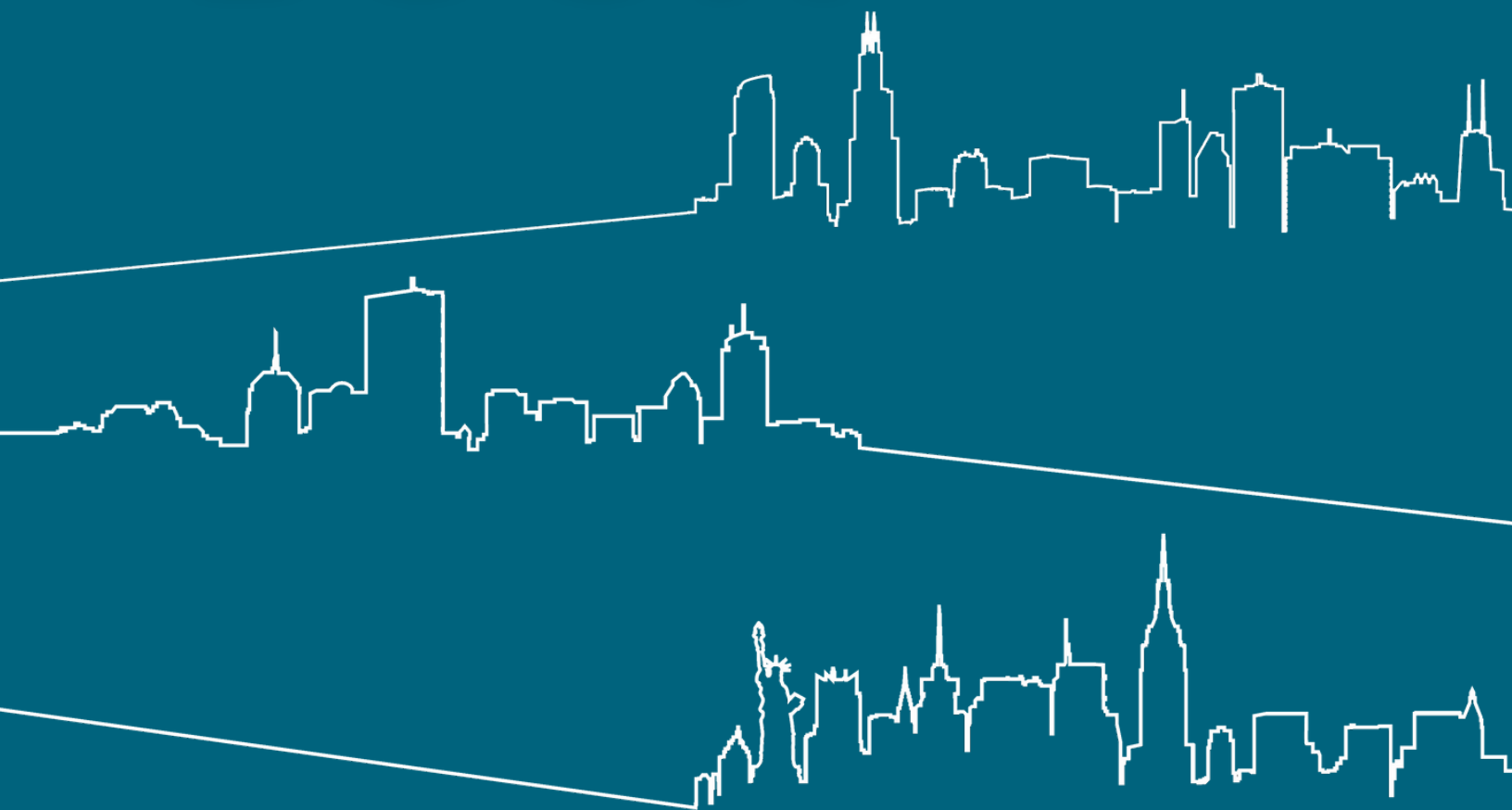




2023

ESSAY BOOK



Get in ♦ Graduate ♦ Go far

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LETTER FROM STEVEN COLÓN



Dear Relentless Allies and Bottom Line Champions,

As we've now embarked on year 26 as an organization, I reflect on the continued determination and success our students experience each day. In partnership with their Access program Advisors, students brainstorm ideas, write and hit submit on college applications throughout our three regions. This can be a trying process, but as we continue to lean into the one-on-one relationships of Advisors and students, feelings of being overwhelmed turn into excitement as college acceptances roll in.

