

Walking Home: Growing Up Hispanic in Houston

I remember the first time I walked home from school by myself. I was in the third grade, and my parents had finally given me permission to walk the two blocks from my elementary school to our house.



Walking Home: Growing Up Hispanic in Houston

by Sarah Cortez

★★★★☆ 4.7 out of 5

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I was excited and scared at the same time. I had been practicing my route with my mom for weeks, but I was still worried about getting lost or being kidnapped.

As I walked, I tried to look confident, even though I was secretly terrified. I didn't want to show any weakness to the other kids who were walking home from school.

I passed by the park, where I had spent many happy hours playing with my friends. I passed by the grocery store, where my mom would take me to buy groceries every week.

Finally, I reached my house. I was so relieved to be home safe and sound.

I went inside and told my mom that I had made it home okay. She smiled and hugged me.

"I'm so proud of you," she said.

I smiled back. I was proud of myself, too.

That was the first time I walked home from school by myself. It was a small accomplishment, but it was a big step for me.

I was growing up and becoming more independent. I was also learning more about my culture and my place in the world.

I grew up in a working-class Hispanic family in Houston, Texas. My parents were both immigrants from Mexico. They came to the United States in search of a better life.

They worked hard to provide for their family. My father worked as a construction worker. My mother worked as a maid.

I am grateful for the sacrifices that my parents made for me. They gave me a better life than they had.

I am proud of my Hispanic heritage. It has shaped who I am today.

I am a strong and independent woman. I am also a compassionate and caring person.

I believe that my culture has taught me the importance of family and community.

I am proud to be Hispanic. I am proud of my culture and my heritage.

I am grateful for the life that I have been given. I am grateful for my parents and for the sacrifices that they have made for me.

I am grateful for the opportunity to share my story with others. I hope that my story will inspire others to be proud of their own culture and heritage.

Thank you for reading.



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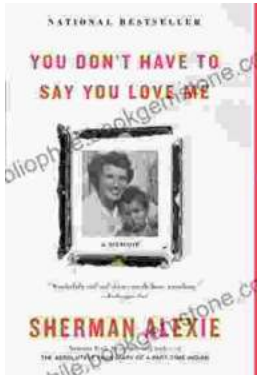
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