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ENG 1121-0465

1st Paragraph of Personal Narrative essay

 There it is again, the fear of not seeing tomorrow, the fear of an addiction about to overwhelm me and the fear of becoming a failure. Don’t get me wrong, I am a very unpresumptuous individual but certain decisions inevitably put me down a very dark path. You can say middle school was my golden age in terms of education; gaining a solid reputation as top 5 most likely to succeed in the future and highest GPA by a Latino. Yet this didn’t avert what was most likely a destined obstruction which the common person refers to as, DeWitt Clinton High School, but I refer to as, “my personal fragment of hell.” Here is where where I transitioned from the glory days to the dark ages because I cultivated what I feared the most, failure and fear. No doubt about it, I drowned in the bitterness of the influence and up took this persona that advocated violence and addiction. Yet I managed to detect the consequences and agonize in their destruction.