

When I was in the 6th grade my dad went to jail for about 5 years that's when it all started. Ever since then things in life just got hard for me. After my dad left I became the man of the house taking care of my brother and sister with some help of my grand parents. being under all this pressure made me make alot of poor ~~poor~~ decisions. At the time I felt like I had no one to turn to. I thought I was alone. I got to a point where I realized that I was headed down the wrong road, and I wanted to make a change for the better. I reached out to my mom and let her know that I wanted a change. So my mom thought about moving me to an other state for a fresh start. I feel that through sports and surrounding my self around good people I can salvage whats left of my high school education. and hopefully being one of the first in my family to graduate college. I would