

My Hero Story

My dad is my hero. I used to think that heroes shot laser beams, were super strong, and could fly. And while my dad is super strong that's not why I consider him my hero. He is someone that has taught me that the only thing necessary for the triumph of evil is that good people do nothing. My dad lives this everyday by taking care of his Marines and always having a positive attitude even when situations are really hard. So I try my best to always leave a little piece of good just like him wherever I go. In Okinawa, I volunteered at the American Red Cross with my mom and helped fill pillowcases for The Pillowcase Project that taught kids in school about being prepared for disasters. I was also a cub scout and with the help of my dad as a Cub Scout leader, I learned about taking care of the environment with the concept of "leave no trace." Taking the lesson of being prepared, I knew that moving to California meant I had to be prepared for just about anything. So when I started at my new school, I noticed that while staff did their very best, the campus was overflowing with litter. Keeping in mind "leave no trace," I was prepared however, and started a campus beautification club called The Campus Cleaners. I first brought up the issue of wanting to have a clean campus that everyone could be proud of and then I started collecting volunteers from my grade. I emailed the school counselor to make it official and after months of success and a cleaner campus, my principal noticed great changes. Because of that I got to speak to the vice principal to make The Campus Cleaners an official club not only for my school but also across the district. In the future I would also like to start a food garden to share with everyone if possible. I don't think that any of this makes me a hero, but I want to believe that I am a little bit closer to being like my dad.