

MARREROS

MAGAZINE

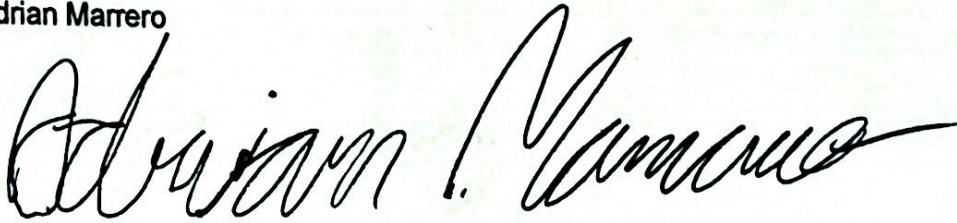
By: Adrian Marrero

Dear Readers,

My name is Adrian Marrero I am the author of this magazine you are about to read. Even though I don't think you can't know who I am from just this article, I think that this will give you a general idea of who I am and what I like to do through my Vignette, which shows a time in my education history that shaped me into the person that I am today and also through my passion article where it talks for my love for basketball and how I got into to it. This magazine will also show other things that I like through the ads like for example how I like music and I listen to music almost every day. I think that this will give you a glimpse of who I am and I hope that you enjoy reading it.

Sincerely,

Adrian Marrero

A handwritten signature in black ink that reads "Adrian Marrero". The signature is written in a cursive style with a long, sweeping underline that extends to the right.

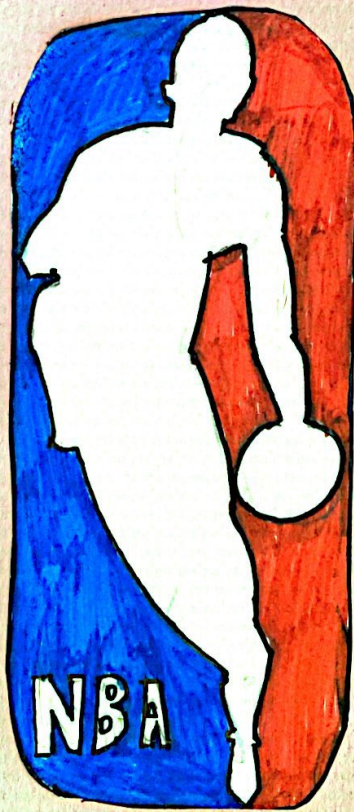
Vignette

I was assigned a science project about the Mauna Loa volcano in fifth grade. It was a group project; everyone had a particular part of the volcano to research and put on the project. I remember my friend and I were in the same group with two other people, but we didn't talk much. I would constantly get distracted and not do much work, and I would always leave to the last minute to do everything. I still had not done much of my research or work when it was almost due. My classmates were annoyed since they had pressured me to do this for the last week. It got to a point where they decided to do it instead of me doing it, and me, not thinking much about it said "ok," feeling that I would be getting an easy grade, and I didn't even do any of the work.

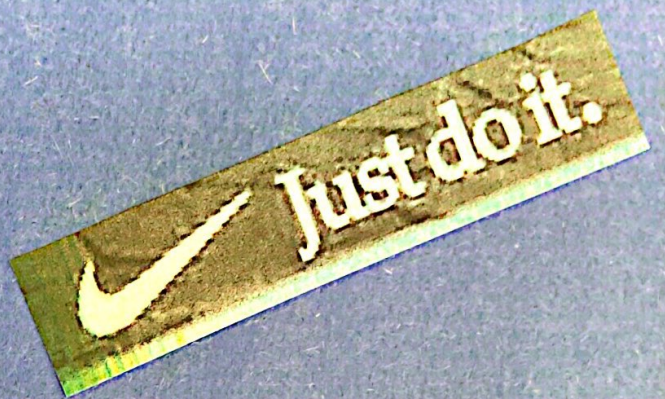
A couple of days after we turned in our project and the due date had passed, I remember thinking that I was in the clear, that nothing would happen now, but that wasn't the case because later that day, I remember being in Literacy class when the science teacher opened the door where you could only see her head and said "can I talk to Adrian for a second" everyone in the class started to look at me as I got up and walked outside, I began to feel this pressure. I didn't even know what was going on. My hand started sweating, and I was so nervous that I even started shaking. I began to run the possibilities in my head of what this was about, and then it clicked the project, it was the only thing that made sense, and it was just that. With disappointment in her voice, she started explaining how while she was grading, and since this was an online assignment, she could see much each person participated. She saw that I had just a little participation compared to my other group members and said that since I technically did nothing, I couldn't get any credit since that would be unfair to the group members that I worked hard, so she would have to give me a zero.

I walked back to class and sat down. Still, I couldn't focus. I was playing what just happened repeatedly in my head, how I was so sure that nothing would happen, and how I would get away with this. I began to feel this disappointment in myself because I knew what I did wasn't right, but since I thought nothing would happen, I didn't care, but that wasn't the case, and in the end, I would have to do extra work to get my grade back up to where it was.

This event changed me as a person because it really affected me, and now every time I am in some group activity or project, I always try to help or do anything I can to be a part of it.



GOAT



BASKETBALL IS MY PASSION

I remember when I was little that I would always go out with my dad, and he would bring me to this park where he would play basketball, and I remember always sitting in the stands, my feet dangling, watching him run back and forth on the court, I think that this is really what made me fall in love with the sport. When I started to get older and more prominent, I would always ask him in the afternoons if he could bring me to play basketball, but even though I was older, I was still too weak. I remember my dad telling me, "if you can barely hit a free throw, imagine trying to hit a three-point shot" from that point on, my goal was always to try to make a shot further away every time. As time passed, I started to get better and better slowly. I think that is how I learned to play by trying to challenge myself.

When I moved to Florida, I remember that I didn't play basketball as much or many sports because it just really wasn't on my mind at the time because I was still young. I didn't have a goal for myself, but that changed when I came to Philadelphia and met my cousin. What I realized at first was that he was just like me. He had the same interest, and when I found out he also liked basketball, I always tried to play with him and talk about it. In fifth grade, he asked me to join a basketball league called Taney Basketball, and since I always liked the idea of being in a team, I immediately said yes. At first, I was very anxious since this would be the first time I would ever be playing for a whole organized team, but after a couple of games, I realized that I was the same thing, just with referees. The team wasn't the best. We lost most of our competitions, which was pretty disappointing, but since it was my first time, I wasn't worried about winning or losing, I just wanted to play, and that's it.

As I started to get older, there weren't any teams I would join. I would casually go to the park and play alone or with my friends. That was until I got old enough to join my school's basketball team. I found this exciting because I would be playing to represent something, but before you make the team, you have to go to tryouts, where the coaches see if you are good enough to be on the team. When I got to tryouts, I remember seeing these very tall 8th graders also trying out, I was so scared I wouldn't make it, but I still gave it my all and tried my hardest. A week later, when the list of people who made had come out, I remember rushing to see it, but when I looked, my name wasn't there. Not being on the team made me very upset because I wanted to be on this team. I wanted to play for my school, so that summer, I would train to get on that team but then covid hit. That year I would have virtual school, and no sports happened, but for my 8th-grade year, covid cleared up. It was back in person, and when basketball season came around, I was very confident that I would make it, and I did. I was the starting point guard for the team, which I was excited about because that meant that you were the leader of the group, and now that I am in a brand new school, I hope to continue with my passions and maybe even make it onto the SLA basketball team.

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