Kara Maynard (2091538)

ENGL 101-001

English 101: Living Multiculturalism

Project 1: Publication Draft

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Not Totally Lost In Translation

A, B, C, D, E, F, G…

This is what you expect to learn before Elementary,

1, 2, 3, 4…

And not too much more,

But you have just begun,

There is more learning to be done.

The whole, huge ocean, a new little fish,

The last thing to be expected was that I’d learn Spanish,

While being babysat,

I learned the word “cat,”

But it wasn’t as simple as that,

As I sat on the kindergarten floor mat,

My little mind churning,

Ready for learning,

The teacher,

Presented a creature,

Telling us about its home,

And where it likes to roam,

She stood with something in her hands, as her lesson plan unfolds,

It is a card that she holds,

With a picture of a “cat,”

But I didn’t know that.

I knew she held a “gato,”

And not that I ought to,

Know that a “cat”

Is also that.

I shout energetically

About the clarification presented to me.

The picture showed me that what I saw,

Still had four paw,

And still went “meow,”

Even though it was a “wow,”

For me to finally see,

That I knew what a “cat” was but that it translated differently.

And as I got a little older,

A fascination I did shoulder,

For Animal Planet, a favorite of mine,

For the controller I did pine,

As I was watching TV,

It finally came to me,

That I knew the subject of this feature,

It was a cuddly little creature,

One that I came to know,

As “penguino,”

Black and white, colored so,

He looks like he is wearing a tuxedo.

I learned his name through flashcards,

From my babysitter, whom I hold in high regards,

She spoke only Spanish and understood a lot,

She taught me all my animals, even those that I’ve forgot,

Even today, I live knowing,

That the cards she’d been showing,

Were my first experiences with another “lengua,”

And it would never be quite the same, huh?

Even though I learned Spanish at an absorbent age,

Most of my understanding did not pass this stage,

I do not think that I can express,

The perspective of the world that I should address,

What you think you know,

Doesn’t always show,

What is real or true,

Until you,

Experience something you thought you knew,

And the truth is you don’t know what to do.

What happens when what you thought,

Is not what you’ve got?

When another language,

Shown changes,

All understanding,

And it’s demanding,

That what you see,

Can be something else, but not entirely.

And though I have forgotten much,

A few words still stay in touch,

I know a few words and phrases,

That just can’t escape young children’s cabezas.

Alas, the penguin did not last,

The memory it has passed.

Though it sounds trite,

The penguin took flight.

The things that we have known,

Sometimes stay in the past like a stone.

A language learned young,

Is a song commonly sung,

For most it is a story,

Of a multilingual glory,

But for me,

It is a case of word anonymity,

I have forgotten most of what I had learned,

But it is not something of which I am concerned,

My loss of words does not make me speechless,

It make everything more precious that the world teaches.