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To preserve the authenticity and character of the writings, they have been minimally edited.

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The world is, in so many ways, made up of language. It's not always a verbal language, spoken or written, but the language of touch and light and connection between all things. And while the language given within comes in the form of words, it truly is the language of connection. What is communicated in these pages is more than the words on the

Traditions and Tongues



By [fifteen](#) [at](#) [the](#) [end](#) [of](#) [the](#) [world](#)

In the spring of 2014, on a very frigid afternoon, my daughter Cheyenne and I found ourselves navigating the winding streets of Eden Prairie, Minnesota. Driving through the hilly slippery streets, we intently searched for addresses above the doors of beautifully decorated homes, heavy still with evergreen branches and huge hanging red-ribbons commemorating the Christmas past. We were feeling quite anxious as neither of us had any idea of where the house we were fervently looking for might be cradled. Hitting a patch of ice instantly commanded our eyes towards the street and we gently came to a halt as our car and a fresh snowban.

Every evening from then on we sent a short email sharing our daily activities. Later on, Anna would tell us how this communication opened her expectations and negated many of her fears, along with showing her family just who she would be living with. I wanted her family to feel secure with us, so we too sent pictures of our home and extended family. We were becoming family though the internet.

Our preparations were begun in January. Anna would arrive in August just prior to the school year starting. I went down to the school district and enrolled Anna at Mar. Center High school. Only five exchange students could enroll each year, and she was number three. As I sat there, registering her, I read through her transcripts. He was an honor student. He was captain of her volleyball team, and they were the champions of that area. Knowing this, I asked about the volleyball team at Mar. Center, and was advised to call the coach. After I finished with my enrollment paperwork, I went over to Mar. Center to speak with the coach. I was informed that most of the team had already been chosen, but that Anna could try out in the fall. I emailed Anna about the tryouts that evening and she responded with great excitement. He shared that she had been sad about not playing volleyball while she was in America. I believed in that very moment God was opening doors for Anna to have the best experience possible while she lived with us. I smiled to myself, wondering just how God would unfold his plans for all of us throughout this school year.

I knew her face, as I had studied it for months, loving it, cherishing it.

Summer was upon us and presented itself with the busyness of outdoor activities. Anna would email that her family loved to swim and ski, and that they sunbathed and grilled incessively during the summer months. Our family lives were so very similar.

Our emails were changing, becoming more intimate. We would find ourselves sharing very personal feelings, which we only did with family. God was creating a family unit for us. The excitement of actually seeing each other face to face grew and grew. Cheyenne and I became obsessed with Annas arrival, and she in turn would write how her family was having trouble with letting her go. Not that they didn't want her to experience this, but that the realization of one entire year apart was setting in. I called her mother, and even

though we could not understand each other's language, we cried together somehow. Knowing our love for Anna would make things okay. I realized I needed to learn some German to keep her mother informed of Annas life here, and strangely enough Annas mother voiced the same intentions. All would be done for Anna and her comfort for the next year. I had a great feeling to know that when you put someone else's needs before yours an unbreakable bond forms. Years later, Annas entire family would come to spend the summer with Cheyenne and me, which would be totally lovely. I was able to greet her mother in German, and her mother greeted me in English. What a blessing.

But back to Annas arrival. I can try to share in words how I felt standing at the Minneapolis International Airport holding my handmade sign with Anna on it, but it's almost too intimate. Neither Cheyenne nor I could eat dinner that evening we were just too excited. My knees were weak as we read on the arrival sign that her plane had landed. I started to cry, as I am now remembering this wonderful event.

I walked over to stand in front of the arrival door. People were seemingly coming out of the walls, walking down the stairs and coming down the escalator. Anticipation was growing. I knew her face, as I had studied it for months, loving it, cherishing it. All of my senses were on high alert. Cheyenne was pacing back and forth, holding her own Anna sign, jumping up and down as she watched the crowd intently. He kept whispering Anna.

