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Spanglish

I was reminiscing, thinking of the first memory I can remember of my not so long life, when it hit me. When I was growing up I spoke Spanish, so my inner voice or the voice I would hear in my head was in Spanish. I was amazed because now I can't picture myself thinking in Spanish. Even when I speak Spanish I hear it in English.



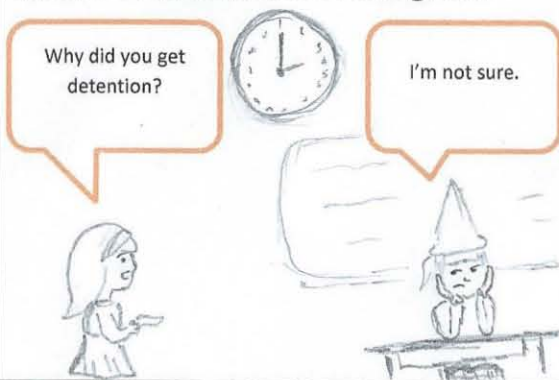
Then I thought how in the world did I learn English? I had lived the first two years of my life in Mexico, but I didn't remember any of it. As I recapped as long ago as I could remember, I realized I was a very confused child because I couldn't understand English.



I have an idea however, of how I began to actually pick up on the English Language. At 6 years old I would wake up at 7 am every morning and watch my favorite show, Rollie Polly Ollie. It was a routine for a very long time and I eventually understood what Ollie Polly would talk about during his adventure.



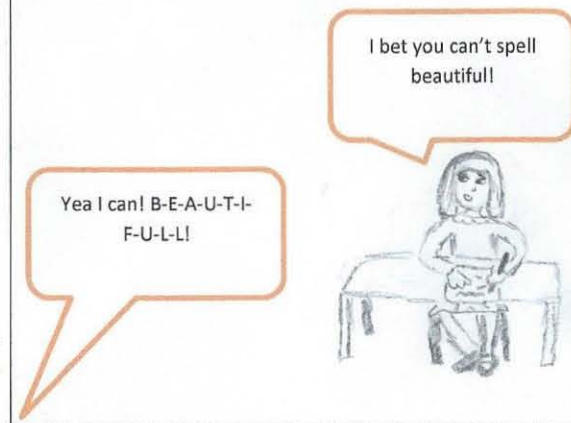
Although Rolly Polly Ollie, Franklin, little Bear amongst other children shows taught me the basics of English, I was still rough around the edges. I even got into trouble a few times in grade school because I was unclear of the directions I was given.



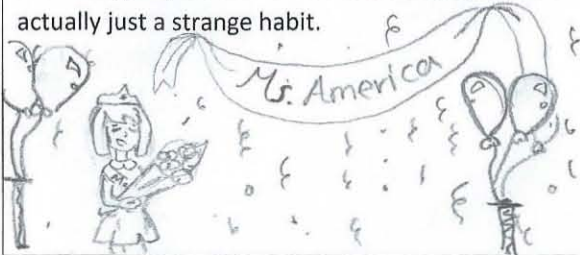
Later, Speaking with my cousins, sisters, and other children that my mom would take care of in her daycare, expanded my vocabulary and I became a very fluent English speaker.



I remember taunting the older children, challenging them that they didn't know how to spell certain words. Once they would prove me wrong however, and spelled the words, they had basically done my homework.



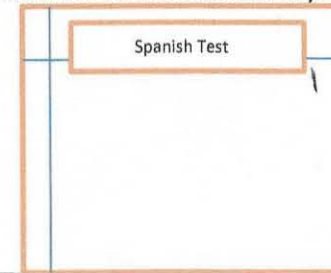
Entering middle school I was an A+ student and loved it. The only problem was that I had stopped speaking Spanish. I would only speak it to my parents, so when I would speak it to others, it wasn't very pleasant. Even on our Family trips to Mexico I would find myself slipping English words as I spoke to my family and friends. Some took it the wrong way and believed I was stuck up but it's actually just a strange habit.



This Later back fired. In High School we are required to take the three years of Spanish and I was speaking Spanglish. I was confident I could get it together in a year, but then the presentations came along and the dreaded acentos along with all those rules that in some cases completely contradict English writing.



My First Two Spanish classes and I had a love hate relationship. It wasn't until AP Spanish when I really enjoyed the subject. My presentations were still not right on target when it came to speaking, since I would confuse some words in Spanish and English but, I ended that class successfully.



It was senior year in high school when I asked to do a personal statement. When I got my paper back I realized I had started my paper with "En the summer..." One of my classmates pointed it out and joked about it not being Spanish Class. I laughed but questioned why I hadn't caught the mistake; after all I revised my paper more than enough times. I guess as I read it, it sounded correct so it never really caught my attention. Weird right?

En the ...

I can't believe I had stopped speaking the first language I had spoken and understood. The one that I would hear myself think in. I don't remember the shift from making English my main language over Spanish, but I find it very interesting and constantly question the change of when I began to mix both Spanish and English together in what many call Spanglish.



After leaving high school however, my Spanish is the best it's ever been. My group of girl friends and I find ourselves shifting between Spanish and English as we talk about our girly nonsense. How unconscious we are of how we speak is pretty strange, nonetheless, we're not the only ones and we don't mind talking with a little bit of both worlds.

