

2016

Unprotected

Idette Lopez
Humboldt State University

Follow this and additional works at: <http://digitalcommons.humboldt.edu/courageouscuentos>

 Part of the [Bilingual, Multilingual, and Multicultural Education Commons](#), [Chicana/o Studies Commons](#), [Civic and Community Engagement Commons](#), [Community-Based Learning Commons](#), [Creative Writing Commons](#), [Curriculum and Instruction Commons](#), [Domestic and Intimate Partner Violence Commons](#), [Educational Sociology Commons](#), [Ethnic Studies Commons](#), [Feminist, Gender, and Sexuality Studies Commons](#), [Gender and Sexuality Commons](#), [History Commons](#), [Inequality and Stratification Commons](#), [Latin American Languages and Societies Commons](#), [Latina/o Studies Commons](#), [Modern Literature Commons](#), [Politics and Social Change Commons](#), [Race and Ethnicity Commons](#), [Reading and Language Commons](#), and the [Theory, Knowledge and Science Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Lopez, Idette (2016) "Unprotected," *CouRaGeouS Cuentos: A Journal of Counternarratives*: Vol. 1, Article 14.
Available at: <http://digitalcommons.humboldt.edu/courageouscuentos/vol1/iss1/14>



This work is licensed under a [Creative Commons Attribution-Noncommercial 4.0 License](#)

© 2016 Department of Critical Race, Gender & Sexuality Studies (CRGS) at Humboldt State University.

This Counternarratives and Reflections is brought to you for free and open access by Digital Commons @ Humboldt State University. It has been accepted for inclusion in CouRaGeouS Cuentos: A Journal of Counternarratives by an authorized administrator of Digital Commons @ Humboldt State University. For more information, please contact kyle.morgan@humboldt.edu.

Unprotected

Idette López

To My Best Friend.

I know things happen every day to people who are different. Different, meaning not being White, Male, Heterosexual, a U.S. Citizen and the list of differences goes on. Sometimes being different can put you in life-threatening situations. Here I write about one situation out of many out there that are being silenced and ignored.

I was just dropped off by my dad and his friend in front of the bus stop. I was waiting for my best friend. All my peers were starting to show up. Finally, my best friend shows up and started to cross the street to get over to us. Suddenly, I see a small car come out of nowhere and two white males around their twenties came out of the car. I noticed they were taking something out of the car. They have poles like the tetherball ones. They start yelling at my friend calling him names and then I hear words like “faggot” and “Gay”. They beat him.

Over
and
Over

I didn't know what to do, I was scared. I knew it wasn't going to end well. Right when I started to walk over to the edge of the street, I saw a familiar car.

It was my dad! He was yelling at the people who were beating up my friend from inside the car. The guys ran inside their cars and drove away. My dad, who is still undocumented and doesn't have a license, followed behind them. (He didn't catch them, instead he drove back to us and waited for the bus to show

up.) I ran over to my best friend and picked him up. His face was bleeding and swelling. He looked like he had several broken bones all over his body.

The bus arrived. We told the bus driver what happened. He alerted the other bus drivers and the school. We picked up the rest of the students and headed to our middle school. Once we got there the nurse and principal came and got my friend. That's all I really remember. My best friend the next day thanked my dad. I thanked my dad. I wasn't able to do anything, but my dad, who isn't protected or recognized by the United States, did something.

Up to today my best friend and I have been best friends for almost 15 years and counting. He is gay and proud. I'm happy for him. I don't know when exactly the world will become more accepting of others, but I hope it does happen soon.

My dad is still a great person who stands up for what is right. He is still undocumented, but is working on getting his papers; he started the process about two years ago. Oh and for those who don't know, it may take more than 15 years to have the right to apply for citizenship. Hopefully, fingers crossed my dad gets them soon.

All people should be protected regardless of their differences to one another. We are all Human. We just live different lives.

Reflection

During the process of writing, I noticed that what I wrote about the most were things I had forgotten. As I wrote down my thoughts on the page, I would picture the scenes in my mind and then try to understand what was going on at the time. At times, the image was soothing but others were more upsetting so that I eventually broke down and cried in class.

All our class members wrote about their own lived experiences and that requires a lot of courage. There are many things that we all experience, and at times they are too much to handle, but these stories have to be shared. The three freewrites I ended up choosing were events in my life that I wrote about often in the class. These came up so often that I felt they had to be

shared. Although I picked three, there are two that I want to share. The one about working in the fields is important to share because I want people to imagine what happens in the fields. The days in the field turns into routines for the piscadores.

The second freewrite that I shared was about my best friend. He is proudly gay, but being gay isn't accepted in society. Sharing that specific story is relevant because he isn't the only victim of hate. In order to share this story, I asked him for permission and he let me share it with you. I believe I am not a very strong writer, but that doesn't mean my stories are not significant to share. The people in these stories all have lives because we all are human beings.