

Autobiography Student Sample 1:

Title: Broken Lyrics

By: *Awesome anonymous student*

Thesis: Broken pieces make beautiful lyrics.

Entry 1: Music is My Life (rap)

Yeah I wake up every morning
And I press play
Not willing to rewind
And just move with fate

Loving music was my first love
Ain't gonna give it up
Just cause the neglect of
Of my family being different (from me)

Finding my passion
Yeah that was the real me
Making music
Singing with the best
It's been with me
Since I was on my feet

4 years old singing to the radio
Chillin with my grandma she was oh so old
The only one to believe in me since I was 3
Man I cry I cry every time I hear this beat

Soccer, wrestling, football and so much more
I was the only one to think of singing as so much more
Being different was always apart of me
Someone told me why can't I be free

Music was my escape from reality
I cherish this with every single heart beat
If you get to know me I think you'd agree
Now that my time is over I hope it was a treat

{Ten Toes Down Challenge (Instrumental)}

Entry 2: Feeling Like I'm a Makeshift Parent (journal entry)

Date: August 2014 - the beginning of my freshman year

Today was a rough day and I'm super exhausted from everything today. Waking up at 4:45am, taking out the dog, cooking breakfast for my siblings, getting ready for school, and out the door at 6:00am. This was only the beginning of my day. Next was school and I was totally not prepared for the rude teachers that only care about coming to school, teaching and get paid. But before I get to school there's a hour and a half bus ride to school with 10 more stops and 40 more obnoxious kids on the bus. Getting to school was a hassle with everything I had to lug around campus. First and second period was a breeze. Then came fourth and fifth period and they were HELL. Then it was lunch, finally my time to relax and my time to get started on my homework so I didn't have homework that night. Then it was fifth period and I was exhausted but I knew I needed to get stuff done for that class. School finished and I go straight on the bus and knocked out on the way home. Once the bus dropped me off at my stop I rushed home so I could take care of my dog, shower, take care of my sibling and cook dinner for my siblings. My mom wouldn't get home til 6:00pm and my dad would come home at 7:00pm. When my parents would come home they would find something to eat or eat what I cooked and go straight to bed because they had a long day with their jobs. I told my siblings not to worry because I would be there to take care of them. That's what would happen every day til we were financially stable and I hated that. This was going on from my ending of my sophomore year going into my junior year. Today was like every other day that i've had so far. Everyday tests my patience but today was different, I got a feeling and it was a good feeling. Being able to cook and clean for my family is a really good skill and value that I cherish.

Entry 3: Wishing You Saw the Future (letter)

Dear Past-Self,

Hey I just wanna start out by saying that all of that crying you did was totally worth it, and i'm glad you let all that stuff out. I wish you could see the future so that you wouldn't slouch around and be depressed for so long. From the beginning I knew it was already bad and I can still feel the pain from those times. Not having anyone to turn to and being curled up in the corner all alone was the worst. I thought about suicide in the past but I knew I couldn't do that to myself. Being called names, getting trapped in the corner, not being able to play with the girls because they caught me playing dodgeball with the boys, looking a little different than most girls, and so much more was only the beginning of our problems. Coming home from school, going straight to your room, curling up in your blanket and crying for hours was hell. You remember that one time when mom walked in and said what's wrong but you just turned around, turned up your music and cried even more. Those were the times I do not miss, but those times made you stronger each and every time. They also made you not care what others thought and all that mattered was what you said and thought. I just wish I had the motivation like how I have now and used it back then, but then again I wouldn't have the experience and hardship to know how to feel later on in life. Honey later on in life it will blossom and make you so happy. Life takes a complete "U" turn back to happiness and it makes

your life a hundred times better. Things happen and you're not gonna believe it, friends become true friends, love becomes true love and sadness turns into happiness.

MUCH LOVE,
You

Self Portrait

