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Intro to creative writing

## Authors note

This story is about who I am and what I'm about and how I'm a completely different person from what you know of me in class to who I am with people I know and that know me. I didn't really feel like I had a good enough start to any of the in class writing to expand on, so I started from scratch. This is a very rough draft. I did a style of writing I've never done or even tried before; I usually don't write in very descriptive ways I like to get straight to the point and move on. So, I tried to write descriptively, I also tried to add a little bit of humor to my story just to keep things interesting. So, this is an uncomfortable write for me. I'm just hoping to here if the style worked if the story was somewhat enjoyable to read and or If I need to scrap the idea and try something else. (very rough draft)

## ME

Basically, everyone that is reading this knows me as the tall kid that walks in about ten minutes late. Every day and sits in the corner usually dead silent and with a hat that the brim is bent to shit where I can't even see the person next to me. Honestly a lot of you that's all you'll ever know of me on a personal level especially if you just stop reading right

here which I wouldn't blame you, five pages of reading this and a paper to write where you all get to tell me how much you like this and that and wish I did this where you all know I probably won't listen to it and on top of all of that to have to go to an 8am class on a Friday fuckkkk you might as well throw on some Netflix and call it a night.

But if you do choose to continue to read because you know this is somewhat of a grade. you'd learn that there's way more that. Let me just drop the bomb right away I am a cancer survivor and I'm blind in my left eye and top it all off my left side of my face is slightly paralyzed. You can't really tell unless I smile then I have a slight resemblance to sloth from the goonies and if you don't know who that is take a second look it up, should put a little smirk on your face It should because it puts one on my face when my friends say it to me as a layup of a comeback every time. But on a serious note, that is a big part of me, and I like to think that it always will be, not many people can say there a cancer survivor from a very rare childhood cancer like I can. But mainly I haven't let it hinder me in any ways obviously I've had to adapt like try and do things a little differently like for example while I was growing up, I need to try and strength the eye I'm blind in so as a little boy with lots of energy I had to slap on a sticker eye patch on my good eye and sit miserably doing things like try and play video games or something else with low activity so I don't trip over some dumb shit and hurt myself.

That little story of me not enjoy being blind it leads me to my next topic of me now being a division one athlete at this beautiful school for the lacrosse team. What I like to think of the connection of my eye and video game connecting to now playing a sport with a high levels

of hand eye coordination. Let's take a second and try to imagine a young child playing video games with one eye that couldn't tell the difference between a cat and a fucking refrigerator, I wasn't very good, so I did lots of losing. Which overall, made me hate losing and everything I did all I wanted to be the best so I wouldn't do anymore losing which I think is what got me to this school on this team.

But before my success as a lacrosse player, I'd like to let you know why coming to this team was such a big deal for me, I grew up in Maryland where you're out the whom and bam you have a stick in your hand learning the fundamentals. After growing up there and getting very established I got some really bad news, and I thought the world was absolutely ending. My family and I ended up moving across the country to Reno Nevada and don't get me wrong I love Nevada now but damn when I found out we were moving there all I could think is where the hell is Nevada and why do I want to live in the middle of some desert. You all are probably thinking get over it, people move all the time. But sure, as shit it gets wayyyy worse. I go from a place where your basically an outcast if you don't play lacrosse to across the country at a high school where they don't even have the sport. It was like it was a foreign language to people when you would try and talk about it. So now you see why this was a big deal for me playing high school lacrosse at school with no team. For a kid with a single eagle eye that was made fun of for liking lacrosse in Nevada the only thing I wanted was to prove people wrong and go play d1 somewhere. That's why coming to Denver was a huge deal. There's obviously way more that happened during these times but no one wants

to read about the little details that happened you all are here to get the jist of things and move on to the next thing just like most of your love lives.

Well, it's about time to wrap this thing up I'm almost at five pages so I have to kind of bullshit my way to page five of this only reason I say that is because as a blind kid you could guess reading and writing isn't a fun thing for me to do but you know my dumbass figured communications and writing was the right path for me through college. I also hope you know why I might seem quite well if not ill just say it straight up its because I don't have shit to prove to anyone because I've proved many people wrong and some even said "I probably won't make it through the night" – Johns Hopkins medical professionals but here I am today. Suck it cancer!

Anyways Back to the point time to do a little recap on everything hopefully you picked up on is that I really enjoy making jokes especially when there about myself because I think I'm just too easy of a target, but I think people need to just embrace their flaws and things that are embarrassing and not take everything so personal because most likely you'll never have to deal with them again. Hopefully you all have gotten more of a feel for what I'm about, hopefully you see I just like to fuck around and have fun. I try and take thing that are important and do them but do it while having some fun as well because after fucking around with death at a young age I try and not do stuff that don't bring me joy and or

happiness I like to think that's pretty fair to say. As well as I try and make jokes about everything. I definitely joke as a way to find common ground and avoid awkwardness is by making everything a joke and allowing people to know that nothing is off limits with me, I mean for god's sake I said I had a single eagle eye and called myself sloth from the "Goonies". Also, if you haven't noticed I have a pretty foul mouth. Which I can thank my mother for because damn if you think I've cussed a lot you're lucky she isn't in this class. Honestly, it's so nice to be able to cuss in writing because I'd do it in every paper but obviously that's not the case for most classes. Finally, page 5.