My story

Starting grade school I was taught that if I wanted to be a successful person I had to have an education and so I went on to believe that until my I hit my teenage years with puberty and all of that good stuff that I had enough and like any other teenager I decided to be a rebellious little asshole which didn’t bring me anything good in the long run. This was back in 8th grade when I basically felt like a tool for teachers and my parents to tell me what to do and what is “good” for me. I clearly wasn’t thinking straight and in my freshman year of high school I started to ditch **a lot**, I accumulated enough absences and tardies that affected not only my attendance but my GPA as well. I dragged that attitude on to my sophomore year and the inevitable had to happen I guess you could say and I got truancy and that for me was a reality check that set my feet back on earth. I realized I wasn’t being productive with my time and I had to accept what people said of me like being called a good for nothing troublemaker even if the words were put in a much more subtle way it was always the same gist from all my teachers. I mean I don’t blame them I was out of control