



# First-Gen Voices: Creative and Critical Narratives on the First-Generation College Experience

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Volume 1  
Issue 1 *Pioneers! O Pioneers!*

Article 22

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April 2014

## Personal Statement

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### Recommended Citation

Gonzalez, Alvaro (2014) "Personal Statement," *First-Gen Voices: Creative and Critical Narratives on the First-Generation College Experience*: Vol. 1 : Iss. 1 , Article 22.

Available at: <https://digitalcommons.lmu.edu/fgv/vol1/iss1/22>

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## Personal Statement

Is that really all I have to offer this world?

I get kicked in the fucking nuts, then they want to hear about how it felt.

You did this! You put me in this position! You perpetuated the constant  
oppression of my people!

And now you tell me my only way out is an education. And now you tell me to  
pull myself up after you've been forcing me down for years.

You mock me. You tell me to tell you how it felt. How it felt to be spit on and  
how it felt to be shit on.

You tell me this is the only way you can educate me as if its some sick joke. You  
know about my struggle, but you want to hear about it in detail. You want to hear  
how much better I am than the people around me.

You want to hear my pleas for help, pleas you illicit, so you can come down from  
the sky and save me.

Save me.

Save me from what? From the crime you caused, from the community you destroyed, from the family you threaten.

I don't need to be saved. I don't want to tell you how rough my life was. There are many people who live more difficult lives, people who didn't make it to college.

Yet here we are. You ask me to tell you how my community impacted me. You have no fucking clue. You have no clue what it's like not being able to go out after dark for fear of your life; you have no idea how dangerous a walk to the 7-11 is; you have no idea the fear I live with every day.

Yet you want to hear every vivid detail. Like a housewife with her romance novels. You lust over my adversities. You drool over my successes.

You tell me I made it in spite of being a poor, brown, first gen kid.

I'll tell you I made it to where I am today because of that.