

Foreigner

From the day we came to America from Nepal, me and my sister stayed at my grandmother's house. I didn't know my father was out of state looking for jobs at that time. I had no knowledge of what was going on at that time because I was young. After couple of months past by I was sent to NewComer Center in Twin Falls, Idaho. I had a tough time there because I was bullied and criticized by the way I looked and dressed. Some of the guys would pull my hair in the slide and others would make fun of me because I had a nose piercing. Few months later, I was scheduled and ready to go to Bickel Elementary School.

We had a black HP computer and my brother used it most of the time because he was the oldest sibling. I sometimes got to use the computer and when I was on it, I started learning English through watching videos, YouTube, movies, etc. Every morning before going to school, I would go to my friend's house and wait for her to get ready so we could walk to school together since our elementary school was near by. While waiting for her, I would watch the morning cartoons that come up on the TV. I found it very interesting to watch and learn new stuff. I wanted to be fluent in English and know everything like others in my school.

On the weekends, my sister and I would go spend the two days at our grandmother's house who lived with my uncle. My uncle would tell me to read a book as fast as I can in a short amount of time. He would set the timer for 1 min and expected me to read pages during that minute. If I finished reading a couple of paragraphs or a page, he would scold me and tell me to read everyday and be able to read a lot in a short time. I don't know if he realized during those times that comprehension is important as well. He also took my sister and I to the public library to check out a few books and expected us to finish reading the book in a week or so. Even

though we were all struggling in this new country he pushed us to become a better reader. All he wanted for us was to be a better reader and learn more so we don't get knocked down in this new place.

Whenever me and my family go on a long drive out of state or to an unknown place, I am the one that puts the GPS and sit in the front seat while my dad drives. I always sit in the front and point out the way and let him know about the directions. My parents are uneducated so they don't understand how to read or write. They didn't have the same opportunity in United States like I do. They were born in Bhutan and had to flee at a young age to Nepal where I was born because of the government.