

México
Sonia

Christeen

WASLM

PAVI

Slua

RONALD

Juan

ADI

Huisi

X TANAN

YTN

Eriisa

SYEDA

Bill

Angela

Jennifer



Maria

Paola

Felipe

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Maria

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One of the experiences that change my life was when my dad told me I had a half-sister. One day my dad and I were outside of a little store that we owned. That day I had a fight with my mom, and I was really mad at her. I did not know that my mom and my dad were fighting too.

I was talking to my dad and telling him how mad I was at my mom, and then, he said that he needed to tell me something important. He said, "You have another sister. she is the youngest one and she looks just like you", When I heard those words coming out of my dad's mouth, my heart broke into pieces. I was really disappointed because he took advantage of me being mad to my mom so I would not be mad at him. I did not know what to say and I reacted the opposite of how I felt. I acted very excited but inside everything hurt.

Ten minutes after, I received a phone call from my mom telling me to go to the house because she wanted to talk to me and I went to the house and when I opened her room's door, I saw her crying I asked her if she was okay and she said, "So your dad already told you that you have a half-sister. what do you think about that?". I could not hold my tears and I started to cry hysterically. I told my mom that I was sorry for the fight we had earlier, and I was very disappointed of my dad.

I did not want to meet my other sister because I felt like she took my place. I know it was not her fault because my father is a human being, and we as human beings make mistakes, but if I meet her my mom was going to be very disappointed in me. I did

not want her to feel that way about me. Three months after my dad told me, I came to the United States and I did meet her. Even today my mom does not know, and I could not see that girl like my sister because I did not grow up playing or spending time with her. She is now 10 years old, and I have not cross a word with her for many years. I do not know if I'm going to see her like a sister later on, but I do not think that is going to happen because I just cannot like her. I am always going to see her in a different way. I know she is my half-sister, but when people ask me about her, I try to change the topic because every time I hear her name/ I remember how mad I was at my dad for doing what he did and for making my mom suffer so much.

coming to The united states of America

Some of things that I learn about moving from one country to another it is have many challenge in my life . For example foods ,education , transportation ,culture and religions .

But ,I never changed my culture because it will show people around me "How I am " by the way I speak to others and treat them .The food was change to me and how I adapt to weather changes . I feel excited about see new things in another place of my life .

It is because when you give help to someone in need , you facilitate strong encouragement . showing compassion and giving kindness can really up lift a person when his or her experiencing a rough time .But, some people don't understand that feeling because of lacking of understanding and lowest themes .And some people around world today experiencing losing family members . It is tough my feeling and feel so so sorry about it . This a moment of my life I feel so sad of this families . It is because we are not came in a same backgrounds ,I mean that some of us can be really rich and some of us are poor that is not a matter that to change your life.

In education we must love each others to create are good condition in school community and that is the plan of our teachers to build students to become successful in the future and make our community grateful and without out

teachers we will not be able to understand anything at all and please respect adults or teachers they are the people that help you and me . In transportation in here is not really expensive compare to my country it is really expensive because my country does not produce oil or gas . In my religion love is main thing for all people , no matter what colour of the skins love will not separate them from me and no matter what condition of they cloths and kindness is the key to enjoy life more .what some of the things that make you feel sad or unhappy about it ? I think, If you treat them in the way you want to be treated you will enjoy your life most of the time because life is too short to enjoy it or spend our life .

To conclude something love, kindness, help people in needs, and disabilities .Will bring you the blessing in today and in your future . we must help our school community because the way our school community looks is depend in our hands . If we not helping each others our school community will fall . If we helping each others our school community will be better and progress in the future.

