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As of October ~~of~~ 1990, there were roughly 5.2 billion living souls in this world. Thousands more would be joining ~~the already~~ ^{the} living, entering ~~this crazy life to begin their long journey towards~~ ^{sense shifting - pick one & stick to it} their destiny. Meanwhile, another tens of thousands will have completed their trek, leaving the earth and their legacy behind. Who knew that I would be one of those newly born^s on that very early Sunday morning? Of course, my mother knew, for I was due in the first two weeks of October. I was just another stranger, a no-name face, an unfamiliar person to the vast, growing world, who would have to work towards making a name for himself. Thus, I was born into this world as Steven Chan on October 7, at Goddard Hospital in Stoughton, Massachusetts. - When did you come to Brockton? You need a transition here.

Living and growing up in Brockton, Massachusetts for all of my life, I've become accustomed to and developed an attachment to everything about this city. Calling Brockton 'home', I've witnessed the rise of many new complexes, experienced genuine winters and summers and whatever else New England weather had to offer, in addition to meeting and building relationships with the many people I've encountered. However, I haven't, and hope not to, experience any homicides or shootings^s as Brockton is so well known for. I lived, and still do to this day, in a two-story house on a busy street with a father, mother, and three sisters, two of which have graduated from college while the other is still receiving ^{- awkward} her education. My mother's side of the family ~~generally~~ live in Massachusetts and New York. However, my relatives on my father's side reside in San Diego, California. This would eventually prove to be the fuel ^{for} ~~to~~ my misery; that extra ounce of pressure to my building volcano; the Great issue that ruined my Thanksgiving break.

The final stretch of the 2004 was met with a whole new environment that I was not familiar with. Some of the alterations were for the better while some, of course, were for the worst. For one, I began high school as a silly, confused freshman. I knew a good amount of people in my class from the past, particularly from my class from the Angelo ^{- awkward}. As for my education, my time in the Brockton Public Schools system began at the Brookfield ^{- ?} for kindergarten. Next, I began school at the Ashfield School ^{went to}

for grades ^{spell out #1's} 1 through 3 before relocating to the Angelo School for grades 4 through 6 upon admittance to the so-called Talented and Gifted (T.A.G.) program. I had developed many friendships within my class at the Angelo, considering we remained together as a group for three years. Therefore, of course it would be difficult to allow the wind to blow ^{- Good!} everyone into different middle schools. While the majority of my peers were accepted into West and North, I was forced to attend East Junior High School, where I would not know anyone and would, in a sense, have to socially start all over again. I thought those 2 years of junior high would be miserable. Or so I thought. However, the days spent at East Junior High resulted in ~~being~~ ^{of my life} some of the most enjoyable years ~~I've ever had~~. When middle ^{- awkward - rephrase} school was coming to an end, I discovered that I would be in Green House for high school, a building ~~that~~ not many of my other friends would be in. I did not understand why I always had to suffer the most when times ^{it came to} for dividing and separation ^{na came}. Thus, high school began as I began, again, to familiarize myself with the classmates I would be seeing everyday. School began in a slow, dulling, ^{- awkward} dragging September, accompanied by a mass of work that I had never before had to deal with. However, as time progressed ~~and~~ school got easier and more enjoyable. ~~The next month, the Boston Red Sox had just won their first World Series Championship, ending an 86 year drought,~~ I became less tense and anxious in class, and not only was my network of acquaintances gradually growing, but I was also strengthening some of the relationships I already had. Life was growing pretty good right on into November. However, ~~the end of November,~~ what was supposed to be a time for giving thanks and being grateful for life, ^{turned into} ~~was more~~ like a recurring nightmare from hell.

On what appeared to be any other normal dinner and evening, I was asked by my father if I would want to move to California. It all seemed like something a child would experience in a book I ~~would~~ read or a movie I would see; you never expect that it could happen to you. Surprised by even such a question, I dubiously rejected the proposal. However, I was continually persuaded that the weather out in southern California was always sunny and warm whereas here, we would always

experience layers upon layers of blustery snow. In my mind, that was a poor justification for why I should consider moving from all I have^d ever known to begin life,^{a new} ~~new~~ ... yet again; just this time, I would *really* be starting all over. Here we go, again, ^{I thought.} The question of not *whether* my family would be moving, but rather *when*, occurred at a family get-together for Thanksgiving a few days later. It was said that my family, without my knowing, was considering moving after my youngest sister graduated from college, which was in 2007, meaning I would miss my senior year at Brockton High. There was absolutely no way I would allow for that to happen. As if life could not be any worse, I was involved in a minor car accident the next day and was bombarded with truckloads of work, waiting to be completed. I swear teachers believe my generation of students are robots. This whole chain of unfortunate events plagued my vacation with unsettling days and sleepless nights. It was ~~entirely~~ mentally and emotionally draining. I turned to some of my closest friends who offered support, even in the humorous form of kidnapping me and letting me live with them. However, as the Christmas season approached, the daunting situation relieved slightly.

waw!
Great
car accident →
truck load!
Very
Good!

Exactly a year later, it's been established, as far as ^I ~~my~~ ~~knowing~~, that we will not move out to California. I admit that they do have nice weather out there, but I'm not willing to give up everything I have ever known and lived for, to move simply for the satisfaction of the weather. As a matter of fact, this past summer, I traveled out to sunny San Diego, so-called "Capital of the World", for the ^{5th fifth} time in my life to visit some of my relatives. It's a gorgeous place to visit, but for me, I'd rather stay in the place I've called home for the past 15 years. In that long decade and a half, I've learned a lot. One of the most important lessons that life has taught me, ^{is} that I have come to accept and recognize, ~~is that~~ everything happens for a reason. There is not anything that occurs that does not help you, in any way, to become a stronger individual. At the end of the day, that is what the journey of life is all about; after the struggle, the obstacles, the pain, the storms, and the rain, results a better you.

Great job! - Fix
the small things & you'll
be all set!