

Brian Corcoran

English 102

PREDRAFT A

1-28-2016


One a rainy Thursday night this past November a good friend of mine was driving home on i-95 in North Carolina. He was driving back to Wake Forest University where he was a student from a job interview in Charlotte, North Carolina. While driving on the highway my friend Jordan was looking at his phone, probably texting scrolling through twitter. Because he was distracted by his phone he did not notice his car drifting into the other lane. As the approaching vehicle sounded its horn, Jordan quickly tried to swerve out of the way. Because his car was going over 70 miles per hour when he violently twisted the wheel his car flipped over multiple times. Unfortunately, Jordan was not wearing a seatbelt. He was ejected through the front windshield out of the car. He was quickly transported to the hospital and immediately sent into surgery. When his Mother, Father, and three siblings arrived at the hospital in North Carolina 12 hours later Jordan was in a coma. The Doctor told that shocked family that he had permanent brain damage and would never be the same again. In the course of the next 24 hours Jordan sadly passed away. When I first heard the news I was shocked and still can not really believe something like that happened.

The saddest thing about the ordeal and what really struck home with me was seeing Jordan's wake and funeral. Seeing a family devastated by the loss of their 20 year old brother/son was a tough sight to stomach. Like most families at funeral they were all

crying. What stood out to me the most was look in Jordan's fathers eyes. While everyone else in his family and extended family was teary eyed the father looked stoic. In the past few months when I have seen the father I have realized that he is not fully there. He has an empty look in eyes that looks like shell shock. The conclusion to this short essay is that when you experience something that really sucks such a friends death it gives you the ability to take a pause from daily life and put things into perspective. While stuff like this is the fact of life it is still difficult to process.

Justin S. Budrow
English 102 - Pre-Draft A1
29 January 2016

I remember my senior year of high school only for my myriad of mixed emotions about my future. I was concerned because I didn't feel ready for what many in high school publicized as "the real world". My definition of potential was vague since I didn't have a firm understanding of my own uniqueness. As a student, I felt as if I didn't take control of my differences, largely because I never took advantage of them. I usually thought of my differences as living closer to downtown of Boston, having a mixed-race background, and being the only student in my own graduating class that wanted to enter the marketing and technology fields. I had good enough grades- I didn't participate in anything extra. "Good enough" represented my own attitude toward this last year. It was a period of uncertainty for me, since I didn't really know the next jump start I would have before keeping myself locked to a university for four years. I had an idea of who I wanted to be; someone that entered college with the right knowledge of the fields I would be entering, but it later became clear to me that I would need to be more specific. I didn't feel confident knowing whether my goals could be accomplished without a good start. I also didn't have the same level of confidence as many students I knew, I lacked the general enthusiasm toward any school opportunities. I always seemed to compare myself to others whenever I tried to think of my potential. But my internal struggle ended when I found a new way to enter an opportunity to start. Three months into my last year in high school, I received a unique invitation from my school's headmaster. It was an invitation to try something new.



I was given the opportunity to do a paid internship at a digital advertising firm in the Financial District. Initially I wasn't sure if I should have accepted the opportunity- the location was the first significant worry for me. Was I up for the task? It almost sounds like a cliché; someone steps into your life, and changes everything. These types of scenarios come rare in life, and for me this was no different. When I learned I was accepted for the job, I was excited but nervous. It wasn't the first time I had to make such a decision. But after multiple interviews, knowing that I was selected made me feel more recognized. The opportunity that I was unsure of from the beginning was more exclusive than it sounded, and I realized that I needed to change my attitude and focus to take full advantage of it.

On the first day working in the State Street high rise, I walked out the elevator with polished black shoes and a gray dress shirt. Yet I quickly felt alienated after being surrounded by the multitude of millennials, wearing much more comfortable attire than mind. It was a playful environment that felt like a start-up company. My new supervisor complemented me on my outfit, but she eventually recommended me to dress more casual. But after the second day, I began to recognize the familiar nature amongst the others working at the advertising firm. This team of individuals worked together so well. Considering that I was only a high school intern, I thought that I wouldn't understand how everything would work out. But I soon realized that being exposed to this space was new, and I've never had such experience. The struggle from having no clear beginning, to having this unique opportunity was what made it worth it. I began with no clear understanding, but I left with the confidence I have today. It was an experience I would never forget.

