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Narrative Essay

As I waited for my mom to get ready, I was putting on my new Nike shoes that my mom had bought me at the back to school sale in the mall. But for me, it was actually my first time attending school, Kindergarten. My mom walked down the stairs and approached me smiling. "Oh you look so cute" she squealed as she fixed my short dark brown hair with her saliva. I gently pushed her away obviously disgusted and confused on why this was a huge deal. "There", she said, "You look perfect". She took a step back; really trying to take it all in. "Mom," I wanted to tell her, "Why are you making such a big deal over me going to school?" But I kept quiet, trying to not ruin her moment of happiness. My dad was outside, as he promised that he was going to take me to school that day. "Let's go!" he screamed through the window of our small old car, "Your going to be late for your first day of school!". I rushed to get my backpack while my mom was going over her mental checklist of things that I needed to have in it. I crossed the living room and out the door. I made it to the back door of the car but my dad stopped me in my tracks. "Come on and sit in the front, it's the first day of school after all" he called. I smiled as I jumped in the front seat. My mom closed both doors of our 2 story apartment and entered the back of the small red car. I rolled down my window to let out the heat of the car and to let the cool air sink in. The morning breeze quickly made its appearance and rewarded me with great promise of the new day. My dad whipped out his keys and tried running the car. *Whirr-rr-rr-rr*. My heart sank as my dad repeatedly rotated the keys, seemingly unable to start the car. I sat there waiting, worrying, praying for God to help me out. And finally, my prayers were answered. The car gave a mighty roar and began purring. We all gave a breath of relief as we pulled out. I observed the outside as we drove out of our

neighborhood. Our neighbors were still outside since last night, blasting their *corridos*, enough to be heard all around town. While almost making it through, the aroma of the devil's produce began to enter, suffocating and taking over the inside of the car. We coughed and pulled through, since rolling up the windows will only trap the smell. We got in the main road and drove left toward Glassbrook. Seeing all the cars and kids scattered around, gave me anxiety. "I'm gonna stop the car," my dad explained, "then you will both get out quickly and I will drive in circles since I can't find an empty parking slot." He halted the car. My mom and I jumped out and ran toward the sidewalk. My dad pulled out and we proceeded to walk towards the front doors. At this point, parents held their kids close in order for them to not get lost in the sea of people who were pouring their way inside the hallways. But they all had two things in common. First: they were all Spanish speakers and two: they want their kids to get an education so they don't have to struggle with much. Between all the pushing and shoving, I still felt united with them. All of my thoughts cleared and I could now see why my mom really cared for me to go to school. To get away.