Sonia

When my parents got divorced

I do not remember when my parents got divorced. I was so little. They got divorced when I was 3 years old and my brother was 4 years old. I remember that my mom was married to someone else who wasn't my father. My dad was married too, and eventually my dad had two kids with his new wife. At that time of my life I do not even know what was going on. I just knew that Monday to Friday my brother and I lived with my mom, and Saturday to Sunday we went to visit my dad and spend some time with him and his new family. When I grew up and I started to go to kindergarten, I saw many differences between me and my friends. My friend's parents always picked them up from school, attend all school events of our school and sometimes my friends invited me to their house and I would see many differences because their parents were together, the relationship between their parents was respectful and loved. It was something that I never had in my life because I never seen my parents together, to be in love, I never felt how to be loved in my family. And to have my parents and my brother with me. I remember my mom was who always was with me in my school events, when I used to sing in kindergarten, any other activities like dancing or like special events Mother's Day and Father's Day. And the most important was my graduations from kindergarten, elementary school and middle school, my mom always was there but my dad always was busy, was working, I do not remember that my dad would attend to any of my school events. I started to ask myself many questions like what happened? , why my parents got divorced?, why I do not remember what happened?, who has the fault my mom or my dad? then I started to ask questions to my mom, and my mom told me that my dad didn't like us,

then I ask my dad and my dad told me that my has the fault. All that happened affect my life for a long time ago but right now I am free, I feel free of all my Hatred and anger.

Maria

I am a Muslim girl. I am originally from Afghanistan. I was raised in a country that has violence going on, and girls and women have no right to be educated and raise their voice. Girls married or engaged at the age of 12 and they are not able to study and be educated. Girls and women are sexually abused by men. Most girls marry for older men, some in their 60s who they meet for the first time at their wedding. They have babies while still young teenagers, increasing health problems and risking death for themselves and their children.

Many Afghan families will only allow their daughters to attend schools close to home. Other families believe it is unnecessary for girls to be educated. Schools for girls have been burned down, hundreds of teachers educating girls have been killed, and girls have been physically harmed while attending or walking to or from school. Being a girl or a woman in Afghanistan is not easy. I had faced a lot of difficulties when I was in my country. I want to share one of the events that happened to me.

When I was in my homeland, one day I was in my school and all students were busy in their daily work. There were some people who put poisoning gas all around the school, and no one knew about it. After a few minutes I smelled a really hurtful smell. And I started feeling really bad and dizzy, and all students were the same as me. A few minutes after this happened, I was in a situation that I wasn't able to see around me, and I fainted. When I opened my eyes, I was in the hospital, and there were a lot of other students that they were in the same situation as me. I started crying, and I felt really afraid my mom was there, and she hugged me.

After that event that happened to our school, I was really scared, and most of the students did not come to school anymore because they were terrified and they thought that they were not saved. But I was going to my school and continued my education. So that's why I came to the United States to pursue higher education and be educated to help those girls and women who are not able to study and be educated.

Maria Furmoli

Ronald Guzman

3/9/17

per 2

“History Of My Life”

I was born in El Salvador on 1998, August, 19. I was raised there my life. Over there, was fun I have a lot of friends and cousins who I grew up with, but also the gangs were part of me growing up there. As a lot of people know, almost every child is involved with the gang but some boys have the opportunity to escape or to not be there. It is sad how this happens in my country people killing each other. I got the opportunity to escape to here. At this time, if I was in El Salvador, maybe I will not exist anymore in this world or I don't know what would happen, to me because the situation got worse in my country the past six years. It has been more dangerous. But coming here made my life safer and easier. But also, it was hard coming here. I had to cross three borders walking, sometimes in car, but I had a lot of difficulties in Guatemala and in Mexico with immigration. But this country gave me a lot of opportunities to go to school to prepare me if I want to be something. It feels more safer and offers more protection than the school that I used to attend in El Salvador. Now that I'm here, I just want to change everything to a better life for my family and make them proud of me.

Life in El Salvador for me was a pride because it is my land, but it's really hard to live. You do hard work. I got to work in the field with my grandfather and my uncles when I was seven years old to get some money a little bit of money to buy something. That I want. Here in United States, it is more easier to get good money, more than in my country. You can help family here that you have left in your country.

there is hard work here, like construction, but you get money to live and to support yourself If you were in my country, it would be more difficult.

My Family

My name is Erisa Jonathan. I'm Marshallese and I'm just like every other teenager in this world. I'll tell you a story about my life. I've been through a lot. If you tell me you hate life because of this or that, and you don't want to live anymore, I'll tell you that I've been through all those things too...and I survived them all.

Just because I have a perfect mom and a lovely half brother, doesn't mean that my life is perfect. My parents got divorced when I was 5 years old. My dad left after that. I never saw him until I was in 10th grade. But I'm not here to talk about my dad. I'm here to talk about the two most important people in my life. I'll start with my mother.

