School-to-Jail Track

Hello, my name is Jasmine Jauregui and this is my school-to-jail track story. It all began in my first year of high school. I remember talking all summer with all my friends who were all excited to finally start high school. I remember the first day of school like if it was yesterday. I walked into my school and said hi to everyone. I walked up to my friends who already had a spot to hang out at. Our group was big, with at least fifteen people, each day.

I loved school ever since I was little so I really didn't have problems with my academics. On the other hand, my friends did struggle a bit. I remember how I used to help them and how I always pushed them to try. I even was nicknamed "mom" for checking up on my people. They did try their best though. My group was always there for each other. My group also always used to get harassed by the school security and cops.

We were the group known as the cholos and cholas. I wasn't one but everyone is quick to judge someone because of how a person looks and dresses, or just because of the crowd that person chills with. I used to get mad when a teacher would approach me and question why I hung out with "that" crowd. I understand teachers get concerned but it isn't right to call someone out because of their friends. My friends were good people just like anyone. We just got into problems at times.

As time went by, I noticed people began to disappear. This is when I realized the school-to-jail track. In tenth grade, my friend, whose name I won't mention, was kicked out for having markers and spray cans. It was so dumb because he had art class. The cop didn't care what he had to say. When they searched my friend he had "tagging" in his backpack. How is it tagging when it's on his paper? He didn't tag on building or anything. He just had talent and loved to draw. Everyone was speechless and could not believe what happened.

I guess my school got suspicious of my crowd because all of a sudden we had security posted at our spot. It was awkward to have a snitch hearing what we had to say and we knew that security was ready to turn us in. I remember another incident that really hurt me. My friend went through a lot . She did not feel safe where she lived because of weird men who stayed around there. For her safety, she carried pepper spray to and from school. I understand and I would it pepper spray to if I had to walk down her block. Well, she was searched and the police found pepper spray on her. It really hurt me because she was doing so well. Not once did they ask her why she had it, she just got kicked out automatically.

More time went by and my friend and I waited to see what was coming next. I had a friend who was a 12t h grader when I was in 11th grade. We were really close and he had a really nice little sister. I remember day because I was there when it happened. The security came to get because he "threatened" someone. This was ridiculous because he was standing up for his little sister. She used to get bothered by another student, who used to like her. I guess that student got the crap scared out of him because he snitched on my friend. My friend got kicked out for threatening that student with a knife that he didn't even have. It was so depressing because he was going to be the first to graduate from high school in his family.

It's a new day now. Same thing everyday, post up at the spot and talk with my friends during break. We noticed the police dogs were here this day. None of my friends were tripping because they knew they had nothing on them. I was standing with a few of my girl friends when the security approached us. He called one of my friends out to go with him to the office. We were all puzzled and later found out that she was getting kicked out for having a bag of weed. It was empty with just a crumb . It sucks because she doesn't even smoke weed but since she had a reputation and prior discipline problems, they didn't care.

I could go on and on with explaining how my friends started to get kicked out one by one. We didn't feel safe at all. I recall a situation that I was involved with. Two of my friends and I were walking to school and we decided to cut class. We were hanging out together but we decided to go back to school. Well, it turns out that a security saw us in the morning and he snitched that we ditched. We were pissed off because we were heading back to school so we thought they would be glad that we didn't ditch the whole day.

So we all got sent to in-house suspension. It was a waste of time. We had to stay on a room and stay quiet. We all would rather go to class and learn and security denied us that choice. So all we did that day was do crossword puzzles. We weren't even allowed to eat. They didn't know that we eat at school because there isn't much food at home. Each of us got a school meeting with our parents. I was surprised when I found out that each of our outcomes were different.

My girl friend was put on a contract and she had to check in every morning and when she left and it went on her record. My guy friend got put in a program that was super strict and had a court date because he was warned before. He did violate that program and got kicked out. As for me, it was a warning. Since I had good grades they went easy on me. I found this really unfair. The parents of the each of us were really mad.

This is when I realized that schools have favoritism. They didn't care about the students who needed the most help. It seems like schools give up on students. This is what discourages students. My comic portrays just a few of the incidences of how my friends were pushed out of school. I still stay in touch with them and we cannot believe that I am the last one left out of the large group we had. The security at my school still keep an eye on me.