And then. There she was

We ran into each other's arms, dropping luggage, purses, all pretense. Our weeping was taken over with laughter and then back to weeping. The three of us blocked the doorway unintentionally and were asked to move. We did move but as a threesome. Anna tearfully spoke with such a strong accent that Cheyenne and I had to tell her to slow down. He in turn told us the same. Laughing, we headed to the baggage counter to pick up her luggage, and headed to our family home.

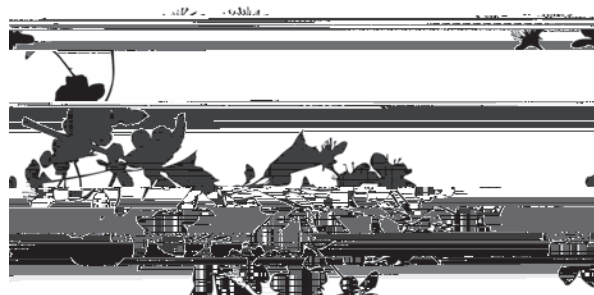
Arriving home, there was a phone message stating that Anna could try out for the volleyball team at 7 the next morning, which would give her no set lag time. I while I listened to the voicemail heard Anna cry out love it as she entered her bedroom. I cried tears of joy. My desire to bless my daughter was accomplished. We never slept that first night, and even though she was exhausted the next morning for tryouts, she made the team, first string. Through-

out the tryouts she would glance up into the bleachers where Cheyenne and I were sitting supporting her. Anna would wave enthusiastically and then volley.

My entire family would become Annas support system. I would attend all of Annas events throughout the following school year. I would graduate with High Honors from Marshall Center High school. I remember watching her walk up to receive her diploma, and a vision of her staying up half the night transposing her homework into German, doing the homework and transposing it back to English would come to mind. Her efforts paid off. I was a proud mom. My family filled an entire row at the Target Center that afternoon at commencement, as we tearfully stood up clapping as she received her diploma. Her usual glance gently towards me as she walked back to her seat. Of course she had a huge graduation party, which was a joyous celebration of a very successful year. As I cleaned up after the party, my heart dropped. Just two more days with her and she would return to Germany. I had tried to prepare myself for this, but was unsuccessful and all attempts to hold back my tears failed. Upstairs, Anna and Cheyenne were also crying. I consoled them as that is what families do.

Sadness began. The inevitable is known. The pain of good-byes.

We all worked hard at taking care of each other and supporting each other as we went on our separate ways. We will always be connected by the love we share.



The grandmother speaks in Hmong between chops, about how far the broths come, but it's still not as good as how she used to make it in the refugee camp in Thailand. The little girl translates for me. He can't be more than six, and her hair is messy-tangled like an overactive doll. He found my snee and clamped onto my jeans. He wants me to pick her up. He's tired of walking into everyone's thighs.

The grandmother talks and everyone listens. Even the water seems to silence its bouillon-boils.

The bullets biting the tongue in snapping bark and broken leaf, chasing the Hmong like sideways phantom fangs. The opium dropped on the tongues of screaming infants, sleeping away to

\$



Life was in hell all over again. My mind went insane and my body began to shut down on me. I was no longer me, but a bystander watching my body move on its own through life. I was finally placed into a foster home, things only got worse. They didn't care that I was struggling with life and whether or not it was worth living. They kept me there for the paycheck that came every month and they weren't shy about sharing that fact.

With no help and no supports to keep me up, I fell. I fell down into an abyss of rage, longing and eternal sorrow. The further I fell the

By 7 @ 9BBD ; @B4

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After my sister gave birth to my new half-sister, we were separated into different foster homes. At first I wanted to spend all my time with the sister I looked up to, but soon realized she was no longer the same person. She no longer tried to comfort me, but instead turned me toward a therapist. She didn't even give me the time of day or even look at me in the eyes and say my name. She soon retreated from her and within a blink of an eye three years had passed until I saw her next. She had gone through a lot of therapy to help me to the point where I could see her again and when I finally did see her, she was a completely different person. She was no longer the type of person who would isolate herself and keep everything inside like we were young. Now she was a brand new person who was outgoing with her work, a woman who spoke her mind and indulged in partying with many friends. It took me another year to accept this loud, crazy, animal-loving woman as my sister and even to this day I can hardly believe she is the same person I went through hell with.

