Hello my name is Michelle Bautista; throughout this lifetime some were not able to comprehend that and referred me to distasteful and unnecessary names. Some are fortunate to experience a happy and long living life that is full of promises that their parents have to offer, however for some of us life is just not that easy and we have to fight to gain the positive outcome of a reward. The living standards and experiences that our parents have foretell the assumptions how the children’s life may result in. Even though, several people have experienced the drastic measures one needs to accomplish in order to survive, they have to maintain the idea of hope. The percentage of citizens living in poverty has increased due to the incapability of finding jobs, in this country of “freedom” one needs to find ways in order to pull through, maybe that is why there is freedom, freedom may just be the concept of the government giving us freedom in return for the disremember of the ones who are suffering.

As a child growing up my family and I have experienced what several Latinos experience when entering the “land of the free”. The difference between the Latino families and my family is that we were originated and received in this land, the government may not understand that difference because our physical similarities. The struggle in life did serve a purpose to the person I turned out to be today, as a child I may have not understood or comprehended the struggles that our family was experiencing because of the love that my parents had to offer when times were hard. However, this period of love and hope was not a fairytale lifestyle, if yes my fairytale ended at the age of 5, my mother departed from us and left us with my father who worked as a mechanic. The departing of my mother was due to the aggression that my father had put her through, for that I do not blame her absence but thank god that she is alive and well today. I began school at the age of 8 as a 2nd grader; Spanish was first language because of my father so the amount of bullies that accumulated was too much to bear. The level that the other children had when it came to educational standards made me look like a failure, I did not know how to speak English or how to add or subtract. The concept of giving up was not a choice, the only choice that I saw was the choice to become and succeed in what the “American dream” offered. By the 5th grade I became the faster reader, the respect of others finally came, and I no longer felt like the outcast. As the months past I noticed that the aggression that my father was gaining became stronger and stronger. Later on that year the doctors diagnosed him with schizophrenia, schizophrenia is a mental disease that causes a person to erupt in an unmannerly manner. The doctors then pronounced that he was incapable of taking care of us and identified were my mother was at and told her. It had not been even 2 weeks when I first saw my mother once again at the door step rushing us onto the car, the smile on her face was not identical to the ones she let out at the time of abuse, and this was an honest smile.

Even though, times were tough there was always the idea of hope that kept my family and I happy about the place and position that we were. Life with my mother economically was not much different than when we resided with my father, however, we were much happier and grateful for anything that we received. We moved several times due to our accountability to pay the rent, from place to place my mother would always keep a smile on her face because she knew that there was nothing better than to live and share her life with her children. A year later, my mom found a job with Direct TV, she worked long and hard to get us what we wanted while making us happy at the same time. If I could give my opinion of what was the hardest and upmost joyful moment of my life it would be spending the times I did with my mother while she was undergoing difficult times. Now as an adult almost 18 I can remember those difficult times and use them to my knowledge to try to create a better and brighter for myself and for those who might share it with me.

Overall, when a person comes along difficult times they tend to make a sense of happiness in order to eliminate the harsh moments. If one lives a life of sadness then the sadness will spread creating several mental diseases, however, if one lives a joyful life then everything one imagines will revolve around the idea of joy. This unrealistic lifestyle I have endured is as much real as the first president of the United States, one cannot foretell nor imagine that my life has ever been the way I have described it because of the smile I tend to keep on my face. Through the bullying and the poverty I face the harsh times in order to gain the knowledge of the scenario and place the effect in the future tense.