Rebecka MacPherson

Professor Stevens

English 102

28 January 2016

Personal Anecdote

Senior year of high school, I'm sitting in my bedroom trying to somehow figure out what colleges I want to apply to, and even deeper than that, what in the world I want to study in college and make a career of. I put off applications for so long because I had no clue what I wanted to do. I am only seventeen years old, how am I supposed to know what I want to do for the rest of my life? I could not wrap my head around it. So, I put it aside and waited.

A few weeks later, the woman I babysit for, Amy, texted me and asked me to watch the kids while she went to the doctors with her mother and father. I had no idea that this appointment would impact my life so much. I remember being so mad at the parents when they called and said they would be two more hours than they originally thought. All I wanted to do was go out with my friends and, because of them, I had to ditch those plans and watch these two, 'off-the-wall', kids for two more hours. Constantly having to get up and get them more juice, or do the same puzzle over and over again. My patience was wearing super thin.

When Amy walked in the house about two and a half hours later, sobbing in her husband, Kevin's, arms, I had a funky feeling in my stomach. She walked right past me and went to the bathroom. Kevin apologized and began explaining why Amy was such an emotional wreck. Amy's father, the kids' grand-father, 'Gumpy' they called him, was diagnosed with stage four pancreatic cancer and the doctor said he only had about two short months left to survive. Immediately I felt ashamed for feeling so annoyed about having to ditch my plans. How could I

be so selfish? I left their house that night feeling very bad about myself. It made me think about the person I am and what I should really consider important in my life.

Well, from that night on, I joined their family in the fight with Gumpy against the monstrous disease. I worked very hard to help fundraise for the family and for pancreatic cancer awareness. I took part in many of the walking events where I met survivors of pancreatic cancer and honored the others who passed from it. Alongside that, I found myself babysitting three to five days a week, all eight of the grandchildren, so that Gumpy's kids could all sit by him through every doctor's appointment and treatment of the cancer.

Gumpy ended up passing one full year after he was expected to pass. This experience is not being told to gain any sympathy from anyone. Each day that I was able to spend with those grandchildren, or visiting Gumpy, I learned the importance of life. Each day after that diagnosis was a gift to Gumpy, and a gift to those kids and grand-kids to spend time with their grandpa before he passed. I learned that, chronic disease, or completely healthy, we are not guaranteed to live each day, and anything could happen to anyone in our lives at any time. I feel honored to have become like a sister to those grandchildren and have spent so much time with them through the difficult time.

However, this experience also helped me as an individual. I found my passion. Cancer is a terrible disease, no matter which kind is being diagnosed. So many people fight and lose a battle to this disease and loved ones and friends have to watch someone they love fight the diseases. So, with this new passion, I went online and applied for colleges all around Massachusetts where I could study Health Science and hopefully, eventually, work in cancer research someday.

Cole He

Eng 102

Prof. Stevens

2016/01/29

Predraft A

May 22nd, 1996. That day was just a normal day. People in the world started their day to go to work for their life. The God took some lives away from some people but also give back some new lives to the world. I'm one of the lives that become a new life in this fancy world. I'm the only child in my family, which in that time period each family can only have one child by law. Just like other parents, my parents taught me about treat other people nicely, speak kindly to everyone around you. But beside that, my parents taught me how to do things in the "right way" - the way to avoid any additional troubles, which is do not trying to make any big change in my life. Maybe my parents are a little bit different than other parents, the sentences that said from my parents are not "What you want to do after you grow up?" or "You can do better next time". What they said is "All I want is you grow up safely and happily, just like a normal person".

When I was a little boy, my parents told me that we will move to another country someday. At that time, I can't fully understand what is that mean to me. But there is one thing I can one hundred percent sure - this will be a huge change in my life. After I finished my 11th grade in China, my mom told me that we will cross half the earth to another country called America.

I was upset, it was like a bomb that blows in front of me, shock and upset. I didn't realized we were leave the country we had lived for 17 years and go to another country and start over again. This is not how they taught me when I was a kid.

So I realized the things my parents had taught me is not always right. I can be a person that is more than just a normal person. I can give myself a plan to try out some new stuff in my life. Not everyone want just stay normal forever.

