

# The personal narrative: jacob bobian essay



**ASSIGN  
BUSTER**

My house is like heroin, almost like a painless experience that many cannot get enough of. We are often exploited by my overdramatic brother with ADHD and a strong case of impulsiveness.

Nevertheless, we are always busy, so much that I think that our day is actually longer than the average twenty-four hour day. In fact, I know my parents are more entertaining than most because there is always something to do or someplace we need to go. It seems that the only reason we have a house is to sleep. Most times my parents will not even tell us the plans for the week and it often comes to us as a surprise. My life is exceedingly rapid that sometimes I need to calm down, take a step back and see what is passing me by. With excessively controlling parents who supply me with assiduous academic possibilities and a monumental life moment, I can say that I have a great life.

Parents are the only lifeline you have in life, essential to pass by in life, day by day. It seems contrary for any teenage adolescence to picture his parents as sort of the antagonist in life—my parents are different. When punishment or some kind of consequence my mother seems to talk in only one language: sarcasm. She interrogates us and only questions in a rhetorical form that seems to drive anybody to the point of insanity.

Disgusted, tiresome, and questionably I give in to my parents and they win. Although I think of them sometimes as my antagonistic villain, for some odd reason I love them to death and my success is always shared through them. On the other hand, my father works in the semi-conductor industry and is always traveling on the move, so my mother often takes care of the

disciplining and since my dad is gone traveling she calls herself “ wife, with benefits”. My internal family is more than great to me besides the fact that my outside family consisting of uncles and cousins are mainly alcoholics.

Besides a very slim amount of my family, everyone else’s objective in life is to drink, and it blatantly pushed me to the point of avoiding them and liquor. I never want these substances to one day take over my life, so that is will dominate me and my academic achievements. My academic background and what I really think of myself is that I am not smart; I am just more hard-working than others. Hard working, persevering, and not quitting is the trifecta of a great student.

That is what sets people different from the norm. I could be the greatest genius in the world, but also the laziest; that will get me nowhere. I am at Brophy to supply me with the most abounding margin of chances of my main goal in life, becoming a doctor. Along with my parents, I want the best possible chance of succeeding in college and then in medical school.

This will not be an easy path, but a good foundation such as Brophy will aid me in this long path ahead of me. With that in mind, my least favorite class, truthfully, is the class where I have the lowest grade in. I really enjoy school when everything is going along well, but when I really struggle with along with test is that I love to overthink everything to the fact that I have changed answers in my head so much, that is has a larger chance of being wrong. Laborious features will only get me so far, so I think that if I can truly surpass the many and stand out, I can receive and attain a scholarship in college advancing beyond my expectations.

Not only do I want to be a doctor, I want to be a good doctor, and what I mean is not working for the money, but to help impoverished areas without charge. Being a good doctor is a call to help others out no matter of their social class, health care, or where they came from. I have always wanted to become a doctor, mainly because my former basketball coach is one and I saw firsthand the impenetrable morale and the money this man had and how I strived to one day be that. When I attended my first service project; freshman breakaway I really thought this was a life changing experience. In the beginning, my changes of feeling were subtle, I sometime thought as poverty being sometime their own fault. After being open to growth and overcoming my ignorance I thought about my career.

I knew from that point on that I wanted more importantly to help other by self-immersion trips to help other kids when I get older. I have found lots of cases of where small children who live across the street by Disneyland in ransacked apartment venues who everyday see the excitement of others without experiencing it themselves. Tired, bored, and lonely these kids' lives may steer toward the wrong path. To have that built up anticipation without ever getting to have fun like other kids is unfair and I think that this could easily be me if I was born into such a fortunate family. One day I hope to apply this knowledge and help other in different countries and kids who cannot do anything about the unfortunate situations they are in.

“ Call it a clan, call it a network, call it a tribe, call it a family. Whatever you call it, whoever you are, you need one. – Jane Howard. Family is vital in a man's life, without them humans cannot make it in the world; in fact family is

located anywhere because it is not limited to just my blood relationship, but those who we hold close to our hearts.

As one human race we stick together, with that essential sense of community only makes us smarter. I may call it a gift, a necessity, or possibly useless and if fact in the future as kids will grow more wise, they will learn to cherish it beyond their imagination; they will love it so much that they will miss it.