

Finding Out Who I
Really Am,
And Who We Are



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English 0301
September 16, 2010

Preface

When I began writing this paper, knowing that it was just going to be about myself, I thought that it would be no big deal. Of course I was wrong. I had no idea who I really was. I literally had to sit down and plan out what I was going to say about myself and dig deep down into my soul to find the right words to describe myself. As I wrote my papers, I wrote them as if I were going to keep them to myself and not let anyone read them. So when I posted each one it was very difficult knowing that they were going to read by my fellow classmates. But as I began reading me classmates papers, I realized that they to were expressing themselves just the way I did, not holding any of their emotions about themselves back. In reading these papers I felt a connection with my fellow peers. They too are going through the same struggles that I am going through in school, work, and family. It made me feel that I can even talk to them about my problems if I wanted to. I am very glad I got to experience this activity, because it taught me that every one is different but that we can all learn from each other a lot about ourselves. The papers that I wrote are all true about my life, my education, and my future outcome, that I will finish my goals to the fullest and have a great future for me and my family.

Who Am I?

My name is Desiree and I am 18 years old. I have lived in San Antonio all my life and come from a family of seven. My family is soon to be bigger since I recently got engaged to my wonderful boyfriend and since I am currently 8 months pregnant with a baby boy. Finding out I was pregnant totally changed my life. Still being in high school while I was pregnant made me realize that I couldn't do all the fun activities that I used to but, that I needed to mature a lot faster and think of my education so that I can provide for my child.

In my first two years in high school I participated in many things. I was on the volleyball and track team and was the secretary for the Spanish and DECCA club. All I thought of was school, but then when I turned 16 and got a job and started making money, everything changed. I started to drop out of my after school activities and would go out every night. School wasn't important to me any more and I started to skip so that I would be able to work 40 hours a week. During the middle of my senior year in high school was when I found out that I was pregnant. It was right during prom, graduation and all the parties, but I knew that instead of going out and hurting my unborn child I was going to have to straighten up and figure out what I was going to do.

I am currently going to SAC to complete the two year nursing degree. At the same time I am currently working 40 hour a week at H-E-B as a cashier. Although I am not struggling with money, I realize that working at H-E-B will not satisfy me or my child's needs to the fullest. So with this education plan and the situation that I am in, I know that my family will be just fine in the future.



A Special Tour

As you walk up to my parents two story, five bedroom, brown bricked house, you immediately smell the fragrance of blossoms coming from the flower pots on the porch. As you walk through our door you are instantly distracted by our three tear, 15 candle chandeliers that hangs straight above our 8 chair dinning table we have had for about 20 year already. At this table every morning you will see by mother sitting in the very first chair with her back towards you putting her make up on. You will smell the sent of flowers caused by her Beautiful perfume by Estee Lauder.

If you keep looking straight you will be entering our living room where 98% our time is spent. The first view you will see is of our white mantled fire place, that has been used maybe twice out of the ten years we have lived in our house. Your eyes will then be directed up to the horrible home interior picture that hangs above the fireplace. The picture is then projected to your eyes more by the two lights from the ceiling that shine light off of it.

As you walk in the front door you will stop on the cold tilled floor landing. Above this is a flight of 17 stairs that lead to our bedrooms. At the top of these stairs, to the far right hand corner of the house you will run into my room. When you open the door you will smell a scent you have never encountered before. The scent of a clean, soapy smell combined with burnt hair from my hair dryer. The whole room is painted sky blue, from the floor to the dome shaped ceiling. On the farthest wall facing towards you is all one big bay window. Bright green, blue and beige curtains hang on these windows and match my denim flowered bed spread. Right next to my bed, that in not comfortable any more being pregnant, and feels as if you were sleeping on a wooden board, is a tiny little bed, covered in Power Puff Girl sheets and stuffed animals. My

cousin is two years old now and has stayed with us every Thursday through Monday since she was born. She has now become my roommate.

Although my room has a mature and feminine look to it, with white wicker furniture and floral print covers, I know in a manner of time it will soon change. Soon, it will be all decked out in baby furniture and toys. The smell will be of dirty diapers and of Johnson's baby lotion. Instead of floral print, there will be farm animals and toy cars surrounding any cloth in that room. I never thought of my room being changed into a nursery would make me so excited before.

Learning The Hard Way

To everyone education means different things, but to me it means the outcome of my future. Through out my life I have had negative, positive and unsure views on my education, but today graduating from college is at the top of my list.