The End

### Jasmine’s Story (School to Jail Track Report Version)

Hello, my name is Jasmine Jauregui and this is my school-to-jail track story. It all began in my first year of high school. I remember talking all summer with all my friends who were all excited to finally start high school. I remember the first day of school like if it was yesterday. I walked into my school and said hi to everyone. I walked up to my friends who already had a spot to hang out at. Our group was big, with at least fifteen people, each day.

I loved school ever since I was little so I really didn't have problems with my academics. On the other hand, my friends did struggle a bit. I remember how I used to help them and how I always pushed them to try. I even was nicknamed "mom" for checking up on my people. They did try their best though. My group was always there for each other. My group also always used to get harassed by the school security and cops.

We were the group known as the cholos and cholas. I wasn't one but everyone is quick to judge someone because of how a person looks and dresses, or just because of the crowd that person chills with. I used to get mad when a teacher would approach me and question why I hung out with "that" crowd. I understand teachers get concerned but it isn't right to call someone out because of their friends. My friends were good people just like anyone. We just got into problems at times.

As time went by, I noticed people began to disappear. This is when I realized the school-to-jail track. In tenth grade, my friend, whose name I won't mention, was kicked out for having markers and spray cans. It was so dumb because he had art class. The cop didn't care what he had to say. When they searched my friend they said he had "tagging" in his backpack. How is it tagging when it's on his paper? He didn't tag on a building or anything. He just had talent and loved to draw. Everyone was speechless and could not believe what happened.

I guess my school got suspicious of my crowd because all of a sudden we had security posted at our spot. It was awkward to have a snitch listening to what we had to say and we knew that security was ready to turn us in.

I remember another incident that really hurt me. My friend went through a lot. She did not feel safe where she lived because of weird men who stayed around there. For her safety, she carried pepper spray to and from school. I understand and I would have pepper spray too if I had to walk down her block. Well, she was searched and the police found pepper spray on her. It really hurt me because she was doing so well. Not once did they ask her why she had it, she just got kicked out automatically.

More time went by and my friend and I waited to see what was coming next. I had a friend who was a 12th grader when I was in 11th grade. We were really close and he had a really nice little sister. I remember that day because I was there when it happened. The security came to get him because he allegedly "threatened" someone. This was ridiculous because he was standing up for his little sister. She used to get bothered by another student, who used to like her. I guess that student got the crap scared out of him because he snitched on my friend. My friend got kicked out for threatening that student with a knife that he didn't even have. It was so depressing because he was going to be the first to graduate from high school in his family.

It’s a new day now, but it was the same thing: my friends and I posted up at the spot and talked during break. We noticed police dogs were here this day. None of my friends were tripping because they knew they had nothing on them. I was standing with a few of my girl friends when security approached us. He called one of my friends out to go with him to the office. We were all puzzled and later found out she was getting kicked out for having a bag of weed. It was empty with just a crumb. It sucks because she doesn't even smoke weed, but since she had a reputation and prior discipline problems, the school didn't care.

I could go on and on with explaining how my friends started to get kicked out one by one. We didn't feel safe at all. I recall a situation that I was involved with. Two of my friends and I were walking to school and we decided to cut class. We were hanging out together but we decided to go back to school. Well, it turns out that security saw us in the morning and snitched that we ditched. We were pissed off because we were heading back to school so we thought they would be glad that we didn't ditch the whole day.

Instead, we all got sent to in-house suspension. It was a waste of time. We had to stay in a room and stay quiet. We all would rather go to class and learn, and security denied us that choice. So all we did that day was do crossword puzzles. We weren't even allowed to eat.

They didn't know that we eat at school because there isn't much food at home. Each of us got a school meeting with our parents. I was surprised when I found out that each of our outcomes were different.

My girl friend was put on a contract and she had to check in every morning and when she left, and it went on her record. My guy friend got put in a program that was super strict and had a court date because he was warned before. He violated that program and got kicked out. As for me, it was a warning. Since I had good grades they went easy on me. I found this really unfair. All of our parents were really mad.

This is when I realized that schools have favoritism. They didn't care about the students who needed the most help. It seems like schools give up on students. This is what discourages students. These are just a few of the incidences of how my friends were pushed out of school. I still stay in touch with them and we cannot believe that I am the last one left out of the large group we had. The security at my school still keep an eye on me.