Dear Kim,

My name is Daneilla McEwan and I’m a Biomedical student. I want to become an OB/GYN, I know I’ll be in school for many years, however I think it’s worth it because I have a son that I gave everything up for besides being a doctor. Ever since I was a little girl I often told everyone I’ll be a doctor one day. I was determined to pursue a career in the medical field. As time went by I decided what kind/type of doctor I wanted to become. I decided that I wanted to become an obstetrician gynecologist (OB/GYN). It’s funny that I want to become a doctor, even though “I am not a scholar of English or Literature” (Amy Tani). In the medical field theirs a lot of hard terminology that I must remember to heart that’s where literacy comes into play. Literacy means learning how to read, write, understand, interpret, and most of all expression. While growing up I learnt all of those meaning of literacy in every stage of my life.

In Georgetown Guyana, the country which I was born and raised, the people speak a different form/kind of English. Guyanese speak a form of English that’s more broken up, to easily be pronounced, spelt and arranged in a sentence. For instance, American’s would say “the book is over there in the corner”. Guyanese would interpret that sentence like “the book in de corner deh”. That’s how we would talk to each other because the communication is better and faster. I didn’t have a problem with the way I spoke until I came to America. “The country that’s full of opportunities” well so I was told before I left all my friends and family behind. When I came to the United States no one understood the language I used to communicate with others around me, no one understood me apart from the people from my country. High school was even worst, even though the school had a lot of diversity. In terms of a lot kids from the Caribbean that have their own language, culture and race but became Americanized. Making friends was hard for me at the beginning no one understand what I said, their reply would be What? I don’t understand what you’re saying. Can you speak a bit slower? Are you speaking English etc. I was embarrassed at first, wanted to be antisocial to avoid the reactions I got from people.

When Junior year came I realized I’ve changed a lot. I adapted into my new environment. I spoke more fluently and read even more. I made a lot of new friends they were the best and still are. During my junior year I joined the national Honor Society, took Advance Placement (AP) classes and college now classes. I felt like I was one of the smartest students in the school. I was always on the honor role. I wasn’t the girl I was when I first came to America in terms of being so knowledgeable. My way of thinking became extreme when I was taking Ap English Language composition. AP English Language composition was a very hard class, I learned how to write different types of essays in a short period of time, it was challenging because the essays had to make sense at the end of the day. My critical thinking played a major role in allowing me to pass the class and AP exam. I was one out of the seven students that passed the exam out of a class of 23. I was so proud of myself and grateful for my teacher for not giving up on me.I gave up on myself so many times because I thought I couldn’t write an essay good enough especially 3 essays in two hours. It was difficult, but I made it.