

Story 1 – Overall description

I have lived in 3 different countries, about 6 different houses, attended 8 different schools, and would not be who I am today without these experiences. I have lived my life as a rolling stone who has fortunately I have gathered moss in the form of knowledge, patience, and self-reliance. I was born in Guyana where I lived for about 6 years. Guyana is a rather poor country with very low standards of living and my parents wanted more for me. So they would send me to Barbados to live; I would not see my parents for almost 4 years, and in those 4 years I would learn to raise myself essentially. I was young and learning to be stand on my own two feet. By the age of 11, I was back home with my parents in Guyana where we after a few months we would move to New York. The transition of living between Guyana and Barbados and back was difficult but rather simple compared to this move. I would be leaving behind everything I had known; the culture, the food, and the people. New York City as I imagined was a different world; Nothing was recognizable that clouded October morning. Life seemed to race and I had a hard time catching up. I entered the 6th grade late, and spent most of my time trying to catch up with both the pace of the work and my fellow students. However, I never stopped trying my hardest. By the end of the year, I graduated with high honors and since then I have never stopped working to my highest potential. Moving so many times has taught me to be patient with people and myself. It has taught me to be independent, to understand people, to work with diligence, to always put my best foot forward, and above all to be understanding. The events that occurred for me to learn these ways have not been easy but no good story has no trials. Every obstacle has made me who I am today and I would not change that.

The Breakdown

The 3 different countries:

Guyana – I lived in a rural town where cows were more than cars. Men fished in the trench in front of my house for lunch and women sold vegetables from baskets on foot. Behind my village was a shanty town of the poor and the dirt poor. The pace of life was slow and of very low standard. Things in Guyana at the time were both economically and socially devolving. The school system was weak and my parents knew that I would not gain much from living there. So at the age of 5 I moved to Barbados.

Barbados – An island paradise with white sandy beach, swaying palm trees, and whistling winds. It was like living in a dream until it wasn't. School was difficult and I never seemed to adjust over the years. I was bullied day after day for the way I talked, dressed, and looked. I was living in a house with two cousins who had were more of a priority which caused me to have to grow up even when I didn't want to. I taught myself to read better and eventually found my place in life. I became aware of who I am and what I was capable of. Within that moment I found myself in a whirlpool once more, I was moving back to live with my parents. Once again I would have to change all that I know and recreate myself.

New York City – while I was gone my parents had worked hard to create a life for themselves. They had much more than I remembered and had even made plans to give us even more. In October of 2005 we would move to New York City. I remember the day as if it were yesterday. The cold air hit my face, a sea of yellow cabs filled the scene, people were hustling and bustling, the smell of new scents

filled the air, and distant sounds of traffic muffled around me. My eyes had so much to take in and in so little time. I had never seen so many people in one place at one time. This day would set the pace for all my days to follow in New York. When I started the 6th grade, I was terrified to say the least. I knew nothing of how anything worked and for a while I wouldn't catch up. I spent a lot of my time silent worried about bullies and not fitting in. I spent extra time doing school work because I didn't understand much, and I spent even more time alone because I managed to make no friends. I began to write and my writing was my strongest suit. I gave myself a voice without speaking and soon enough my silence would break. I would find myself in this sleepless metropolis. I would begin to grow and try harder each day to find my place. I would use the patience I had developed over the years to help me focus on my studies, and the self-awareness I once had to resurface and help me to find who I was again. At such a young age I had managed to rebuild myself twice. Find a passion in writing which gave me a voice and boosted my confidence and become a student no one saw me being.

By the end of 6th grade I had graduated with honors and I was moving onto more. Today I am the same person I found so long ago with the knowledge that life changes rapidly without notice and whatever life happens to throw at me I can manage. It is inevitable that life will remain the same and that we will know what to expect, but with patience, the willingness to understand to accept growth, and the dedication anything is possible.

The Breakdown

The 3 different countries:

Story Perimeter - 18 Tweets

Create bookend tweets.

1. **Begin by: summarize the story in a way that engages a reader.**
2. **Ending by: Thanking audience, links to pictures etc, promising audience more stories, summarizing story.**

Guyana –

1. I lived in a rural town where cows were more than cars. The sky was 4 the most part were always blue, the sun was always hot.
3. ~~My front yard was the Atlantic Ocean and I spent days hearing the waves crash into the seawall.~~
4. ~~Men fished in the trench in front of my house for lunch and women sold vegetables from baskets on foot.~~
5. ~~The scent of salty fish usually filled the air.~~
6. Behind my village was a slum of the poor and the dirt poor. I remem seeing children with tattered clothing, uncombed hair, unwashed faces, but happy smiles.

