Professor Miller

English 1101

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Hero's Journey Piece

 I was confused when the bus changed its direction and I saw a sign that said "Detour." I knew something was wrong. The bus drove for another two minutes and suddenly came to a stop in an area I really didn't recognize. There it was. I found out the reason for my inquisitiveness. There was a marathon going on. The marathon was the reason for the bus detour. But my question was, what does detour mean? Suddenly, the bus stopped and everyone started getting off the bus. There were two women who were getting out of the bus last and I followed them to the entrance door of the bus. They asked the bus driver how they would get to their specific destination but my mind was wondering and looking at the people from the bus going to a subway station. When I asked the bus driver, he said to take the subway. That moment made my stomach churn and there was a big "uh oh" in my head. I had never taken the subway before and I didn't need to even go on the subway because my dad would take me to my destination by driving me in his car. I knew things were not going to be good today.

 Suddenly, I caught up to those two women who were going down the stairs while they complained about what a hassle this whole situation is for them. Since the bus driver didn't seem to care about where I have to get to, I decided to ask these two women which train I need to take in order to get to The City College of Technology. I knew I had to figure it out fast because I had class in half an hour and I had to get this done quick! Turned out that these two women were very sweet and they also had kids who were the same age as me. At first, they were not sure which train goes to City Tech or which stop I would have to stop at, but they helped me and tried to find out by asking a police officer. Although the police officer knew how to read the map, he also seemed a bit confused. Eventually, the two women figured it out themselves and it turned out that one of them is going to the same stop that I need to go to. They both gave me a lot of useful information about which different trains go to my destination such as the Shuttle, the two train and the five train. I was still a little lost as I looked up at the ceilings of train and heard the loud screeching sound of train when the train hit the brakes at every stop but there was something little inside me that felt as if these two women had implanted a seed in my brain that is ready to bloom. It was coming.

 My only fear now was how will I get to school when I get out of the train station? I definitely knew the subway station wasn't in front of my school so how would I get there? The women who stopped at the same stop walked with me towards the exit and as I saw the light getting closer and as I climbed every stair, I knew there were only a few steps to go until I was all on my own. The moment had come. The women asked me if I knew how I would get to my college. I said yes. At that moment, I had regretted my answer and as the lady left smiling after I had said thank you to her, I felt as if a source of fear and loneliness had been locked inside my heart, stopping and questioning every step I take with legs. I saw a market that looked quite familiar but I did not remember how or where I saw this. I tried looking at streets and reading signs. Some streets were familiar and when I would walk on that block, it would get me to unusual places so I would go back to where I started from. At this point, my feet were hurting me. I saw the old man at the bus stop staring at me in curiousity because he was probably wondering why I had passed by him more than three times. I was lost. My worst fear had come true. Not only was I lost, I was also late for my class already and was already 9:30 whereas, my class started at 9:00 am sharp.

 There was no way I could make it in time now. But wait I saw a familiar parking lot that I remember but from where? I knew where! I would pass by the parking lot everyday while I was in the bus. It is a good thing I look up most of the time on the bus rather than fix my eyes on my phone. I walked towards it but there was a dead end on one side. I walked farther away and it looked like it was a pretty big parking lot but I knew this was it. I had to overcome it now! As I approached the parking lot, I saw my bus stop and I realized that all this time. I was only one block away from my school. All I had to do was cross that two minute block and all this time, I thought I was in Manhattan by mistake.

 I went to class and it ended up that my professor did not come to class yet. He was also late and he is never late! I was able to find my way and I also made it to class without getting marked late. I knew I had defeated my fears. After the professor came to class, there were very few students that were left in class because the other students decided to leave and go home since the professor took a long time to get to class. It turned out that I got extra credit in the class and I also did not miss the lecture for that day. He had told the class that experience is the greatest form of learning. After class ended, I knew I would have to take the train back home because the marathon might still be going on. This time, I knew I had to be prepared. I went to the school library, printed out my directions and off I went. As I passed by my usual bus stop, I felt a newness in me that happend for the first time. Although I knew I had printed out my direction, I still wasn't familiar on how I would read the signs. I seeked assisstance and got help from a few people and the signs were easy to follow. I hopped on the two train, got home earlier than I do on the bus, and made it safely back home.

 As I got home and told my mom the whole story, I knew that today I had learned something new. I had accomplished a battle and I sensed the plant blooming in my head, recieving every trickle of water it was able to absorb. My professor was right, experince is the greatest form of learning. Not only did I get to class without getting marked late, I got home safely and had decided that from now on, I will travel by train to go to school and to get back home. After two months had passed by, I was traveling by train everyday and not only was I traveling by train everyday, I learned about other trains and other destinations I could get to. Not only did I learn about trains that I didn't travel by, I was able to help others find their way. I sensed the plant inside me blossoming into a tree, growing its small but fruitful bites of knowledge, awaiting for its seeds to be watered with experience.