

JASMIR'S DIARY

by

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PLOT:

A girl from a poor country is adopted by a Spanish family. She'll get used to a different culture.

First, people will exclude her, but then she'll know how they'll give refuge to her till be a member of a friendly society.

She'll start school with new classmates and she'll tell them how her adaptation has been.

14/07/2000

I feel like if I am coming to life again today.
My name is Jasmir, I'm ten years old and I am from India.

Four months ago, I heard very good news , a spanish family wanted to adopt a boy or a girl from India, and I could be the lucky one.

I didn't want to be very hopeful, because I knew how hard dissapointments were. I was an orphand ,I hadn't many friends and there was nothing about I could worry to leave behind.

One day, while I was sewing on a pair of troussers in the workshop, a handsome man took me to an office where a boy and a girl where waiting for me. They told me they'd be my new family and I'd live in Barcelona with them. Hearing that, two tears fell from my eyes.

As soon as we landed, my grandparents gave me a present, My Diary, they said it is nice to write about our thoughts and anecdotes , and I do it so.

When we were home, my father seized me in his arms and took me to my bedroom. It's big and beautiful. I feel tired and I want to sleep. Dad has told me we'll go to play in a park tomorrow, mum, dad and I.
Bye...!!!

15/07/2000

I've been in a park and I have felt strange. I was talking to mum and a woman came close to dad and told him:

-Is she your daughter, that girl?

-Yes, yes. Isn't she preatty?- dad was looking at me

-Didn't you know that anyone from undeveloped countries could pass somebody a disease? Customs of these people are so strange...

My dad looked at her and said:

-And what about you? Are you perfect? Haven't you ever been ill? I can't stand people who pick a quarrel with my daughter just because her dark skin!

Dad took me and mum, back home.

He had solved it quickly but I didn't feel much better.

I think there's, perhaps, a lot of people who think like that woman and people can hate me. I hope it doesn't happen. Next week I'll go to school and I hope I'll meet good friends.

15/09/2000

Mum has woken me up early in the morning because I had to go to school. My first day!!! I had to decide what to fit on. Mum has said to me: -That's your business: if you want to wear your indian clothes, do it; and if you want you can wear something from your wardrobe. Think about it and make up your mind.

I decided to wear clothes from my wardrobe, I wanted to look like children in Barcelona. It was my decision.

At school, a teacher took me to my classroom. My classmates looked at me and I sat down in a desk closed to a blond hair girl.

I said nothing during the lessons and I avoided looking at someone. the teacher talked about me, where I was from, my customs, my traditions... I thought they would laugh at me or would not pay attention; but it was not like that. They asked me about my country, my mother tongue, etc... they were curious to know about me and I tried to explain what they asked about. I felt comfortable.

In the playground I realised my mum had forgotten to give me something to eat for lunch.

-What's up?-asked me Emma, the girl who sits close to me . -What are you looking for?

-I haven't brought anything for lunch and I'm hungry.

-Oh, don't worry-and she cut down half of her sandwich -this is yours.

She looked at me, smiled and asked me:

-Do you want to be my best friend?

-Of course!!-I said.

When I told mum about it she felt happy and cried.

When I was leaving I heard them saying they never thought I was going to be so welcome and they were a little worried about it. I went to my bedroom and I thought about their words.

-I don't think people are racist, as I thought first. Just some of them.

The difference is just the colour of our skin, and that's nothing !!

24/10/2000

It's my birthday!! I'm eleven. At midday my grandparents came and some friends surprised me with a party. They've given me lots of presents, ten, I've counted them. Parties here are so different from India. There are no presents, no cake, nothing at all.

Along these four months I've come to the conclusion that: there, in India I had a hard life, I had to work to survive , somedays I didn't eat anything, I had nobody to love,..

Now I'm here and people round me doesn't think it is important what happened to me in the past. If I'm different in some ways , they want to take care of me.

I'm at home and my family tries to make me happy and I do my best to understand them and to enjoy my new life. I have had a second chance and I'll try to make good use of it!!!!

El Diari de la Jasmir

14 de Juliol de 2000:

Crec que avui he començat una nova vida. Sóc la Jasmir, tinc deu anys i sóc índia. Fa uns quatre mesos, aproximadament, em va arribar una molt bona notícia: una família espanyola estava interessada en adoptar un nen o nena de l'Índia, i jo podia ser una de les afortunades.

Per suposat que no em vaig fer gaire il·lusions perquè després les decepcions són molt més dures d'empassar encara. I és que jo sóc orfe, quasi no tenia amics allà i per tant no hi havia res que no em lligués a no marxar-ne.

Un dia, mentre cosia uns pantalons de xandall al taller, un home molt ben arreglat i educat s'em va dur a una oficina on un noi i una noia estaven esperant. Em van explicar que ara serien els meus nous pares i que d'aquí a poc me n'aniria a viure a Barcelona amb ells; dues llàgrimes van brollar de cadascun dels meus ulls.

No m'ho podia creure. Allà mesperava una vida millor amb uns pares que m'estimarien i amics per jugar.

