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Trabajo Con El Cuerpo

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Trabajo Con el Cuerpo

Suseth Fonseca

Mi papá trabaja con el cuerpo. Su papá lo sacó de la escuela a los 10 años para trabajar en la cosecha. Being the third oldest, he made him work to bring in more money for the family. Cuando tenía un descanso y regresaba a la casa se quitaba las botas para descansar. Mi tía Elena cocinaba, mientras mi abuelita se iba al pueblo comprando el mandado. My grandpa was a bracero in the U.S. who came home every year to enjoy his family for 8 months and then headed back to the U.S. for another seven years. My father followed his father's footsteps and crossed the border when he was 17 years old.

En Tijuana cruzó la frontera en un carruaje fúnebre donde se acostó en compañía de seis otras personas. He came here to work on a better job, but ended up working in factories. His whole life has consisted of cosecha or factory work. Whether electronic, food, or chemical waste facilities, my father worked in them. Dad is a strong, loving worker who does anything for his family. He is a man, who after working for hours, sleeps less because his daughters and his wife take up his nights.

When I was growing up, he came home cansado to deal with our antojos and our complaints of our "ruined" or "boring days." But, he sat there and listened because, finally, he is home with his girls. His girls, however, did not show much appreciation of his hard work at the time, but somehow made up for it in their playful summer vacations. During those vacations he encouraged us to keep up with our education "para que no acaben como yo . . . trabajando con el cuerpo porque no tengo educación." Now it's my turn to show him how much I appreciate his exhausting days after work. Cada vez que regreso al colegio su bendición me da las fuerzas para seguirle echando ganas para poder, un día, darle descanso a mi papá que ha trabajado mucho para darnos una buena vida.

REFLECTION

Writing is a freedom from all the memories inside me. I am able to bring those memories to life, setting them free from that dark room called my brain. These freewrites were my favorite part of the class because we all had similar but different stories to tell. My favorite prompt was the one telling a story that changed your life because prior to that moment I never knew how that story helped me change. After I finished my freewrite, I felt proud of myself because of the story I wrote.

The best part was being able to share and get compliments on the way I write. Sharing these freewrites helped me change and open up to people, I am a really introverted person but I was able to step out of my comfort zone and share my stories.

The process of writing these freewrites was straightforward. It was so easy to write something every day because even though I had not written in a long time, writing was once my passion. I did feel challenged because there were other amazing writers in that class who also helped me to grow as a writer. I did have trouble choosing only three freewrites to submit for publication because I had a lot of good ones. I did not think that some of my freewrites were appropriate for publishing, however. Overall, I enjoyed writing and having the opportunity to publish, which is so exciting.

Gracias.