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My Autobiography

I was born in San Diego on January 2, 1996. When I was a kid, I remember my family and brothers living in an apartment. My mother was always at work and my brother, sister and I looked after each other. I used to walk to school every morning and walk back home every day. It was always my mom, my sister, my brother, and me. I didn't have a father figure. I would always be in the street playing and getting into trouble on my own. I remember people telling my mother something bad I just had done and she would get mad at me and I would be in trouble. The happiest moments were my birthdays as my mom would do whatever she had to do for us to have a big party, etc. When I was a kid, I loved playing soccer and being outside playing with kids.

My mother is an immigrant from Mexico. She came to the United States when she was in her 20s. She had my oldest brother already and he was in Mexico with my grandparents while she crossed the border to the United States border illegally to work and make money to send to my oldest brother in Mexico. She later got her green card and brought my brother to the United States and he later on in life became a permanent resident. I remember the day he got his green card in the mail he showed it to my mom with the happiest face in the world and the same for my mother.

I use to go visit Mexico every summer to go see my grandparents and stay there for about a month. I use to go to the water park with my cousins and aunts and it was fun. I used to go to

the river and jump off little cliffs. Then, the current would drag me and I would have to grab a rope.

When I was around 11, I used to love riding a skateboard. I thought I was Tony Hawk. I used to skate everywhere. One night my friends and I decided to go skating at this church on top of a hill. We went and it was fun. When we were going home, we had to go up the hill, and then go down the hill with our boards. While I was going down, I fell and broke my elbow in half in four different places. I had surgery and have a long scar on my elbow for the rest of my life. After that, I stopped skateboarding for a while. I was just playing soccer and trying to learn how to play the guitar with my friend, Joshua.

When I was 11, we were evicted from the apartment we were living in. We moved to El Cajon City. I started a new life out there. I was already getting in trouble with the law, going into juvenile facilities back to back. I wouldn't even last a month with my freedom. I was running the streets.

At age 13 I joined a street gang. I was an alcoholic and used to smoke marijuana every day. I would roam the streets looking for trouble and stealing people's belongings. It got to the point that I got a 211 (mugging) charge and I was facing three strikes with juvenile life. I was 16 at the time. My mother was sad and crying on my court date. I ended up getting 1 strike, a 211 armed robbery, and if I ever do anything after turning 18, I would be facing some prison time. I went to Camp Barrett for a year and I got out when I was 17. I was out for 3 months, and I turned 18. I was working and doing alright. I went out to hang out with my buddy and decided to drive home drunk. On the way home, I totaled my vehicle crashing into a parked car on the freeway. The man inside had a flat tire. I crashed so hard that I broke all his ribs and he got a concussion. I

got transported to the hospital and so did the man in the vehicle I hit. I remember going to sleep and the officer telling me not to, but I did anyway. In the morning I woke to the police officer talking to me and telling me to look at the TV; I was on the news. I was handcuffed to the edge of the hospital bed. Oater on, I got transported to San Diego County jail facing multiple charges. I was looking at 9 years. I fought my case for 6 months and they ended up giving me 5 years with 8 months with the completion of 85%. I went to prison at 19 and I served my time; I did 4 years and 4 months and came home at the age of 22.

I got released from state prison on April 1, 2018. When I came home, my mindset was to get a job and go to school. I went to a job fair a week later with the Department of Corrections and that is where I found out about Urban Corps. I meet Myrna Contreras. I came to Urban Corps on April 1, 2019, and I got accepted to the program. While at Urban Corps, I got promoted to crew leader and I have achieved a lot of my goals and still have more to achieve. I am currently enrolled in school at Urban Corps Charter School and I am a senior. I am doing well on parole and I will get off parole on March 2020. I am going to graduate in December 2019 and I am excited to get my diploma.