Carly Robinson

Professor Stevens

English 102

Pre-Draft A

Ever since I was a little girl, I knew that I wanted to work with animals. Like every other 3rd grader, my dream was to become a veterinarian. Soon, however, those dreams shifted. In middle school, the new goal was to work, not just as a regular vet, but a zoo vet. I did not want to work with the typical dog or cat. What I really wanted was the experience to work with the exotic animals that you do not encounter every day. Elephants, giraffes, lions, and so on. People are always surprised when I tell them that. It is such a unique job, and I frequently get asked how I decided that this is what I wanted to do. To that, I tell them a trip to Florida the summer of 2013, was what finalized my decision.

In 2013, my parents and I took a trip down to Marco Island to my aunt's vacation house. For the first week, we hung around Marco Island, relaxing on the beach, going out to dinner, and just spending some quality time with my parents. During the week, we also took a trip up to the Naples Zoo. It is a small zoo that has the basics. We spent the whole day there. I got to feed giraffes, go on a boat ride to see the different monkeys that lived there, and we also got to talk to one of tiger zookeepers. While talking to her, I learned so much. She told us all about what her job entailed. She had to feed the tiger, clean their enclosure, and come up with ways to keep the tiger entertained, among many other daily chores. She answered every question that I had for her, and it was the first moment where I began to think of zookeeping as the career I wanted to pursue.

After the week was over, my dad had to fly back home for work. My mom's father, my grandfather, lived in Pensacola, so we stayed behind to drive up and see him. On our drive up, my mom surprised me with a two day visit to Busch Gardens Tampa. The park is filled with rides and games, but all I was really interested in were the thousands of animals they had there. For two days, my mom and I explored the park. We went on the safari ride they had, where you can get very close and personal with giraffes. Also during those two days, we fed kangaroos and exotic birds, went behind the scenes in the elephant and cheetah habitat, and listened to more keeper talks. During that time, we also went into the "Animal Hospital". At the time, I was still set on being a zoo veterinarian, so I was very excited to see how things worked. When we walked in, there was a viewing area where visitors were able to watch the veterinarians perform procedures on some of the animals that lived in the park. While we were there, they were doing a checkup on one of the larger birds. The whole thing was very interesting, but it was then that I realized that I did not want to be a zoo veterinarian anymore. After talking to many zookeepers at Busch Gardens and the Naples Zoo, I realized that what I truly wanted was to take care of the animals while they were not under anesthesia. I wanted to actually interact with the animals. Yeah, it would be hard work, a lot of hours, and not that great of a salary, but I would be doing something that I loved to do.

When I was younger, it was evident that I wanted to work with animals. The only questions was what exactly I wanted to do. My dreams developed from helping save dogs and cats, to helping save the larger more exotic animals, to finally landing on taking care of the daily needs of the exotic animals. I believe that what a person's dream job is says a lot about their character, which is why that this experience is so important to me. That trip to Florida helped me realize exactly what I wanted to do with my life.

Shara Tran

Professor Janet Stevens

English 102

29 January 2016

The Story Behind a Recipe

The only memory that is left of my father is his green bean casserole recipe. As the recipe was passed down, it changed to suit the cook. My dad prepared his green beans sliced in half, with vegetable oil, coconut flour, cream cheese, Parmesan cheese, fried onions, salt, pepper, and garlic powder. Since I did not like milk, Dad substituted cow's milk for Silk almond milk. He would mix every ingredient in a pot to cook it. Then he would bake it for thirty minutes.

My dad left us when I was six, and he took his recipe with him. Have he ever care for me? Is love too much to ask for?, I wondered. I could not remember the taste of his green bean casserole. Nobody makes it anymore. One day, I decided to make the dish again.

It felt different doing it myself. Half way through, I came to the realization that I could not make it. At that moment, I separated myself from my father. He was never there for me when I needed him. I used to enjoy this dish. Now it just leaves behind sad memories that I cannot erase. The taste of the green bean casserole is forever forgotten. All that remains is a handwritten recipe, from an unforgiven father. This story defines me as who I am today, independent, mature, and forgiving. I acknowledge that I would not gain all those qualities of becoming an independent woman if he did not leave.