My mother is the best wonderful woman in my life. Even though mom never graduated high school, she's always there making sure that my brother and I are done with our homework and studies. She would even offer her help even though she doesn't know much English. My mother is alcoholic, too, since the year that my dad left. But she's always there whenever we needed her. My mom is my hero.

We are not rich. My mom doesn't have a job. The only thing she does is sell local food at the marketplace, and using that money for bread, rice, and especially school supplies. It doesn't matter if we don't have new clothes or fancy shoes. What

matters most is to have something to eat before going to school. But sometimes there is no more local food to sell. That's the hardest time for us.

To me, I don't mind at all. I don't care if I went to school with an empty stomach. I can survive a day without meals. But for my brother, I do care. He's just 6 years old, and that's too young to go to school starving. I would go to my friends' houses and ask them if they have any spare food for my brother. They always help. But asking someone for something is what I don't like. I don't want to owe people. I don't have anything to give back.

My brother is the bravest little boy ever. He's strong for his age. Every times all the other children his age in the neighborhood would make fun of him because he goes to school barefoot or with a ripped backpack, he'd just raised his head and walk away. But sometimes at night times i could hear him crying. That's what break my heart the most. I don't want to see the two people I love struggling like this. I had to do something.

I called my relatives in the states if they would take me in so I can pursue better education and better life for me and my family. They took me in, but leaving my brother and my mom behind was the hardest thing I've ever done in my life. It's hard living without them. But what keeps me going on is the phone calls that we have each night. Hearing from them always reminds me of what I'm doing here in this country that is not mine. I will do my best for my brother and my mom. Always!

Erissa Jonathan

Story of my life

My name is Bill and I was born in the Marshall Island. I'm 18 years old and I have 1 sister and 3 brothers. I wanted to tell you about how I came and why I came here, but let me tell you first about my life in the Marshall Island. My life at Marshall Island wasn't easy as here because whenever we don't have food i always ditch school to go fishing so that my mom and my dad can eat. Even though my mom worked at kindergarten school as a teacher she didn't get payed alots and my dad dont worked because he owed islands and he get payed alots, but it always every two month he get payed.

This is not what I wanted to tell you, I wanted to tell you reason I came here I came here because my mom passed away when I was 15 years old. I was in my bed sleeping in the morning while I hear my cousin crying and I went outside and ask her why she was crying and she told me my mom died and I start crying and run up to the store that was near my house and stole and 1 vodka. And then I ran away with it and when to my mom sister house and try to burn it down while I was crying, but my uncle saw light the fire and he when up to me and hold my hand. I was going to burn her house because she put a curse on my mom and that's why she die and my aunty can do blackmagic on people and she did that to my mom because she can have more power of curse. And that's wasn't the first time she did that she also put a curse on my her brother and he also die.

When my mom died my brothers and sister came to marshall island on the funeral and they told me they will take me to hawaii and i will stay with my older brother

because I didn't want to listen to them and I always go out after the funeral with my friends and we drink alcohol and I always ended up stay in the cell because of my behavior. This is the reason why I came to the united state it was because my brothers and my sister says i don't need to stay in the marshall island because my died and I can't stay with my sibling because they might put a curse on me and also I wasn't myself after my mom died. And it's sad seeing my niece and nephew growing up and not see their grandma, but I always think about my mom and I really miss her soo much I wish she was here and see me graduate and walk the stage, but I know that she will be proud and I believe that she's in heaven looking down at me and smiling. This is my story and this is what I will lived for the rest of my life and I will always love my mom and when I graduated from college I wanted to become a kindergarten teacher.....

Bill Livai

Felipe Lopez

I may study in CALIFORNIA but my Story began in GUATEMALA

I was born on December 5, 1998. I was born without the presence of my father because he died four months before I was born. I am the younger in my family, all my siblings, they were born in Mexico. I was the only one who was born in Guatemala. I was one of the children who wanted to have a good infancy. My childhood it was working together with my mother and my siblings to be able to have food. The place where I was born was a small town.

Being born and growing in poverty was very difficult for me because I did not have a father who could give me advice and teach me to be a good child, and then, to be a good man. I am grateful to God because He gave me a strong mother and for this privilege to come to study in this country.

