



We are still bronze

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This school sucks, it wasn't like that when I went to the public school. I wasn't the brightest student, but at least nobody bothered me. At least there, if you had a problem, you just had to suck it up, and now I can't even look at these guys. I like Matisito, but Roberto doesn't stop bothering me about the color of my skin. The other day, in the game against class "C", that ass and his friends kept acting as if they were monkeys. All the time they screw around with their horrible nicknames: Carbón, Batón, Túpac, Indio or Animal. The day before yesterday I was thinking about putting that idiot in his place and just when I was about to whack him, the guard arrived and saw me. How unfortunate! Now my old lady has to come and talk to the principal, I hope they won't kick me out.

We just left the meeting. I didn't know this principal was a coward, I told him everything those jerks were doing to me. "They insult me, they spit on me, they've even tried to steal from me", and nothing, he simply shrugs it off because Roberto's uncle works at *SEDUCA*¹, so any little joke could get him fired. He told us that the former

principal was no longer there because he was “incompetent”, but we all know that he got in because of the people he knows. In the end, he simply didn’t care what we said and he threatened my mom, with disgust on his face looking at her *pollera*² : “If your son commits one more mistake in this institution, he will lose his scholarship, we will expel him and I will personally see to it that he can never go to any private school ever again,” that dog yelled. I would’ve grabbed him by the neck if my mom didn’t start to cry. I hugged her and we left.

The *Mochila Segura*³ people have come this morning. Instead of patrolling around my house, where people get killed, those slackers are here pestering to see if we have drugs, knives or alcohol. They treated us as if we were thugs. They checked all slightly dark-skinned students like me up to our guts, they might just as well have stuck their fingers up our you know what to make sure there was nothing. But they didn’t even ask the white students to show their cell phones they simply opened their backpacks for two minutes and that was it, the cop was gone.

At least the teachers, even if just a little bit, like me. I’m a bit of a bootlicker, so that’s not an issue. At recess, I see the guard who doesn’t even blink when they want to hit me. But when I push back to defend myself, he’s right on top of me. The principal is there watching, and pretends he doesn’t see, lets it all slide, but on Tuesday I couldn’t take it anymore. I was getting used to ignoring them, and they realized what I was doing so they started yelling increasingly stronger crap, and then I heard Llanos say, “Your mother is a stinking *chola*⁴.” I know the guard was watching; but still, I made a fist, turned around and dealt him a blow he’ll remember for the rest of his life.

Departmental Education Service
Traditional indigenous skirt
Plan for Police controls in schools
Derogatory reference to indigenous woman

Traducción: Sofie Van Renterghem



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