In this book, you will find a collection of college application essays written by Bottom Line Access students. Immersing ourselves in their stories, in their own words, can transform our ways of thinking and broaden our perspectives.

The stories cover an array of topics from food, fitness, and faith to gaining confidence, achieving greatness in the face of adversity, and embracing the natural qualities and richness within oneself. With our students being the storytellers of their lives, these essays have the power to plant seeds of change and hope for a more accessible and inclusive future. These essays also provide real life context to the data shared in our [Annual Report](#). For this and so many other reasons, I am incredibly proud of our Access program, Bottom Line's dedicated Advisors, and our tremendous students. Together we are truly creating the far-reaching ripple effect launched by the power of a college degree.

No matter how you contribute to the Bottom Line community, thank you for sharing your time, talents, and treasures with us and most importantly our students. We are immensely grateful for your help as we continue to bridge the gaps caused by educational, economic, and racial inequities.

Pa'lante,

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to read "Steven Colón".

Steve Colón

Chief Executive Officer, Bottom Line



Brandon G.

New York

Fun Fact: "I've been playing video games for over a decade."



When it comes to gaming, there are a lot of misconceptions about those who play and who they really are. When describing gamers, many negative stigmas will come to mind such as nerds and losers. As someone who's been gaming for as long as I can remember, I wish people knew gaming offers players many forms of bonding and community that are unique and supportive. Virtual games and relationships can teach teamwork, leadership, grit, resilience, and communication. I am very shy in person and normally don't speak unless spoken to but when I have my headset on, it seems like I have a whole new persona. You wouldn't think I was the same guy you met in person. Gaming is my outlet, especially during quarantine because I was able to escape to other worlds.

When I was little my uncle was my first exposure to video games. He is someone I look up to and he has always been an avid gamer who invested in new games and systems. I used to really like watching him play on his PS3 and I would feel like he was entering a whole different world that I was curious about hoping one day I will feel that sensation. He had an XBOX 360 he didn't use, and he would allow me to use it until it essentially became mine. When I was able to play games by myself, I was able to immerse myself in that other world I watched my uncle experience when he played. It was liberating, thrilling, and fun. I felt happy, and at peace, as I played. It was unlike anything else I had ever tried.

After diving into gaming, I quickly learned its culture and how different games required different skills in order to enjoy them to the fullest. For some games, the skill gap can be really wide, meaning you need to train hard and consistently to hold your own against more seasoned players. You need to have a lot of patience and discipline to hone your skills and grow. I've been playing Tom Clancy's Rainbow Six Siege for eight years and it was really tricky for me when I first started, but I knew I wanted to get better. This game ranks players using a "medal" scale similar to the Olympics. Over the years I've leveled up from bronze, past gold, and even up to diamond. Gamers have to be comfortable with that "growth" period and be willing to endure the uncomfortable part where they know they aren't very good yet. This aspect of gaming has really strengthened my character because I don't let fear of not being good enough hold me back from trying new things.



Brandon G.

New York



Through gaming, I was able to strengthen my character. I was able to feel connected to different people around the world. Just like sports or cooking, gamers criticize each other harshly. As quickly as they criticize you for playing poorly, members of the gaming community are equally free with their praise when someone performs well. Gaming taught me when to give and how to take criticism. I gained resilience and confidence in the way I talked and played while working to improve my game.

Gaming is a lot more than just looking at a screen for countless hours and not going outside. It allowed me to connect to new people, build my character, and allowed me to escape the daily problems that the world can sometimes throw at you. When properly applied gaming could help people around the world develop a growth mindset that would help them not only in gaming but in life. Gaming forced me to train through the discomfort of being new and bad at something, and showed how fast I can improve with consistency and hard work. One thing I will always take away from gaming is that when you make a play that supports the whole team, it's a win for everyone, which makes it even more rewarding for each player. I know the skills I've learned as a gamer have prepared me for the trials and tribulations of college.



Rebekah F.

New York

Fun Fact: "My favorite animals are monkeys! I think they're cute and so interesting."



