

# 1935 What I Wanted

*by* Estelle Bruno

It was the beginning of a new school for me. I was growing up going to Junior High.

Moma bought me a new sweater and everything else a girl wants for her first day in a new school.

That first day I wore my sweater proudly till one of the boys in the class came close to me, lowered his eyes to my breast and made a nasty face. I was humiliated I could feel my face burning red.

What I wanted was to never see or wear that sweater again.