When I arrived in this country my life changed completely because I felt that I lost the love of my mother. Every morning that I wake up I always feel empty inside of me because I miss the hugs that my mother gives me and her advice that gives me every day. These two years that I have

been living in this country have been a struggle for me and it was a hard decision, my uncle adopted me as his son but when leaving my mother was very painful for me because I have lost my father. Being so far from my mother was a complete vacuum in me but I had to do what I needed to have a good future and to be able to study in this country, because in the place where I lived, I had to cross two rivers to get to school. When was winter time we, we cannot go to school and that affected my grades. That's why I made the decision to come here to study.

When I arrived here, I safe but now that the new president is elected, I'm afraid to go to the school because of what he said and what I've seen in the news about the immigrants. I no longer feel very safe, and I do not want to go back to my country before I graduate from college.

Hi, my name is Chrysteen Manuel and I'm 18 years old and I'm from a small island that is really unknown to lots of people that is called Pohnpei. I have 2 brothers and one sister, and I'm the youngest in my family.

My story will start from where I was 8 years old. I know that life is difficult to live without parents.

My story will mostly about how I lost my mom when I was 8 years old. That the worst part of my life was when my mom passed away. I grew up without knowing who my real father is and when I was 13 years old my aunty told me who my real father is. I was so mad at myself because I said why do the people I love the most always leave me? I just kept asking myself what I did to make other people leave me. When my mom passed away, it was really hard for me to live with my step-dad because he didn't treat my older sister the way he treat me. In my family I was the only one who called my stepfather dad, but my other siblings didn't because they knew that he is not our real father. But I grew up only knowing him and I thought he was my real father but it turns out he was not the one I expected to be. I grew up having a tough time living with my step-dad, but there's nothing that keeps me from going to school. I go to school everyday even though I don't eat in a morning I keep going to school even though I have problems at home, I go to school. When I was in fourth grade, I remember my older siblings left me and went stay with my mom's side of the family because that don't like my step-father. I was left there with him and with my younger siblings. I almost cry every time because I don't have anyone to support me.

I left my step dad when I was in fifth grade because he started to acting weird. The time I first knew that he wasn't my real father. Everything around me started to go blank and I was so mad and I left him and go stay with my mom second older sister. When I left my step-dad and living with my aunty things not even easy, living with someone who was really strict and who treated you unfairly to their own kids. I cry a lot, but I pray so one

day I can free from these torture that I was getting from her. I went to school while I was living with my aunty, and sometimes I go to school crying because she always thought that I went to school to flirt around with the boys but not focusing my grades. Even though I got lower grades she scolded me and say that what she been telling me stop going to school and flirting around with boys and those words kept in my heart and is so hurt.

But thing started to change when I heard that my real father wanted me and my older brothers to come and live with him. That's how thing started to change when I left my island. When I came to California when I was 15 years old and that's the first time in my life seeing my dad. I was living with my dad and he left because his wife doesn't likes me and my other siblings.

Life is difficult to everyone and all you can do is to overcome the challenges so that you can live peace without worrying anything else.

Syeda Nayab
Period # 2
3/9/2017

Coming To America

My name is Syeda Nayab. I am from Pakistan. I came to America in 2015. In my home country I studied in an English immersion school but we just read and write everything in English there. It was easy to read and write, but we never spoke English with fluency. When we came to United States, it was pretty hard to speak and communicate with the teachers. I went to Monterey Trail High School and just start my studies their. When the teacher looked at the me during their talks, I just felt that I was watching tv, and someone was talking so fast in English.It was hard for me to communicate, and I did struggle and just pushed myself and keep tried to speak English.

I really like U.S.A school because no one make fun of you feelings or our English. My teachers were the best supporters who helped me and did not let me give up. I know that my English was not that good. But I just kept trying which is the best way that I can use and speak better English. For my better accent, I just tried to speak English in my home. My family gives me support and they help me to become a good communicator.

Then I came to Luther Burbank High School. Teachers from Luther Burbank School Helped me too. Now I am able to talk with anyone in front of them without any hesitation. I struggled a lot, and at the end, I became successful.

I want to be more successful in my life and I dream it and I will complete it.
That's why I came to United States for my better life and bright future. Now I am able to speak, read and write English better, but I want to be more and more better, because studies are the keys of success. That will never end up. My struggle teaches me a lot. This is my life with my family and that is the way that I live. I will make my life more beautiful with my family and with my mom.

