



*Going over homework with her teacher Mr. Chaney*

Some are good, like my language arts teacher, Mr. Chaney. He takes time to see what the problem is. When you need a little bit more help, he is always there, and he is funny in class. I think he is really interested in helping us. But for me it is hard if the teacher doesn't listen to me, because I need help and I'm trying to catch up a lot.

Sometimes I tell my teacher that I'm leaving and she'll give me work for the stuff I'm going to miss. But sometimes we are gone for too long, and I have to go to a new school. I don't remember all the schools I've been to. But I know I would rather stay in one place and go to one school. I know that is what my mother would want, too.

My mother tells Christina and me that if we don't want to end up like

her, we better go to school and get good grades. She helps me with my homework when she can and has always told me to learn English. I used to be real dumb in reading and writing in English. I hardly knew anything. They used to put me in classes that were in Spanish when I came to a new school. But my mom complained to my teachers and said that I could learn Spanish at home and that I needed to learn English at school. So I started to always take my classes in English. It was hard, but I learned by listening to the teachers talk in English, and I tried more and more to speak.

I speak English a lot now, like with my cousin Robert or in class and with my friends. Sometimes I talk with my friend Liz, who is in the migrant program, too. We study a lot together, and in P.E. we practice frog stands in the pool. I like having her as my friend.

My mom says that I should keep studying hard in school and when I get older, get a good career and have a house of my own. That is what I would like to give her, a little trailer or a house that is all hers. I think that my sister and I should do our best in school so when we are older we'll have good jobs. Then we could take care of our mother so she doesn't always have to take care of us. Because now it is hard and we have a lot of bills and we are always moving around. Sometimes she wants to give us things and she can't because she doesn't have the money. She needs to save up for the bills. My sister and I understand that she can't buy us things. I feel sad because I know she wants to buy us things. If I could, I would snap my fingers to give her everything. I wish she had just one job that was easier than working in the fields, that she would always be here, and that we had one home.