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Composition Of Individual and Society

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COMPOSITION IN TWO GENRES: Draft #1

Audience Strategies

~~~~~~Personal narrative written at the end~~~~~~

My first of two compositions involves a Personal narrative about my life as someone who was not born here, the struggles and the worries that come to mind when I think about my future. I tell my story and I hope my audience, all that would not understand the life of an immigrant, can recognize that immigrants are just people too, people with hopes and dreams wanting to get a better future. To my naive Americans, I hope you listen up and recognize how your negativity and turning of heads from the immigrant community has affected us. My story shares the mental battle that many immigrants hold but don't share because of the fear of putting the family in jeopardy. If you have any form of sympathy in your hearts I urge you to hear the sound of eeriness and stress in my words, I urge you to stand with the immigrant community, and I urge you to help us fight the good fight. If you have sympathy you will understand my story, you will be able to visualize yourself in my situation, and once you can visualize yourself in my life you will understand. To help you visualize yourself in my life, I will not use formal language, I will speak to you as I would if we were standing face to face. So as you read my personal narrative, don't just imagine yourself there too in the positions that I will share but also imagine my voice with all stress and eeriness in it sharing it to you, one on one, making a connection.

~~~~~~Flier included at the end, after the personal narrative~~~~~~~

My second of the two compositions involves this flier that I made myself, you can see the pain in each one of their faces, you see worry, sadness, and confusion. I involved the faces of these little kids so that you can recognize what discriminnation and being hostile does to them, without knowing it, you naive Americans have snatched any form of happiness away from them. These kids did nothing wrong, they had no choice, they have every right to a good future as anyone else, and their parents gave their all and so much more just to give them at least that. Sympathy can be found even at the deepest of the heart, even through the feeling of only having hatred, I hope that seeing these distressed faces of children and adults alike you can find sympathy in the deepest of your heart to recognize how sad being in this situation could really be like. Each picture demonstrates a strong person, with dreams, love, and passion, but that picture in the middle, the larger of all, with the American flag, that's the most important. It represents the American dream, you see people with large luggages and children, but what's larger that you can't visually see but only understand is that their dreams are bigger. They are shouting out to all of you, they want the American dream, they want a chance at it at least, despite not being from here, either you stand with the immigrant community or you stand against and demonstrate just how heartless you are.

To reflect on my process through creating and writing about these compositions I must take into account first my stance, it may be a bit biased seeing as I strongly relate to the topic, it is something that I have lived my whole life thinking about. I would not be able to relate to the American point of view because it is impossible for me to be in that position. Then I had to think about my audience, many may be oblivious to what an immigrant may go through, but no one is more obvious than a naive American. The other ethnicities may understand what it feels like to be discriminated against, so it would not feel right calling them out for this, although at times they play a part in making immigrants feel unwelcome as well. The hardest part for me was choosing which two genres I wanted to commit to. At first I wanted to make a youtube video interviewing friends that I knew were in the position of an immigrant but then I thought about their safety and the fact they may not want to talk about it. So then I wanted to create a hand made image but I recognized that would take up too much time, and I was overwhelmed with work from other classes. I came to the conclusion that I wanted to share my story, as scary and riskful as that is, I chose to go with that. The second composition, the flier, was easier to come up with, I knew a face or the faces of immigrants full of pain and confusion were needed. I also had to recognize that adults wouldn't show their emotions as much as they were trying to be strong for their children, but children… seeing them in pain always reaches the deepest emotions even of naive Americans. I knew I had to target images of children, but then I had to figure out what to title this flier if I was going to include children. I thought back to why immigrants come to this country, and the first thing I could think about is a future. From there, the rest was pretty easy, my rhetorical situation was pretty obvious, the life of an immigrant. That has been my goal since the beginning, to show others what the life of an immigrant is like, to open the eyes of all to this overlooked topic.

\*THE FOLLOWING PAGES CONSISTS OF MY TWO COMPOSITIONS\*

Julie Abundez ; A Personal Narrative

“Where do I belong? - The thoughts of a Mexican Immigrant”

*Dedicated to Naive Americans*

I have come to the conclusion that I do not belong anywhere. I can't stay here because I have no future in this country… yea, I'll get my degree but I won't be able to get a job. Oh, I got it! I can move back to Mexico… oh wait… I know the language but I don't know the culture. You see, my family from Mexico tells me im white washed and wouldn't survive there, but then Im told I have no chance here so where do I belong? What to do now? The only life I have ever known has been in America, I don't remember Mexico, I have no clue what a warm embrace from my grandparents feels like, and I don't know my cousins. The closest thing I have to a family here is my parents, brothers and one uncle and aunt with their two kids that are here in the same situation. So many look at me and say, “your family is complete, you have health, and education what else do you want? Do you even know how many kids in other countries want that? Why are you always so stressed and worried? Why are you ungrateful?” To this I say, I'm sorry that you're so naive, coming here was not my choice, having to worry about coming home and not seeing my parents one day was not my choice, being afraid that my scholarship will be taken away for a failing grade and then I won't be able to pay for school, was not my choice.

A few months ago they opened up a new law to give immigrants a chance at a license in New york city, but before that I had no clue of at what age I would get behind a wheel, let alone start driving. Now… that was not the only thing that brought me down, it was the constant comparing of my life to the life of my classmates, doing this to myself was my choice, but the rest wasnt. In middle school, I had to watch as my classmates spoke about the flights they were taking with their family for summer vacation while I stood there quiet, knowing that my summer vacation was going to be made up of sitting for hours in a hot, musty car, stopping for pee breaks with seven other people. A road trip was and still is our only form of vacation, only this time everyone grew up and we no longer could fit in one car so now we use two. I thought my worries would stop at middle school, but then sooner or later senior year of highschool came, and once again I was comparing my life to the life of my classmates. I had to watch as all my classmates spoke about financial aid, there permits, taking a flight for our senior trip, and new part time jobs, I had to sit there wondering what my life would be like if my family had just stayed where we were. Would I have a calmer life? Would I still be studying or would I be married?

My life has been made up of what ifs, and no’s. I want a chance and I want to create a change, but first I want to be recognized as a person that is rightly allowed to be here because this is the only life I have ever known. I am 18 years old, bilingual, a student at The City College of New York, I graduated with an advanced regents diploma and ranked 16 in my senior class, I don't smoke or drink like many my age, all impressive and good right? Yet once I say I'm a Mexican immigrant others look at me strangely. Why? Because society has let naive Americans determine immigrants to be criminals, and thugs. There may be some rotten apples in the bunch but for the most part we are hard working people, that only focus on our lives and what we have to do to get by, yet we have to live in fear because society says we are armed and dangerous. For as long as I can remember I have not trusted one single political candidate with my life, and the lives of all immigrants, we are not wanted here by anyone that calls themself American. I ask you all to hear us out, to see us as real people, and recognize that your discrimination and turning of heads have affected many, from the youngest as I once was to the oldest.

