Zac Smith  
 Memoir   
 Full Sail University  
 7/12/2008  
  
  
  
  
  
  
  
  
  
  
  
   
 “All you have to do is look out for a little extra brightness in the sky. So if you wake up one morning and it’s a particularly beautiful day, you’ll know we made it.” [[1]](#footnote-1) My entire life has been one great climax. It seems the excitement never dies. Well, I guess my life can be viewed as both excitement and disappointment. I had a knack for underachieving. I also attribute my circumstances to my good and bad decision-making. I have had the greatest opportunities in my life; however, my entire story has been passion-less. I haven’t been following my dreams and passions until the last few eclipsing weeks.   
 Everyone around me was telling me to follow the path they had in mind, especially my father. His ideal for a great life was joining the military in some sense or another. “This would lead to the best life possible for me and my future family,” he said. I gave into this thought process to the point of enlistment coming only a John Hancock away from propelling my future away from my dreams. As June approached, another year was tallied on my total and I began to feel empty, anxious, and alone. This led to a great deal of quiet solace, in which I looked at myself, situation, and what I could do with the 80% or so of my life left.   
 During this dark period of my life, my dad, ironically was the only thing holding me together. He is a great person that encourages and supports the ones he loves, daily. It was depressing – when the crushing blow crept in, and it felt like living with Spider-man during the Marvel Civil War.[[2]](#footnote-2) Dad had always placed me ahead of everyone else as the top priority. In the next few weeks, it would all change.   
 Because I was alone in this isolation, my soul led me to many night terrors and daydreams. The only time I could ever look forward to being anything but depressed was in my deep sleep; dreamland. The noise of the world faded, and emptiness crept in for a moment. When we dream, our subconscious clicks on, and our deepest hopes and fears flood our mind, which rests on autopilot. My mind was always circulating with epic ideas for new novels, or films. One morning, after a reoccurring dream occurred yet again, I sat up in bed and surveyed the walls of my room; neatly cluttered with my aspirations to make my passions known. I began to immediately look at film schools domestically and internationally. Sharing this with my support group would go over partly well, as my father wouldn’t be in favor of it. I was up against the Two-Face of reactions. I went to my mom first who was extremely supportive while, to no avail, dad “flew off the handle” like Harvey Dent getting news of a mob deal going south.   
 The next week at home was miserable. There were dinners alone, and then together, yet not absent of constant bickering. During this week, I got into contact with every film school that seemed to have potential. Nothing was clicking, and I began to sink into depression. I somehow kept my Spartan Reserve[[3]](#footnote-3) and pushed onward. Several days later I found Full Sail University. I phoned and in turn, had the most amazing and life-altering conversation I’ve ever had.  
 Doug Knight, head of admissions had changed the course of my life from that moment on; assuring me that this was the right school. Just as everything had climaxed the most traumatic experience I’ve ever been through would pass me by to grasp a place in history. Dad and I went out for a few errands one late afternoon. We needed to go by AT&T and Sams. Upon our arrival at Sams an argument brewed. You see, Dad has always held this grudge against my mom since they got divorced. So from time to he would refer to her in an extremely negative spectrum right in front of me. This day was the worst I’ve ever heard him speak of her. After the words left his mouth, I told him to be quiet. Like a whirlwind of carnage, dad thrust his truck door ajar, demon speed walked to my side, pulled me out and punched me. My reflexes and instincts came to and I moved out of the way, partially. I began to feel weak and woozy as my head had been gashed open a few inches. My body swayed in cloudiness, though some how I was able to counter his next few attacks, knocking him down, and avoiding his demonic catastases.   
 As the next few hours passed by I stood in the parking lot, bandages to my head, blood stains everywhere, whilst being questioned by seemingly every member of the Athens Clarke County police force. My best friend Kevin came and rescued me from their consistent request for recount. Once I arrived at his home, his parents embraced me like their own, and cemented my refuge for the next few days. I will always be in debt to them for this Samaritan like behavior. Janet (Kevin’s mom) cleaned my head up for me and hugged me repeatedly over the next few days, which made me feel so grateful for her existence; unlike some…  
 I was finally able to get ahold of my mom late the first night at Kevin’s. She wanted to hold me in her Mother Goose embrace so desperately but a few hundred miles separated us. The plan that panned out over the next few days included me taking Kevin, along with a police escort to my dad’s to gather my belongings. This was extremely hard for me, as you could imagine. As my mom and I got back on the road, and headed toward her and my step dad’s home, my frown slowly turned upside down. The next few weeks with them aided me in the readiness for my college years ahead. Divine intervention or not, my mom’s close cousin happened to be staying with her around the same time; seeking the peace and quietness of their home to finish writing her second published novel. She, along with my mom and step dad filled me with motivating and loving courage, hope, and passion for my bright future ahead. The kind onslaught of words will forever be viewed as land marking for me in my life. They are still with me today, years later, on the cusp of graduation, and my future anew.   
 “What I do is dream! What I do is hope… That one day I will stop running through the plains of dreams; stop swimming through the seas of hope. I will finally reach the apex of my destiny.” (Quote from self).

1. Sunshine. 2007. Fox Searchlights. [↑](#footnote-ref-1)
2. During the Marvel Civil War, Peter Parker switched sides from Anti-Registration to Registration, and back again. Readers never knew if he was putting on the hero or villain costume. [↑](#footnote-ref-2)
3. Frank Miller’s *300* depicted a scene, in which King Leonidas shows no emotion for the intervention of Zeus during the Battle of Thermopylae. [↑](#footnote-ref-3)