The recipe was important in our family and was passed down for generations. We used to enjoy this dish during our family gatherings. I held on to the memories I have with my father because he was with me for a short time. Without him in my everyday life, I learned

responsibility by becoming independent and setting my own goals. I set up tasks for the day that needed to be completed. This allowed me to become very organized and this trait benefited me, as I grew older. It helped me become more efficient because I am able to regulate my time wisely. I became a happier and brighter person because I felt a sense of relief that I could control my future. This led to maturity at an early age because my mom, two sisters, and I had to rely on each other. It has gotten a lot easier as time passed because my passion for school grew and I became more motivated to do well. I thought about the future more often and what I could do to help my family. I understand that education was the number one priority to help my mom in the future. Being six years old at the time, I was not much help to my mom.

I always admired people who are lucky enough to have their father there every step of the way. I know that I am not the only one who is suffering from not having a father. Growing up without a father brought many challenges to my family, but it helped me learn that I did not need a father to live happily. I was too stubborn to admit that I love my father even if he abandoned me.

If you were to ask me if I would ever forgive my father years ago, my answer would be, "I am not sure but I want to forgive him one day." I know I would have to face my problems and I still want to interact with my father since I have become a young mature adult but there is no way of contacting him. No longer holding grudges against my father has set me free as I grew older since I will only have one biological father in a lifetime. I came to realize that I was able to grant forgiveness to what seemed like an unforgivable father.

Wendy Zheng

Ms. Stevens

English 102

1/28/16

I have always wondered about the scars on my right shoulder, my left upper thigh, and my middle left rib cage. It is not visible to others, but I see it everyday. My mom has always been vague about the story. It was not until a trip to my native country of China that I understood my cultural background, and gained a new level of maturity. I started to realize the mark my past had made on me.

It all started as I was staring out at the foggy city of Fuzhou from my window, as the plane curved through the sky. Then suddenly the plane pierced through the clouds, and I was able to get a clear glimpse of my parents' hometown. Flashes of my childhood memories shot through my mind like lightning. I was born in the United States, but sent to China a couple of weeks after my birth to live with my grandparents for five years. As recent immigrants to the United States, my parents were still building their life and were not prepared to care for a baby. Despite my childhood in China, when I returned two summers ago, for the first time in more than ten years I was surprised by my lack of familiarity with my grandparents, and the poverty my family came from.

During my trip, my family and I lived for a month and a half in a small deteriorated house that belonged to my parents after they were married. As I first walked into the house, I was astonished by the bathroom. It was so tight that I felt like I could not breathe or spread my arms apart as I walked in. There were cobwebs in the corners of our room and thick layers of dust

laying on all the shelves. Thinking, when was the last time someone cleaned the room. Meanwhile, I had to get use to sleeping early and waking up early, to catch breakfast at 7am. Restaurants and outside markets opened 6am and imagine walking outside in humid weather everyday.

While I was adjusting to the surroundings, I formed relationships with my relatives despite the years I had been away from China. I got to know them by talking about dress codes, housing, and work ethic based on China's cultural background. I learned about my parents when they were young. I met their friends, and they took me to carnivals and arcades. I felt like I was part of this new family and was enjoying my time, but at the same time saddened at the quality of life they were forced to live in. I was amazed that with such little resources they had, they managed to have a good time and I enjoyed their company. I gained a stronger sense of self by knowing where I came from. I gained responsibility through watching over my baby brother, and respectfulness every time I encounter my relatives. I had to learn not to become judgemental about their living conditions, and just accept people as they were.

Until this trip to China, I was naive about my parents' past and where I came from. This trip was meaningful to me because I now understand the life my parents built, and the community they left behind. I also had to go back to China to discover my scars, to see who I am. The truth was, that I accidentally tipped a pot of hot milk placed on the stove onto myself, not just once, but twice as my grandmother witnessed this. My experience in China made me value and appreciate my own identity. I had physically and mentally encountered a new unexpected environment, and I learned not to be prejudiced. Discovering my cultural background

this summer shaped me into who I am today, prepared me for the real world, and fueled my desire to give back to the community.

Ryan Duclos

English 102

Professor Stevens

January 28, 2016

My Personal Anecdote

It was the final game of the tournament and it all came down to this one shot. We just finished the overtime period and still nobody breaks the tie. This means we are going to a shootout. Two rounds went by and we found ourselves in trouble, down one, and desperate for a goal to stay in the game. My whole team is on the bench anticipating who the coach will pick to take what could be our last shot of the whole tournament. I wasn't sure who he was going to pick as he looked across the horde of helmets. I couldn't think about anything but how close we were to first place. I hear someone repeating my name. Coming back to reality, I realize that my coach is telling me to get out there and keep us in the game.

