Fluid In Different Worlds

Emjay Díaz
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

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 the Journals at 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.
Fluid in Different Worlds

As a queer first generation Chicanx college student, I have faced many obstacles throughout my life. I have had to manage between worlds: the American world through the English view; transition to the Spanish world—proud of being Mexican; and a Queer world—where I was always being judged. The worlds I navigate through, up to this day keep alienating me. Not two worlds, but three worlds—in one colonized globe. People keep judging and oppressing other people based on their identities.

As a child, I was told by my father that I was no one in this world, just another nobody in society. According to him, I had the "wrong" friends, made the "wrong" decisions, and "wrong" actions became what I did. I rarely had anyone pushing me forward to succeed. Teachers tried to encourage me to engage more with my education; however, at the end of the day my home always shaped my point of view in the world.

Change and a long process has brought me to where I am now. Everything seemed to go from wrong to wrong, making it right. One afternoon I was walking the streets of downtown LA with a friend. Suddenly, a green vehicle pulled us over, one of the passengers pulled out a handgun and pointed it straight at me. They were looking for someone. My mind went blank; that someone was me. A loud scream from the guy holding the gun, Plah! The gun went off. All I heard was laughter coming from inside of the vehicle. My mind was still blank, while the anxiety was rapidly building-up inside of me. I could not have told my mother, never mind my father!
Somehow, my mother knew. She always found out, always without my father's help. She sent me away. I was only thirteen years old, surviving the challenges from living in a gang-affiliated neighborhood. At that moment, my identity and view of the world changed drastically. I lost half a year of school when I had to leave L.A. Eventually I returned, and I was a different. Life is change, a work in progress.

When I was fourteen, I had no choice but to confront my family. I was returning from a long day at school, keep in mind every day at school is a long day; my family (cousins, siblings, aunts, uncles, my mom, and not my father) were just sitting there, staring at me—often I felt hostility at home, but this time it was suffocating. I had no choice, I mean the way I dressed already had given my relatives an idea.

They trapped and cornered me. They needed to judge me. I confronted them and spoke my truth. I got acceptance, rejection, and mixed feelings. Two months later, I chopped off my long beautiful thick hair. Chopping off my hair set me free from a floating cage of judgment. High school was another world, one that got me to where I am now. After four years, high school led me to the changes I have done in my young life up to now. Leaving home was the best thing I could have ever done for myself.

After such an experience, my views will still be in constant change. My self-love, self-acceptance, self motivation are still works in progress today. I choose to believe in myself beyond what I think I am capable of doing in this world. I choose to love myself, and feel comfortable with myself. Encouraged by having succeeded beyond my early dreams, I stay optimistic for myself and for the future ahead of me. If I do not take leadership and control over my life, then where will end up?