

Memoir Vignette

When I think of the number 8, the only thing I see in my head is walking into a strangers house, later on finding out it was actually my grandparents house. They moved to America when I was born, so I didn't really remember them. Everyone was crying, laughing, and screaming as they hugged each other, and I was just standing there next to a pink stroller with my baby sister in it. The only thing that was going through my head was how from this point on my life was going to change, I wasn't going to be that girl with a lot of friends anymore, I wasn't going to be able to read in that class I used to love, or answer the math question. I just knew that everything was going to change, and I didn't know how to fix it. After about 2 weeks I had to go to school, I was so nervous; I mean the only word that I knew in English was "hi", and I couldn't even say that when I walked into my new classroom. It felt like everyone was looking at me and screaming at me, and I just wanted to yell back but I couldn't. I didn't know English, I didn't know anybody. I was alone, and no one knew how I felt. Since the first day of school, I knew I didn't belong here. I tried so hard to make friends but we didn't have anything in common, I was raised differently, I had different traditions, different clothes, a different language. I was just different. My parents made it clear that we were staying here after I asked them for the millionth time if we could go back to Poland, where I actually belong. I wanted to go back to my grandparents, my family from my moms side, that I actually knew and loved. I knew we weren't going to go back home any time soon, so I set a pretty big goal for myself; "**bądź najlepsza, naucz się języka, zdobądź dobrą pracę i wróć tam, gdzie należysz.**" which means "be the best, learn the language, get a good job and go back to where you belong." Still to this day I remember my goal and I can't wait to reach it, however I am so happy that I got to experience some things I never thought I would.

The Artist's Statement

After finishing reading "*Born A Crime*" by Trevor Noah, I realized that we have something in common, and that inspired me to write about this in my memoir vignette. In chapter 11, page 140, Trevor said "Since I belong to no group I learned to move seamlessly between groups. I floated. I was a chameleon." Then on page 141 he said "I was everywhere with everybody, and at the same time I was all by myself." Trevor talked about how he did not belong to any friend groups in school because he was different, and that is what we have in common. I never belonged to any group at school, the only time people talked to me was when they wanted me to say something in Polish so they could make a video of me and laugh. I knew so many things about everyone but no one knew anything about me, some people still don't even know how to spell my name correctly; and we met in third grade. And because of these two quotes, I was inspired to write this. I learned that you have to fight and work really hard to get what you want. Now I'm used to living here but I still can't wait to go back to Poland someday and hopefully see my great grandma, my friends, and my family.