Now six years later, she lives a life of her own training horses and caring for small animals. As a girl, she taught me to be strong, and now as a woman she shows me that it's okay to let loose. Despite the time we spent apart and the new people we have become, I still learn from her. Now that she's back in my life again, I'm starting to understand the true meaning of a family member—someone who always comes back, no matter what.



the houses that were falling apart due to bombing. Luckily, our house was saved but we had to renovate the windows that were shattered when the neighbor's house was bombed. I couldn't help but remember the times we hid for many hours in bunkers underneath the ground from the sounds of helicopters or bombing. Some days, we left our house and ran to the nearest Hindu temple where we felt safer. Maybe it was the belief that we wouldn't be attacked at a sacred place where God lived. The thundering sounds of helicopters flying and shooting bullets and throwing bombs at cities and civilians. Even though the war zone was miles away from our city, it felt like it was happening in our city due to the size of the country.

When the car stopped, I saw my grandfather, standing by the double gate for us. He did not look eighty rather he looked one hundred. He had almost gone bald but whatever was left of it was greyish silver. He was wearing a plaid shirt that I had sent him a year ago but it was too large on him. His old trousers were hanging baggy so he had belted them tightly to keep them from falling. I did not remember my grandfather this way when I left the country. He always wore light color shirts and dark trousers and matched his socks and his gold tone watch. It made me tear up when I saw him. Almost angry at my father for leaving him behind. My grandfather was adamant that he stay behind when we left the country. He refused to leave his house and wanted to be buried in the country where he was born and raised. He was in tears as he saw us after twenty years. He hugged us so tightly and told us that he was so glad to have us and his wish had come true to see us before he passed. I scolded him for talking nonsense and told him that he would live for another twenty years to see his great grandchildren. As I entered the house, I couldn't stop my tears. As I walked in the front living room, the mixed smell of incense and milky rice aroma emanated

TIPAL O LAB

By * (CB5C-EB C



Life is tough, especially when it's paycheck to paycheck. The stresses of maintaining your social position in the workplace, a necessity if you happen to come from lower or middle class origins, only adds to this. But, much of this difficulty pales in comparison to tossing in fulltime college attendance. Scholarships and financial aid help tremendously, but only in the prevention of crippling debt. The true struggle comes in the expectations of attendance and sometimes even attentiveness. With this expectation placed upon students, likewise, one is placed upon the school and its faculty. Students learn to trust and depend on their teachers. I can imagine this is its own source of stress for professors, who may or may not have experienced raising a child, but certainly aren't used to having thirty or more young adults depending on them. This dependence is magnified when professors form bonds of mentorship with their students which I now've benefited from personally.

Time and effort invested into academics is often an emotional investment as well.

It's easy to imagine the weight of responsibilities placed on faculty, but not always on students. A typical morning in the lab is what's expected in my chemistry class, but it can certainly turn atypical. Time and effort invested into academics is often an emotional investment as well. I can recall an incident in my class that exemplifies this. It was not notably profound to me at the time, but writing the lab report for it later that night illuminated what was buried beneath the surface. Taking an average of fifteen credits a semester has made insomnia and acquaintances, but perhaps three or four hours of sleep a night was getting to me. Perhaps the stupor of exhaustion in which I placed myself was responsible for the lack of mental barriers suppressing emotional expression and a child-like need to continuously exaggerate a tall tale

