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English 1101
Spring 2020

Essay 1: Narrative + Definition

As I rack through my brain for stories to share, I'm having a difficult time finding a specific learning experience of mine -- or "educational" as you would call it. There have been a lot of experiences where I learned what *not* to do - such as when I sprained *both* of my ankles on different occasions or when I decided taking six classes at once was "no big deal". Both of them had major takeaways: stop horsing around and don't take six classes at once. Neither one of them were relatively difficult to learn. I prefer walking without a brace and having a healthy school-life balance, but they're easily forgettable experiences. The so-called "educational" experiences I've encountered are harder to forget, just not as easy to put into words. Did I learn anything from these occurrences? Who knows. I just know that I thought these are interesting things to share from my life.

Once my advisor at LaGuardia Community College advised me to drop out of Computer Science into Liberal Arts. I was failing my math classes and struggled to attend my CS ones, but still. She was relentless. She left hints, simple suggestions, from the beginning of our advismentship. Well, of course being a Liberal Arts degree would be easier to obtain - It's Liberal Arts. I could be earning straight A's if all I had to do was spend 4 semesters breaking down the meaning of the crazy world we live in; not that I cared. Programming was the real challenge that I enjoyed. I was trying my best, even when my best wasn't good enough. She knew what my goal was and dismissed it without a thought. Tutoring was always a hit or miss at LaGuardia, and I felt like I left with more questions than I came with. I was working through new study habits, ones tried and tested to be true. Rewriting my notes immediately after my lecture seemed effective, but was it? Wasn't sure if I was understanding the Calculus concepts or understanding the best way to mimic what I wrote in numerous equations. Nonetheless, it just wasn't working out. It was awfully shitty to know someone who was supposed to be supporting me was rooting for my downfall.

Another time, I impressed my Computer Science professor by retaking the course. Classes that begin prior to 8am are not my friend, and classes on Saturdays were my enemy.

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Reason why I was shocked to find myself slumping on the 7 train at 7:30am towards an 8am Intro to Computer Science course. I wasn't at all happy about it. I wish I wouldn't have failed the first time around, although to be fair, if I would've passed if I actually attended the class. I probably went about.. 3, 4 times the most throughout the whole Fall semester. This was my punishment, fair and honest. This was exactly what I had coming to me. Little that I know that I would stumble into my previous professor right before one of the lectures. He looked surprised to see me, almost as if he couldn't believe I was there. He had to ask, confirming his suspicion while we stood outside the classroom. Dumbfounded, I said yes and gave a side eye. I wasn't aware at the moment, but he was speechless, stunned before he walked in the opposite direction. I don't think he believed I would attempt Intro to Computer Science again. And that stung. Just a little. I didn't take the chance to know enough about him in the classroom, and yet he made an unfair judgment on me. Maybe this isn't much of an educational experience, but a reason why CS left a terrible taste in my mouth.