Unconsciously, I stay sitting, contemplating in my head if I was really the one that my coach wanted to depend on for this responsibility. Does he really think I can fake out this goalie and win us the game? All my teammates' amp me up and push me out onto the ice. Now, standing in the center of the rink, I realize the pressure that I have on my shoulders. This team is one of the best in the entire league. Never mind this beast of a goalie that takes up what seems to be every inch of the net. Instant anxiety takes over my body. Should I try a fancy trick? Should I keep it simple? What if I fall? The referee blows the whistle and it's time for me to start. I pick up my speed and take an angle towards the net. I dangle it between my legs and catch it on my backhand and take the shot. I heard a loud ding and then silence. The goalie starts smacking his

stick off the ground and I hear the team start cheering like crazy. That's when I realized it. The puck wasn't in the net. My team wasn't cheering. It was the other team that was celebrating and the goalie was smacking his stick off the ice in excitement for not being scored on. I remember feeling completely embarrassed and having a feeling of humiliation take over. They all depended on me and I let them all down. I thought to myself, "wow, my coach isn't ever going to play me again" and "my team probably hates me now". I skated back towards my bench with my head down. But, when I got there, my team was actually patting me on the back and giving me compliments, telling me how awesome of a shot it was and that if it were a smaller goalie then it would never have missed it. Even my coach came up to me and told me that I played a great game and if he had to make the decision all over again he would've still picked me.

This tournament was just one of about 50 that I have taken part of in my life. It turns out to be a positive experience because of how much closer I grew to my team from that game. I learned that my team was like a family and how I can always depend on them even when I don't feel great about myself. Not only that, however, it's also where I learned how confident I should be about myself. With all their compliments, and even just for the pure fact that my coach picked me out of the other sixteen players, I realized that it wasn't about winning (although it would've been much nicer if the shot when in the back of the net instead of hitting off the crossbar). But, rather than that, the point was that my team and coach had confidence in me and my ability to play hockey. Instead of being embarrassed and mad at myself for missing the shot, I should feel privileged and worthy for being picked and depended on. Over the years, this lesson became apparent from season to season, and that's why I have hockey to thank for the lesson of learning that it's not about winning or losing, it's about having a good time with my team and having other people that I can look to in my life without being judged.

Yeferson Herrera

Professor Stevens

Pre-Draft A1

01/28/16

The Origin Story

Many of the people I know have one dream, to become as rich as they possibly can and live a lavish life spending tons of money. I do not share this dream. Today's society and culture shapes people into thinking that money is happiness and essentially that money should be everything to you. Yes, I agree life is much easier with money but if you think about it, when something gets easy, it gets boring. How many times have you received a gift and did not take care of it? Many I bet. This is not always the case but most of the times when something is free or easily obtained, it seems dispensable. I do not want my life to feel dispensable.

I am a Colombian immigrant who was brought to this country at the age of one by parents who have the common ideology that this country is abundant in its opportunities. Boston is an extremely appealing city to the average Colombian because almost every story that has been told that has resulted in success originates from here. One of the main influences that drives my parents to choose this city out of many more that could probably offer the similar opportunities.

Since the age of thirteen and till today, I have worked for every penny I received. I was never obligated to do so nor was there a necessity for me in doing so. I did it more for myself than for anybody else. I felt like in doing so, I would appreciate everything more. It gave me a sense that I belonged and I was doing something to belong. I have always prided myself on all of

the things I was able to afford without any financial help. I have had two cars and two motorcycles as well. Paying them off in full on the spot. I saved up a decent amount of money and bought used vehicles that I was proud to have and could afford to keep.

Overall I am a very happy individual and this is so, in my opinion at least, because I feel that having goals with high standards is the main key, and I have lived my life the best I could by abiding to such idea. Overall happiness is an excellent trait. But it would not be possible without self-motivation.

It takes a very strong person to motivate him/her self to do bigger and greater things. To have goals and to follow through with them. For now, I am very happy with my accomplishments and for my future plans. I believe Latinos originally come with a hard working mentality and I am proud to have it because I know it has helped me become who I am today.

