Autobiography

“Let your past make you better, not bitter”. There are only two decisions we have when we deal with our past. We can choose to let the experiences and decisions of our past limit us, and make us bitter, or, we can choose to take advantage of our past in order to become a better us. I made the decision to become a better me.

My past was difficult. I was born in Michoacan, a small town, better known for the violence and the poverty that there resides. People were killed there every single day for many reasons, for example, money, gangs, grudges, and sometimes people just did it for fun. I would go out to the store without knowing if I was going to come back alive.

Also, my family has never been financially stable. Sometimes, we didn’t even have anything to eat; the only thing we would eat was tortillas with chile. As I grew older I realized that my mom needed not only my sister’s or my brother’s support, but she also needed my support as well. So when I was about nine years old, I started working in a restaurant as a waitress. I would work from 8:00 p. m. to 12:00 p. m. I didn’t get paid as much, but the money helped us in some kind of way and my boss would give me food to eat so I was happy with that. In that same year my parents separated so I wouldn’t see my dad as much but that wasn’t a major change because my dad was never there for us. He never supported us economically or emotionally.

When I turned ten my mom became a resident of the United States, she then came to the United States in search of a job. Due to this, I had to stay with my aunts for eight months while I waited to get my papers. After those eight months my mom went back to Mexico, but two months later my grandmother passed away, which really affected me emotionally. Even though many things were going on in my life that never stopped me from accomplishing my goals. I would be in the top ten in school back when I was in Mexico.

I migrated to the United States in 7th grade and it was nothing like I saw on television. Many people laughed at me because I didn’t understand English. I often got into fights because people always called me names. After school I would go back home and cry until I fell asleep. I would go to school and just lay my head in the desk waiting for the time to pass so I could go back home and cry again. I missed my family, my friends, my school, my everything. This routine kept going for almost 3 months until one of my teachers made me stay after class. She made me realize that everything I was doing was wrong, that I had to think about my mom, my family, and my future. My life changed after that moment.

My thinking changed completely. I realized that I have the opportunity that many people wish they had. I have the opportunity to change my life and change my family’s life as well. I started to think not only in me but also in my future children. I don’t want my kids to experience what I experienced. That is the reason why I’m staying here for the rest of my life. My plans are to go to college, get a major a mathematics, and get my teaching credential to become a high school math teacher. I’m choosing this career because there’s people migrating to the United States all the time and I would like to help students like me who come looking for a better life, and I also want to teach students that no matter what you’re going through, there’s a light at the end of the tunnel and it might seem hard to get it but you can do it and just keep working towards it and you’ll find the positive side of things. There’s nothing in this life that can stop you from accomplishing your goals but you. You’re the writer of your own story.