By ~ ; /?B4D ?@B

★ pring brea, any of my friends are on their way to escape the free ing spring

people for all English-related issues including very basic activities such as shopping for my personal items. This dependency caused me substantial frustration and depression. In addition to these difficulties, my background in Vietnam somehow put more pressure on my shoulders. Before moving, I had worked as a site supervisor for one of the largest construction companies in Vietnam. It was really a good position for a civil engineer to start his career path therefore, I considered it as quite an accomplishment. Nevertheless, America did not seem to honor my professional experience. As a result, a 30-year-old independent man became a useless person. Being useless made me so depressed and stressed out for a long time, and it then resulted in eating and sleeping disorders. Fortunately, when I hit rock bottom, and had nothing else to lose, I suddenly had no fear and became stronger than ever. I told myself that I did not move to America in order to become a loser, so I decided to start all over, and that decision turned my life around.

North Hennepin Community College (NHCC) was a starting point that I deliberately chose to begin my new life because I believed that excellent training was more likely to enable me to gain success. In some respects, I somehow experienced the popular term "American Dream" while attending college. People usually say that America is a land of opportunities, and it provides all runners with fairness and freedom to compete for prosperity and success. Those properties are partly reflected in the country's educational administration. The educational system is designed to encourage and assist students to accomplish their academic goals, so school-related processes and policies are approachable. Financial aid and other support are also available for a variety of students in various conditions; therefore, everyone has the ability to access education. I believe these distinctive features bring America the top rank of education in the world. I appreciated it and took advantage of becoming a member of the American educational community.

In terms of psychology, motivation and ability are two principle elements of conducting an action. In this case, I had both motivation and ability for learning, so I was dedicated to pursuing education. I selected North Hennepin Community College, a local accredited school, to restart my academic journey. Until now, I usually state to my friends that NHCC is my favorite school in the United States ever. This is the truth. Although NHCC is just a small regional college, it offers its students sufficient facilities, resources, and services to become successful. Indeed, the school does not only show students what to learn, but also how to learn effectively and efficiently. Many learning workshops held during a semester teach students about time management, stress management, procrastination-avoidance techniques, and many effective learning tips. My attending workshops

and doing practice, I learned how to prioritize school and life activities effectively and also mastered the method of using various avenues and techniques of inquiry in approaching a problem. The school curriculum also gave me a broad range of knowledge so that I was able to analyze my needs, spot my deficiencies, and then address them.

Besides academic improvement, the period of learning contributed

meet the requirement. Literally, learning was not on my list of desires. Hence, during the learning period, I did not feel happy even though I had accomplishments afterwards. Instead, I felt exhausted because of long-term sleep deprivation, continuous headaches, and a digestive disorder caused by acute anxiety and intense stress. In addition, since I arrived in the U.S., I was obsessed by the thought of returning home where I used to be full of joy. I tried my best to learn only because I was looking forward to the day when I would come home in success. Eventually, the long-term unhappiness coupled with the desire to return home went over the top, so it drove me to take a break to visit my loved people. For that reason, when Minnesota entered its summer in May, I took a trip to Vietnam.

The Vietnamese trip was the second main milestone, and I call this part of my life the pursuit of happiness. I had been waiting for almost two years to go back to the place that I thought about every single day. Therefore, it was reasonable for me to have high expectations for the trip. However, it did not happen like it was supposed to. The reality was not consistent with my perception of it. I found myself lost in my home country. The culture, traditions, surroundings, lifestyles, even the language in which I grew up had become unfamiliar. It was odd that I did not feel comfortable in my beloved place. It soon became apparent that I held onto the past, so my perception of home was based on past memories that solely existed in my mind. In principle, everything at home remained

o o is from Vietnam. He moved to the U.S. two and a half years ago and visited his home last summer. He has been only in 2 countries: Vietnam and U.S. He earned a Bachelor's degree in Civil Engineering in Vietnam and worked for some years in the construction field before moving to the U.S. He enrolled at NHCC in the spring semester 2012. He already had

By * ; @BB? Bİ @ C>

ou re fourteen the first time someone shouts dy.e at you. Panic rises in your



You repeat the thought over and over but you know it's not true.

