

I attend Fargo South High School. I am in the ninth grade and this is my story.

Imagine being my mom. She was single with two little boys in the Darfur region of North Sudan running for her life because of a terrible civil war. I was born in a refugee camp in, Kenya. My mom decided to go to another refugee camp because it was very crowded.

The soldiers were killing all the boys and men they could find. My mom is a very smart, brave woman. She cut the hair of my older brother so he looked like a girl and tied me to her back so they thought she had a deformed hump. She walked past the soldiers and saved our lives. We made it safely to another refugee camp in Kenya.

When I lived in Kenya I learned two languages: Swahili and Arabic. We lived in this camp and I went to school there until third grade. My mom talked about moving and I didn't understand why or where. My mom applied to move to the US. The big day came and we were forced to move quickly and leave everything behind. We were coming to America! I was nine years old and really scared.

As I came to the US, I remember it was fall and Fargo would become our new home. I first thing I remember seeing in Fargo was that the leaves on the trees were yellow and orange. This surprised me because all the leaves I had ever seen were always green. Fargo was super clean and quiet. This was a better place to live than our old life.

But, then came time to go to American school. I was nervous! I went to Lincoln Elementary School in Fargo. I was in fourth grade. I started learning English as my third language. I started with the alphabet. English was hard to learn.

We moved to north Fargo at the end of my fifth grade and my trouble began. I started disobeying my mom and making bad choices like missing curfew and not listening to her rules. I behaved bad until the middle of sixth grade.

In the middle of sixth grade, I joined Legacy but I was still a lousy kid. I was both physically and mentally bad. School was really tough for me and I was causing trouble because nothing made sense to me. I was reading at the third grade level. Then, in seventh grade Mrs. Dehne

suggested that I leave school two hours early so I could take reading classes at Legacy. My mom and I decided this was a good idea.

After doing Sylvan for 3 years I began to like it because it was getting easy. I am now at grade level in reading. This would not have happened without Legacy and Ben Franklin Middle School working together to get me ready for high school. My mind was calming. I began to think about my disrespectful actions. My mom and Legacy made me realize that I need to do well in school or otherwise I will fail in life.

So after my mom telling me that, I began to think about how I want to prove that I am a different person. I want to be known as a person who cares about others. I love going to the Gladys Rae Shelter with food, warm clothes and blankets for the veterans and people who are homeless and hungry. This helps me feel happy inside that I can make a difference. I try to do daily service projects during the summer.

In the future, I want to become a doctor to help people the way my mom and Legacy have helped me.

Thank you for listening to my story.