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## You don't know me

Achievement First Endeavor be the place. A middle school not too far from Downtown Brooklyn, yet in the Center of Clinton Hill. Where I sat in a classroom with my peer as we learn Algebra. We had just come from lunch and there's only two periods left in the day. Back then in middle school everyone was trying to be down with the "Kool Kid". Making fun of other kids was the only way to be looked at as kool. As we sat in a classroom with an aroma of Expo markers and sharpener shavings. We're learning how to solve Algebraic Expressions and this was one of my favorite topics. As I raised my hand eager to answer, I realized I and another one of my peers were the only one with our hands up. The teacher called on me, and I was so excited to give and explain my answer. As I started to speak and explain my answer, I started to hear a lot of snickering and giggling. It took me a while to understand the joke so I asked someone later on. The whole time people were laughing at my lisp. Laughing at my unable ability to say words without dragging the 's'. Or either say certain words that was hard for me to pronounce. My Feelings were hurt and I cried myself to sleep that night. The next day I went out school I didn't say a word to anyone. I told my sister about it the night before and she told me it's not that serious and I shouldn't take something so little to heart. But I kept thinking to myself "This is not

something little for me". After that I realized people were different. Some who cared about others feelings and others who didn't.

Even though I knew some people were just so different, I just could never understand why. My momma was the one who actually showed me different and didn't give up on me. When I was young I had my younger siblings looking up to me. How were their suppose to look up to someone who didnt understand and didnt know what their wanted to do with their life. I always thought about that. One day I asked my momma I realized she really hasn't gave up on me through it all.

Everytime it was time for me to graduate there was always an academically problem or some type of setback. In the fifth grade I used to play around alot never really cared about the work because I was young and soon graduate. Came time for the New York State Exam and fail with a Low 2. I was upset and regret playing around. Was forced to go to summer school and force to do what I had to do. But eighth Grade was a little different. I had just gotta over a death, I was young and didn't know to overcome that situation at the time. It was around the time everyone had to take the New York State Final Exam. Yeah I know it was a big test for me and felt like I had tried my best, but deep down I know I could of tried way better. I had failed the Exam with a Low 2. Going to a charter school the was no such thing as summer school .That score had determine if I graduate or not. I felt so sad and kinda fell into a depression. Felt like I was the dumbest kid on Earth. Then I thought it wasn't my fault, said to myself it couldn't be my fault. I cried nights just thing what it meant to be a kid in the wrong Grade having other just laugh at me and tease me. One day my mom walked in my room and heard me crying. She came and comfort me. Actually felt safe in her arms. She picked my face up and held it and told me,

and I remember her exact words “Don't let that one grade define you, one grade is less than what I know is in that head of yours”. She also told me to keep going and that she will never give up on me. And ever since that day I knew I had at least one real one on my team, she ain't my side since. She went through things to and I've seen her overcome a lot , which motivates me to keep grinding like I do for me. One important rule of life she also taught me was “Nobody got like how you got you, You were born alone you gonna die alone”.

Ever since then I never really cared about what others had to say. I realized that I couldn't continue to let them define me by what was on paper and not what's in my head. I've learned alot about people and schools throughout my past years and I've taught myself to try and not adapt to the culture.