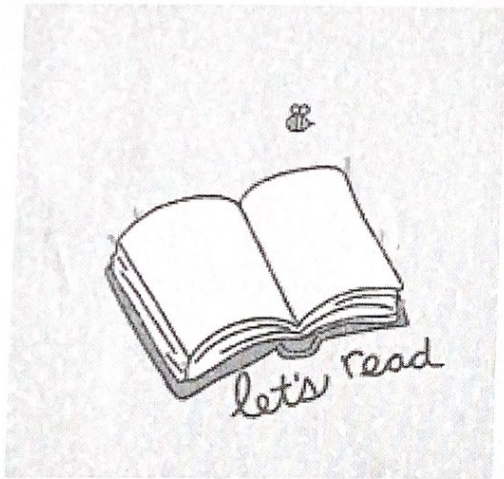


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Dear reader

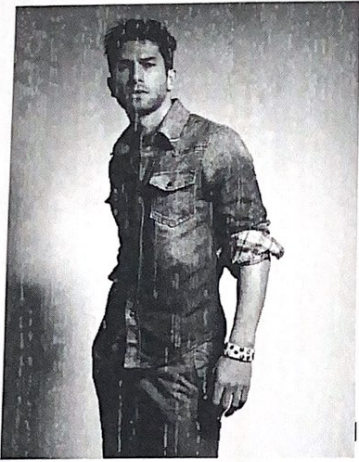
This story is all about my experience in a new country and with a new language in America.

The story may seem hopeless at times; there were many unkind people saying mean things to me.

Some of the students bullied me for my English; but I stayed strong. Whenever other students would say mean words to me; I would get mad and would want to fight them. But, I control my feelings. With my new English, I held onto the words someone else once said; "don't let nobody judge you. You just keep going and do what you are supposed to reach your goal".

So, readers, I hope you enjoy my story and try to learn a little about my passion in the world. I don't have a lot of words; but I hope you enjoy the ones I have written for you, my dear readers.

Sincerely, Teddy



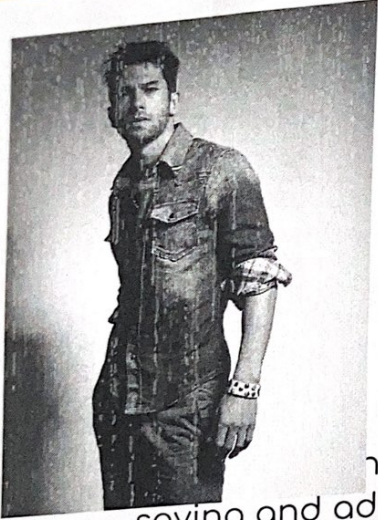
Teddy siku

## Shauku yangu ni kujifunza lugha/My passion is languages

When I was 11 years old, I moved to America; everything was new: the language, food, even the buildings. My first day of school in America was horrible!. I did not understand English. Everyone said "hello" or "hi" and I did not know how to respond.

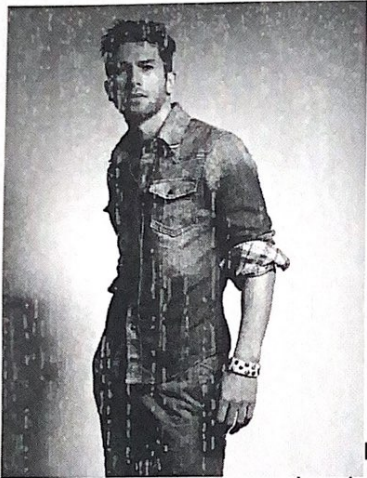
School was hard for me to understand. The new language scratched at my ears; but, there was a teacher who spoke the same language as me. Ms. E was kind. She had long, thin braids and her smooth Swahili made my nervous heart flutter with relief. Whenever I needed help, Ms. E was always there to help me. Then, they put me in a class where new students come from different countries and they don't know how to speak English. Every morning, the teacher would come to pick us up and we would go to another classroom to learn how to speak, read, and write English.

I was lucky; I had friends who spoke Swahili and showed me around the school. They introduced me to the teachers who would teach me English. Days passed and I started to focus more on learning this new, strange language. I was driven to learn English. On certain days, the teacher would take me with a small group to work together with other students on how to read in English or to say different words in English. I want to speak comfortably and be understood. I work hard in school to ensure I understand everything my teachers say. I carefully carry everything that I learn in school in my brain; the new knowledge is as delicious as french fries.



As the weeks went on, my English improved. I would practice my new English with teachers and students; now, they understood me! I earned good grades in all my classes; but, I was now able to read in English. My teacher was proud of me because I now spoke English with confidence. I understand some of what my fellow students were saying and added the meaning of these new words to my brain.

By the end of eighth grade, my English was the best in my class. I was a top student. I was the only student who could help the newcomers. Now, I know more English; so, every time a student needs help, I work with them. I love to share my passion for learning English with the new students who don't yet know how to speak English.



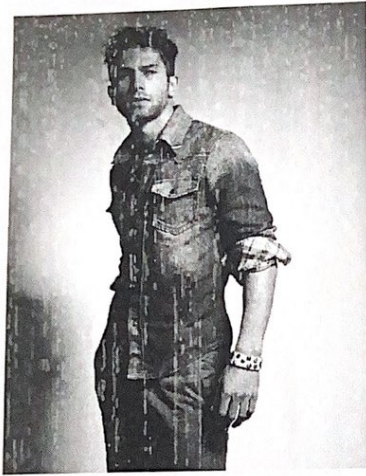
## kusherehekea tofauti za kitamaduni/Celebrating Cultural Differences/

People often ask me what things I found different between America and Tanzania when I first answer is everything! The food, the buildings, the way people dress in America are so different from Tanzania.

Everything is different. In Tanzania we eat our meals in the morning, afternoon, and evening. The dishes, like chapati, chips, mayai, rice and beans are more than American food. In Tanzania, women wear sheaths and skirts, men wear t-shirts and jeans. The clothing is soft because you can feel it. The buildings in my city, Arusha, are small and many people surround them all over the city.

Americans eat their meals in the morning, afternoon and evening. The dishes, like coffee, chips, french fries are more of a kind of fast food than Tanzanian food. In America, women wear tank tops, shorts and men wear jeans and t-shirts. The clothing is different because it is made out with different materials. The buildings in Philadelphia are tall and beautiful.

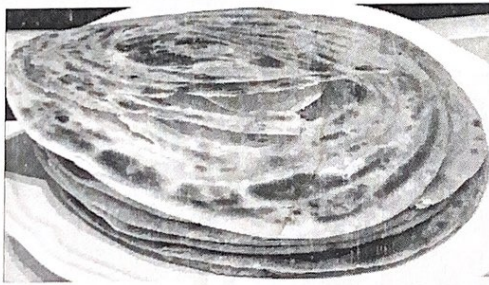
There are many differences between America and Tanzania. Sometimes the differences make it hard to adjust; like when people fight over things around who is supposed to take food or clothes. At other times, the differences show the countries strengths; like when other people share things together with other people.



Different food between Tanzania , America .Different clothes between Tanzania , America.



chip mayai



chapati

