



photo taken by elementary student, Jacob Sammons

Just a Line

a story by Jennifer, eleventh grade writer



What is this thing? Is it a division? A plain simple wall? Why was it even built? To me, and I am sure to others too, it's just a line, plain and simple. This line makes us far apart, but we can pretty much just jump to the other side. One wall won't stop people from trying. It hasn't before, and it never will. I never understood the point of breaking up in things in general. I understand that without divisions things would be a complete riot, but why do we have to stop people from coming?

Shouldn't we be free to go where we want? Apparently not. Castro never let his people out, and we don't let people in unless they have 'the card.'

Brownsville and Matamoros--just minutes away. No big deal, at least when everything is calm. Some kids come every day to our schools from Matamoros, and others stopped coming when the 'dealers' started taking over. Many, many families and friends are in danger every day in Mexico, with their Mafia battles they have where the soldiers are trying to stop the 'dealers' from trying to take over Mexico. When I turn the T.V. on, the Mexican news reporters come out talking about a new shooting taking place only five miles from where I live. With just a jump, they might come here and start shooting at us.

Here in Brownsville, we are practically pure Mexicans. We share Mexican cultures. During 'Charro Days,' we all dress up in different Mexican costumes, yet we don't let Mexican citizens come and stay in our country without their papers. And yes, it's a form of protecting our country from overcrowding in a way, but this border doesn't stop them. A lot of illegal people still come into our country. We might as well just let them come even if they don't have papers. We are allowed into their side without papers. We just go party, trash their place and come back like we own their place. That's not right; they don't deserve it. They come here, and we start talking bad about them and we forget we are part of them. We know their culture and we follow it. We can't say we don't. We certainly love those Mexican tacos, right?

No matter how we try to get to our point, not a lot of people would hear me, or us. We are a little tiny city five minutes away from Mexico. As much as I try to put my opinions out there about the border, I don't get very far.

I'm only one person in this world. The way I think is different from others. We are all different, but we should all be treated the same, no matter what is cutting between us- -a body of water, mountains, snow and ice, or just a simple border line.

What do you like about Jennifer's writing style? Which writing trait(s) does she excel with?

What story or poem might you write inspired by this photograph?