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ENGL 1121

18 September 2022

The Struggle

I have been through a lot in my life. I did not have a regular childhood. When I was 8 years old my parents divorced, and it was hard on me. I did not get to see my dad at all. It was weird to me going home. I did not see my dad at the house, but I took it as it is. My mom was struggling a lot. She tried to do everything for my sister and me, but I could tell she was struggling sometimes she tried to hide but I knew, and I took it how it was. I love my mom so much that I would do anything for her. She has my whole heart. I remember my mom and I were getting evicted and cried so much I could not cry. I had to stay strong for her and my little sister and tried to be the man of the house. I slept in the car for a while. I was so embarrassed going to school wearing stinky clothes and not taking showers for days and went some nights without any food in my stomach.

My mom found a job. It took so long it felt like forever to get a job, but it would be a solid 2 months and a new place we can stay she was working nights a lot I did not get to see her a lot. Where I was living was not safe. The neighborhood had gunshots every night. We were still struggling, and still went days without eating. Everything really changed when I was 13, I jumped off the porch at an early age and started hanging out with some people that did a lot. One day, I did something stupid with my friends and ended up me and my friends getting arrested for it. I was in (JDC) Juvenile Detention Center. It was that bad being in JDC because there was a little bit of freedom, not a lot but still like a prisoner there, but the time went by, I still did not

learn my lesson. Life was crazy when I hit 15 years old, I saw a lot I did a lot, but I lost one of my big homies he got shot and died I was so hurt when he passed away, he had a football scholarship but at the same time he was still in the streets he wanted me to get out, but I was too stubborn to listen. I started hanging out with my cousins more. We smoked every day, got high, and ate cheese fries from the deli store. I was barely in school and when I was in school, I was high I honestly did not care about the school I was not planning to go to college anyway teachers did not believe in me. One teacher told me I will not be shit and I was thinking about it, and he was right. Everything I did was wrong. I was alone, I had no one looking out for me or caring about me, it was just how it was for me. I did have no friends. I had a challenging time making friends. I did not trust anyone unless we grew up together and had people, I used to trust too many people and they turned their back on me. I had to move smarter and realize nobody really cared for me or had my best interests in mind.

One day I went to sleep during the day I had a nightmare. I could not wake up, it felt so real. I was dreaming about losing my life when I got shot and my mom had to bury me, I was so scared, and the dreams just kept coming. It was so scary for me that I felt like my time was coming. I started going to school more. I kept focusing on school and I showed up to class every day because I did not want to let my mom down. All she can talk about is graduating and getting that diploma. This was the year I was sure all my grades were good so I could graduate with my class. Covid hit the world and was a factor to everybody, it affected everyone I could not leave the house mom could not go to work due to covid it was crazy.

I graduated high school and my whole family was proud of me for graduating high school. I was proud of myself for graduating high school on time and proving to everyone wrong that I can do it. I took a break from school trying to figure out what I wanted to do with my life.

It was crazy summer of 2020 the whole situation with George Floyd everyone and their mamma outside even protested or stoles from the stores. It was messed up how they did George Floyd like that, but it was crazy at the same time I got maced by the police when I was protesting. 2020 and 2021 were some of the most terrible years of my life.

I kept losing friends and families to gun violence I went to so many funerals I could not keep count anymore I lost my cousin he got shot in his head which hurt me as well I was so sad, I could not stop crying he was there for me when a lot of people was not there for me in my life, I could not believe he was gone. A couple of months ago my best friend and I got shot together. I got shot twice, once in the stomach and one leg, I felt like I was going to die. I was so lucky I made it, but my best friend passed away. It mentally messed me up losing your best friend right in front of you and seeing him die.

The doctor told me I will never walk again. I cried knowing I wouldn't be able to walk again. I did not eat for days. I could not sleep as I wanted to die, I would rather be dead than crippled. I started praying more asking God to show me the right way. I started going to rehab to learn how to walk. Rehab was so hard for me it was crazy taking so long to walk normally. I was tripping a lot it took almost a year for a full recovery, but I thank God that I am still here I could have left this world, but God save my life and I'm blessed to still be here.