

Zachary stern

[Family](#), [Mother](#)



Zachary Stern Mr. Brigstocke English 1 1806 September 4th, 2012 Self-

Introduction 818-590-9249, sternzachary@yahoo. com Zach My Self

Exordium Hello, my name is Zachary Stern. I am currently seventeen years of age with a high anticipation for my eighteenth birthday which will be in about a month. I am in my first Semester of Freshman year at Santa Monica College. On our first day in class you asked if I was a star, in this self-introduction I am going to explain how I am one. I was born in Toronto, Canada on October 8th, 1994. My mother, white and my father, black had faced several difficulties between racial background and family . Five years into their relationship a best mistake popped into one of their lives, me. Two years after I was born in Toronto my mother and father parted ways and me and my mother moved to California. As I grew older I had come to realize the struggles my mother faced when being with my father, all through her young life she had been raised to believe that she would someday marry a “ nice Jewish man” , two fiancées later she met my father . They were together for about 5 years and dealt with an immense amount of drama from my mother’s side of the family, especially my grandfather. He had trouble getting used to the fact that my mother was with a non-Jewish African-American. He had a psychiatrist forcibly prescribe medication to her, sent hateful letters, and finally cut her off from the family. Even after my parents weren’t together things stayed the same for about six years. My mother was a costume designer for movies and with that there was no salary so money was inconsistent. At the age of three, the lack of consistency hit my mother hard and we were forced to move in with some of my father’s side of the family whom my mother kept contact with even after my parents had left

each other. They lived in Compton, and for my mother it was a whole new world that she was unaccustomed to and wasn't happy about. From heroine needles I found on the ground during the day to drive by shootings at night, she knew this was not the right place to raise a child. We had only lived there for about six months so the impact on me as a person was not large. We moved into a small studio apartment in West Hollywood for about two years, from there my mom had worked on enough movies to support us and move over the hill to Sherman Oaks , a notoriously safe and enjoyable city in the " Valley". This was the time in my life where I started the thing that majority of children begin to loathe, school. In school it was discovered that I was a " gifted" child and therefore was at a higher reading level than most of the other students at the school in my grade level. In math however, I was only slightly above the other students that eventually changed with time. In my free time I would always draw, over a short period of time my skill in the craft had gotten better and better so much so that I was able to make a profit from my art through shirts and other apparel. The profit gained was not exceptional and the love for drawing I had, had diminished by the time I had gotten into middle school. Athletic extracurricular activities like football as well track and field had quickly taken art's place. As I matured and grew older, college became more and more prevalent to me and gaining a higher education became the priority in my mother's household. Unfortunately as college became more prevalent in my eyes, so did girls. The two objecting subjects became recurring themes in my mind throughout high school. My goals were questioned at times, which caused me a small amount of heartache in the classroom. Even with these struggles I made commitments

to other loves of mine, sports. I worked hard to get better at what I loved to do and that was football. I had my struggles throughout the years in the sport as well, but I responded to that adversity and became a standout player my senior year . Unfortunately the team I was on was lackluster due to lack of experience of the players as well as the coaches and the school's notoriety in football had suffered tremendously hampering my chances of getting a scholarship that year. My next opportunity for a scholarship was track and field something I always did well in. Our teams each year were always consistently good, but this year we had a great team. Injuries slowed me down but not enough to stop me from making it to the state on 4 by 400 meter team and overcoming the odds as underdogs to make it to the finals. We had placed eighth in the state which wasn't medal worthy but it was enough to satisfy my teammates and I. After the track season was over I graduated from high school and enjoyed my summer. I had received a few partial scholarships out of state but nothing worth what I feel I can achieve and attain by attending Santa Monica College as a stepping stone for more. All in all I'm still young and I know that I have much more to learn in what I plan to be a long lifetime. Someday I hope to be a successful psychotherapist or psychiatrist, I enjoy helping people resolve their inner conflicts and I want to know how to do that to the best of my ability. I don't talk about myself in a positive way much, I try to be my own worst critic to improve upon things but I've enjoyed this opportunity to introduce myself vastly and I thank you for that . As a student in your English 1 class this semester I will do my own work. I will complete the class. I will get hold of all the textbooks. I will participate in class activities. I will turn work in only on time and in class. I

have eight hours a week to devote to this class. I will attend all classes and do all my assignments. If I have to drop the class, I will let the instructor know why. I am ordinarily able to remain in the classroom throughout the class. I will notify the instructor in writing of the reasons for any absences or failure to turn in assignments promptly.