"Hello," the little girl says. I stared at her. Curly black hair put in two puffs wrapped with yellow bow bows, soft brown skin, and chestnut eyes framed with glasses. The pink tracksuit she wears shields her from the cold breeze in the park. I can tell she loves it because she keeps playing with the velvet fabric, what a beautiful Black girl she is. She looks up at me with this dumbfounded expression on her face, squinting even though glasses sit atop her nose. She has no clue who I am, but I look down at her like I know her and everything she will be. Finally, after taking a good look, I say "Hi" back trying to seem inviting to ease her anxiety and mine. "What's your name?" I ask and she states the answer I already know "Rebekah." There's so little confidence in her voice, almost as if she's uncertain that's her real name. I feign shock "You wouldn't believe what my name is!" to this she raises her head, and her eyes are invested "It's Rebekah." I say it with bass in my voice and the confidence of a person the world tried to quiet hoping that she'll take note. A smile plays at her lips then the sound of laughter follows, she finds humor in this coincidence and so I laugh too.

To break the tension, I held my hand out and asked her to follow me to the swings, my favorite thing at the park. It gives you a taste of the impossible, flight. Nothing compares to the elation you feel as you go up higher and higher each time like a bird, it's so freeing. We arrive at the swing set and sit next to each other. I take the silence as an invitation to give her words of advice. In a solemn tone, I say, "Hey, Rebekah", my tone startles her but nevertheless she looks me straight in my eyes. "I know your dad makes you feel small when he yells at you, and in every space, you enter you feel out of place. I know you often doubt what you are capable of and almost everyone intimidates you, but as you, I want you to make your presence known wherever you go and not feel bad about it.

Everything you are now and the days after that is enough. Be there for yourself even when you fall short." She probably doesn't know what I'm talking about, but these words are more for me. She has no idea the number of people who will doubt her and sometimes the biggest enemy will be herself.

There's a slight smile on her face. I can see the process of her brain slowly believing and accepting what I said.



Rebekah F.

New York



“You may not see it right now but I'm a lot like you and in this phase of my life there's a restless energy within me that's almost childlike. I'm nervous because I'm entering a new cycle and I'm not entirely sure how I'll come out of it but excited because I'll be exposed to new experiences. The main thing keeping me going is the certainty that the dream in my head will become a reality. I've worked so hard for it.” Finally, I push the swing back then I release my feet pushing forward again and again to build momentum. I let the swing carry me to the sky. “Join me!” I yell. She hesitated so I stopped my swing and put her hand in mine. We repeat the whole process except this time we're in sync. Up and down, up and down, we're flying together. Laughter fills the park. It's just me and well, me. In a blink, I feel my body become lighter and my vision starts to blur, the little girl is fading away and finally, there's nothing but black.



Tearra W.

New York

Fun Fact: "I love to play video games, especially Stardew Valley."



Life Sitting Down

From my very first breath to this very day, I've been called a fighter. The umbilical cord wrapped around my neck cut off the circulation of oxygen to my brain. This resulted in me being born with a disability known as cerebral palsy. Cerebral palsy can vary from person to person, in my case I was left unable to walk. To get around, I had to use a wheelchair. Being in a wheelchair had its perks like skipping gym class or cutting the lines at theme parks. Most of the time though, it can be very annoying.

There are many modes of transportation in NYC. One would expect that it is effortless to travel around but having to rely on a wheelchair makes it impossible. Not every train has elevators, cabs can't fit my wheelchair, or the bus doesn't have a lift on it. It always kept me from being able to have fun outside like everyone else. I often ended up having to give up going on school trips because the place they were going to didn't have a wheelchair-accessible entrance or they simply did not want to pay for a wheelchair-accessible bus to drive one kid while everyone else took the train. I couldn't hang out with friends because my parents were too busy to take me themselves. I even had to give up the opportunity to take classes at LIU, all because the area wasn't wheelchair accessible.

I felt isolated from everyone else. Always stuck at home asking myself "Why can they do all this but not me? Why am I left out of everything?" I was angry, felt pitiful, useless, and helpless. This feeling sparked my interest in law. I wanted a career where I could help people. I want to be useful to those around me. If I became someone respectable like a lawyer or judge, I would be seen differently. I want kids like me to see me and say I can do that. I want to show other kids with disabilities that we can do anything. We're just like everyone else and don't deserve to be excluded. As I grew up, I've come to realize that I don't need the able-bodied majority to view me differently because I know that I am more than just some sad little girl in a wheelchair.

