

# My Story

When I was a little girl my parents moved to the United States. I was only two years old when I found out, I would not be seeing my mommy or daddy anymore. I suffered a lot because some people were really mean to me just because I did not have my parents with me. When I was in elementary school, some kids called me an orphan and others liked to insult me and talk bad about my parents. However, I also knew that the people who treated me nice, only saw my parents as an automatic cash machine. I knew very well that I would be sooner or later with my parents. I thought I would act as if nothing could ever hurt me. I wanted people to think I did not need my parents next to me to be happy. As a result, I did my best to behave around others. However, I was not doing pretty good in school. I would always be missing homework because I did not know how to read and write. Unfortunately, my older cousins did not have a lot of patience to teach me so they sometimes hit me. I thought that they would help me and teach me reading and writing, but instead they did all my homeworks. During the night, I was able to cry as much as I wanted to because no one would see me. As I grew up, I was hit a lot at home and at school. I hated the way kids were disciplined. In school, teachers were allowed to hit students with a ruler if they were not paying attention, I was hit two times only. On the other hand, at home, I would get hit even if I say why to something I did not want to do. I could not say anything or speak up for myself so I did my best to complete all my responsibilities and stay quiet. As I grew up, I was also not able to play like other kids would, I would not like to watch what other kids liked, and I would not like to be hugged like other kids did. I started to hang out with older kids because I wanted to do things that would not involve the idea of thinking about my dad or mom. When I turned ten years old, I noticed a few changes in my body and I did not know I was supposed to wear training bras. Unfortunately, I also did not know how some men were also bad people. One day, I was walking by myself when I noticed someone was following me. I felt my heart beating faster and I started to elevate my speed. After running for ten minutes, I thought I could take a break and then noticed a vehicle following me. I felt very scared and cried a little bit because I tripped over and I could hear the steps approaching

me. When I looked around I noticed they were people I knew, but they were drunk. I tried to run again but one of them grabbed me by my wrist. They wanted to touch me and kiss me. Luckily, I was able to bite the person's arm and was able to keep running. When I got back home, I noticed my grandma was feeling sick, and decided to never tell anyone how close I was to getting abused by two drunk men. Three years later, I was surprised to learn I would finally be joining my parents in the US. I looked forward to a new environment where I would be safe and cherished. On the day I had to go to the airport, I cried for the last time, but this time felt different because I was crying out of happiness. I was so happy to know how much pain and suffering I was able to endure because at the end all of my hopes and dreams were accomplished. When I arrived in the United States, I was pretty happy to see my parents after eleven long years. I was pretty happy to learn a new language, I was pretty happy to create a new chapter in my life with happy memories. Finally, I am very happy to be able to share my experience with others, I would like others to know how hard life can get but everything is possible, not impossible.