

## “The Giants”

“That summer the sun had me sweating like a dog.” I could identify with that phrase from that song. For ten years I’ve been battling with the strongest heat waves, where my own body betrayed me to the point of extreme dehydration. My brain was at its red zone, and my mind was playing tricks with me. My blood had turned into lava and my heart into the volcano that kept erupting. The New Mexico onion fields were not a place for a normal person. That is exactly what I am determined not to be. What makes me unique or abnormal is the fact that I’ve been a migrant workers most of my life.

I lived in a house where carpeted floors and air conditioning were luxuries. Hot water did not run through the sinks and showers. Poverty was what I would wear to schools every day. The summers were the hottest and the winters were harsh and painful. My family depended on seasonal planting and harvesting of onion from Texas to Colorado. We ate potatoes in every way you could ever prepare them. When you’re hungry you have to use your imagination. My parents never had the money to buy me clothes. I saved up the money I earned from my back-breaking labor to go to the mall once a year. In Foot Locker, I would buy plain colored shirts, tow for nineteen ninety-nine. That’s when my ambition was born and so did the will to improve my circumstances. My future generations would not suffer the way I did. Extreme poverty would end here with me.

From then on, I have become like a hungry lion, and prosperity is the only prey that will satisfy my hunger. My motivations are those teachers who have said to me “You’re not going to graduate, kids like you are the ones that end up in jail.” Those words have pushed me through the years and have motivated me. Now I am inches away from graduation, and my road to success has just begun. I do not plan to work in the fields all my life, but it is the foundation to building a hardworking man. The fields have only started the engines of determination, desire, and effort, thus the materials needed to make all my dream to come true. I know that education is the rainbow that leads me to the pot of gold. I hope to one day become a music producer, for music is my passion. I will put all my effort and dedication into making this

happen. I have lived in poverty all my life; I hope one day to go back to those neighborhoods I left behind, but this time to inspire those young adults who are living the life I once did.

I have not only planted onions in those fields, but the seeds of my hopes and dreams. For this reason I shall harvest accomplished goals and my dreams with spout realities. The soil where I planted those seeds is rich and fertile, for they grow in my heart, and I know that the fruit that blossoms from them will feed my optimistic mentality. I feel like David who has defeated the giants of poverty, misery, and austerity.

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