**My music and my English**

Music to some is music to their ears, something that they enjoy singing alone to and dancing too. To others it’s more than just the enjoyment and just dancing. It’s a teaching tool.

 When you think of music and how it’s created and the purpose of it, how do you feel?

Music is a very engaging thing to a lot of people, so it’s no wonder it helped me.

 I was born in Las Vegas, Nevada raised by two parents that didn’t even know the littlest bit of english. I have four older sisters and one older brother making me the youngest of six. By the time I was starting school I mostly knew Spanish, I could barely speak english. It was pretty shabby. I was enrolled in ESL in first grade to work on my english.

 One day, I remember coming home and one of my sisters was over she was listening to Rolling in the Deep by Adel on her computer. I remember being so mesmerized by how somebody could sing so beautifully and so fluently. So amazed by how easily she was using the language that I was struggling with so much. Even as a little first grader I’d hear everyone speak it so nice and so fluently, and here’s me struggling or having a “accent” as they would tell me. Rolling in the Deep became my all time favorite song. I would listen to it every single day, I knew the full lyrics by heart, I sang and sang it till I felt like I sounded like her. Later, I started listening to more music, there was a little bit of pop rock and lady gaga. I started to love english music much more. I started listening to everything the lyrics, how’d they pronounce the words, the accents, the emotions, and the feelings. Reading the lyrics helped a lot. I was learning new words and slowly but surely started pronouncing them perfectly.

 By the time I was going into 2nd grade, me and my music moved to Nebraska. I started off at this elementary school named Central Park Elementary. I remember being so scared because I thought I still wasn’t good enough at my english, but turns out I had many supportive teachers. My second grade homeroom teacher is one I’ll never forgot and I always thank her for everything she did. She had the most faith in me. She helped me out with so many things, she was so supportive. I was still enrolled in ESL classes, even with that barrier of not knowing how to communicate fluently, I was still an honor roll student. Things started getting worse for me in the middle of second grade. I developed a stutter my teachers got note of that and always played music. I remember mentioning to them that I loved music especially Adel and Lady Gaga and that’s what I would hear when I was with them. Every time I would go into my ESL class, my ESL teacher would have music playing, it made everything so much better. It was a blessing to hear, although I knew I wasn’t perfect at my english, one day I would speak it with no problem. It would just be a matter of time.

 That summer was the best summer I ever had, I went to this summer school all we really did was go on field trips and be with friends. It was definitely my favorite time as a second grader becoming a 3rd grader the upcoming year, I knew I was going to get a fresh start. I was used to being the new girl that didn’t know a lot of english and I didn’t want to be that anymore, so I practiced and practiced music until I got the full lyrics down and it helped. It was time for the new school year and I was nervous, I was known, but not for anything positive. If it wasn’t one thing it was another, I was the new girl with the Mexican accent, everyone was so surprised on how much better my english was getting I started feeling more confident in how I was speaking. I stopped taking ESL class, everything was getting better for me. Well, at least my english was. The more I talked and communicated with people, and the more musicians I heard, the better it was getting. I started losing my accent and started losing my stutter because when have you heard a famous singer stutter?

 It came to a point where my stutter and my accent were pretty much gone, but that wasn’t the end. In 7th grade, I moved back to Las Vegas and went to a middle school there. I finally felt like I was with my people, there were a lot of Hispanics. The problem was many of them didn’t speak Spanish at all! I didn’t want to be the only fluent speaking one, I wanted to be like the rest. I didn’t see how valuable speaking Spanish was, I didn’t treasure it at all from only knowing Spanish to having to pretend like I didn’t know any. It was pretty difficult, I hated it, but I had already painted an imagine of myself so there was no going back. Everyday before school I would walk to school with my headphones in listening to Spanish music. Cumbias, Norteñas, Huapango, Banda, the list goes on and on. I would listen to anything and everything because I knew once I walked into that school I’d have to pretend and act like I didn’t know any Spanish, it was a distraction from a lie. I did this for a year I felt so relieved once my parents told me we were going back to Omaha. I was so excited. I got a second chance, a fresh start, I started embracing my culture , and my language, I knew that I could speak both languages even the one I’ve worked so hard to not speak. I started performing for a Mexican dance academy. it was ballet folklorico. I loved the music the dresses the dancing the energy everything about it was amazing. I loved being on stage I loved the spotlight. I was one of the best in that dance group.

 As of now I’m sitting here as a junior, one year away from my senior year listening to music and writing about how far I’ve come and how much music has helped me in my journey. Music has always been a part of my life I’ve used music to help me get better at things, I’ve used music as a distraction , I’ve used music as a motivation. Music is and will always be so amazing.