

This I no longer believe

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When I was a kid, I used to believe that everything in life was easy, that everything would be easy to get or to do. I would always dream about how my life would be when I was in high school and all the things I would have. When I was a kid of about 7 years old, my parents would give me everything that I needed. I remembered how I would just be home and my mom would come from work with clothes for me and my sister and it would make us so happy. I would run to her and ask her what she got me and I remember how she would just take it out and show me, it was a shirt with Demi Lovato on it and a pair of nice jeans to go with the shirt. It just made me excited. She always surprised us and it made her happy as well. I never worried about money or about what I needed because my parents were always there. I never heard my parents talk about how stressed they were or about how much they needed to work to earn enough money to support us. They seemed so cool about everything, so stress-free. I never stressed about anything, I was always that happy little girl. We would always go to the beach and the pool with my cousins and just have a calm day with no worries. I remember when I was 8, my mom would work and she would leave me and my sister at my cousin's house and we would just have so much fun there. My older cousin would be like "Ya wanna go to the pool" and we would all say "YES." I was so excited to go to the pool and swim. We stayed there until the pool closed and afterward we would go buy Chinese food and just chill and eat. We would also go to the park and we would stay there playing soccer. Everybody wanted me in there team because I was a really good soccer player. Nobody worried about phones, it was just about having fun. It would get dark outside and my mom would get out of work and come pick us up in the park, but

we would say “un ratito mas” (a little more time) She would tell my dad and my dad would tell my uncles and they would come with pizza and soda and it would just be the best day ever. When it was winter we would go to my cousin's house and build snowmen and have snowball fights. Those were the days I loved the most. Never stressed about school, never stressed about anything. I also always had a big imagination as I was growing up. There was this one time I told my parents when we were in the car that I will have a motorcycle when I got to high school. They would just say “yo quiero ver eso” (I would like to see) and laugh because they knew it wasn't that easy. I would say to myself that I will have a lot of money and have a job and go to college and buy anything I want and especially give in return what my parents always gave me not knowing how hard life was.

Everything changed when I was in middle school. I started getting so much homework and it just started stressing me out. I wasn't that happy little girl at most times anymore. I remember when I was in 6th grade, I would come home from school and just jump right into doing homework. The homework was so hard that it stressed me out and when I asked for help they wouldn't help me. I even started crying because I didn't know what to do. I would just write anything or answer it however I could. Throughout middle school, I realized life was not easy. The school was very stressful especially when I got to high school. One day I would have only one homework to do and that was good because I got to relax, but there were other days where the homework was too much, 2 essays, readings, answering questions and even sometimes a whole project to finish. Homework got even harder when I had AP classes. When I was a junior, I had AP

Biology and even though I liked my teacher her homework was very hard. Every night she would send us a reading to do and to answer some questions. The readings were long with a lot of small words on each page. Some people wouldn't even read which made us have quizzes the next day. One time she sent me a project to do and it took me a whole day to finish it. I was finishing the project like around midnight and that was only with the help of my sister. It was so stressful. When I was in senior year that was when my stress went up. I had AP literature and in that class, we had an essay every week. I would come up from lunch all happy and go to class and she would say "put everything away we have an essay today" with a smile on her face. I would be so mad. When I got the instructions for the essay I started getting stressed because sometimes I didn't understand what it was saying. I didn't know what to write. I would sit there 20 minutes just looking at my paper. I started getting information wrote some stuff down and just put my head down. My friend would be like "levantate Lised" (wake up Lised) thinking I was asleep when I wasn't. I would even see my friend (the smartest kid in class that did all his work) just sitting there with his blank essay in front because he had no clue what it was asking for. We didn't go out as much either because we had our own things to do. My sisters worked, my cousins worked. The park wasn't an everyday thing anymore. We barely went to the pool everyday only sometimes because it started getting a little boring. We were all grown up.

Christmas came and there were things I wanted to buy for my parents but couldn't because I had no money. The motorcycle I dreamed of never happened because I didn't even have a job. No job equals no money. My parents didn't buy me

clothes anymore only when I asked for it like pairs of jeans or shoes. I wanted to start looking for jobs so I could be independent and not depend on my parents anymore. Looking for jobs was very stressful as well because I applied in many places and they would just say “ I will call you if anything” I would be happy and just wait for a call but I never received one which started putting me down. I would say to myself “they will never call me” I wanted money but didn't have a job. I thought finding a job was going to be easy but I found out it was not.

Talking about college, in senior year I had to start filling out college applications, my FAFSA application and that stressed me out even more because I didn't know what college to go to or what to major in. To be honest I only chose 2 year and 4-year CUNY schools because I didn't want to go away. The process was long and stressful and the fact that I had to also go take my SATs. Even though it was stressful, I managed to get through it. I didn't even want to go because I would see how my sister would stress herself out. She would finish her homework late at night saying “I had to do a 10-page essay” or I would see her watching a movie because she needed to answer questions about. I would be so surprised and stressed for her and myself at the same time even though I didn't go to college yet. Seeing her, stressed me out and made me not want to go to college anymore. Life is not easy but you have to go through it and make it good, not stop when something is difficult and keep trying your best. Even though life is difficult and stressing I never gave up.