Despite the challenges, I have accomplished great things. I've always made honors. I had the highest grade in the entire junior class on the English Regents. Academics was one of the few areas where I wasn't the odd one out amongst my peers. Physically I was always stuck at the bottom, but during class time I rose to the top. Year after year I excelled passing each subject to the best of my ability. If it didn't apply to my needs, I found a better one. I don't need anyone to pity me.



Tearra W.

New York



Every opportunity I've been given, every reward, the fancy certificates and praises weren't simply handed out to me to fill some diversity quota. I was given those things because I earned them. I worked for it. I don't want to be accepted into college because someone read these words and got a little sad. I want to be accepted into college because I deserve to be. I earned the chance to do something more with my life. I want to become better, smarter than I am right now. My disability does not define who I am, but it definitely made a major impact on what I've become. I am not weak, I am not a charity case for you to give a kind donation to, I am a person. If I am able to do all these things now, I know I can do even better. I know what I'm capable of and I will not stop until I have reached whatever new goal, I've set for myself.



Aaron K.

Massachusetts

Fun Fact: "I'm kind of obsessed with Greek Mythology."



"Mommy, how do you think I would look with straight hair?" asked nine-year-old Aaron.
"Boy, go somewhere and leave me alone," snapped my mom.

Her bone-straight hair almost hid the disappointment on her face, as I walked away with my head hung low. I went back upstairs to take a long, hard look at my close-cut hair in the bathroom mirror. Gazing intently, I attempted to see my distant future in my scalp, questioning if I was destined to be stuck in this cycle of self-hatred for the rest of my life.

My hair was one of my biggest insecurities growing up. I was essentially shaved bald for as long as I could remember. Its texture was deemed undesirable, akin to bed springs in an old mattress, and *always* cut lower than my brothers. Theirs was considered the epitome of perfection, reminiscent of gentle ocean waves — unparalleled in beauty. Having my hair constantly cut stripped me of my pride and dignity and felt like alcohol on an open wound.

"He doesn't have good hair like his brothers," scoffed a family member.

Hearing that remark confused me initially, but the eventual realization overwhelmed my senses. Immediately, my aunt attempted to counter that ignorant remark: "All hair is good hair."

However, the damage to my self-esteem was already done, and had stuck with me from then on. I was twelve.

Afterwards, my confidence dwindled further. Whenever possible, my newly developed "yes-man" demeanor in 8th grade assured at least some external validation from my family and peers. Correctly completing even the most minuscule requests evoked a sense of normality for me:

"You got answers for last night's homework?"

"Yeah," I mumbled.

"Get me something from the vending machine."

"Sure, no problem," I replied dejectedly, caving into every last request.



Aaron K.

Massachusetts



Entering my freshman year of high school, I saw no shifts in my mentality. It simply mirrored my previous confidence-lacking mindset. I was depressed, hardly eating, and had masked my true personality: I was Clark Kent without the Superman alter ego.

That same year, schools closed because of the Coronavirus. I struggled heavily during quarantine — donning a mask in an attempt to conceal what I felt no longer needed to be seen. However, this was a chance for extensive soul-searching — an opportunity to discard whatever stunted my personal growth. In doing so, I was defying everything that was etched into my young mind; no longer would I willingly accept the destructive opinions of my companions and parents. I refused to be seen as nothing more than a monolith.

With that decision came the ability to freely vocalize my opinions on various subjects, including the Black Lives Matter movement. BLM altered my flawed perception of Blackness, and at the time, I didn't know whether to express fear or enlightenment. I was evolving, and it was a lot to take in at the ripe age of fifteen.

Of their numerous ideals, only one truly stood out to me: Black is beautiful.

This phrase is a revelation, the one thing that I've needed to hear since I entered this plane of existence. It shattered any negative notion, and the pieces of my fragmented identity finally started falling into place. I was becoming whole.

I determined there was nothing wrong with embracing my naturality. There was nothing wrong with the kinks in my hair that tangled at the ends and shot out, trying to reach the unknown. There was absolutely nothing wrong with me.