you're eighteen when you finally admit it to yourself. you're standing in front of the mirror in the bathroom. The fluorescent lights make everything look harsher. When you're gay, you whisper to yourself. you don't burst into flames. you don't tell anyone else.

you're still eighteen when your parents find out. it's months later and they catch you with a girl. your heart is pounding in your ears. you're terrified of what they'll say. Will they throw you out? Disown you? Send you somewhere to cure you? Your mother simply smiles and shuts the door. After that night, after your friend is gone your mother comes down to your room. She sits beside you on your bed.

She'll always love you, she says simply. She pats your cheek gently and leaves you by yourself to wonder what you were so afraid of.

No biography submitted.

By * €(; @BBACD B/ =>?B

rowing up on a small family farm in central innesota, one would thin-
c would have been used to hard wor., disappointment, and all of life's other
problems. All throughout my childhood my parents struggled financially, wor-ing
crappy obs to provide for my two older brothers and myself. e all had to do our

day, saw the approaching storm, and came to help. They hurried to help us get the hay safe from the violent storm that was about to release its fury upon us.

Despite my down-to-earth upbringing I found it hard to mimic the loving, hardworking, everyone helps everyone life, that comes second nature to good farm folks, while I was living in an apartment

Within twenty minutes Chuc. called me back and said that the sellers accepted our offer, but the bank had to agree. Once again we were in a waiting period. To help pass the time, Eric and I started bicycling and that quickly became my favorite hobby. I finally started to feel a little better and began to lose weight. Everything seemed to be looking up for us. The bank finally came around, but they wanted more money. Of course the bank wanted more money, what bank doesn't? Even though it was quite a bit more money, we agreed to the bank's terms. Once again everything seemed to be on track. I guess I should have known better. Our bank's house assessor came back with a house value of about forty thousand dollars less than the seller's bank was requesting. Well that was it, we could not get a loan on a house for more money than the house was worth.

It became sick to my stomach. All of my dreams had disappeared. I could barely force myself to remain in that life sucking apartment anymore. However, like the old saying goes, it's not over till the fat lady sings. The seller's bank realized that no other bank would give

A very nice neighbor had listened to the poor little push mower mowing all day and offered me his old riding lawn mower to borrow. I hesitantly accepted. I did not want to break his mower. How new was it going to find in the backyard? I continued mowing with the borrowed mower. Despite my best efforts I was not able to finish mowing all with

a loan for the amount they wanted for the house and verbally accepted our offer but again we would have to wait for the official word.

Chuc. called me Thursday, June 1, at four in the afternoon. He informed me that we would be closing on the house the following morning. Chuc. explained that I needed to get some paperwork to our bank within the hour or our deal was off. I had no warning, just a last minute phone call. My stomach felt like a string twisting in the wind. I was not going to let myself believe anything until the papers were signed. The next morning, to my pleasant surprise, closing on the house went without a hitch. As Eric and I arrived at our new house it felt very strange and unreal. Although there was an enormous amount of work to be done I could only focus on one thing, the overgrown lawn. The grass was waist high and could have been mistaken for a wheat field ready for harvest. I did not have a riding lawn mower yet. I could not wait and I began to push mow the lawn. After hours of mowing and stopping to empty the bag every few minutes, I had only a small portion of the lawn completed.

I had no clue how I was going to finish this impossible task, but one way or another that damn wheat field was getting chopped down.

By "C6C: D' !D ≈5"

- s m chewing my food count the number of times chomp. Actually the counting doesn't start until m on about the fifth chew. This is a new practice

o plunge further into my meal, even though my counting is still delayed by a few
chews, attend to the counting. As approach the tenth chew notice part of my
mouth is getting ready to swallow while another part of me is trying to hold bac-
so can reach somewhere beyond ten. o reach ten and part of my food gets
swallowed. m one step closer to my goal. o keep chewing the remainder of the
food, focused on the counts. alT n my T e o we v etyiled ts ... e me o afb T s wal l e d win g th e

By ° A/CDY @

All the people around us, especially our elders, have a big influence on the way we're going to think, feel, and grow as individuals. They can even change our life.

