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### The Man Who Stepped into My Life

Everyone has had somebody who has made an impact in their life. Either a teacher, a family member, a friend or just a person close with. The person who really impacted my life was my step dad. Even though he isn't blood related to me or is actually my dad, I love him to death and look at him like the best dad ever. Hes the man that stepped into my life when no one would.

When I was younger I had no father. Even though I had no father I did have a father figure (my step dad) but not having my dad at a young age did affect me. I don't remember much of my dad, I just hear stories my mom tells me. She told me that he left when I was two and didn't really care for me. He never bought diapers, took care of me, or did really anything for me. I don't even know him. About six years later my mom finally got ahold of him and I was sent over there. I was so excited, I could not wait to meet my dad. When I got there he had two kids I wasn't expecting and I had a stepmom. At first, I was excited to meet my new siblings. They were cool for a little bit, we played games and did alot together. They were like my other half! But what bothered me the most was how they acted towards me. They acted like they were better than me because I guess my dad chose them over me is what they would say. They would always mention how much of a great dad he was and how much they love him more then me. I was alone.

At home I live with my mom and stepdad who I call dad. When I was that age I literally had no friends, so my step dad was my best friend. He would encourage me to go outside and ride bikes with friends but I didn't know how to ride a bike and I didn't have friends. But it didn't matter because he was always there for me. When my mom would go out to work at night my dad and I would set up a wrestling ring on his bed and just wrestle. I would always win of course. Every morning he would wake up early with me and we'd watch power rangers together. He cared for me and did everything a dad should. He was exactly what I needed. Now he tells me stories of things I did when I was younger that I don't really remember but it makes me laugh and grateful that he is in my life. When I did go over to my real dad's, I

don't think I ever talked to him. It was more of a sleep over for me and my step brothers. The only time I really talked to him was when I entered the door to say hello and when I left to say goodbye. What a dad he was. Then when I was eight my mom told me that he ended up going to prison for selling some illegal drugs. If I were to still live with my real dad, who knows where I would be right now! So while my dad was in prison my step dad was making bank and was taking care of his family like a real dad or man. I am so happy I live with this man. Even though he can be really strict and make me wanna run away (only kidding) I believe in the type of guy he is. I believe in the man that stepped into my life when no one would.