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ENG1101

Unit 1: Education Narrative Essay

Word Count: 1000

Date

Ding! Ding! Ding! The sound of church bells rings throughout my local church. My family and I have just finished a Sunday mass, ending with the ringing sounds of the bells. Because we were in church for about 2 hours and without eating breakfast, we were all very hungry. We were in church with my 2 aunts from my dad's side, but they couldn't come with my mom, Father, sister, and I to eat because they had a brunch they had to go to for one of their work colleagues. During this time, I was around 12 years old. We decided to go to a Colombian restaurant that is close to where we live that serves some of the best coffee I had ever had. We also decided to walk to the restaurant because it is rather close to where the church is. After around 20 minutes of walking, we arrived at the corner of the street where the restaurant is located.

As we got closer to the restaurant, I began to smell the strong, but smooth, aroma of the Colombian coffee. As a young kid I learned how to enjoy coffee from my grandfather, who I thank him for. When we entered the establishment, we were greeted by a very nice Colombian lady who seated us at one of the back tables. As we were waiting for our waiter to come and take our order we began to hear a loud ruckus coming from outside the restaurant. We all look at each other confused as to what was going on. My father and I decided to go and investigate what the noise is because we were both noisy about what was happening. My father told my sister that he was going to go with me to see what was happening. They told us to be careful and to me to not leave my father's side. As we get closer to the entrance of the restaurant the noise gets louder and with each step, I become more anxious. I begin to contemplate if I want to go anymore, fearing what it could be. I then see my father stern face,

realizing that when I am with him nothing bad could happen to me. Because of this we continue to the origin of the noise. We arrive at the entrance of the restaurant and suddenly we begin to see a big crowd of people formed. It was so big we had to push the door, making 3 people move out of the way. Although there was a big crowd, we were able to squeeze through all of them. When we got to the front we saw a sight that wasn't that important to me back then but later becomes an integral part of my life.

At first, I saw a middle-aged man fighting a young black teenager. I was confused- Why are they fighting? I could also make out some words that the man was saying which were unrecognizable to me. While the man was saying these words, I looked at my dad to see what he was thinking, and he had a sad, almost disgusted look on his face. What did these words mean? There were so many questions forming in my brain and no answers. The biggest question being why was nobody helping the kid? My father decides to ask a bystander that I could distinguish was Argentinian what had happened, and he told my father that apparently the teenager had run out of a clothing store with a bag filled with clothing. The older man was one of the owners that had caught up to him running. After a while someone finally came and separated the two people. They soon left the scene, albeit shouting swear words at each-other, which I did understand to be vulgar in a rude sense. My father and I then went back to our table, all the while not saying a single word to each other. When we arrived to the table we both sat down and after a few moments my mom asked what had happened. My father then began to tell them what we saw and heard, and when he approached those unfamiliar words, he lowered his voice. I then looked at my sister and mother and saw them with the sad, disappointed look in their eyes.

After we finished eating we paid for the food and left a tip, thanking the waitress once again and her apologizing for the noise. My mom and dad reassured her that it wasn't her fault and wished her a good day. While we were walking back to our house, I decided to ask my sister what the words the older

man was saying meant. She explained to me that they were racist words, some that meant harm to the teen. I had thought that racism was a thing of the past and that it didn't occur anymore. I understood the teen did something wrong with stealing a bag of clothing, supposedly, but that did not warrant any other type of treatment he got. It astonished me that such a belief could still be around. I also asked my sister one last important question- why was nobody helping the kid? She then told me maybe nobody wanted to get hurt or maybe they didn't want to help the teen because he was black. I know the reason why my father couldn't help, because he feared something happening to him while I was watching, but why wasn't anybody else even trying to help? A person did come in the separate them but there was a group of people earlier before that and no one cared to come up and help. This experience taught me an important lesson that I would never forget - racism is still alive and not just a thing of the past which I had thought. It also taught me that the world you imagine is not always the world that is real.