I am apparently a positive girl who laughs a lot. Some of my friends even think that my attractive smile has the magic to make the surrounding people feel warm and be likely to make friends with me. My roommates always say that I am beautiful, optimistic, independent and confident. I am a person who really knows who I am, I study hard and even work for [redacted] as a part-time job. Some people around me think that all things are arranged in perfect order by me. However, most of my friends do not know that I had gone through a really tough time at the beginning of my life in America. But when I talk about that time, they are always curious about what happened to me to make me change indefinitely.

My father works for the government and my mother has her own company. In my childhood, as the only child in my family, I felt sad because sometimes busy work made my mother spend less time with me. But when I am asked to describe my mother, I always say, My mother is just like a ray of sunshine in my life.

My mother was a little chubby, but she never felt inferior. Instead, she was an optimistic and confident woman. Her humor and generosity brought her lots of friends. She loves and enjoys life. She might read books at home after work or travel with her friends during vacation. She is also young at heart and open-minded. So there is no generation gap between my mother and me. She is more like a friend than a mother to me. I can tell anything to her, such as adolescent troubles. When I started my high school life, I met my first boyfriend. I shared my joyful and sorrowful experience with my mother. When I told my mother that I broke up and felt bad, she just flew to my city immediately and took me to the park until I felt better. I was so moved and felt a strong love. Moreover, my mother never dotes on me. I prepared for my studying abroad by myself completely. In my eyes, my



story about herself. She grew up in an inland city in Liaoning. She truly desired to live in a coastal city. She said, "Qingdao is my dreaming place. It is the beach, the weather, and the beautiful scenery that make me like Qingdao so much. So when she filled in the application for university, she chose Qingdao University. But she failed. Then she chose to study in Jinbo, which is near Qingdao. In the following years, she went to Qingdao every month. And she was determined to live there in the future. She told me that we could not have good luck forever, so learning how to face difficulties was important. Only if we are struggling and we can achieve nothing without lots of effort. After years of effort, my mother now lives in her dreaming place and bought a house by her own effort.

It is an inspiration that my mother has gone through so many difficulties. Never give up.

with as good a reason as possible, even if it is only a possibility.

By - B8-C@D C5A8?

#For centuries, America has been a country where many different nations come together as one, where immigrants come to find better lives. Some arrive on planes, while others are thrown into the desert to run for days, and others still are thrown into the sea to swim for their lives, all for a better life. These courageous souls come to the United States with a vision and a heart full of dreams, often only to be disappointed by reality. Another author Angela Y. Garcia and my own cousin, Angel Trejo, experienced the mistreatments and reality checks of the immigrant experience.

Garcia writes in her essay *The American Dream* about the steps immigrants take in their journey to America. She talks about how it all starts as a dream—your dream of green lawns, big cars, and a house with many rooms. People come to America in search of a better life. They have in mind a place where everything is good and everyone is happy. But reality hits them in the face when they arrive. You find an apartment in a big city. The walls are thin, and you don't like the way it smells.

Growing up as a migrant from Mexico, we personally watched how people dream of America and how it all does start with a vision. They immigrate thinking that if they come to the States, they are going to be rich and living lavishly. What they don't realize is that immigrants have to work a hundred times harder than everyone else

neighborhood we wouldn't step outside the house. We wouldn't go grocery shopping. My siblings and I wouldn't attend school. It would be days before we left the house. He never thought much of it. He thought it was something normal, something everyone did with their families.

