A Twist of Events Final Draft

It started out as an ordinary chilly morning as usual I was weary. For starters I had woken up at 6:00 in the morning to get ready for school which started at 7:15 am. I was in such a rush to get to the bus then to the train and not be late like always. This year was the first time I was taking an AP class in my high school and it turned out to be Spanish AP. I had a very rigorous teacher who gave a lot of homework and classwork. Mainly a lot of writing, however for this class the writing was different. As someone who all her life had trouble with writing especially concerning grammar and sentence structure this was a whole bizarre experience.

In that week I got my English essay back and there were so many mistakes on it, comments following with it. Even the teacher told me to go get some help writing before handing it to her which I found insulting considering I went to her for individual help. Why isn’t she trying to help me if that is her responsibility as a teacher? Growing up it was hard being bilingual I was born and raised in New York but learned two languages at the same time which was something I’m always proud of and honored. I went to bilingual schools from kindergarten to third grade, so I learned speaking and writing both. Afterwards in 3rd grade I was not in a bilingual class anymore I just had regular English class. I always felt odd when speaking because of my accent and when teachers told me you have problems writing proper English that did not help the situation at all. On the contrary it made it worst even more so when I reached 4 grade the writing got a little lengthier.

When entering class, it felt like any common day like always I will say good morning to my teacher since I was always the first person in my 5th period class. I will go directly to my seat which was the first chair on the last row. To my right there was a bulletin board that contained a bundle of completed writing assignments from different students. The bulletin board was dedicated for the essays written by the students, it displayed the grades they earned with the comments of advice the teacher wrote in order to show what needs improvement. In a matter of minutes the kids came running to the classroom some before the bell rung other’s after the bell has rung. The teacher started to talk about the homework assignment we had last week, he informed us that there were students who had done exceptionally well while other’s not so much.

He started with my row handing us the previous essay we wrote like always I never check my grade in front of my teacher’s because I knew there are going to be comment about how my grammar needs improvement. I just set my essay down to my side, but he didn’t leave afterwards. He stood next to me and watched the movie clip he had put on for all of us. I kept doing my work but I couldn’t stop from feeling nervous of him hovering over my shoulder. He was making sure I was doing the task I was told to do, he had such a serious face it was the same as someone who was about to scold someone. The lights were dim causing the classwork to be dark. After a few minutes he spoke to me and said” Are you considered taking next year the second AP course that follow’s this one?” I told him “I’m not sure yet.” He replied, with “You should, you are a really good writer you write with good techniques. Next year it could be 20 times better than now, you follow all of the writing criteria’s and have all the right thoughts. Think about it will be nice having a student like yourself next year join us.” I told him, “Thank you I will consider it.” I was shocked never would have imagined that a teacher will think am a good writer.

 I always hated anything related to writing because I genuinely felt I was the worst at it. In school writing wasn’t an option I had to write repeatedly in my class and for what, for the teacher to downgrade what I have wrote and criticize, sometimes it felt pointless to do so. I never gain a sense of joy when writing I just wrote what the teacher asked never on something I truly wanted to write about and give my opinion on . Every year I try my hardest I saw how other students received 90 or 96 on their essay where as I only got from a 78 to an 88 and one time a 92 on an essay. I won’t deny I will procrastinate to reread what I have wrote multiple times but when it came to writing a timed essay I couldn’t do that.

When my Spanish teacher told me I had a lot of potential and I was good at it made me feel appreciated and hopeful in improving on something I am horrible at. I learned that every country is different, everywhere writing is not the same as it is here in New York. I was so used to thinking there was only one way of writing and that I will fail in life, not being able to write good considering one of my teachers said that to me made me reproach myself on being bilingual. I mean I’m not saying I’m not trying to get better in writing perfect English but sometimes I wonder why is there only one way to write anything, why do they considered it as bad writing? Speaking two languages is a privilege at least for me I would not change it but it’s also hard that many teachers don’t see it that way and instead try to establish a different thinking on to our minds to write in proper English. I had gotten a little better in my writing at least I believe that like I mention previously I got a 92 on an English essay. Yes, it takes longer for me than most people to write a decent essay. However, in other places it is a different type of writing, it’s the type that’s not so formal. I see so many changes that can be done in my English classes or at least incorporated as good writing skills; instead of looking at it as a bad way to write and saying there is only one correct way to write. I came to the realization that if I can writing adequately in Spanish there isn’t just one way of writing but many since each Language have different rules.