

Searching for the Lost Door to my Goal



Garcia, Kevin M - Westover Student

Job Corps

11/17/2015

I have a goal in life. I have a signature to include in something that I, myself consider “Something Big”. My goal is to have my name as the creator of video games, apps, and/or animations. Kevin Garcia is my name and this is the biggest sections in life that had happened to me so far ever since after finishing school and where I’ll be going after all of this is over, so I then start to search for the lost door to my goal.

Where I was

After graduating high school; I had a plan. The plan consisted in getting a job, start college in a year after graduation, help with some of the bills in the house, and many more. My plans for the futures was all written down in details. Step one: get a job; but before step one occurred, something happened. I was kicked out of the house and forced to live with my sister, who at the time was living in a building, where no guest could stay the night. Only her and her child. I stood for 4 months. Back and forth; couch surfing between her apartment and my friend’s crib. Still looking for a job, but all efforts failed.

One day, when I arrived at my friend’s condo I saw a “Now Hiring” slip of paper. I called the number printed on the footer of the sheet. “This is a salesman job.” The man had said on the phone. “We’ll pick you up in three days and you start working right away.” He was not lying. Three days later, I got picked up from Springfield MA to somewhere in CT. The very next day I started working with them. An adventure of learning had begun, but little did I know that it would not last long enough. Two months of working as a salesman in CT, later in OH; I’ve learn a lot about life. I’ve realized that I looked to a shortcut to everything and I’ve been wanting everything my way. I’ve realized how to act around people to prevent problems. I’ve also acquired more people skills, but while in OH, my sales went down and under. I had no choice, but to leave the job. Rather than staying in hotels everywhere I went, I ended up in a 24 hour ride in a total of three busses back to Springfield MA and started once again couch surfing.

I ended up once again being kicked out. This time from my sister’s place. My life will not be controlled. Even when I thought I was controlling my own life, I’ve noticed that everything I’ve done was a result of other people’s action. The only time I was able to do my own things was during the salesman job, so I took control. After I got kicked out from my sister’s place, I’ve ended up also leaving my friend’s place; because I staying there meant that more food that his mother bought was feeding other people. I couldn’t keep eating their food and use their electric bill. I started staying at a homeless shelter in Springfield MA called “Friends of the Homeless” I had just finished signing up for Westover Job Corps Center. The wait started for a chance to make my future better and go back to my previous goal list.



Where I am now

After four weeks conversational; I finally started Job Corps. February 17th 2015 was my entry day. At first I felt like I would never fit in. Ever since elementary school I was always the main target for people to fight. "You look like you could fight." They would say. Every day at Job Corps; I expected to end up in a fight. Everyday wondering when I'll end up losing my last chance to get back on track. I saw other people fight. Other people getting terminated. Until one day the day came. This one person, my first roommate was starting to aggravate me and was ready to fight me, but I realized that this was not the time. Not the time to end. That person and I just stood apart for a while instead of fighting, we both changed roommates; and the result? Well, he's one of my best "Buds".



When my C.P.P. (Career Preparation Period) time had ended; I had started at Culinary Arts just like my sister had when she was in the program. There, I met many people. Some who I never got close to, but others who turned out to be very close friends.

I thought to myself. "While I wait for a chance to start the path to my goal, I guess I'll start cooking something up and get myself a side job as a chef. That plan didn't last long.

Sometime later, I almost got myself into a fight. Someone who I thought would be a good friend, or at least an awesome acquaintance ended up betraying bounds the two of us and two others (Completed Students) took so long to create. I was ready to snap. He kept talking and talking. Would not stop. I always resolved problems by fighting. That was I could do back then. From the first grade to the eleventh grade. Every week I was at the principal's office at least once. When I was just to seconds to snap and break his neck, my friend pulled me aside. "Don't let him get to you." He would say. That didn't help, but to delay my snapping meter. Then another student was added to the fight list. I was about to lose it again when all of them came at me again one by one, but something passed my mind. A flash back and reasoning.

Every day I expected to fight and leave Job Corps from day one. I've seen other people leaving campus for such reasons, but I realized something. I come from the streets. I could not go back to my mother's. Could not go to my friend's. Was not planning on returning to a homeless shelter. Why do I want to fight this people? This is not my door to my goal, but it is at least a door for opportunity. When I was about to fight one of the guys while the reasoning were going through my mind; a girl got in the way. She kind of knew the guy, but not me. She talked him to walk away. (Yes, she became a friend of my. Even up to now.) She was able to calm me down and later I went and talked to my consoler and ended up switching my trade. I had started Office Administration. (O.A.) The story of my life kept changing from one thing to another. Never stood still. I wonder; will I ever reach my goal?

The teacher gave me a package. Office math was not so hard. Lucky for me that my strength *is* math, but not for non-entertaining subjects. English office work had to be one of the most boring subject for me. Never got into it nor understand it fully. Computer office work was slightly better, but because it is pretty boring to me, I ended up sidetracking a lot. The teacher is at least a good person. If it was not for her, by mind would probably had died out months ago.

While doing my best to do better in O.A. and keeping myself from sleeping, due to lack of sleep, I also got tutoring for English class. Doing my best to succeed. Go through as many open doors as I can find until I reach the main door for my goal. The same goal I've had since the seventh grade; becoming a video game designer, App maker, and Animator, but in the process; I acquired extensions to that goal. Such as *mod* and *resource pack maker*. (Adding to an already created game) and a story writer for games and book. Writing stories had been one of my hobbies since the tenth grade, but I have to climb the ladder of success before I reach my goals. Find and open the door I've been looking for.



Where I am going

Once I finally finish with my trade I plan to join in the ACT Program and start in college. Not a door, but a gate awaits me. A gate filled with many doors. I plan on going to as many of those doors that I have the keys to. I will enter with about ten keys and obtain more keys inside for more doors. That is how I will get closer to the door I am looking for. Once I finish going to a community college; I will start at ***Springfield College (City College)*** or better to start my Gaming Creating Career. I plan to self-teach before that, by getting a PC with game making programs, so when I start college for design, I'll have a head start. I am going to the door. The door which I had to climb so many ladders to reach. The door I have been searching for since the seventh grade. The door to my goal. Where I am going? Well, that's all I can say. The future is unknown to all eyes. Every path has a gate. Behind each gate there is many doors one does not know about. Behind those doors are many unknown results. What awaits me in the future? Well, let's open the door and find out, but I got a feeling that the door I've been searching for is pretty close by.

This is a short story of my life from the day I graduated high school. Many events happened. From living with the family, to couch surfing, to traveling as a salesman, to being homeless at a shelter, to being in Job Corps. I never gave up into wanting to reach my goal. Anyone can do the same thing. If I didn't have a goal I probably would of still had been at the shelter with at most a job at McDonald's. I will say this: *"Go with the flow. Don't fight the current, but if you see a branch, get ahold of it. Get to land. There is no flow, but there is more freedom of movement. Just don't stray too far from the current. In case you need some of the water to help you survive."* I will never give up. One day, when the time comes; I will reach the goal thanks to the program of Job Corps. The final door awaits me.