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My name is Gwandoya.

I am an immigrant from Ghana and I moved to the United States. Through hard work and perseverance, I am accepted into Georgia Tech. Knowing my mother and father are proud of me means everything, and I know that moving from Ghana was the right decision.

Today is the first day of my bachelor's degree. The professor mispronounces my name. Everyone laughs. I tell him the correct way to pronounce my name. Everyone laughs at my broken English. The professor tells me it is easier to call me "G". I refuse and say that is not my name; sir, my name is Gwandoya. I hear snickers and laughs in the background. I hear people calling me names, and throwing papers. I hear the professor scoff in annoyance. I hear jeers urging me to move back to Africa. Do they not know that Africa is a continent? Can they tell me the name of a single country there?

My name is Gwandoya.

I go to my first job interview for an internship. The man tells me to get rid of my braids because I look "too ghetto." He tells me to invest in an English tutor to fix my broken English. Does he even care about my qualifications? The interview is over.

My name is Gwandoya.

I walk the campus of my university. Everyone shies away from me because I have an "African scent." One girl is brave enough to tell me that if I stop wearing my traditional Ghanaian garb and dress like an American, more people will talk to me.

My name *was* Gwandoya.

I allow the professors to call me "G" because it is easier.

My name *was* Gwandoya.

I laugh away the jokes people make about me and Gwandoya. I perm my hair and wear the clothes everyone else wears. I fix my accent. I get the job. Everyone begins to like me. I begin to feel joyous. I am exactly who they want me to be.

What was my name?