

Getting My Education Is Difficult

by Pelli Tozay

I grew up in Liberia with my auntie. She took responsibility for putting me through school. I enjoyed school because I liked the predictability of it. If I studied, which I did, I got good grades. My teacher was very proud of me.

However, the time came when my auntie told me that she could no longer afford to send me to school and that I was going to have to drop out. I got so depressed that all I did was cry and cry.

A friend helped me by getting me a job. It was difficult because I worked everyday, but I was able to go back to school.

Then I met a man. He told me that I didn't have to work and that he would help me go to school. I believed him and he became my boyfriend. However, he was lying to me. After I was with him for a while, he told me that it was too much for him to send me to school. I was 15 years old and pregnant.

I am now living in the U.S. and adjusting to many changes. I now have several children to care for. I am going to school, and I am learning new skills in order to help my children and me. Sometimes it's difficult. Recently, I was offered a good job at the airport, but I couldn't take it because I didn't have anyone to watch my children.

I am struggling, but I know it will get better. Sometimes I feel alone, but I know there are people here who are helping me.

Pelli Tozay is a student at Mujeres Unidas en Acción in Boston.

