Florence Ebun Jossy

English Composition 100

Assignment #3: Composing an Emotional Scene

Category: Narrative

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**Agony of An Immigrant**

**Introduction**

It was the summer of Sunday afternoon in 2016, as I struggled to stand up from my bed where I sat so as to avoid another slap and at the same time save my laptop from slipping off my hands, I hit my head against the edge of the bed-set in the bedroom of our 2-bedroom apartment. Blood gushed out while I kept screaming and crying but unfortunately, I passed out before I knew it.

**My Experience As An Immigrant Wife**

I woke up and saw myself laying on the hospital bed the next day “where am I and how did I get here” was what I asked the nurse and Mrs. Gomez, a church member who came to visit me at the hospital as my eyes went round the room and later focused on the nurse and the Mrs. Gomez from, but I was asked to relax and lay back in bed. I was still trying to recollect how I got to the hospital when Clark suddenly walked in and sat by my side. “How do you feel now” as he puts his hands round my back and held me to himself with a peck but I continued to think how and why I was at the hospital.

At about 7:20pm that same evening when Nurse Berch came to take over the shift, I had to make more enquiry why I was brought to the hospital. Nurse Berch, a beautiful black lady who her parents are from Haiti explained to me the reason I was brought to the hospital. Nurse Berch said according to the record, that I was brought in by the Ambulance on Sunday evening at about 3:40pm because Mr. Clarke who identified himself as my husband called 911 that he got home and found me on the floor in the bedroom of our 2-bedroom apartment. He said it appeared I hit my head against the door but that he was not sure because blood was rushing out from my forehead. It was immediately I remembered what happened to me on Sunday after but Clarke lied to 911.

I could not tell Nurse Berch that my husband was lying or that he maltreats me all the time, this is because I did not want him to go to jail, yet he was not ready to stop humiliating and frustrating me. I was finally discharged from the hospital on Wednesday of the same week when Clarke came to pick me home. Clarke became a changed man within that period, behaving like the way he was when I first met him in South Africa. That was just for a few weeks before he changed back to his usual way of humiliating me.

I met Clarke in South Africa in one of my international assignments as a correspondence while Clarke came from the United States for an official assignment as well. He was such a gentleman and caring. I left for my country, Nigeria few days later. Clarke kept communicating with me and when I was relocated the United Kingdom as a correspondence representing the broadcasting station where I work, Clarke would fly in to see me. When he finally proposed I could not say no. A year later, we got married. In 2014, I moved over to the United States to join Clarke. He was such a sweet and loving husband until six months into our living together when Clarke started exhibiting all forms of attitude towards me.

As I pace back and forth in our two bedroom apartment, thinking what next step to take, considering the situation that I have found myself. It is obvious that this is not what I asked for but the fact is that I am in this mess already. I held on to one thing, to move forward and never allow anyone push me around. “Whatever money you make must be given to me as I have told you earlier because I am in-charge here” was what Clarke said when he came into the living room.

I married my husband precisely five years ago but Six months after I joined him here and officially resigned from my job in my country Clarke started putting up some form of attitudes that I never imagined. He threatened me with everything one can think of because I came to his country. “Tell your father to send me fifty thousand dollars or else I will lie to the immigration that you married me for papers” said Clarke.

The humiliation went on and on but my father would call me every day from my country advising me to be patient. “What is my offence, did he get married to me just to humiliate or use me” was what I told my brother on the phone. One day, in his usual manner of hitting me I ran into the bedroom and locked the door from behind, he started banging and kicking the door in his usual manner of humiliation. I cried my ass out as I sent texts to my colleagues to let my supervisor know I won’t be able to be at work. A friend of mine later sent me a text that Clarke was outside as she watched from her car. That was how I was able to escape through the back door after nine hours of in my bedroom.

The next day, I got a letter from USCIS office that my ten years residence permit has been approved, I thought I was dreaming. When he started his usual way of his threat, just like Margaret, I faced him right there and warned him to mind the way he talks to me. “I am tired of your threat and humiliation, for your information, learn how you talk to me because I am not ready to take any form of embarrassment from you anymore”. He was surprised and from that moment, he knew I got my confidence back.