Hem arribat a Barcelona farà unes quatre hores i només arribar-hi, els meus "avis", m'han regalat aquest diari perquè diuen que és bonic escriure els meus pensaments i les meves anècdotes, i així ho faig.

Quan hem arribat a casa, el pare m'ha agafat en braços i m'ha portat a la meva habitació. És enorme i molt bonica. Ara me n'aniré a dormir i demà diu el pare que jugarem al parc, la mare ell i jo. Adéu!!.

15 de Juliol de 2000:

Avui hem anat al parc i m'he sentit una xic estranya. Mentre jo parlava amb la mare, una dona se li ha acostat al pare i li ha dit:

- És la seva filla, aquesta? -va dir ella.

- Si, oi que és maca? -contestà el pare mentre em mirava.

- Ja sap que aquesta gent dels països subdesenvolupats poden tenir qualsevol tipus de malaltia? Tenen uns costums estranyíssims i són...

El meu pare la mirà de dalt a baix i li digué:

- I vostè? Mai no ha tingut malalties o és perfecta? A més, no li tolero que es fiqui amb la meva filla només perquè és d'una altra raça. Adéu!

Aleshores es va aixecar, ens agafà a la mare i a mi i vam anar cap a casa. El pare ho va solucionar ràpid, però jo encara em sento igual de malament o més que abans perquè penso que potser aquella dona no és l'única que pensa d'aquesta manera i que la gent em pot arribar a odiar. Desitjo que no sigui així. D'aquí a una setmana començaré l'escola i espero fer bons amics sense racismes ni res d'això.

15 de Setembre de 2000:

Avui la mare m'ha despertat molt d'hora perquè havia d'anar a l'escola. El meu primer dia!!!. Primer de tot havia de decidir el que em volia posar de roba, la mare m'ha dit:

- Aquesta és una decisió únicament teva: si vols anar amb les vestimentes típiques de l'Índia, fes-ho, i si et poses, en canvi, la roba del teu armari, doncs bé. Rumia-t'ho i fes el que vulguis.

Vaig preferir vestir-me igual que tots els nens i nenes aquí, a Barcelona, tot i que els meus pares no m'obligaren a res. En arribar a l'escola una professora em va guiar fins a la meva classe. Tots els nens i nenes em van mirar de dalt a baix. Jo espantada em vaig asseure a l'únic lloc buit que hi havia, al costat d'una nena rossa.

He estat tota l'estona de classe callada i amb la mirada baixa. La professora ha explicat a la resta dels alumnes d'on era jo, els meus costums, les nostres tradicions, etc...

Jo creia que o bé riurien o que pensarien "I a mi què?", Però no va ser així. A poc a poc, quasi bé la meitat de la classe va començar a preguntar-me coses sobre el meu país, la meua llengua, etc. Se'ls veia que tenien molta curiositat i jo vaig intentar d'explicar-los el que volien saber. A partir d'aquell moment em vaig sentir veritablement com a casa.

En arribar l'hora del pati, em vaig adonar que la mare s'havia oblidat de donar-me l'esmorzar.

- Què et passa? - em va preguntar l'Emma, la noia rossa del meu costat - Què busques?

- M'he deixat l'esmorzar i estic morta de gana - li vaig respondre.

- Ah! És això? Té, - va agafar el seu entrepà i el va partir per la meitat - aquesta és la teva part. Vaig somriure-li i em va preguntar:

- Vols ser la meva millor amiga?

- Jo? És clar!! - li vaig respondre immediatament.

Quan ho he explicat a la mare ha estat molt contenta, tant que ha començat a plorar. Quan me n'he anat he sentit els pares que deien que no creien que m'acceptarien tan ràpidament i que patien per això. Vaig anar a la meva habitació i vaig reflexionar:

- El cert és que la gent no es racista aquí, como jo m'imaginava, tret d'uns pocs. Al cap i a la fi només em diferència d'ells el color de la pell o sigui, res!

24 d' Octubre de 2000:

Avui és el meu aniversari!! He fet els onze. Al migdia han vingut els avis i alguns dels meus amics i m'han preparat una festa sorpresa. M'han fet un munt de regals, els he comptat, són deu. Aquí les festes són molt diferents a les del meu país. Allà ni regals ni pastís, ni bufar les espelmes, ni res d'això.

Estic traient una conclusió d'aquests últims quatre mesos. Només sé que allò era un altre món on havia de treballar per sortir endavant, on a vegades passava un dia sencer, o dos, sense menjar res, on no tenia ningú que m'estimés.... i arribo aquí i a la gent que m'envolta no li importa el meu passat ni si sóc diferent, i que només volen que no em falti de res i que sempre estigui contenta i a gust. Ara estic a casa i, dia a dia, vaig coneixent millor els qui m'envolten. Ara penso en esforçar-me a fer-los sentir bé i a disfrutar d'aquesta nova vida que m'ha donat una segona oportunitat i jo no deixaré d'aprofitar-la!!