I encounter people everyday who complain about their life and always want some change to occur. The problem is that most of them expect a change to magically occur because they have no self-motivation which in turn leads to overall happiness. They do not realize that they are rich in health therefore, they are rich in everything else because the only thing that one really needs to succeed is health. Even those with health issues are capable, so why should we healthy people complain.

I am who I am today because I am very fortunate to have all my health and I know that if I have health I have everything else. I am a self-motivated young adult who understands that I do not have no excuse not to succeed because in a way, I have not had to suffer in life. If I ever needed something or someone, my family has and will always been there. Therefore, I try to make the best of what I have a work hard now so later on in life I could harvest on all the work I have done early on.

Kelsey Latwas

Stevens 102

Predraft A

28 January 2016

Just one distraction

September 20, 2014, early afternoon, the sun beaming down, my friends and I decided to go visit some other friends. So we packed the red jeep cherokee and then set off for the road trip. As we flew down the high way we laughed and played along to waste some time. Cassie who was driving the car had went to throw a wrapper out the window when it flew back into the car and got chocolate all over my new sweater. We giggled and I handed it back to Cassie to try to throw back out the window when Cassie looked back they couldn't imagine what would happen next. BAM. I opened my eyes and we had hit the guard rail head on going 90 when the little Jeep Grand Cherokee flew into the air and flipped 3 times. I, who was sitting passenger and Kristina who was in the back seat landed in the caved in trunk of the Jeep.

When I got up and screamed "WHERE IS CASSIE?!" I searched the car and couldn't see her anywhere and when she looked to my left she saw Cassie, face down in the middle of the highway. Cassie had been ejected out one of the sunroof considering it was open. I screamed and cried, I flew out of the car and ran down the highway to find help. All the windows were shattered all over the highway along with all of their clothes and belongings, scattered along the fast lane. At that time I couldn't find my phone, I was yelling "SOMEONE HELP, SOMEONE CALL 911, HELP!" Luckily the people right behind the us had watched the whole thing happen.

There were cars everywhere on the highway stopped just watching what had just happened to us. An ambulance came flying down the highway to Cassie's rescue. Kristina and I stood there in shock of what had just happened, shaking and crying in the hands of the women who had been just one car behind us watching the whole thing happen. Another ambulance had come a minute later, along with firefighters and police from all over Fall River with State Troopers in-tow. I was then put on a stretcher and taken into the next ambulance, where then later Kristina appeared to ride along side me. We were rushed to Rhode Island Hospital, the closest hospital with a trauma unit for Cassie. As we arrived in Providence at the hospital we were all rushed into different rooms of the Emergency Room to have X-Rays taken. As I was sitting in my room alone listening to the nurses and doctors rushing around me, I could hear the faint screaming of Cassie from a few rooms over. After 3 hours of X-Rays I was rolled in on my stretcher to see Kristina where she waited in her stretcher to hear from one of the us in the car. We rushed in to see Cassie where she was awake and awaiting surgery for her spinal cord, face and lips.

After that experience not only I, but my friends and family as well, learn not to take anything for granted. After the accident I learned that I need to live everyday to the fullest and enjoy life because it can be taken away at any moment, and we were lucky to have made it through. To this day I am able to tell this story that I was able to get up and walk away from that accident unlike some others who did not have this chance. I am extremely grateful that someone was watching over us, allowing us to make it through alive. Cassie got it the worst and spent 4 months in the hospital and rehab, but we need to live and learn and from that day forward we now know to never be distracted while driving.

Julian Collins

1/27/16

English 102

Pre-Draft A1

The Origin Story

The origin of Julian Collins starts from these two simple traits that made me who I am today. One of my traits is being motivated about the things I do and the other trait is being humble. When I was young I was always passionate about going to school and being ready to learn something new. Asking a whole bunch of questions and paying close attention. Also gained motivation by my mother, because after seeing her being in the medical field, I wanted to immediately follow right in her footsteps. After I started to apply this to my everyday life which helped me get to where I am today, because there was day's I didn't want to go school, or apply for college, or go to practice. With my motivation it just motivated me, to where I just don't get tired and I apply myself 100% each time. So every day I have a task I make sure it's done, I don't care what it is, I'm going to do it. Last summer before I started college in DSP my instructor told me I wasn't a good writer, he almost emphasized to me that college wasn't where I should be. At first I was rethinking if I should go but then I thought I want to be something great one day, and I've came all this way I'm not giving up now. So I entered my first semester last fall and proved that instructor wrong. I finished that semester with A's and B's and my English teacher told me I was a pretty good writer.

