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My Identity In Literacy

I still remember the day when I went into pre-k and knew absolutely nothing about what school was or seeing my classmates and seeing other people I did not know. In that moment I was stepping into a whole different world in my life because I was going to start to face challenges. I was just a girl who knew Spanish as her first language and would speak that only I barely talked in English when I was little but I knew the language it was easy to learn English since my older sister taught me how to speak it before I started to go to school . I learned that public schools are different from charter schools. You are wondering by now why this girl is talking about schools, well everyone has their own opinion. In public schools there is a diversity of different races, classes, and anything you can think of and when I was in public schools, I made a lot of friends. I got to tag along with people who understood what it was like to be a native speaker. I never felt ashamed of my race or culture. People there was out there like me but when I got switched to a charter private school in middle school everything changed for me in that school I was the only Hispanic girl in my grade and when it was my first day at school everyone looked at me weirdly not to be racist or anything but it was more of a white school so you have an idea what the type of classmates. I had never felt more embarrassed in my years of being in school. It felt odd seeing a whole different picture and it was rough making friends since everyone had their own groups and when I would try to make a conversation, they were shocked. I knew English they would think I was an immigrant and struggled in many aspects and thought I was not a good fit for their group. The only people that I had a good relationship with were my teachers and one girl that was also new to the school but eventually I had a good relationship with everyone and made new friends and got more comfortable after the years went on.

A thing I learned is that writing was never really my favorite thing to do. I struggled so bad that my English teacher had to have a word with me. One day after class she would explain my key points in writing but showed where I lacked and how I had to revise my work before turning it in, so my teacher started to work with me and encouraged me to write and see the bright side of it. She would tutor me, and it really helped me a lot. I cannot say it was amusing, but it helped me a lot. I noticed how I would put more emphasis on my essay and how I would engage with it more and put my own thoughts into it and feelings. It all did pay off because I got a 100 on my final essay in middle school which I was proud of and that encouraged me to not see writing as a boring thing to do in class. But another thing I struggled with was speaking aloud. When I read my essay to my classmates, I got nervous and would Sutter because public speaking was not my

thing and I hated doing that because I felt embarrassed. I would see how others read their writings without a flaw or see them not mixing up their words like I would. I would think in both of my languages. I would struggle to be confident in my work and use my voice aloud in front of my classmates. So, I talked to my teacher about it and explained to her how I felt so she helped me by advising how I could use my voice and practice reading aloud in front of her. Eventually she made all of us use feedback to one another. I would read short stories to my classmates, and we would get into groups and read books of our choice and make it like a book club. Which was fun and that was something that helped me a lot and got used to not being as nervous as I used to be, it is best to express it than hiding it.

One of my favorite things to do is read. When I was in 6th grade my English teacher made us read books together as a whole classroom. We read a novel that was called “The Outsiders” and in that moment after reading that book I felt like I connected to it because it was about two different gang members one was the greaser’s which was the working class and the socs that were the rich and wealthy side and the reason why I felt like this connected to me was that because in my world I live in two different cultures , knowing two languages and in this story the main character had to find his identity and fight for where he belonged. He had to face challenges as a young 14-year-old boy. As a Navie speaker, I struggled because I had to face a lot of challenges. I did not have many resources as I have today but back then it was a struggle. I had to help translate for my mom and sometimes I would mess up. I had to switch up my vocabulary so I could understand both languages and sometimes people making assumptions about my family or me at times that weren’t even true just because we were Hispanic .There were times when we got treated differently and the saddest part it would be your own race that would do you dirty just because they were in a better state of economy even though they be forgetting where they come from not to be rude or racist but I see many cases. So, I know how it works between Hispanic people I mean I never got into hot messes like others did, but you know what I mean but I never struggled in learning how to read , write or speak the languages but I’m proud though of how far a gone .

Most importantly, knowing two languages is honestly something especially important to me and having an advantage is nice. I sometimes courage people to learn because it is easy to learn. It is vocabulary that can be confusing since a lot of words are repeated but overall, I have been able to connect with other people in writing and reading. In whatever language or format. It’s something that became part of me and when I look at the present I can say that when I used to write essay I would use my voice and identity to express how I feel and carry my story with me my culture and when I write what motivates me is to prove my point about. All the things I wrote just now are things that honestly have shaped my way of speaking and writing. That is wonderful that everyone has their own unique story to talk about or share with anyone because we all have our own different stories.