It's said in the natural hair community, the bigger the Afro, the closer you are to God. As my hair grew, the gap between us closed, eventually revealing my underlying beauty.

Sometimes I'll stare into that same mirror, amazed at how far I've come. I'm no longer that hurt nine-year-old, but someone reformed anew — age seventeen, resilient, confident, and unapologetically Black — every curl and every coil left untamed.



Alan M.

Massachusetts

Fun Fact: "Founder of online program "Hurled but Healing"."



During a hurricane, you will often see palm trees bent and swaying in harsh winds and fierce rains. But you will rarely see one break. My whole life I have felt like a palm tree being tested by the winds of life around me. I have had to endure many storms in my life. I have been bent by many winds and rain, intended to break or fold me, but I have always clung to my roots, and kept myself firmly planted and always growing upwards. Over the past years the storms have tested me but the rain has fed me and the sun has thickened me. I am proud of how resilient I have had to be, and know my roots will always remind me of my strength no matter how low I bend.

My roots were not always this deep. The biggest challenge in my early life was being separated from my parents. I originally lived in the Dominican Republic with my mom, a single mother with three young children. The area we lived in had a lot of pollution that made my existing health problems even worse. My mother knew that the financial and environmental situation was no place for me to grow. There were many years where I was passed along to different family members in different countries, often feeling like the rain and storms in my life would never stop. I often wanted a small patch of sunshine of my own to grow in, but struggled to receive that from my overburdened family members.

My mother introduced me to faith at a young age. But it wasn't until eighth grade when I was again on my own, that I faced my deepest lowest moments. There was so much uncertainty and my support system did not exist. I rediscovered God and my faith and found that he was such a source of grace and sunlight in my life. Through God I learned how to gracefully bend and bow to the storms of life. I have forgiven others who have let me down. Instead of breaking off relationships, I flex my trunk and lean towards love and acceptance.



Alan M.

Massachusetts



My greatest passion and source of pride has been creating my own online program called "Hurtled but Healing". It is a community where anyone can share their stories and struggles without being judged, a safe place to be yourself and let your story be known. A place to be vulnerable but yet realize that we are stronger than ever, so many people just need a helping hand and I want to be that hand. I created this program to help people realize the power that they hold in their stories, the beauty that exists in their pain and the victory that comes through their challenges. I became my own reminder that there is nothing that can stop me, and I also want to remind others that they can achieve absolutely anything. I have given others a place to put down roots, no matter what soil they had to grow in, because I myself did not always have that opportunity. I was hurt due to the fact that I didn't grow up with my family but I learned how to heal, and just like me I know that there are so many people hurting and I want to help them heal. "HBH" is that online program that the world will get to know about, through me, through you, and through us. But above all, I do not regret at all not growing up with my parents or having the support I needed when little. All those obstacles taught me how to be strong, independent, resilient and realize the potential I have to do great things in life. My goal in life is to plant seeds around me so others can have strong roots but yet flexible trunks like me.



Karri H.

Massachusetts

Fun Fact: "I would write down all the dreams I could recall."



Before dawn, the lamp in the kitchen is always warm, the pot is steaming hot, the red flame and boiling water, and the encounter between the rolling pin and the dough form a melody that only my mother can play. My mother put all her love into the deliciously-filled thin dough pockets. These Chinese dumplings are my favorite food, but they mean more to me than just nutrition.

I come from a Chinese immigrant family. Even though I have lived in the United States for more than four years, I still keep the custom of eating dumplings, because no matter how far I walk, the taste of my hometown will always be familiar and stubborn in my mind. However, the appearance and unique smell of dumplings is not easily accepted by everyone, especially in the school cafeteria — a battlefield of color and flavor. The words "Your food smells bad" came from my classmates, and the warning of "Don't bring dumplings to school" came from my Chinese friends out of embarrassment. No matter if we share the same cultural background, they have been telling me to change myself and conform to the lunch trend every year of high school.

Do you think I'm influenced by them? Do you think my story is about regaining confidence after being ridiculed? No, I never doubt myself. What they don't know is that inside the plain white dough, there are leeks with pork, shrimp with celery, and kimchi fish. At the touch of my tongue, the hot gravy, with its peculiar taste of vegetables, warms my body and heart. A small dumpling is the carrier of my mother's skills and love for me, as well as the transmission and inheritance of my ancestors' wisdom and skills over thousands of years. They show the interaction between food and the local environment and can connect my attachment to the motherland with my respect for nature. I'm clear that I am a part of the multifaceted world, so why aren't dumplings something to be incredibly proud of?

