

There are a lot of words that could be used to describe who I am and what I stand for, but my roots originate in Honduras. A straight, passionate, thin, and agile male was born there on October 3rd, 1997. I lived there until the age of five, but one day my family realized that enough was enough and it was time for a change. We decided to trek across the Mexican border undetected in search of a new beginning. The goal was met, but we have been labeled illegal immigrants ever since. It has been 17 years now and I'm still illegal, but I consider myself a citizen of the world. The United States didn't want me, but my girlfriend's country did because who doesn't want a sporty, funny, loyal, procrastinator? Australia did not care about my disability either! Being left-handed is tough because the marker on the T-shirt kept smudging all over my hand, but I remained calm. My girlfriend distracted me a little with her constant video calls, but I cannot say no to my cutie bear. In short, this was a fun assignment and I might not be the most creative, but my artwork was a solid 10/10; the school for the blind compared it to Titian and Botticelli.



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