

Student Model

November 30, 2007

Dear Mrs. Price,

Do you remember me? I am Rachel. I was in your 6th grade class in 1996. I was the skinny little girl that was shy and was a loner. Now I am 22 years old. I am in college now studying to be a teacher.

It was eleven years ago today when you embarrassed me in front of all of my classmates. Today is my birthday! Also, eleven years ago you made me the most unhappy eleven-year-old in the world. It all started with that ugly red sweater.

You remember that ugly, big, red mountain you put on my desk and accused me of it being mine. You believed Sylvia Salvidar when she said it was mine! But we both know now that it wasn't mine. You didn't even care of what I was going to say. You didn't say you were sorry when Phyllis Lopez admitted it was hers. Also, when I cried in front of all of my classmates you just turned to page 32 and math problem number 4. The sweater was "not mine, not mine, not mine!" I wanted to be invisible like when a balloon gets away from you and looks like a little tiny "o" in the sky. You close your eyes to see it and it's gone. That's what I wanted to be.

I guess I am like the fall season. Every year I change my leaves and every year I am a different color of leaves. I have changed and learned a lot since 6th grade. I am studying to be a teacher to help all the other Rachels in the sixth grade and help them not go through what you made me go through.

Well, now it's goodbye because I have no more to say. I am just happy that I got that out of me.

Sincerely,
Rachel
(Karina Alejo)

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