This brings me to my next trait of being humble, even though my teacher told me I'm a good writer doesn't mean I'm going to stop working hard and trying to be better. Over time I

learned to keep doing good you have to keep practicing and that's what I do now on the track team and in my everyday life. By staying humble it keeps me on track and never full of myself, so I'm always blessed and thankful for what I've done. By me being humble you can also see that I respect everyone that I'm around and a good person overall. These two traits are the reason why I'm here now and why you're reading this and also why I'm going to become a nurse in the future mark my words.

Jungwoo Sonn

ENGL 102

Pre-Draft A1

Distasteful Pranking

It is a strange preconceived notion that age correlates with wisdom. Admittedly, the thinking behind it makes sense. Parents and other adult figures often play upon this idea so we as children believe that they are always correct. However, this certainly backfires in the presence of an older brother figure and as children, our desires to be more mature along with the aforementioned notion leads to terrible results when we try to follow suit.

The banalities of recess always garnered complaints when I attended elementary school. We would argue that “it’s too short to do anything” and that “we don’t have enough things to play with”, but when it was finally taken away when middle school came along, we realized that having it with all it’s flaws was still a thousand times better than having no recess at all. It was the redeeming 20 minutes of time that made school bearable and it also satisfied our need to run around and be active. The loss came as an emotional blow; there was no fun to be had during school.

Near the end of October, we overheard a group of older kids chatting. The words “Silly String”, “Stink Bombs”, and “Duct Tape” were thrown around and immediately we asked them what they were doing. Understand that we were still barely in the 6th grade and the 8th graders were figures we held quite highly as they were a representation of the older brothers we never had. Anyhow, they explained what “pranking” was and also gave us “tips” on how to do it.

Halloween was coming up and they explained how “everything was allowed”. They made Halloween seem like The Purge.

It was an opportunity. A time where our action deprived lives were about to be fixed by the saviors that were the 8th graders. They gave us the ideas, the plans, and their blessings. We trusted them quite blindly and thought they could do us no wrong.

The day flew by as we anticipated our first time pranking. Hallows Eve seemed quite placid; the calm before the storm if you would excuse the cliché. School finally felt bearable and as we all handed in our final assignment for the day, a wink was all that was exchanged.

With all the planning and anticipation, we still did not understand one simple fact. We were vandalizing. Our blind trust in these 8th graders was innocent, yet it made us do actions we could have been reprimanded for. The barraging of stink bombs on an innocent man’s home, the silly string we splattered onto cars with profanities, even duct taping mailboxes were all but a few of the things we were convinced to do.

They were arrested. Those oh so wise 8th graders were arrested for underage drinking and vandalizing a man’s property with eggs and rocks. We came out unscathed but our trust for elder figures plummeted quite far.

There were brief instances where we thought we had gone too far but our trust in these “older kids” masked our concern. This extends to many figures in one’s life. Authority figures such as one’s parents and policemen who are there to protect should never be looked down upon and protested against lightly. However, it is important that an experience like mine exists to show that a personal conscience is needed even when faced with those who are supposedly wiser; it may be the other way around at times.

Kevin Atehortua
Professor Janet Stevens
English 102
January 28, 2016

Atehortua 1

Kevin Atehortua was a totally different person before he became this caring and hardworking student. Growing up, Kevin never really thought about graduating high school or going to college. He was this young kid who loved to have fun and get into all sorts of trouble. He was not the top student in the class nor did he care what his teachers thought of him. Kevin was the kid who loved messing around with people, starting fights, and ending up in the principal's office. Right after starting his high school years, his life changed in the blink of an eye.

Going way back Kevin was suppose to repeat 5th, 6th, and 7th, grade. He was not going to school, he was getting suspended, and fighting a lot. He seemed to just give up on himself due to the fact that people said he wouldn't have a future. Maybe even end up dead before he even hit the age of eighteen. He was hanging out with the wrong people and there were only two people on this earth that made him open his eyes and use his head, and those people were his parents.

