Bianca Alcaide

ENG1101

Unit 1: Education Narrative Essay

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When Will it End?

“Have you gotten accepted yet?” Ma looks up from her *costura*[[1]](#footnote-1) hoping she’d get the answer she wants. “I haven’t applied, I don’t feel ready to go. ” I couldn’t even look her in the eyes.

I grew up in a house where education meant everything to my parents. My parents migrated to the United States a little over 23 years ago hoping me and my siblings would take advantage of the opportunities we’d be given here. The main advantage they sought after was the better education we’d be taught in school. With a better education they hoped we would get closer to a college diploma than they have. Now how do you think they reacted when not one but all three of my older sisters didn’t go beyond that high school diploma?

Oldest sister got pregnant young, still studied to get her diploma, didn’t go to college. My parents understood a little as to why she didn’t want to go but they kept pushing her to go as my niece got older. Time after time she got tired of the constant nagging and told them she wasn’t going. How she wanted to focus on her kid and when the time was right, she’d go. Ma was upset, told her she was making a stupid decision that she’d regret later my dad however understood. “You don’t want to go to school alright, but you can’t stay here, I’m sorry but you have to go.” Wiping her tears, she left to her room as my dad followed trying to calm her down. So, you don’t go to college because you have a baby decide to put the baby first, tell mom and dad you’re waiting for the right time to go back to school, and you’re being kicked out?

Second oldest sister got further but she did become a teen mom she too didn’t go to college. She got to stay in the house. My mom was at my sister’s hands and feet, “You need anything? Do you want something to eat I can make it if you want.” A year or two down the line my mom starts asking her about school, “Are you thinking about going back to school?”. “I don’t want to go I don’t like school, to me it’s a waste of time.”. “How are you going to get a job?” “I’ll get one soon.” “Good because if you don’t go to school you need to work.” That was a different reaction from them this time. The oldest got kicked out no questions asked but this time being kicked out wasn’t even mentioned. Maybe if Ma likes me more this won’t happen to me.

My third oldest sister she was the closest of the three to go to college she even had her mind set on what she would be majoring in. She had both my parents proud until she announced her pregnancy a month before school started. It was the same as the first time except this time was worse. Ma was angry at her, telling her she was so close to going to school, she just had to ruin it last second. She wanted her gone, she didn’t care where she went, she just wanted her out. “But Ma I’ll go to back to school in a year. I just need a few months that’s it.” Nothing she said could’ve changed my mom’s mind.

Throughout school I did my best to keep my grades for each class at least an 85 or above. I was scared anything less was enough for my mom to treat me the same way she did my sister’s. During my senior year she got more serious about my grades and that 85 wasn’t enough for her she wanted 90’s. I was burnt out, I spent too long pleasing her with the grades that for me were already hard enough to get. I was never the best at school I struggled with every class, and I was forcing my self to get those grades for her. I was scared to disappoint her but as the year went on the more burnt out I was. I was slowly losing interest in school and my grades showed it, my attendance records showed it.

While everyone else was making appointments to see the guidance counselor about their plans for their future I was avoiding him. I didn’t know what I was going to do I didn’t want to go to school knowing I was going to be feeling the lack of motivation because I wouldn’t have been going for myself but for my parents. I wanted a year to myself not school, I wanted to know what I wanted to major in, I wanted to decide what schools would’ve been right for me. I wanted to prepare myself mentally for the next step in my life. Of course, my mom didn’t know about this and I was stressing out the closer we got to the end of the year. I was trying to figure out how I was going to tell her I wasn’t going but that I had a plan for myself. It wasn’t like I was going to be here at home doing nothing, I had a job waiting for me it wasn’t the best job but for me it was something.

Some time around January my mom started asking about the colleges I’ve applied for, none, I avoided the questions. I started telling her I was going to get a job and she shut it down quick, “You can get a job with the college diploma you’re going to get.” I knew it was better to just tell her now and I did, “I need a year without school a year that’s it, I’ll have it all figured out in a year I just need a break.” I knew she wouldn’t understand but I just needed to let her know what I wanted for once. “You want to take a year off for what? So you can end up like your sister’s with a kid and not go back to school? You’re going to college I need you to go and do something with yourself.” I wasn’t going to argue there was no point. I learned from experience that going back and forth about this was pointless, she gets her way all the time. I applied last minute to different schools but all being in the medical field.

If I was being forced to go I wanted to study something I actually saw myself doing. So I decided to study to become an ultrasound technologist. At City Tech they give ne the opportunity to do this, I’m majoring in Radiologic Technology and Medical Imaging. the most because I have seen those sonograms more than once and I liked them. I wanted to be the person expecting mothers go to for the check ups and to see their baby. I would’ve preferred to have done it on my own time but sadly that wasn’t the case.

It was my mother’s fear of me becoming like my sister’s that lead me down this path. I was scared of the outcomes if I had decided to not go but somehow the pressure of being first gen now is worse than anything she could’ve made me do. I have no idea how any of college stuff works, I’m going down this path alone because I have no one to go to for help. The fear of disappointing her more than I have already is going to be the death of me. Until I learn to put myself first and learn to stand up for what I want I’ll be stuck doing things not for myself but for her. If she’s happy I’ll do this because what matters to me most right now is her happiness rather than my own. This is the least I could do for her after all she gave up a life over in Mexico for me to get a college diploma.

1. Costura- needlework [↑](#footnote-ref-1)