

Sophia De Leon

Mr. Luna

History 2

September 28, 2016

Narrative Essay

Title: Eye am a fighter

Key Words: Confidence, Motivation, Limitless

Abstract: Maria was mistaken for an animal as her family was hunting for food, because they did not have enough money. Her clothes were tattered which was why she was mistaken. Growing up she felt like an outsider, because of this, she used her spare time to work towards her education. She accomplished things any person should be recognized for, and she did this with one eye. Everyone around her knows that she is special and now she believes it too.

Eye Am A Fighter

“Beauty is in the eye of the beholder, singular.” My mother, Maria said this to herself as a child to make her feel better about herself. She had a horrific accident when she was younger and instead of taking her life, it took her eye instead. Growing up wasn’t easy for her. Her family did not have a lot of money, and she was always looked at as an outcast. But her past is what made her strong today.

“Her eyes are gorgeous,” said everyone who met Maria before the accident. As a child her best feature was her eyes they stood out the most. They sparkled and could brighten up anyone’s day. But one day her parents went out to go hunting for wild boar, because they did

not have enough money to buy food, and took my mother, a toddler at the time, with them. They went to the same area each time that was near a small shack. The shack was in a small open area right outside of the forest. The forest was a barrier that the children never passed because that is where the men hunted for boar. It was an unspoken rule they had. My grandpa was in the forest hunting that day with his friends while his wife was in the shack cleaning while their daughter was playing right outside the door.

Maria missed her father and wanted to play with him, so she ventured into the forest looking for him. At this time she was dressed in old torn clothing. They were poor and could not afford anything new. The clothes were so old that they turned brown. They were so brown that they looked similar to animal fur. This is what other hunters thought when they saw her small figure walking in the forest. Instead of finding her dad, she was shot, twice, one of those shots were directly in the eye by one of the other hunters. She immediately fell to the ground and screamed.

Shots were still being fired. My grandfather heard the sound of his daughter in pain and rushed to her side. He was in dark clothing and blended in with his surroundings so when he reached Maria he was shot multiple times as well. The other hunters were too far away to know if he was a man or an animal. He picked up Maria and rushed her to the hospital. She survived the gun wounds but her eye couldn't be saved. The bullet destroyed her optic nerve. For the rest of her life she would only be able to see out of one eye.

She was beautiful. Long, thick brown hair, slim body, pretty face, but only one eye. Sunglasses became her go-to accessory. When she wore sunglasses she felt as if she was normal like everyone else. But under the glasses she felt disgusted with herself. She thought

that she wasn't pretty, she hated herself. People treated her differently and teased her because of this.

She had only one friend. Because her number of friends were so scarce she spent most of her time studying and trying her best in school. All the hard work that she put in paid off in the end. Instead of going to parties or going on dates she stayed home and did her homework and studied her butt off. She was then accepted to San Jose State. She wanted to go so badly but did not have the money for it. She looked and looked and applied for as many scholarships as she could. Each one she applied to she had to write an essay. In each essay she told her story of how she almost lost her life and how she worked so hard to get to where she was. Within a matter of weeks she was receiving thousand and thousands of dollars to pay for school.

One day, after her parents saved up a large amount of money, they were able to purchase a glass eye for their daughter. The glass eye wasn't like a glass ball. It was like a large contact that went over her bad eye. It looked like as if nothing happened. Her eyelids both worked so she no longer had to wear sunglasses to conceal her eye. But something that she noticed immediately was that people started treating her differently. They treated her like she was one of her peers. She gained more friends but felt uncomfortable. She realized that she only began to gain friends because they thought that she was finally pretty. She didn't like that. She preferred to stay with the friends she had before she got her glass eye. Those were real friends to her. They didn't care about how she looked. They liked her for what she was inside.

Even though her flaw was concealed by a glass lens, she still felt insecure about her eye. She let these insecurities get the best of her. When Maria was in college she worked at the local news station in San Jose as an intern. She loved it. She wanted to become a female

anchor. At one point she had the opportunity. The current anchor was sick and she was asked to fill in, but she turned it down because she thought she wasn't pretty enough. She was afraid that if people found out about her eye that they would mock her and it would be like elementary school all over again. This is something that she always regrets turning down. She could have had her dream job but was too scared to grasp the opportunity.

Right after college she was asked to work in the recreation department of San Jose. She worked sometimes six days a week and would have to leave her house at 5 in the morning to beat the traffic. But she was a hard worker, and her employers noticed. From there she began receiving multiple raises and promotions. Her hard work was paying off. Her employers knew about her eye and told her, "You don't need eyes to see someone's potential." This is something that she has always lived by. She tells this to all of her employees at the recreation department for the city of Gilroy where she is currently the director.

The more my mother grew the more she learned to accept that she isn't perfect and to see herself as a beautiful, one of a kind human hand-made by God and that there is no one else like her. Also that no one is perfect, not even close. But her mind is the most beautiful of all because she turned the most negative quality in her life into her most positive motivation. "That bullet should have killed me, but maybe God put me here on this earth because I was going to have children who will change the world. He let me stay to be your mother, and I am glad he did."