After getting a call from the school saying that Kevin was in danger of repeating the 7th grade for missing a bunch of school days his parents sat down and had a talk with him. They told him, "What are you doing with your life? Your father and I came to this country for a better life. We want you and your older brother to have a successful life, we want you to have the best education, have a great job." "Please take advantage, your father and I will do anything to have the same opportunities that you have in front of you."

These words stuck with him through his high school years. Realizing that school was really important and that he would need to stay in school and out of trouble if he wants to be successful in life. Despite of all the trouble he would get into, Kevin always wanted to be a cop ever since he was a little boy. That was when he realized he wanted to try his best to graduate high school. Throughout high school Kevin was barely getting into fights and was never suspended, instead, every single term from his freshmen year to his senior year he was able to get honor roll. Taking on some AP classes his senior year. Senior year was the year he decided he wanted to go to college and make a difference. After getting mail from different colleges all over the country along with scholarships, he decided to go to UMass Boston and pursue the career of Criminal Justice. He decided he either wanted to be a cop or detective.

Looking at the words that his parents told him back then made Kevin change, not only academically but as a person too. He now puts the people he loves ahead of himself. His mother and father were both immigrants; they were aliens to this country so as he got older he started to understand the sacrifices they made in order for him to have all these opportunities available to him. Kevin always thought that the world was always attacking him telling him he can't do this or he won't be alive to make his parents proud, that he'll wind up dead before he would turn eighteen. He was scared, he thought that the world was better and bigger than him.

Today, Kevin is an undergraduate student at the University of Massachusetts Boston. Majoring in Criminal Justice; he wants to be a cop and later on move up to work as DEA or a detective. All it took was a hit to the head to make him see the world in a different place. He is right here to make a difference, he wants to graduate college with a Bachelor's degree in

Criminal Justice in order to make his parents proud and most important, to have a bright future.

I'm eighteen and here I am breathing. This is a big world, but I know I'm bigger.

Shanice Milord

Janet Stevens

Composition 102

January 29,2016

Belize

In April of 2014 I went to Belize in Central America for a Mission Trip. I can easily its been one of the most rememberable and fun experiences I've ever had. Before leaving for this trip though, I wasn't all that excited. Due to the fact that this was another country with a variety of different diseases, viruses, and bugs not found in America; we had to be heavily informed on what to expect and the vaccines we needed to take before leaving. The sponsors talked about this "bot fly" which is a native insect to Belize, it's the most repulsive bug you'll ever hear about. I would explain what it does but, it a bit graphic so ill spare you (besides the point). Anyway I kept having these crazy thoughts that I was going to get infected by one the second I landed and I was going to die in Central America, which was not all that realistic, but hey I over reacted.

I got my vaccines and my nerves calmed down a little bit and I made it to Belize quite safely, so I guess I was being a little drama queen, but whatever. Once we landed to Belize it had a completely different enviornment in every way imaginable: climate, smell, landscape, cultural norms it was crazy. I didn't stay at the beautiful resorts with the swimming pools with the room service. I stayed in the jungle near villages with all these different groups of Mayans and Guatemalans, Hispanics who had created their own little cultures within a country. Where my group was actually located we had to make sure we walked on boardwalks only because of the poisonous snakes and the dangerous animals so that was always exciting. Driving through the little

towns bothered me to see that people having to live that way, but its been these people's way of life and they were content with their lifestyles.

During my eleven days of working there, we build a roof for their nearby school and tables for the students and teachers to use because, they didn't have the recourses to do that stuff. We also did clinical work where we would provide, vaccines, medicine, antibiotics and clothing; it was amazing to see how happy these people were to get certain things I had at such easy access. We were even allowed to walked through the villages with a respected member of course and it was amazing to see the faith that the community had in each other. Their kids were just left to roam with us as we walked around 10-15 miles away from their homes and their parents were completely fine with it. Some of the houses (huts) were very small others were very big; the techniques the men would use to create them wouldn't take two-four weeks like it would in America. It's a very laborious job. It would take these men months to build what would take maybe, a week to make here in the states.

I didn't just work while being there I went scuba diving, zip lining, and visited some cultural events which was fun. The whole experience made me really appreciate the things I have, that a lot of people don't have in other countries. The first day I landed there really made me regret crying about the fact that the lady at dunkin dounuts "screwed my coffee up."