

Student's Name

Professor's Name

Course Name/Code

Date

### **Short Autobiography — Max Carter**

My name is Max Carter, and if my friends had to describe me in one word, most of them would probably say "golden" — not because of my hair, but because I have never really met a person I did not like.

I was born in a small town in Vermont in 2004, the youngest of three children. When I was four years old, my biological parents were no longer able to care for us, and my siblings and I were adopted by the Carter family — a warm, loud household full of board games, weekend hikes, and a standing rule that nobody ate dinner alone. I do not remember much of the before. What I remember is the after: a yard big enough to run in, a family that showed up, and the feeling of belonging somewhere specific.

I grew up the way most happy kids do — outside as much as possible. My father and I had a weekend ritual of walking the trails behind our neighbourhood regardless of weather. Those walks taught me more than school did about how to pay attention: to the trail, to the season, to whoever was walking beside me. I carry that habit with me now. I still walk when I need to think.

I am currently a sophomore at the University of Vermont, studying social work. The path was not accidental. Growing up adopted made me aware early that the circumstances a person is born into are not their fault and not their limit. I want to work with children in the foster system — not because I had a hard story, but because I had a good outcome, and I understand the difference between the two.

I am grateful for the family that chose me. I try, every day, to be the kind of person worth choosing.

