I am a story. You’re a story. Everyone is a story. My story begins on June 1st 1998, at the woman’s hospital in Winnipeg, Manitoba aka Swaggerville. I grew up and lived close to the Minto Army all my life. My mom My Houng Huynh and My dad Tuyen Lam are the BEST! My mom is a stay home mom, she cleans and cooks for me! She is 43. My dad works at a killing chicken place called “ duns-rite”. He’s 52. I am totally going to my dads work in grade 9. I also have a brother his name is Danny, me and my brother are four (4) years apart. My brother is in grade 4 and he is 9. My grandparents on my mom said of the family, they passed a couple years ago I really miss them. My other grandparents are still alive and very healthy. I love all of my grandparents even though I never got to see or meet my grandpa I still love him very much! I’m the oldest kid in my family which SUCKS for me because my younger brother gets EVERYTHING he wants, like I love my brother but he’s annoying sometimes ( ALL THE TIME ). I have a very hard life. In the Chinese culture parents say that boys are smarter than girls, which is the WORST saying EVER known to me! But you got to deal with the fact that no one is prefect. Everyone has a story of there own. This had made me who I am, and what I want to be!

The worst accident that ever happened to me was somewhere in February 2009. My brother was ruches to the hospital because his head was bleeding. How? Well me and my brother was jumping on the bed cause we just had sugar so we were hyper! Of course I had to ditch him for the bathroom. He knocked on the door and I opened it, he came in touching his head. I took a peek and saw blood, so I yelled out the washroom door the my mom. So we called my uncle and he came as fast as he could with the car and they drove off to the emergency room, I was just a little girl I remembered that I was tearing while looking out of the window of my house. It was the worst day of my life. I could still remember crying to myself to sleep because that accident happened! Lucky it was just a little accident! I got blamed my dad. He said “ why did you let this happen?” I said “ I had to go to the washroom”. He called me “crazy” than he left the room. I cried myself to sleep that night, I live a hard life. Everything is so hard to explain, but my story isn’t over yet.

Man, when I grow up I want to be a DOCTOR! Why because I want to save someone’s life or even help each other survive. I want to be a person who can save lives and maybe when I’m ready I can go off and try to help cure cancer! Cause helping people is one of the things that make me happy! Cause that’s who I am! Even cheering someone up or making them laugh. What I’m going to do the archive this is us to go throw long years in medical school and put hard and effort to it! I’m not going to give up on this, no matter how tuff and ruff this experience is going to be. I’ll either be a children’s doctor or an adult one. But making people smile is what makes me smile! These are the little things that make MY day. I would love to live up to this goal, I will archive this goal no matter how many pimples I get from the limit of my stress level. But I will never give up! Money is a bonus, I would like to have a job as a doctor. Not because of the money even though I know that they get paid lots of cash! But I am choosing this as my future because I want to make people smile or even laugh and by saving a loved one is just a life changing experience to me. I want to be a doctor. My story will never be over.. Not yet at least I love who I am and who I am be coming. Things to see, This to discover.