Immigrants have to learn the language and even then sometimes are made fun of or don't get helped because of their bad English. Alcita recalls, "The grocery clerk snaps at you. It's ham, sir, not hum . . . He also talks about how much immigrants struggle, being away from their hometown and their family. Our father dies. He is thousands of miles away and while you send what money you can, you wish you could send more. You wish you could send more . . . It's not easy moving from a place where you lived all your life to a totally strange place where you don't even speak the language. With time, some get used to the life, become naturalized, and fit in and start a new life. But others can't get naturalized and still have to live a life behind the shadows of everyone else because of their legal status."

Angris hated going to stores because people wouldn't want to help her and her family because her parents didn't speak English. Her family experienced a lot of discrimination and mistreatment because of their race. But she has never felt embarrassed of her parents or her culture. They taught me how to be humble and to never be ashamed of where they came from. He always had to translate Spanish to English for her parents everywhere she went. Angris was only a little girl so she didn't know why she always had to translate for her parents. He didn't understand why her parents didn't speak English like everybody else, or why sometimes people would look at them funny, or why she had to hide in the house for days. He had no clue what ICE was.

One experience in particular that made her perfect, naive life come crashing down was in her first year of high school. He still remembers the exact moment the girl with the red T-shirt and headphones came up to her. He stared at Angris for a long time and then finally said with a smirk on her face, "Are your parents wetbacks?" Then, right after the girl said that, everyone that was near enough to hear started to laugh. At that moment he felt like a bucket of water was thrown into my face. My heart was heavy with tears. I didn't know what a wetback was but I knew it had something to do with my parents. That immediately hurt me to the core. Because of the way everyone was laughing, I knew it wasn't something good. He went home that day to ask her mother what the word "wetback" meant. Her mother explained it meant someone who crossed to the United States illegally. Her mother explained to her that she and her husband

were both immigrants but her mother told her to never be ashamed of them. He told her instead she should be grateful they sacrificed so much to give her a better life. From that afternoon on wasn't the same girl anymore. She then started to look at people with color and the marriage society had given them and people weren't just people anymore—they were immigrants, Asian, Black, White and Hispanic.

Discrimination has been something that has followed her throughout her whole life. She experienced it because of the legal status of her parents but also because of her race. When she tells people she is Mexican they automatically think she is illegal in the United States. The society has put a label on Hispanic people where people automatically think that they're all illegal in the United States. Angris feels like

I felt like a bucket of water was thrown into my face. My heart was heavy with tears.

Just because she is Mexican at school and at work they expect her to work harder than everyone else. They have this crazy idea that if you're Mexican you have to work hard. Sometimes have to let them know that we are all supposed to work equally and that that's only a stereotype. It makes her angry because she knows how hard her parents work to make the minimum amount they earn. It's not like they live working hard for a low pay. They have no other choice.

One of the many concerns and fears immigrants have to deal with is the fear of being separated from their families. He feels like the government should have a better way to deal with these situations instead of separating innocent people from their families. With everything Angris has experienced in her life, she wishes she could have a bigger impact on a change in this country. Angris has watched her parents struggle and how much it has affected them to leave their families behind in Mexico. Sadly, they're not the only ones there are millions of others just like them. He will never be in her parents' shoes and finds it difficult to understand their pain of being mistreated and abused for being from another place. One thing she knows is that she respects every immigrant in this country because it's not easy to move to a completely strange place. I wish I had more power to change the world but I don't. But I know voice by voice we will soon be heard and I know vote by vote from the ones like me that can vote maybe soon there will be a change in the way the government views immigrants.

ve watched my own mother cry from being mistreated by other people in this country and it hurts to watch other people loo- down on someone you love. People have misconceptions about immigrants. They thin- they come to America to take jobs from citizens or to commit crimes some come to run away from the poverty and ignorance of their small towns. y watching my mother ve seen how strong an immigrant can be moving to a totally new place isnt easy. ve grown to have a lot of respect for them because, despite the obstacles they had to face to get here, they dont let anything or anyone stop their dreams of finding a better life. They are the real heroes. i.e. alcita says at the close of her essay, Always, always root for the underdog 4 .

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No biography submitted.

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