

Dimitra Ramos

Professor Stephanie A. Lopez

English 160

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Title

- missing title

My mother, Dimitra's grandmother, didn't let me go away for university. Whenever I asked her why, she would just tell me, "¿Y por qué tienes que ir tan lejos si tienes lo mismo aquí?" This would translate into "Why do you need to go so far if you have the same thing here?" Whether I liked it or not, I had to listen to her indirect, yet direct way of saying that I wasn't allowed to go away to university. I would later pursue my higher education at CUNY Hunter College with goals of becoming a podiatrist. During this time of the 1970s, I had recently heard about the spread of HIV/AIDS. Out of fear, my dreams of becoming a doctor would dwindle because I knew that I wanted to start a family down the line. If I had become exposed to these diseases in anyway, I knew that my chances of starting a family could be cut slim to none. Since I knew that I wanted to remain in the medical field, I would devote myself to becoming a medical receptionist, which I consider to be a highlight of my life.

When Rebecca, Dimitra's best friend, decided to go to SUNY New Paltz, I knew that it was going to be one of the several universities that she would research for the rest of her junior year at Pelham Preparatory Academy, and later on apply to as a senior. As a result of her best friend going to school there, she would want to visit often. Not only did I let her visit her friend, but I also let her visit the university, being that I wasn't even given that option when I was her age. When she would come back home from her two or three days in New Paltz, my ears were

your good at describing your characters emotions through the writing.  
- cherrin

I think the translation breaks the flow of your intro -

maybe cut it?

This narrative jump seems a bit abrupt.

which was on

two separate words

Rebecca or you?

not only greeted with the comfort of her voice, but also with the excitement she had in telling me what she did during those days. She would come back telling me that they took a drive to the Poughkeepsie Galleria, they attended an on-campus showcase, or even cooked my own recipe. Hearing these things made me content; my youngest daughter was experiencing the world outside of the Bronx, being that the Bronx is all she had for most of her life. However, this was not the first time that I had let her experience what the world has to offer.

I first started sending her to Camp Kesem, a camp that is dedicated to supporting the children of cancer patients, being that I am a cancer survivor. Best wishes to your mother. My mother is also a cancer survivor. At first, she would be hesitant in attending since she would have to share a cabin and use communal bathrooms for a week. Little did she know that this was going to be her life in just a few years, but instead of being a camper or counselor-in-training, she would be a college student. When she came back from her week long stay at the camp, she would tell me how she completed the outdoor ropes course, even though she was really scared. I I would then allow her to attend her high school's annual and fully funded trip to the University of Vermont. A few months later, I would find myself sitting outside of the Christopher Columbus High School Campus? on my apple red walker, waving "goodbye" to the beige and white coach bus that was taking my miracle baby to Virginia for her high school senior trip. I would think that after allowing her to leave the state of New York on several occasions, I that I would be "ready" to send her off to university for four years. I thought the same thing when I allowed to my oldest daughter, Anabelle, to study in SUNY Onondaga Community College. Quite frankly, I thought wrong. Although I would have loved for my children to stay home for their college careers, I wanted them to do what I couldn't do. I wanted them to have the opportunities that I never got to take. Essentially, I want them to be better than me.

the the true comparison between each is detail and in order - chron. (which is good I like it)

When I received Dimitra's routine "I am on my way home" call on a rather chilly day of March, she told me that she committed to SUNY New Paltz about two hours before the call. I responded with, "I knew that you were going to choose that school", instead of congratulating her decision. Based on everything that she had told me about the campus life she had already experienced there, along with the immense amount of research she did on the school, I was able to tell that this was the school that she wanted to attend. She would later respond with "Okay, I guess. Thank you, I guess". I would then wait for the harsh wind to stop blowing, and then explain my response to her.

March to August seemed like a long time, but definitely flew right by us. When she got home the night she committed to SUNY New Paltz, I would mention ~~the~~ walking her beloved dogs and how it might become an issue for me. For about six years, Smokey and Pokey went outside with Dimitra for their walks. They would grow accustomed to the speed of her steps, along with the path of her nose. She would have specific walks for specific weather conditions, specific time constraints, along with specific pedestrian traffic like the nearby Catholic school blocking off the street from their graduation. Being that I use a walker, it is difficult for me to complete such tasks like this. For the next four years and with some exceptions, her "handsome babies" as she calls them, would have to get used to my speed and my paths. I didn't think this was going to be an issue for Smokey, our first dog, who spent most of his early life going outside with me. Luckily, it isn't However, walking this father and son duo is taking a toll on me. Since I am old ~~in age~~, my knees and arms become fatigued easily, hence my use of a walker. As a result of walking the dogs, I usually meet my king sized bed about twenty minutes after returning from

the walk. I will usually take a three hour nap, and then wake up with a few more hours left to feed them, as well as a couple more hours to give them their evening walk.

Fragment

sands, maybe?

Dimitra is not a fan of hearing dissonant things. Whether it is actually hearing a choppy drumline, or hearing someone's complaints about the weather. In this case, my concerns of walking the dogs and how we could possibly afford the education that she wants would drive her away from me, the person that she calls her friend. Although I didn't like to make these comments, I feel like they needed to be said and addressed, especially because I am legally disabled, senior-citizen, single parent living in an apartment with fluctuating rent fees.

↳ maybe <sup>add</sup> ~~have~~ another sentence to make the piece end more sharply. - Marie.

As the child of a disabled single Latina mother, I very much empathize with this piece. Well done! Please review my feedback and let me know if you have any questions.