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Dr. Griffin

English 12

2 November, 2012

Argentina is a rough and violent place to live. Goods and services are expensive and it's not easy to live without any doubts about being robbed or even killed. I grew up in La Plata, Argentina where my parents owned one of the most famous bakeries around the area. I come from a family of entrepreneurs and hard working people. My mom usually worked at the cashier and my dad would be in the office doing papers and bills for the bakery.

One day a strange looking person walked into the bakery wearing only black. That day it was one of the hottest days of the year yet so far. He walked up to my mother which was at the cashier and placed a gun by her waist. He whispered into her ear, "Place all the money in a bag without any sudden movements or else I will shoot you." My mom terrified as she was she places all the money in a bag and gives it to the man. She said that, "The man ran away with the money and I wasn't able to speak for a month."

A couple of hours later the police and news reporters arrive at the crime scene. My parents decide to tell the police that if it's possible for them to keep their faces out of the news so the man wouldn't come back for more trouble. This is the time when my parents decide to move somewhere much safer for my siblings and me.

On December 14, 2000, I was at my grandparent's house cooking and preparing for a party that was going to be held at their house. Slowly but surely the rest of my family members started showing up. Later that night we all ate dinner and had a great time. I was playing with my

skateboard and my mom calls me from far away. I go over to her and she is saying goodbye to the family crying and hugging all of them. At this point I did not know what was going on. It was all a surprise in my eyes. My parents, my siblings, and I get into a van with a bunch of luggage in the back. As the van pulls away I see my family outside of the window waving their hands goodbye. Soon enough we arrive at the airport. We all get out and grab our luggage and go into the airport. I was scared and still couldn't figure out what was going on. My dad turns around and tells me that he, my brother and I are going on one airplane and that my mom and little sister are going on another one. I was crying because I didn't want to leave my mom, but they separated me from her. I remember her telling me that, "Everything is going to be okay, you're growing up and you will understand that sometimes you have to make the right choice and move on." My dad grabs me and we begin walking to the airplane. I turn back and see my mom waving to me while I enter the tunnel which connects the airplane to the building.

We get seated and instructed to put our seatbelts on. This was the first time that I've been on an airplane and separated from my mom and sister. I was nervous until we took off and started flying. Airline attendants served us food and drinks, which I thought they were really good. After dinner one of the attendants asks my father if my little brother and I would like to go visit the pilot up front. I was shocked and scared at the same time but we still agreed. When I reach the front the pilot gives my brother and me a gold pin that had an airplane on it.

A couple of hours later we arrive in New York. I was scared because all I knew was Spanish and I couldn't understand what type of language everyone was speaking. My dad told me, "Don't be scared it's only English you'll be fine." My uncle picks us up from the airport and we start heading to his house. This was the first time that I've been this far from my mom. We get to his house and we leave the luggage in the car. We all begin walking towards the house and

my dad opens the door. When I walked inside of the house my mother and little sister were sitting at the table. I rushed to her giving her a big hug with a sigh of relief that I was back with her. I stud next to her for the rest of the day happy and excited to do new things.

Now in 2012 I haven't seen the rest of my family that is back in Argentina. It's been Eleven years now that I haven't seen them. Although now I have a better life and I'm striding to do bigger and better things for my family and of course myself. I've made my parents very proud of me for all I have done for them and how much I advanced myself in a new country that I didn't really know much about. Now I fluently speak and write Spanish and English. My mom broke down into tears and said, "I'm very proud of you for being mature about what we had to do. We moved for a reason and that was for you and your siblings to have a better life. You showed your dad and myself that you have grown up to be a great person and very responsible."

Last thing my mother mentions to me with a hug and a tear of happiness is, "I love you."