I will be proud because my image will represent the woman I want to be. I just know it.

How You Can Help

Thank you for taking the time to read the essays in this book. We hope you agree that the preceding pages tell the stories of some remarkable young adults. Each of these students was fortunate to have the support of a Bottom Line counselor throughout the college admission process. Unfortunately, the reality of the overall situation is more daunting:

- Next fall, over 25,000 NYC students will be heading to college
- Only a third of NYC students who begin college next fall will complete their degrees
- Nationally, only 9% of students from the lowest-income families will earn a bachelor's degree

The message is clear: students need better help getting into the right schools, but they also need ongoing support while in college. Bottom Line's proven program model addresses these formidable issues head on. We work with students to help them gain access to college and we provide continuous, comprehensive support until they graduate.

Since 1997, Bottom Line has been able to offer a high-quality advising service at no cost to our students, thanks to our generous supporters. As happens with any quality service, word has spread quickly about the work we do and the demand for our programs has never been greater.

Four years ago, Bottom Line opened our first office in New York City. With your help, over the next three years we will grow to serve thousands of New York City high school and college students.

To learn more about how you can help students get into college, graduate from college, and go far in life, please contact us, visit our office, or check out our website. We look forward to hearing from you!

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Bottom Line

Get in • Graduate • Go far

Success depends on you