When I was in elementary and middle school my grades meant everything to me. I was always trying to get A's and B's and participated in anything I could. For about two year I played the flute, since it was told to me that it would help out with math skills, and at the same time I played volleyball. Back then my grades, music and sports were the only things on my mind, until I reached high school.

In my first two years of high school I kept on the same track with my grades and sports. I even joined the Spanish and DECCA club and helped out twice a week in the ALE classes with the special needs kids. Everything was great until I started to hang out with the wrong group of friends and began to make money. At 16 when I started working at H-E-B, I would work about 30 hours a week and go out every weekend, to parties and clubs, and buy a new outfit for every night with the money I made. Soon my grades started to drop, so I thought that if I just dropped out of all my after school activities, my grades will go back up and I could keep up with school. Well, I participated in nothing and my grades were still low, but I didn't care because I still was making, what I thought, was a lot of money and having a good time.

I kept up this pattern of not doing good in school, going out all night, and working what was now 40 hours a week, until the middle of my senior year in high school. But then right after Christmas break I found out that I was pregnant. I didn't know what to do once I found that out. How was I going to raise a child acting the way I was? On top of that I didn't know if I was ever going to graduate because my grades were becoming so low. I knew I needed to straighten up.

I kept my mother in mind the rest of my senior year. She is a successful principal now making lots of money, with a beautiful house, new cars, and is able to get what ever she or her kids want. But she wasn't able to get this with out completing her education. She went to school for about eight years, and struggles all eight of them, but was able to finish, which is why she is so

successful today.

I completed high school with an 85 GPA and I am now attending SAC to become a nurse. I am still working, but not to make money to go out and have fun, but for my unborn child's future and mine. I know that if I want the best for my family I am going to have to put my education on the top for my list and not let anything stand in my way.

We're Not So Different From One Another

As I read each of my fellow classmate's papers I realize that we are not very different at all. We might not all be from the same part of San Antonio or the same age but we all have the same dream. Each one of us is a truly hard worker, striving to finish our goal, to finish our college education, to make a better life for ourselves and are families.. Each one of us works very hard at the job we have now, putting 30 to 40 hours a week to support our loved ones. All of us have kids, except for Daniel, who still takes care of his mother. We have all also had the same out look at are future and our college education. Some of us even went to college in the past, like Daniel and Monica. We have all had difficulties in the past to keep up and finish school but we now have our education at the top of our list. Our class is not very different from one another because no matter what happens, we won't let anything stop us from finishing our education.

Living Together

As you enter my two-story red brick home the "Welcome" sign on front door will guide you in. As you walk through our door you are instantly distracted by our three tier, 15 candle chandeliers that hangs straight above our 8 chair dining table we have had for about 20 years already. On the left hand side against the wall, my 57 inch television stands proudly as two large stereo speakers stand beside it. Two sofas and a leather rocking recliner fill the living area. Colorful pillows sit on top of each sofa as if they are inviting visitors to sit and relax with comfort they provide. Your eyes will then be directed up to the horrible home interior picture that hangs above the fireplace. The picture is then projected to your eyes more by the two lights from the ceiling that shines light off of it. The following room was the bed room. Although my room has a mature and feminine look to it, with white wicker furniture and floral print covers, I know in a manner of time it will soon change. The walls were covered with New Kids on the Block posters or course. They were the hottest group around. The whole room is painted sky blue, from the floor to the dome shaped ceiling. Right next to my bed, that is not comfortable any more being pregnant, and feels as if you were sleeping on a wooden board, is a tiny little bed, covered in Power Puff Girl sheets and stuffed animals. I used to put my stuffed animals neatly arranged on the bed. And on the other side of the bed two wide double doors leading you into is types of clothes. It is kind of funny that my room does not have an odor in there. But after all that, when I am by myself, I feel so peaceful and right at home.

Keeping One Thing On Our Mind

In this English class, education is the number one goal on every ones mind. We have all had a negative out looks on our education in the past but some one or something has made us go on the right track and finish our education. With Vernon, Monica and I it is our children who make us look differently at our education and with Vernon it is his mother. Some of us had even gone to school before, like Monica and Daniel, and gave up but our now striving to continue and finish. We are all hard workers trying to go to work, raise our children and get degrees to better ourselves and others. We have this mentality that we messed up once before and are now going to make up for it by doing our best in school now. We are now the ones who preached to others, like our children, to not go down the wrong path like we did but to put your education first before anything, like partying and going through school by just getting by. We tell them to keep up with your education and go to college so that you won't have to struggle like we did and will be able to enjoy their adulthood with little worries. Education is our number one priority and we are all going to finish it, some a second time around, to the very end.