- ~~8. — They barely had anything they needed but everything they wanted.~~
9. The pace of life was slow and of very low standard.
- ~~10. Things in Guyana at the time were both economically and socially devolving.~~
- ~~11. My parents did everything they could to make the best out of every situation but they were unhappy with what they could not give me.~~
12. I did not understand y I was leavin, nor did I want to but I had no choice.
13. My parents knew that I wld not gain much from living there. So at the age of 5 I moved to Barbados.
14. Havin 2 give up all u kno of @ such a yung age is 1 has been 1 of d most drstic eventz of my life

Barbados –

1. An island paradise with white sandy beach, swaying palm trees, and whistling winds. It was like living in a dream until it wasn't.
- ~~2. — The beaches were my favorite part. The blue waters were unlike anything I had ever seen. I fell in love with the waves I could splash into and the days that were lost at sea.~~
- ~~3. — The people of the country had a very different accent.~~
- ~~4. — I couldn't really understand for the longest while.~~
- ~~5. — The food was different and but I had no choice but to eat it.~~
- ~~6. — I had no friends.~~
- ~~7. — Why was I here?~~
8. I started school. I h8ed school! Skool was difficult and I nvr seemed to adjust over the time that I was there.
10. I was bullied for the way I talked, dressed, and looked. I didn't have much and I cried at nights beggin god to give me more.
- ~~11. — I spent most of my time alone.~~
- ~~12. — I was living in a house with two cousins who had were more of a priority which caused me to have to grow up even when I didn't want to.~~
13. & he did. I taught myself to read better and eventually found my place in life. I realized I was smarter than I thought I was. I did not feel as alone as I once used to.
17. Within that moment I found myself in a whirlpool once more, I was moving back to live with my parents.
- ~~18. — Once again I would have to change all that I knew and recreate myself.~~

~~20. Why am I always being forced to give up what I have and start over?~~

~~21. I missed them but I hated having to give up all that I had.~~

22. It wasn't much but it was enough to make me happy in a place that really didn't have much to offer me in my eyes.

New York City –

1. While I was gone my parents had worked hard to create a life for themselves.

2. They had much more than I remembered and had even made plans to give us even more.

~~3. So we are moving again?~~

~~4. I had just become accustomed to life here.~~

~~5. I had lost my Barbadian accent.~~

~~6. I had put that past me and realized this was my life now.~~

~~7. I was mad. I was lost again.~~

~~8. I was alone, and confused at why I had to constantly change my life over and over.~~

9. In October of 2005 we would move to New York City.

10. I remember the day as if it were yesterday.

11. The cold air hit my face, a sea of yellow cabs filled the scene, people were hustling and bustling, the smell of new scents filled the air, and distant sounds of traffic muffled around me.

~~12. My eyes had so much to take in and in so little time.~~

~~13. I had never seen so many people in one place at one time.~~

~~14. Why was everything moving so fast?~~

~~15. "There are way too many people in here."~~

~~16. "Is this allowed?"~~

~~17. I don't like it.~~

~~18. It's cold.~~

~~19. "Why is it so cold?"~~

~~20. "Will it always be this cold?"~~

~~21. "Is that snow?"~~

~~22. "Yes that's snow!"~~

~~23. This day would set the pace for all my days to follow in New York.~~

24. Everything was new to me and I was new to everything. I felt stupid because I did not understand certain words.
25. I could not explain myself properly.
- ~~26. Even before I started school I felt a sense of uncertainty.~~
- ~~27. Would I be able to make it?~~
- ~~28. When I started the 6th grade, I was terrified to say the least.~~
- ~~29. I knew nothing of how anything worked and for a while I wouldn't catch up.~~
- ~~30. In my head I would ask constantly, "What is that?"~~
- ~~31. I did not want to admit out loud that I didn't know what certain words meant.~~
- ~~32. I felt lost once again and who I thought I once was no longer existed.~~
- ~~33. I spent a lot of my time silent worried about bullies and not fitting in.~~
34. I spent extra time doing school work because I didn't understand much, and I spent even more time alone because I managed to make no friends.
35. I began to write and my writing was my strongest suit.
- ~~36. I wrote constantly.~~
- ~~37. I wrote everything and everywhere.~~
- ~~38. I wrote poems.~~
- ~~39. I wrote stories.~~
- ~~40. I wrote who I wanted to be and the places I wanted to see.~~
- ~~41. I gave myself a voice without speaking and soon enough my silence would break.~~
- ~~42. I would find myself in this sleepless metropolis.~~
- ~~43. I would begin to grow and try harder each day to find my place.~~
44. I would use the patience I had developed over the years to help me focus on my studies, and the self-awareness I once had to resurface and help me to find who I was again.
45. At such a young age I had managed to rebuild myself twice. Find a passion in writing which gave me a voice and boosted my confidence and become a student no one saw me being.
50. That day still brings me great joy because I knew that I had gotten myself there and I was able to prove to myself that I could do it.
51. Today I am the same person I found so long ago with the knowledge that life changes rapidly without notice and whatever life happens to throw at me I can manage.

52. It is inevitable that life will remain the same and that we will know what to expect, but with patience, the willingness to understand to accept growth, and the dedication anything is possible.