

There are so many instances that I don't know where to start. But the one that stands out the most is when I was about 8 years old. You see I moved to the U. S. at the age of 7 to live with my parents, who moved here many years before. My family is from Trinidad and moved here to see better opportunities for them as well as their children. My parents left Trinidad because after graduating from college employment was limited. For those who found employment it was more than likely in a place that had no opportunity. The jobs were dead end jobs, so my parents decided to leave Trinidad and come to America, only to come up here to find out that their level of education holds no value here either. This in turn led them to take factory and domestic work. In any case my brother, sister and myself moved up after my parents got settled in and started school. My brother and I are close in age so we attended the same school as oppose to my sister who is 7 years older than me. My brother and I would see the other children parents dropping them off to school in nice new cars, and both the kids their parents would be well dressed and poised. My mom would be dressed fairly well, but she made sure my brother and I blended in with the other children. We were well dressed, clean etc. Anyway, one day I got extremely sick in school and my mother was unable to pick me up so she called my father and asked him to pick me up. My father came up to the school in his MTA mechanic uniform (MTA stand for Mass Transit Authority, public transportation) which was filthy and ugly. He walked into my classroom and asked the teacher if he take me home. The teacher asked him to repeat it several times because she could not understand him; my father accent was so heavy. All of classmates looked at me and started chuckling. They laughed at my father's attire, his accent, his disposition. The following three days I missed school due to my illness and I was happy. I dreaded returning to school. I knew once I return my classmates were going to harass me. Needless to say, upon my return I got hate notes, saying don't talk to or play with Georgia. Her father is dirty, ugly and stupid. He can't even talk. My classmates made faces at me; they pulled my hair, and even pushed me. I would go home and beg my mother never to send my father up to school anymore. I was ashamed. My father did not fit in with the other parents. Because my family was different they tormented me, they took away my self esteem, diminishing me into nothing. However, one day I got sick and tired of it. It was after school and I was waiting for the school bus. One of the kids, (who I remember by name but prefer not to mention) pushed me into a tree which had dog poop near the stump. In order for me to brace myself from going head first, I put my leg out and stepped in the poop. Well I had enough; I dropped my books down and snatched her by her ponytail. I pulled her down and took that same foot and stepped on her imprinting the dog poop on her jacket. Needless to say, school officials broke it up and we both had detention for a week. But one thing came out of it, I was never picked again. However, my other classmates continued to stay away from me, not allowing me to play with them.