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ENG1101

Unit 1: Education Narrative Essay

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I began school when I was 4 years old. Since I was my parent's first child, they had high expectations for me. My environment was very conducive to learning and so I began learning interesting skills and my parents taught me appropriate behavior early on. My parents also did an excellent job of involving me in activities that would help me learn. Although I don't necessarily remember all the activity-specific skills. But I used to like drawing. My parents supported me and taught me to draw. I had a bunch of teachers during my development who taught me many useful things. While growing up I disliked how highly competitive all my classmates were. I was still able to perform well enough in school to please my parents. Later, while I was in middle school in Bangladesh we migrated to America. Here is where I entered middle school, which was very challenging for me. I found it quite difficult to blend in. Everything was new for me. I didn't know English. That was a new language for me. Everyone's lifestyle was different. I also changed my lifestyle. I was bullied for my poor English in the middle school I attended. That made me hate going to school here. I made some friends, but they were the worst; they would criticize my English and tease me. I used to skip school because of all these reasons. For not attending classes I failed. My parents were very disappointed in me. I had to attend summer

classes. I attended summer school and started working on my English. My teacher helped me a lot. He made me read aloud in class and that's how my reading skills improved. Also, he would assign activities like writing paragraphs. Taking part in class, greatly helped my English learning. I passed the course before beginning high school. High school wasn't too difficult for me because many immigrants struggled with English as I did. My high school was very diverse. I was placed in a special class that would assist me with my English. They took a few quizzes, and I did well enough on them. As time went on, I increased my class participation. I attended afterschool programs as well. They all helped me pick up English quickly. However, I was unable to meet my parent's expectations. I was simply an average student. But instead of criticizing me, my parents encouraged me. During my high school, I began to speak up in class, and my English began to improve. I felt comfortable participating in class because there were other kids in my condition. Whenever I was having problems in class, my teachers were just supportive. They managed to help me to apply for college. They helped me to get financial aid and assisted me with my college application. They encouraged me to select a major in which I was genuinely interested. So, I ended up choosing hospitality. I told my parents that I was interested in hospitality even though they wanted me to choose nursing. I had good justifications for my choices, my parents accepted the choice I made. My grandparents were also big supporters of a college education. My parents and teachers started to do things so that I was prepared for the next level of education. I'm currently in City Tech. I'm happy with the decision I made. I am liking my major so far. My professors are all nice and kind. Every day I learn new knowledge. I'm constantly meeting new people and becoming friends with my classmates. I'm constantly getting a lot better at English. One of my biggest influences was the religion that my parents taught me both inside and outside of the mosque building. As a child, I went to the mosque

nearly every week, which helped me learn about being a caring person and about how to behave and act in the world. I learned more about my religion. I also learned valuable characteristics through multiple extracurricular activities such as music lessons, school sports, and athletic hobbies. I learned characteristics like hard work and dedication. At the age of 17, I also began working to provide for my family and build my independence.