Florence Ebun Jossy

English Composition 100

Assignment #3: Composing an Emotional Scene

Category: Narrative

Date: 03/10/2019

**Agony of An Immigrant**

 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 being hit the second time, and at the same time tried saving 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 from my forehead while I kept screaming and crying but unfortunately, I passed out before I knew it.

 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 Mrs. Gomez, 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 whom 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 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. I suddenly remembered what happened to me on Sunday evening 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 and maltreating 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 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 attitudes towards me.

 As I paced back and forth in our living room with my pajamas on that Saturday morning, I kept thinking about the 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” was what I kept saying to myself as Clarke started yelling at me again simply because I refused to give him 70% of my pay check which I received the day before. 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 am in 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” was one of the striking words Clarke sings into my ears almost every day with, this is because a friend of mine who visited us three months after I got to the United States told Clarke that I am very humble even with my father’s estates and money.

 The humiliation and treatment 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 when he called me from Britain one Sunday evening. My brother was tired of my complain and mood all the time, he kept reassuring me that if I decide to come back to Britain or Nigeria I will still pick up my pieces and move on. But I never wanted such decision, rather, I encouraged myself to move on.

 On one Monday morning while I was making breakfast in the kitchen with a short pant and top on, Clarke in his usual way started yelling and then came towards me and kept kicking and hitting me because he asked me for four hundred dollars and I said I didn’t have. As Clarke came towards me the third time to kick me in the kitchen, I ran into the bedroom and locked the door behind. He started banging and kicking the door in his usual manner. I cried my ass out, and as it was getting close to my resumption time for the 3pm – 11pm shift and was still in the bedroom, I had to send texts to my colleagues to let my supervisor know I will be late or not show up due to emergency at home. A friend of mine whom I sent text to for help earlier in the day later sent me a text that Clarke was outside as she watched from her car when she drove close to my apartment at about 5pm. That was how I was able to escape through the back door to go to work after about nine hours 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 because it took close to two years for the permanent residence to be approved after I got the first two years temporary residence permit. I kept the good news to myself because when I had the two years temporary residence permit, Clarke kept threatening me that he will not go with me if I was asked to appear at the USCIS office for an interview for my ten years permit, unless my father sends him fifty thousand dollars to start up a business.

 On Friday evening of that same week which was my off day from work, I was wearing a short dress and watching the news in the bedroom when Clarke asked me for money because he said he was going to the club later that night. For the first time, I looked him in the face and said to him “Clarke, where I come from it is a man that takes care of a woman and not the other way round” Clarke was surprised and wanted to hit me “you dare not or I call 911” was my response. “Oh some people are coaching you” he said. 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 went straight to the bedroom. From that moment, he knew I got my confidence back.

 Clarke, from that day and up until now keeps wondering why and how I keep telling him that I would call 911 each time he tries to hit me or threaten me. I am a bit relaxed now with my blood pressure getting better. I am beginning to get focused in terms of career, and also working on setting up my home care agency. I have also gone to do fingerprint for my citizenship. I can now begin to think straight. Unfortunately, not every one in such similar situation has so far been lucky. Someday, I intend to do a research and a Television documentary on “the agony of immigrants” here in the United States because the story must be told.