Jennifer orellana

United states history

My name is Jennifer T Orellana I was born in El Salvador in 1999, when i turned 6 years old my parents decided to go look for a better job in United States and leave us with my grandparents to take care of me and my brothers, after seven years leaving in united states my parents decided another hard decision, they decided to bring my little brother and older sister to United States with them so we can study and have better eon for our future.

We don't have good opportunities as here (education and jobs) in El Salvador is really hard to have a good career or study for what what you want to be because in our country we have a lot of uncontrollable violence Where innocent people have been damaged. We have Gánsters everywhere in my country they try to involve innocent people to their group gangsters from different sides try to control our country making kids around 9 years old to be gangsters this is one of the biggest reason that my parents decided to bring us to United States.

At first when i came here it was hard to get used to live here, everything was different to me many kinds of languages, cultures and different race of people but

thanks to my school friends and teachers everything started changing because some of them help me get through many things and of course my grandparents too i am thankful for having them in my life and i hope to see them one day again this is my goal.

My experience of coming to the United States

I was born in Sinaloa Mexico I came to the united states at age of five with my mom. I left my sister and brother and the rest of my family. It was something sad to leave all my close friends and family but the future was here in the United States. The way I came to the united states was with a visa that was not ours. It was someone else.

In the year of 2004, everything was easier to cross to the United States. Crossing here I felt my mom all nervous and scared and seeing her in that way made me feel the same way-sad. The person who was going to cross with us was called El Coyote. He was a strict person. He wanted us to memorize all the information that wasn't ours, the guy made me cry so many times because I couldn't memorize all the information that he wanted me to memorize I was just a little girl age of 5 no and little girl could memorize that. But finally all the frustration me and my mother passed. It was the time for us to cross with the visas in that moment, I felt my mom shaking and looking around. Me, as a little girl in the high ways, people were selling candy, and I just wanted to get some but my mom just kept telling me to wait until we see your dad. My mom had all the hope and faith that everything was going to turn well that my future was here in the U.S. The first person I saw was my dad with a blue big jacket. I ran and hugged him because it was a long time not seeing him. The first thing that he asked us was if we wanted to spend the night in Los Angeles or did we want to go to Sacramento. And my mom responded really quickly saying that she wanted to go to Sacramento because she wanted to see my brother. Then the first food that we ate was El Pollo Loco.

My experience of eating that felt like home because it looked similar to what I ate in Mexico, might not have the same flavor, but it felt like home. Well kind of.... Well the experience coming to California was on the best decision my parents could ever had made because here it is an easier life and we have more opportunities.

Car Accident

"Hey, we don't need go to school," the girls on the opposite road told us. 'What are you talking about?' I asked her.

Suddenly, I heard the sound of the motorcycle brake. "No, Huisi...Huisi are you ok, can you hear me speak?" my friend said. When I fell to the ground, I knew that I was hit by a car. Maybe this was something that happened too suddenly. My friend did not have time to pull me, so I had a car accident. When I fell down to the ground, my mind was a blank I didn't feel the pain at my body. The girl was also run over and kept saying, "I am sorry, I should not have talked to you when you crossed the road." She cried with guilt.

About a minute later, I slowly restored my consciousness. My friends and the girl helped me sit on the side of the road. When my friends and the girls helped me, the driver who hit me was drove away. The driver hit my left foot, so I could not walk. Actually, when I recovered consciousness that time, I felt the pain of my left foot. At that time, I thought my left foot might be ruined, but I did not cry out. I did not want my friends and the girl feel guilty. And soon my parents rushed over. It turned out to be that my friend called my parents.

That day because of the typhoon, the weather was very bad. But also because of the typhoon, I would be a car accident. That day I clearly felt that I was so close to death, I did not even have time to think about anything. In fact, the driver and we all made mistakes in this car accident. My friend and I should not stop in the middle of the road; the driver should not have run a red light. But fortunately, now my

feet have returned to normal. Now I always remember that day the parents worried face, they both were distressed and angry and blamed me Why I did walk and not look at the car. Then my father put me on his back, his pace was very slow but very stable. I could hear the sound of his breath. This was the first time I felt my father's shoulder was so warm. Later, my parents considered going to the police station. But I said "When the driver left the moment, he was destined to accept the condemnation of his conscience."

