Fuller 1

India Fuller

Humanities- 1/2

30 Sept. 2013

**Scarred**

Behind my smile is a world of pain and everything you’ll never understand. I went there enough as it is. I didn’t need to be there anymore than I already was. But the time came where that was our only option. The red carpet, white doors and walls, shiny glass chandeliers. All the glass that was in there reminded me if being at my grandma’s house. The double doors that led you to the women’s lavender restroom, first door on the right, the men’s mint green restroom that was the second door down on the right, the white kitchen with deep large sinks, first door on the left, the closet for all the necessities needed for cleanup, the second door on the left, and lastly, straight ahead was the mint green and white door that led you outside. Outside there are two big wooden sheds with white paint peeling off. Gates. Black gates surrounded the whole perimeter. People had keys to everything—doors, gates, and sheds. We had to wake up every day at 6:30 just in case somebody came because nobody told us they were coming. They’d just show up.

The first few nights little brother fell sound asleep in Ma’s arms. But Ma, Pa, older brother, older sister, and I all sat up the whole night crying. Ma just couldn’t believe it. She kept apologizing and telling us it’ll get better. Pa was deep in tears. That had been the first time I had ever seen Pa cry. Older brother had never been so angry; he was pacing back and forth digging his face into his hands. Sitting Indian-style writing in her journal, who knows what she was writing, was my older sister crying and falling from her face into her journal, teardrops. Me, I was crying and praying to Jesus—

 Fuller 2

“Lord Jesus I just want to thank you for everything you have done for my family. Letting us have a roof over our head, clothes on our backs and food on the table. Also letting us see another day because tomorrow is not promised to us. I pray that you keep your angels capped around everybody and their safe travels from and to work, school, home, and anywhere else. I pray that no harm comes towards us and everything will go in your favor as it shall. Please father work with us. Thank you I love you, Amen.”

Pa was the only one working at the time. He worked as a security guard at a high school. Ma didn’t work for a while. She went to school to get her degree to work in the field that she enjoys. Ma didn’t have a car so she was taking the bus, trolley, and walking to school. Pa had a truck. A big shiny green truck. He couldn’t take Ma to school because he had to leave early and Ma’s classes weren’t until noon. Pa took me and my siblings to school because we had to be there earlier than he had to be at work. We got free lunch and breakfast at school because Pa was the only one working. We had to eat at school because at home all we had was rice and noodles and that had to last us the month.

Constantly everyday strangers jumping the gates coming in and out of the yard. I was terrified. I thought that if I prayed things would get better. But it didn’t. It got worse. Police cars starting coming around every day and night circling the perimeter of the block. I could barely sleep. Fights, car theft, killings, collisions, crashes and arrests. Yup, that explains my life for three years. I chose this place because I have never been so scared in my life. I had never thought we would be here. This is a memory I will never forget. It was so terrifying. I have never told anybody about this because it is embarrassing. Behind my smile is a world of pain and everything you’ll never understand.