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ENG1101

Unit 1: Education Narrative Essay

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Education Narrative

Education has always been a complex topic for me growing up. It has different meanings to different people and can challenge a person in mysterious ways. Education can make you feel tons of emotions separately or all at the same time. I am definitely one of those people who has felt like education has defeated me numerous times, but for some reason I always come back to it. Education is in everything and is a way of life, especially for kids growing up in households that push for an education.

Growing up the youngest there was always someone to look up to as a role model. On the other hand it also meant having someone to compete with against every single thing you do. My older brother and I have two different fathers and we are half siblings, that meant we were for sure different in many ways; we didn't even look alike. His father was of course present and co-parented with my mom all throughout his childhood till now, me on the other hand always justin had my mom. My father didn't live in the states so seeing him made it difficult, especially since he has other kids. Of course it affected me and made me feel like I never could be as successful as my brother since he had two parents. Why did I feel like having both of my parents in my life could make me better? Was my mom not enough?

My mom has always been my rock, lifeline, best friend and a great pain in my ass. Nevertheless, not having my father in the picture made my mom and I's relationship stronger than ever. Even so with my mom's support, I still felt like a piece of me was missing. When I was about 10 my mother met someone and they became inseparable. My step father became a standing father figure for me for a while and it made me feel whole again. I was doing amazing in school and was over all content with life, then tragedy struck our family. My step father had passed away peacefully in my mom's arms on a cold february night. I felt like I would never recover from that loss, did I?

Till this day filling that hole in my heart has never been easy and I try repeatedly but it doesn't get easier. One thing that his death taught me was that my mom is one of the strongest people I will ever know. Unfortunately I inherited her tough attitude and made it seem like his death never affected me but deep down I was never the same. Moving forward my life became a constant fight but with myself, my grades slipped, I focused on being popular, wanted to have a boyfriend and fill that void with what I thought could be love. Who am I kidding? I was only in middle school and barely had boobs.

Fast forward, I am now in high school not knowing how I got into such a fancy art school in the city. I took out all frustrations and sadness into the one thing that could never judge me back, art. Making art was an escape and made me feel powerful, like I could make other people happy when they saw my creations. Then, I had to choose a major in high school and this is where I made one of the worst mistakes ever, that I regret everyday of my life. I chose to be an architecture major out of all the other wonderful options, why didn't I choose illustration? Or photography? Or fashion? Or animation? Or film? No, architecture was my pick and I was happy at first. It felt like a marriage I couldn't get out of. Now I will say, it wasn't always bad; I made

lots of friends and it was such a small major that we all knew one another; it felt like having another family. Architecture taught me that art isn't always sunshine and rainbows, it was hard work and frustrating. As a sophomore, junior and senior I was an architecture major but I also was severely depressed. Did anybody know? No. Did anyone notice? No. My grades were never great after that nor good, I never participated in class, and I was slipping through the cracks. Meanwhile, my older brother who is only a year older than me, was thriving. He attended a high school for law and justice and was a straight A student.

It always felt like the universe was testing me, pushing me past my breaking point. Who was there to blame? I can only blame myself for never getting help or feeling like my problems were never good enough to share with others. My junior year creeps upon me and the college process starts, which was when reality hit me. My grades were despicable, I barely passed, never had good relationships with teachers, and felt alone. Then, someone unexpectedly came to my rescue; my brother. Never did I ever think he would ever want to help me, or that he ever noticed that I needed help in the first place. He basically did my entire college process and helped unsuccessful me make it into a college today. Still it felt like I had no purpose to even go to college, I didn't even know what I wanted to pursue as a career. One day I sat with my mom and we just spoke about my future. Suddenly, something hit me; I had never asked my mom what school was like for her.

She looked at me with a twinkle in her eye, as if she had been waiting for me to ask her forever. My mom was a beautiful, fun, popular girl and dominated her days in high school. She was what my generation would call an "it girl", a girl that seems like she has the life everyone wants. Then, the story went from smiles and laughs to still and dull. She shared with me that her mom was a very greedy person who don't think school was important, earning money was. So my

grandmother made my mom work multiple jobs while my mom struggled to attend school. My mothers senior year came and she was 2 months from graduating and suddenly she dropped out. My grandmother made her drop out so that she could pursue a full time job and bring more money to their household. At that moment I knew exactly what my purpose was in life, it was to finish what my mom started. She made me see school in a whole different perspective, school isn't an option for everyone. The fact that I made it this far has shown me that I am capable of more.

Life in its entirety is a learning process, which means that with every obstacle comes new things to learn. I will say that being in college is still very new to me and can get the best of my mental state, but it is definitely worth it. I attend college in my mom's honor, I choose to continue my education for her. It makes me appreciate her giving me the opportunities her mom chose not to give her. Life is a lesson and we are all a part of that lesson in one way or another.