One month after the car accident, I received a box from someone at school. Who put a bunch of flowers and an envelope? I opened the envelope, there had more than two thousand Rimini and a letter at the inside. I know that this box was from driver who sent to me the letter. He said very sorry to drive the motorcycle and hit me. The letter of the money was his compensation for me. He did not know that I had forgiven him, because this thing we both did were wrong. It is important through this thing I learned to cherish my family and friends.

WHY I CAME HERE

My Paola Lizette Peña Ramos, I am 18 years old and I am Mexican. in my family we are 6, my dad, mom and sister and two brothers but I live just with my mom and my two brothers because my parents got divorce when I was 12, and when this happened my mom was living in mexico in my grandmother's house for a couple of months but she could not find a job and she started to need money to eat and to buy the basic supplies for my grandmother's house, that is why she decided to look for new opportunities in The United states, and she was the first one to came to Sacramento and then after a year my two brothers came also, and wanted to stay in Mexico with my dad so I stayed there for like two more years.

But unfortunately the things in Mexico started to look different because the cartels did scary things even that my town is so small still they went there to stay there, because they were running away of the military. It was so scary because they were making a mess, they killed some guys and they were trying to get some girls to take with them as their girlfriends or wives. Also a lot of drugs started to get into my school and it was more sad because some of my friends becoming part of the cartels. Then my dad I decide that the best thing was to come to The United States to live with my mom, that is why I came here.

When I got in my first school it was a Catholic one, and at the beginning it was cool and fun until one girl started being racist to me and it was sad because she is mexican like me, so my question all the time was why she does not like me if we are from the same place? So I decide to go to Luther Burbank and when I got here it was totally different, I met great people, I made a lot of friends, and also I got impress of the school because is so big and there is a lot of different races of students. I liked my classes but it was hard to understand the teachers because I did not speak english that why i had 3 periods to learn only english, and also my friends helped me a lot to understand.

Now I am my third year of high school and I am a senior, I know more english and the classes are more easy for me, and sometimes when I do not understand something I just ask and they helped me. I like my school and I feel proud to be here and also I am so thankful with the school and all my teachers because they of course make me a different person and they give me new opportunities to continue my education and be the greatest person I want to be.

Coming to America

I was born in a small island named Fiji. Fiji Island is a really nice place to live in. It is a tropical country. I loved living there and everything was going well till we started having financial problems. My father was the only person working in the family and we were total 6 members. Schools were not free, had to pay fee to attend school. Every month the price of goods and services were raising.

We came to US because we were given a chance to come here. We were told that education and medical are really good in USA. I really didn't like to leave my country, so to have a better future we moved to USA. I started school 2 weeks after I arrived here. I love going to school here. It's free and I got to meet lots of new peoples from different cultures. At first, I was not a fan of the weather. 71 fahrenheit was really cold for me and i head to walk to school. Than I got use to the weather.

I already new how to speak english but it was not really the way other students speaked. In my 9th grade, my English teacher helped me and other students to speak and read in English. I love going school here because I get to meet new peoples from different countries. It's been 3 years in USA and I still miss my home country. I miss my country because after school every afternoon

we played school. We made a soccer field on a mountain and every day I went with my friends to play soccer. I will never forget those times in my life.

the day I broke my foot

In the summer of 2014, I was visiting back at hometown in Mexico. I was having one of the best times of my life. I was enjoying myself. It was just awesome. One day at the afternoon, went to play soccer with some of my “best friends”, we were having a good time. It had been four years since we were all together, so we had a lot to tell. While we were play soccer, somehow I kicked the wall accidently and I broke my foot. I could not walk. and my friends who were there did not help me at all.

They left me there like I was a strange. They left me there lonely without help. I could not get home because I could not walk, also that day I did not have cell phone with me. So there was no way that I could communicate with home. I did not have a way to go home. That day, I was lucky because as I was trying to go home. My brother passed by and picked me up, and he took me to the doctor.