Looking back at the first time I started eating dumplings at school, people laughed at me. When I continued to eat dumplings, people talked about me. In my third year of high school, people became curious about dumplings, but still over-labeled me. It would be wrong to say that the process wasn't difficult, my willpower was constantly drained, I had been trying to give up for a period, but I always believed it was right to maintain that confidence.



Karri H.

Massachusetts



By the fourth year, I finally had some followers who either admired or liked my dumplings, and started to come to school with their own familiar flavors as well. I shared this confidence with different cultures, learned and integrated excellent cultural qualities through interaction and communication with them which made me very proud and amazed at the results of my persistence.

There is no doubt that social trends have never been an excuse for me to be cowardly or give up my self-knowledge, because dumplings provide me with a foundation to continue to be proud of. They are my own unwavering validation and self-expression. They are my perseverance, because they bring me endless expectations from my mother. They are my brave expression, because I break the shackles of social pressure. Dumplings are my hope, they are my motivation, they are the proof of my character.



Janiya F.

Chicago

Fun Fact: "I am addicted to pasta and can eat it everyday."



The sound of my "early riser" alarm goes off at 5am, as always. Still half asleep, I contemplate whether or not I should even get up. It's way too early for this. Rolling out of bed, I slip on my favorite oversized hoodie and beat up Converse. Tip-toeing around the house as fast as I can, I grab my chalk, lifting straps, and back belt. I glance down at my watch, and rush out of the house long before the sun hits the horizon, and head for the gym. While it may be a loud, intimidating, and objectively smelly place, I feel at home around the clanking of plates and humid air.

As I pass through the revolving doors, I can feel the tension in my shoulders and chest start to loosen. Although my phone is blasting Chief Keef and Lil Baby at full volume, a sense of peace and comfort envelops my body like a hug. I walk up to the free weights and try to block out the world and focus on me, and only me, and start my set. Today is my favorite workout day: legs. This is the one and only place that gives me the solitude to solely listen to my emotional and physical needs. But sometimes, well most times, keeping that focus proves to be a challenge.

My anxiety builds as I do my sets. My eyes drift over the expanse of the lifting floor and my inner self-doubt starts to creep its way into my counts. Five. Everyone is looking at you. The thoughts of people's negative and demeaning eyes race through my mind. Six. No one thinks you're good enough. I move on to the next machine and position my feet shoulder-width apart, core tight, back straight, and shoulders back. Seven. The girl over on that rack lifts more than you. Knowing I need to push out these negative thoughts, I max out the volume in my headphones and try to think about what I'm going to eat later, but the thoughts of others' judgment clouds my mind, leaving me to wonder if I have come very far at all.

Yet when I think about it, I have. Getting out of my own headspace is why I go to the gym. In the beginning, it was to silence the judgment I felt was coming from others, but now, when I take a few steps towards each new machine, I take a few steps back out of my heavy head. What the gym has allowed me to realize is that the judgment that I was projecting on others, was really me judging myself. I have begun to realize I should be proud, and there shouldn't be a doubt about everything I've accomplished. One. I know I'm stronger than I was last year. Two. My form is better than ever. Three. I no longer care if they're watching.



Janiya F.

Chicago



The impact and change this has created in my life is surprising but now it's a daily routine, and that routine has helped me to realize that I am worth more than what others may think, and that only my views of myself truly matter. The influence of a 45-pound plate inspired me to take on challenges I faced in and out of the gym. I have gained insight into changing my perspective when the pressure becomes worse. I have learned not to overthink, to not self-doubt, and to not compare myself with others. With every push, pull, and curl, at the end of my gym session I step out the revolving doors with assurance and the ambition to continue.



Merwan N.

Chicago

Fun Fact: "I have a new hobby almost every week."



"Merwin?"

"Marwan... Marwen?"

"Merjuana."

"Merewan!"

It's been 11 years since I immigrated to America, and for almost just as long, I've listened to my name get butchered by teachers everyday in school. I could not keep count of all the different mutilations my name experienced. I'd often think, "My name couldn't be that difficult to say, right?"

