

# My Childhood

Edith S. Seweryn

When I now look back at my childhood, trying to recall it, I cannot deny that countless memories come back. I come from a large family of three sisters and two brothers, and we had a lot of mutual love for each other. We also respected and unconditionally loved our parents. This was a very important factor which united us all inseparably, and which helped us on various occasions to overcome some miserable, painful moments in our lives. I come from a very poor family. We were suffering because of poverty. At a very young age, I knew how difficult our life was.

I went to school with no shoes, poorly dressed and sometimes had no breakfast. Compared to other children, my siblings and I were doing household errands instead of playing. My two older brothers and I had to walk very far to fetch water. Our parents always said that only boys were to carry the heaviest containers. I envied those kids who were running, yelling, and shouting on the streets playing with other kids. I didn't have a life as good as other children had.

During the harvest season for sugar cane, we were on the farm. My parents and two brothers were working, and I was left at home preparing food for them and taking care of my younger sisters. I knew how to cook rice in a pot which was made from clay. We usually prepared our food on a fire made from wood. We were very happy and contented if we saw rice on the table every day.

When harvest season was over, we went to the sea to catch some fish. We would dig in the sand to get clams and if we had more than we could eat, we would sell them to have money so that we could buy rice.

I must admit that I didn't enjoy my childhood days. Sometimes I ask myself why I was born poor. The world is so unfair. But I will always remember what is really important: the very high morals and principles which our parents instilled in us at an early age.

Nominating faculty: Professor Lubie Alatrisme, English ESOL 021W, Department of English, School of Arts & Sciences, New York City College of Technology, CUNY.

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