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***Education Narrative***

The corona virus has shocked the world and its people. One of those people is me, an Adolescent becoming an adult. It was a nice relief at first, thinking that having no school was the best thing to happen, and having it online with a bed and a blanket! Who wouldn’t want that?! Or so I thought. After a year has passed, I am a senior going to college. Thinking back on it I regretted the way how covid has robbed me of my senior year. I was robbed of everything, new relationships, new experiences, senior trips, more time with friends, and more time with people I don’t talk to anymore. This is to protect my health. But I ask myself, is it worth it? Having to worry about all of those wasted experiences?

The first month of it I had to learn how to navigate my online learning platform google classroom. We used to zoom for synchronous sessions. I barely talked to other students (unless I was forced to) and I tried to participate but I just did not feel motivated at all. A few months passed and I’m in senior classes and I’m ready to do the same thing as what I did last year. But there was one class that piqued my interest. This class was called financial literacy. This class was meant to teach me how to calculate taxes, bills, etc. The teachers’ name was Mr. Sanchez, he sought to do something different. He did not want to teach us things that the school wanted him to teach, he wanted to teach us students’ things about the real world. He sought the opportunity to aid students who were stuck in the career path and always tried to help them. He was a charismatic and loving type of person, if you ever told him what you want to do in the future, he would try to go with it all the way. I remember there was various assignments, too many to count. He liked to give homework’s on places to eat, a little work ethics, travel, and financial work. These assignments always interested me. I remember there was this whole confusion of teachers getting placed into different classes. And he was one of the teachers to be moved to another class. They replaced he teacher with another person who was really into philosophy, (a little too much) but it bored me to death. At this time, I was not motivated to do classwork. This made me feel like it was labor while sitting comfortably in my chair. 2 months passed by, and Mr. Sanchez finally came back because he pleaded to come back to his “higher ups” as he calls it. When he came back, I felt a sense of relief because I did not want to do another month filled with doing work that felt like a labor.

One of the assignments that Mr. Sanchez assigned us was called “keys to your future” where we had to create a situation where we just got kicked out of the house and have about 1000 in a bank account. My job was to find a house, job, transportation, figure out how to pay rent and pay for dishware. Personally, I liked this assignment because it shifted me in a perspective, I was always scared of happening to me. Everyone fears being homeless and being in rock bottom but having an idea of what to look for made me feel a little relieved. I barley remember what grade I got but I know I got a high grade on this assignment. After this assignment he moved on to recent topics. He explained the history behind most recent conflicts and why the conflicts are still happening right now. He even taught us how to write a resume (which is probably the school’s curriculum, but it was nice). Another topic he got into was New York I remember him saying “You guys Don’t know New York like I do because your kids” I chuckled because it was true, how are adolescents supposed to know where to hang out if we are barley adults! He Always showed us places to hang out when we are older, trendy places, places to take a significant other, and historically significant places. From all these lectures, I always felt like I learned more and more about the world that already perceived me. When it was the last day of school, I remembered how he was very sad on the fact that we where leaving. I sympathized with him because of the fact of how much I learned from his class and knowing that we won’t be able to talk to him again.

One quote that I felt that sympathized with my story was coming from Plato’s “Allegory of the Cave” is “When one of them was freed and suddenly compelled to stand up, turn his  
head, walk, and look up toward the light, he'd be pained and dazzled and unable to see the  
things whose shadows he'd seen before. What do you think he'd say, if we told him that what d he'd seen before was inconsequential, but that now—because he is a bit closer to the things that are and is turned towards things that are more—he sees more correctly” This relates to my education narrative by how I was moved by these lectures. When the person that was freed realized that the shadows weren’t how he perceived them, he was dazzled by it. Just like me how I was dazzled by the new information of the world that I was living in, that I did not yet know. Now that I have the information I “see more correctly”, like how the person in the novels’ perception was renewed when he was closer to the objects that were once shadows to him.

All in all, I feel like my semester was not really wasted because I got useful information from a teacher who was really motivated in his work. Also, it made me see the world in a different light with all the history talks we always had. It was nice informative class that got me invested in its content, but as what Geoffrey Chaucer says, “All good things must come to an end”.