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Final Essay Education Narrative

**My Real Hero**

“Meryam,اذا لم تغيري عاداتك السيئة وإذا وصلتي اتباع اصدقائك،فسوف تصبح مثلهم”

My mom said these words to me in Arabic, which means, "If you don't change your bad habits and if you continue to follow your friends, you will become like them."

**We Were Five Girls.**

I was a junior in high school, and my mom told me that she did not like my girlfriends. She called them "haribi" and "mathalat," which means "snakes" and "actors." I had started to hang out with the wrong group of girls. We were five girls. Maryam was depressed and taking drugs. Then there was Sarah, a drama queen. Safa was all about dating and nothing else. The last one was Reem, the right person with a soft heart. I was a follower of the group.

On a rainy day, Maryam, my friend, took a whole bottle of "drugs" because her dad told her he wished she was not his daughter. She was crying. When she came to school, she was shaking, and her eyes were very red. Based on her symptoms, we knew that she needed to go to the hospital, but she refused. Then we skipped school. We took her to Wendy's fast-food restaurant. We tried to convince her to go to the hospital, but she refused. Suddenly, she fainted, so we called the ambulance, and she was taken to the hospital. We did not want to leave her alone, so we followed in a taxi.

The next thing that happened was that the police called my mom. They said, "Hello, are you the parents of Meryam Abdulla? Your daughter is skipping school, and she is hanging out with her friends. One of the girls is now in the emergency room. Your daughter is at the hospital too, and now we will take her back to school."

My mom got mad at me. I was ashamed of myself that I disappointed her. She had worked so hard in her life. In my country of Yemen, her family had agricultural land, and my mom was a farmer. Our family used to grow coffee beans. There are no machines that helped farmers because the lands lay in the mountains. After all, my mom helped her family by planting and harvesting coffee beans. She could not attend high school because she was busy working hard and taking care of her siblings.

The relationship between my mom and me is more than just that of a mother and daughter. My mom is a significant person in my life because she encourages me to achieve my dreams. My mom always asks me if I need help. Even if she doesn't know how to assist me, she at least gives me hope. She is my best friend, so a week without talking was tough. My mom stayed one week without speaking to me. When my mom was silent, I felt depressed. I stayed in my room for a couple of days, crying and blaming myself.

Finally, she broke her silence, "Meryam, if you don't change your bad habits, and if you continue to follow your friends, you will become like them." I considered my mom's words. I stopped hanging out with Maryam, Sofia, Sarah, and Reem. I started to go to after school. I surrounded myself with good people. I joined the Arabic Club, where we did a project about our culture. For my presentation, I brought coffee beans from my country and made traditional Arabic coffee. I wore a green "Derik," our traditional dress, and a garland of flowers around my neck. I worked so hard to introduce Yemen Culture to my school. Then two months after that, I graduated from high school.

**OPEN DOORS FOR ME**

During the next two years, I got married. Then I began to think to myself; I need to go to college with a clear mindset. However, I got pregnant, and everything changed. After my son was born, I was stressed, and I thought I would not go to college. I needed to take care of him, but how will I do that?

I began to lose my hopes, and my dreams were crushed at this moment. I felt melancholy. I did not want to do anything. I was depressed, and I thought that I could not do anything anymore. I could not do the simple things in life. I could not sleep well. I could not go out. I could not leave the house. I could not meet my friends. I could not even eat. I had to hold my baby all the time because he was moody.

Then I thought about my mom. I thought of how she came here to a new country, America. She didn't know the language, and she had four children. She had to help them with school work. Now I know how hard it is because I'm a new mom. I felt sorry for my mom, but I understand her so much more.

Just as I was feeling all doors closing on me, there was my hero. My mom opens doors for me. She told me, "I promise you everything will be okay. Just have patience. Meryam, I will help you with your baby. You sleep in the morning, and I will sleep at night." We started a new schedule. She would come at night, see me tired, annoyed, collapsed, my eyes red, and tell me, "Meryam, give me your baby, and you rest." I began to see the doors opening to me now. I started to think about my mom's words, "Everything will be okay." I felt relieved. Everything changed. I had hoped, and I promised myself to do my best to make my mom happy.

Then my mom talked to me about my college dreams. She encouraged me to enroll in classes. I felt anxious, and I told her, "I'm frightened. If I can't make it, I will fail." However, my mom said, "Meryam, let's make a schedule for the baby." We changed my baby's sleeping routine. After I knew what time my baby slept, I could do things now. I slept more, and I made time for myself. Now I am a mom and a college student. Everything has changed. Without my mom, my life wouldn't be the same. My mom is my real hero. I have a new experience now. My mom has shaped me to be a college student who wants to do her work. I try to make time for studying, and she takes care of my baby when I have classes. I try to do my school work on time. Also, I love being a mom and spending time with my baby. After all, I couldn't make it to college without my mom's help. I appreciate her, and I want to thank her for being there for me.

Thank you, mom, for being my hero.