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A different type of change

At a young age or any age, your home and family mean the most to you. No one ever expects or wants having to deal with choosing a side, who you want to live with or the pain that one parent wouldn't be returning home to you. Unfortunately it happened to me at a young age. It was the last year of elementary school. Just within the next couple months was middle school. What was supposed to be the most exciting year, turned out to be the biggest turn around. No 10 year old wants to mature at that age or have to deal with bigger problems that are harder than math homework. That year was a tough one but as tough as it was I still got through it and turned out pretty okay. It wasn't easy and there was a lot to take in. I was 10 and my little brother was only 3 years old. As long as I can remember my dad was my best friend, our bond was so strong. I was always with him, everywhere he went I went with him. My grandma used to say "you are the girl version of your dad. Everything he does and says you do too." That's how I knew my dad and I were very close. When I found out that my dad was leaving I hated him with everything in me. I hated him for 3 years because not only did everything change but our bond wasn't the same anymore. It was the worst and hardest experience to see other kids that were me and my brothers age with their dads doing things and going places. It was even hard to see families out at the park or just walking on the street. Routines changed and everything that we all did together was now being done with just me, my mom and my brother. The stages I went through weren't the best

and it made my mom's days longer and added more stress for her to deal with. I started to rebel against my mom and my family and throughout my 3 years of middle school I started following the wrong crowd and decided that because I was already on the wrong path I was going to start getting into trouble in school. When it came time for an explanation I told everyone that “ my parents weren't living in the same home anymore”. It was 2 or 3 years that had passed but because I had so much anger and sadness left in me I didn't know what to do so that became my excuse. The next year after that my great grandma had gone to the hospital and wasn't doing so well and ended up leaving us which made things 10 times more difficult for me because not only were I dealing with this I had to accept the fact that the lady I spent 10 years of my life with, left me. Those years my mom was still so depressed so she didn't bother with anything she had no hope or energy for anything. Me acting out was taking advantage of that. High school came around and the anger and trouble were out of my system, it was mostly depression that ran through me. Because I was a little older and had more knowledge on it and I became less mad about it. My second and third year of high school I had my first boyfriend and let's just say it wasn't the greatest experience . I was so scared because all my life I looked at how happy and good my parents used to be and I told myself as a little girl “that's what I wanted for myself.” But when they fell apart, so did that part of me that believed in that. It caused me to end my relationship with my boyfriend because I was scared that at some point he'd leave like my dad and I would be hurt all over again. Over the years my parents separation, made me view a lot of things differently from relationships to almost everyday life. It somehow shaped me to become an independent young woman. It put my focus on getting my high school diploma and going to college because it was the only thing they agreed that they wanted from me. My parents didn't get to finish high school and got to college as they wanted to so I did it for them. My dad always

told me since I was little “I want you to be somebody not a nobody like me and your mom.” Ever since he told me that it stuck with me because as much as I wanted to give up and drop out of high school I kept going because it made them both happy. As time passed and all the years went by I finally accepted everything and moved on from it. It was and still is an adjustment to get used to but we all managed to get through it. After I turned 16 I stopped having this ball of hate for my dad and became okay with him and grew back the bond we had. It wasn't the exact bond but it was close. People say that “people change” or “some people will never change”. I believe both of them. Today I'm 18 now so I'm more on my own i dont need my dad as much as I did when I was younger. My brother is 11 and he still has time to spend with our dad until he's my age. Even though he missed some years and some milestones of our lives and some may say that it's too late. But I personally believe it's not. It's an effort that he's trying to make up for the loss of years. A few years ago this would have been a hard topic to talk about or even think about. Now I'm able to talk about it and have others know about it.