Dealing with the mispronunciation of my name was only the start of the struggles I had to overcome—growing up I have always lived a life of false identity.

Who are these false identities? Let me introduce myself or myselfes to you.

Who is MJ?

By 6 AM I am rushing to make the first running train out to Winnetka, an affluent suburb of Chicago. Arriving on time, I go to introduce myself to my golfers and shake their hands "Hello how are you doing? My name is MJ. Nice to meet you." I am now MJ.

MJ is one of the most outstanding caddies at his golf club, they will not only be impressed by his skill as a caddie but as a partner in conversation. When I tell them I am from Uptown Chicago, they continue to ramble on about how they love the theater there, MJ agrees, but walking by the same theater at night all Merwan can think of is having to stay on constant alert knowing of the dangers that are present.

Work is his escape. MJ fits in here, but one look around and Merwan realizes reality, he has not seen one Black person all day. Life seemed so much better in a place where people didn't look like him. Feeling so at home here, I started to distance myself from my Black friends, I saw no benefit to being Black.



Merwan N. Chicago



Who is John?

John started as a joke, I started going by John to pick up food orders for a couple of laughs. I kept using this name by myself, and It became a problem. No one expects to see me when they call out John.

But why John? Johns don't look like me. John is not an African-American Muslim boy. John did not value his family as the root of his life. John did not rely on Allah to guide him. John is the part of me that did not embrace the Arabic name my parents gave me. The vain desire to fit in led me to think that by pushing away from the God I praised, a name mentioned in the Quran, and all of the values I have been taught a "good Muslim" possesses, I would be able to fit in as much as "John" did.

It is because of the times John wasn't called a terrorist in front of his whole fourth grade classroom. Because John was able to show up 40 minutes before his flight and run to his gate, but Merwan Mohammed Nur had to show up 3 hours early to prepare to be stopped for a "random security check". It was easy being John.

Who is Mer?

Mer fits in. Mer wears the new shoes everyone wants. Mer is the varsity basketball player who is expected to hit a game winner. Mer is the kid who breaks out of his comfort zone, but Merwan is the kid who used to watch videos on how to build confidence.

Mer does not stutter, Mer does not struggle, Mer has good grades, Mer speaks with eloquence. Mer is that "normal kid" who Merwan would have wanted to be 10 years ago, but Merwan was the kid who read books and practiced speaking in front of a mirror to quickly lose his distinct foreign stamp.



Merwan N.

Chicago



Who is Merwan?

Merwan defied the odds. Growing up and being thrown into a foreign world, you start with nothing. In my neighborhood there is not much opportunity, you are provided with more drug dealers than tutors. As I watched my friends fall into a life of despair, I was faced with maturity at a younger age forcing me to build my own path.

Distancing myself from who I am was my only escape. Associating myself with the ideal demographic, I faced less struggle. These personas allowed me to escape the realities I had to face—disassociating myself from my identity—making me think I was able to live a “normal life”.

I spent much of my life trying to be MJ, John and Mer, but I could never be Merwan. Not being able to be proud of who I am was the biggest struggle I had to face. However, Merwan needed to meet MJ, John, and Mer in order to help him realize he cannot change who he is but rather change who he can become. Able to challenge each of the social aspects I was facing, I began to overcome my desire of fitting in. I now realize each part of my identity is what makes me so much more special.

When asked who I am today, I laugh off the thought of MJ, John, or Mer. I rather embrace who I am and diligently respond, “I am Merwan.”



About Us

Since 1997, Bottom Line has addressed the low college graduation rates of first-generation students from low-income backgrounds. Our organization was founded on the belief that students need a mentor and a guide during the college application process and throughout college to succeed. By providing consistent one-on-one support, Bottom Line Advisors have partnered with thousands of degree-aspiring high school students to build a list of best-fit, affordable colleges during the Access Program. For students attending our target colleges, a *College Success Advisor* continues working with them one-on-one for up to six years until they launch their careers.

As the first in their families to earn bachelor's degrees, Bottom Line students on average earn over twice their family income in their first job as graduates.

Our vision is to create a far-reaching ripple effect, launched by the transformative power of a college degree and a mobilizing first career, that will uplift individuals, families, and entire communities.



Our Regions



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