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February 28, 2018

HCOM 328L

### Final Draft of Digital Story

As a kid I grew up feeling confused about if my dad loved me or he was trying to avoid being in my life. The poverty that I faced as a kid is what got me to think about such ideas, because my dad had to come to the United States for months in order to support us. I was around four or five years old when I started to feel like my dad didn't love me, but every time that I would see him back in Mexico he would bring me back the best present ever, his smile. I loved having him with us, but I would only get to be with him for such a small time that I had to learn how to cherish every single moment of my life that I got to spend with him. As he kept abandoning me I started to feel hate towards him, because he would go and spend just a few minutes of his life with me, he would spend most of his time with his dad. I started to learn how to avoid loving his smile every time he came back to my life, because at the end; he would always leave me or ignore my family. The person that took his role in my life was my brother, always there to help and protect me from everything. My older brother stopped going to school in order to support us, and whenever he would get paid he would take us out to eat. My brother became my dad, a person that protected us, loved us and was there for me at all times. He became the father figure in my life. One day out of nowhere I find out that my brother was now abandoning my mom, brother and myself. I felt like poverty was taking everything away from me, but instead of thinking about my brother leaving to help us, I felt like he was leaving me without a dad at all. I had to understand that my dad and brother were leaving me because they wanted me to stop suffering from the lifestyle I had. I have a beautiful memory that my brother gave me, and that is when for Los Reyes Magos he sent money for my mom to buy me a

scooter, I still have it. My brother wanted me to stop using hand-me-down clothes, and my mom to stop going from house to house trying to find used books because she couldn't afford to buy me new ones. They wanted me to be able to have a five pesos bolsita de garbanzos and take the bus home instead of walking miles home just because I wanted the garbanzos. Thanks to my brother forcing my dad para que nos arreglar I am studying today. I am going to school because he forced me, and he showed me how not going to school was going to affect my life in the future. He still takes care of me like a dad, and forces me to stay in school and set goals in my life.