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Do The Write Thing Essay, 2014

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Trapped in my Own Skin

The door flung open, and Janeen burst through walking down the hallway with the click and the clack of her new sandals. She thought that she would make a great impression, but all she got were dirty looks and insults. The people turned to whisper. As Janeen looked around, she saw that everyone was a uniform, and no one looked different. Everyone was blond hair, blue eyes, short skirts, and high heels. She thought that maybe once they got to know her for the girl she was inside, and not the skin she was trapped in, they would love her, but Janeen lost most of her hope after the the next day, and by the day after that, all hope was gone.

For the next few days she pretended to be invisible, hidden behind the shadows of her books, but it was hard to pretend not to exist, when everyone is staring at you just because of your skin color. She tried to lurk in the shadows, but she's the only one in the whole school who was different.

As Janeen walked home on Friday night, she thought that maybe she would find comfort on the computer, but little did she know that going on the computer would be worse than her new school. On the computer, she felt like everything was anonymous, so she couldn't do anything about it.

The click-clacking of keys filled her ears as she replied to another mean comment from the kids at her new school. So far she had been there for about a week, and no one had said anything nice in the whole week, except for maybe the nurse, to tell her that she was going to make lots of new friends, and that wasn't even true.

She loved her parents, but she hated their work because she always had to move because of it. Her parents were police officers that had just been promoted to a new police station in the suburbs, in a very white community; so of course she already knew she would stand out because of her Puerto Rican heritage. Sadly, she had gotten her hopes up that there would be some nice person who would take pity on her, but she realized that after the week of torture she had spent at the school, she guessed that maybe that only happened in the movies. She watched too many movies.

Janeen closed her computer and thought about how it was the first time in about three months that she was just sitting in her room on a Friday night reading vicious emails.

The voices echoed in her head. "Go back to where you came from," "When are you being deported?," "Since when do they let terrorists go to school," "You should go back to Mexico," "You don't belong," "Sorry, I don't speak Taco Bell," played on a constant replay in her head, over and over and over and over again.

She didn't understand what was wrong with being different, different made you stand out, different grabbed people's attention, different let your feelings be expressed in a way that no one else could imitate.

Why couldn't people just accept her for who she was, because she couldn't change that. She guessed that these people couldn't accept others if they were different.

Janeen started to miss her old friends; it seemed like it had been forever since she had last seen them. She thought of how at home everything was different. She was accepted for who she was. She wished she had never moved halfway across the country. Janeen wanted everything to go back to the way it was before, when she would post her report cards and good grades on the refrigerator. She had loved her life, but now she hated it, and if the point of life was to live and be happy, she thought, "Why live at all?" She got out a pen and piece of paper and started to write.

Dear Mom and Dad,

I know I'm not perfect, but it's not my fault that I want to be accepted for who I am and not the skin color I am trapped in. I know you did not mean any harm, but ever since we've moved, I've had problems with the kids at school and they can't accept me for who I am. I know that you won't understand, but I know that there's a place where I belong somewhere in this universe, but I don't think that it is here, my heart is telling me so, even though I don't think that I even want to hear it anymore, so this is me saying goodbye.

Love,

The Person Who Used To Be Your Daughter

After she had set her pen down, she stuck the paper on the fridge just like old times, and went into her parents room. As she was searching through what seemed like an endless amount of clothing, she noticed herself starting to breath harder and harder. When she had found the police uniform, she searched through the belt that held her Dad's gun, and pulled it out and pointed it at herself. She pulled the trigger. It was the last thing she ever did.

And when her parents got home, they found a new piece of paper to read, taped to the refrigerator that definitely wasn't a report card.

Violence: it can be a very bad thing, and although this story didn't really happen, it probably did happen somewhere. It is very bad when violence and bullying comes from others, but it is even worse when it comes from yourself. I would like to dedicate this story to everyone who's ever committed suicide

because of racial bullying, and everyone who was affected by it. If you ever bully someone, you should know it affects everyone around you, and that you need to stop!