

ENG1101

Unit 1: Educational Narrative Essay

Word Count: 1093

Date: 10/18/2022

Sudden Changes

My life in the USA was not how i expected it to be nor how they promised me it would be like. I came from a pretty poor and small country in Asia called Bangladesh. Bangladesh is the type of country where they put much importance on social status and social class. People who don't have much money suffer and people who have money live a lavish life and get advantages and get away with the wrongs they do. This also applies in our education system.

I went to an English medium school which means that they teach us English and we read and write in English instead of our mother language. Even though we weren't really rich I still went to an English medium school and I was so happy to be in one but what I didn't know was that it was gonna be 10 times more pressure then a normal Bangla medium school. All schools in Bangladesh are very competitive and we have a thing called roll call. Our roll call is based on the grade we get. If I get the highest score out of all my classmates, I will be roll number 1 and the person who got the second highest grade will be roll number 2, so on and so forth. Imagine the pressure each of us have to get a good grade and not get a bad grade because not only people will know we did bad, they will be roll calling you by your bad grade and it will be a reminder on how bad of a student you are on a daily basis. It's humiliating and embarrassing.

I was a pretty good student starting off and I would always be in the top 3, I would win the races I ran, I would win all the other extracurricular activities I would join. It is so nice to claim all these things but remembering what it took me to achieve these things aren't so nice. My schedule in Bangladesh was so packed that I can't think of a time where I could just breathe. It was exhausting and doing all of that at such a young age was more exhausting. I would wake up at 6 and get ready by 6:30 and wouldn't even have time to eat, mom would have food on her hand and feed me on my way to school. My school would end at 2:30 and right after that I would go to my best friend's house to eat, change and shower and then head out for tutoring at 3:30, come back home at 8, do homework, eat, sleep and repeat. Being on a schedule like this was tiring and doing that for years as a child was more exhausting than I thought and it was extremely unhealthy. Everything about Bangladeshi education is very unhealthy. We are meant to act and process like robots. After all of this you might be wondering, at least we learn a lot of things going in our school... NO, we don't because in Bangladesh they give us the questions and the answers and we are only meant to memorize things. Growing up just processing like a robot and just memorizing things without even understanding it truly.

It was a shock to me when I arrived here at the age of 12 because the educational systems in both nations are so dissimilar. It was difficult for me to adjust to this educational system because I had grown up learning only in one style. Which was to merely memorize information, and coming here I truly had to comprehend things and educate myself without the assistance of a tutor. And taking a test was the worst for me since, at home, we knew all the things they would ask, but here, I had no idea what they would ask, which made me anxious and made me feel

really uneasy. Even though I didn't have the same struggle as my other friends who also newly came to the country who couldn't speak good English , I still have my own struggles. I went from being an excellent student to having 70s or less, which was difficult and demotivating for me. I always had good grades and did well in everything. It was just who I was at that point, someone who was damn near good at everything so all of a sudden I just got slapped in the face, it brought down my whole world. I can't think of a worse time than this. At that point I just wanted to go back to my country because not only would I go back to being a good student, I would also have my friends by my side, I wouldn't have to live in this house. I would go back to living in my huge house instead of this stupid apartment. I never thought I would miss home this bad. Everyone wanted to come to the USA and I just wanted to leave as soon as I came in. It was horrible and it still is. If I could stay there I would. It's been 6 years and I still feel like I don't fit here. And I don't think I ever will. Consequently, after going through all of that and having everything taken from me, I eventually gave up because I had no idea what to do or how to fix it.. My parents were quite disappointed in me, and as a result, I was doing worse in school. At that time, I no longer felt like the person my parents had always imagined me to be, capable of great things. I lost a sense of who I was. I came to the realization that I wasn't really doing anything because I wanted to; I was really doing it for my parents. I realized how much I screwed up, but looking back I can't really blame myself at all. It wasn't easy, and I was very confused, but after high school I vowed that in college I will try my best and I am pushing myself to do better, and even though it's only been about a month, I already noticed I was doing much better than before. I need to keep reminding myself that while my grades are not the best, they are better than they were previously and that I shouldn't let a few bad grades demotivate me. Sometimes I have to keep pushing myself even on the days when I don't feel like it.