That very day I learned that friendship is not always real and that your friends would be there when you're doing fine, but when you're in hard times, they disappear like a drop of water in the ocean. Since that they, it is hard for me to believe in friendship. Because most of the time friends will hurt you without a reasons because they don't really believe in you. The main reason it hurt me is because BETRAYAL never comes from you enemies. since then I realized that I never lose a friend; it was

just that I never have one. And I no longer have energy for meaningless friendships.

Because friends come and go, go like seasons.

Viet Tran

The United States, the land of the free, the land where Lady Liberty welcomes the poor, the tired, and the masses who yearning for freedom with open arms and a gentle smile. The land that was born from the blood, sweats, and tears of immigrants from across all walks of life.

As a kid growing up, I heard and learned many good deeds the U.S had done over the years for the sake of many people. I was taught that the U.S is the land of opportunity where the immigrants from all across the globe can move to for a better life for themselves and their families, and where they can live without fear and prejudice.

These "Characteristics" of the U.S was clearly shown to me when I first moved to the U.S in 2010 under President Obama's presidency. Unlike Vietnam, school K-12 is free of charges, the school provided three meals a day every day, classes were well taught, and the student was well cared for by great teachers. Health care was pretty much free for the low-income immigrant. There are well-paid jobs that don't require a lot of English. Life was much nicer and safer. There was hate. There was prejudice but it is not that bad. However, everything changed in 2016, the presidential election. This is the periods that truly opened my mind to the truth about the land that I love and call home. There was hatred. There was racism. There was religious "war". There was a divide. And there was true terror for everybody, especially the immigrant.

These characteristics are not what I learned about the U.S before I moved to the U.S. It is supposed to be a haven for immigrants, for everybody, no matter their race or their religion. Then the night of election, Donald J. Trump become the new president of

the United States. These words make me speechless and heart broken. I just can't believe it how can be that people, so stupid and selfish enough to vote for this SOB of a human being, a man who has love for no one but himself, a man who tells the most obvious lies ever. I just can't believe it. The next morning, I came to school, and my heart ruptured when I saw my friends and classmates well up in tears, telling how horrified they are for themselves and their families, and what will happen to them after Trump's election. These moments changed my life and my view of human beings. I always have known that humans can be really selfish and ignorant when it came to something that involved them, and they never think of what will happen to others around them. But, what happened on the day of election broke my last hope for human. I believe that humans need to care more about other people around them, not just themselves.

Mohammad Wasim

Date 03/15/2017

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History of my life

I was born in Afghanistan on May,5,1999. When I was born, my country was at war. I grew up at war time. I pass war. After 3 years war was stopped. After 3 years I got a happy life with my family. Then my uncle got married.

When my uncle got married, he went to Germany. When my uncle went to Germany, we were sad, especially my grandmother. She was crying everyday just because of her son. Everyday, she would cry, cry until she got a heart problem. After all the problems, she was lives for two year. Then she died. We were big family. After my grandmother, died all my family was separated.

My family come to United States. And my other uncle come to the United States too. Just my two aunties stays in Afghanistan. One of my aunties also went to Turkey. Now just one of my auntie is in Afghanistan, she has four children.

Afghanistan, schools don't have good education. When I was in Afghanistan I didn't learn anything from my school because the teachers didn't me teach anything. When someone asks questions from teachers in Afghanistan, they are not giving you

the answer. Then I left my school for 1 year, because schools doesn't have good education. For one year, I just worked After one year I went back to school.

My dad was working with American people. One day of my dad's friend told my dad to go apply for publication to unite satat. Then my dad said Okay, I will. Then my dad applied to come to America in 2014. This application took one year. I came to united States in 2015. When I come to United States I was so happy because I came to save place. Then I go to Davis High school in MOdesto. That was my first school. I was so sad because I did not speak English. That was hard for me. Then I found one friend to help me with everything. One day, I was so sad. He asked me what happen wasim. I told him I don't speak English and I don't have a friend. Then he told me, Don't be sad. When I came to Unite State, I was like you. Then, I learned how to speak and I found a friend. Then I said Okay I am not sad anymore. Then, he also told me, If you want to learn something, just work hard and listen to you teacher. I said okay. I listen to him. Then I worked hard and I listen to my teacher. Ather one year, I learned how to speak English. Now i have a good life with my family. I really appreciate all my teachers who help me alot, especially I really appreciate Ms. Buric because she help me alot.