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English 1101

Unit 1: First Narrative Draft

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On that dreaded window seat of the plane leaving for my real home I was suddenly flashed by the sun's bright light, forcing me into a moment of blindness, but to me, it was a moment of stillness. In that moment it occurred to me how I had left my mom because of my selfishness leaving her all by her lonesome losing myself in these depreciating thoughts of mine I had been lost to time as I recalled my life before getting on this new journey of despair. When I turned two my parents had a mutual decision of getting a divorce and of course, being focused on being a child I did not know what that decision would entail for my future but did know that playing with the cars in my head would give me a moment's joy. Fast forward 3 months later I am on a one-way flight to Bangladesh, the country where my parents were born and left for a better future ironically the same country where my future would take place, then again no one's future is set rather we pave it. Looking back that flight with my mother was one of the few moments where I found my head empty as the skies outside the window of the plane.

It has been four years since I left New York, my home, behind to live with my mom in the small yet vibrant village of Shunamgonj, Bangladesh. Those four years were fun, but I always felt something missing however, I was not too focused on that I was focused on the fact that I would be attending school! Even though I had left New York I still retained my English speaking skills it was honed even further with the help of my mom I must admit that speaking English garnered many unwanted eyes upon me, and feeling uncomfortable I would always run to my mom. My mom was my rock I honestly did not see my life without her. Enough about that at that time I was getting ready for my first semester of primary school in a very excited state of mind, but as my mom smiled at me, I felt a sudden pang in my heart as I noticed a hint of sorrow in that smile of hers. However, even after acknowledging that sadness of hers, I chose to ignore it and decided to prep my bag to meet the school's headmaster to discuss tuition and the academic rigor of the grade I was to be in. After this brief recollection of what is to be done my mom and I head out of our house to hail a rickshaw to the school, my mom had negotiated the fare of our trip to the cyclist in which he had to accept to carry on his job. Whenever she had done this, I always saw my mom as a strong woman who had always gotten what she wanted, feeling inspired I smile, but that smile would surely fade away.

The rickshaw had come to a halt in front of the school gates in which my mind was in a psychedelic trance unable to believe that I was going to school. My mom had led me to the principal's office the very room where I would receive one of the worst news in my childhood. The principal, Mr. Alamgir had greeted us in a very condescending tone I did not realize this at that moment, but I was scared and nervous and my mom had reciprocated the same feelings as mine. After the very brief salutations he had spoken in Bangla, "Mrs. Chowdhury, your son can be the brightest boy in his grade, but what good is that if you are poor? We have standards we must meet, and you currently do not so let us keep this discussion short." My mom had just kept her head down as she was a criminal for committing a theft, a theft she would later describe as my future. However, I just stared angrily at this demon of ego and said in English, "you are dumb, and you smell!" he felt offended, but he had no idea what I said yet these words did not extinguish my childly greed and rage.

After what had occurred, I was silent as was my mom I vaguely remember the only time she spoke in that time was to hail a rickshaw cyclist even as we got seated at our ride, she dared not utter a

single word. However, the seething rage in me clouded my judgment in trying to understand so I kept my distance. As fate would have it the next few days would be even worse as I was to give a decision of either staying with my mom or my father; I have not seen him in so long to the point I cannot recall his face. The day I was so perturbed about had come to pass, in that small and hot living room of ours my dad's lawyer had asked me as beads of sweat flowed down his cheek, "My dear boy, you can stay here with your mom or go back with your dad, go back to the place where you spent your life, and the future you are to have there." Those words had gone in one ear and went out the other I was too focused on that small drop of sweat hitting his trousers, but I more or less understood what was said to me. Once again I was stuck in this moment of stillness with the realization that my mom was a boulder weighing down on me as harsh as it sounds so I selfishly left my mother. Her sorrowful smile struck me as she heard my decision to leave her I had lost my mind trying to explain to her that I wanted to become so smart that no one would ever look down on me and make my mom the "Mother of the smartest man alive," Alas my wails was of no avail to her I desperately wanted to pursue education, expand my knowledge, and have various experiences with my newfound intelligence, this was the cost of my greed; it wasn't for a seven-year-old to make such choice. However, I already made my choice, and right after I found myself in that plane window seat going back to that moment of stillness. My choice was harsh but I couldn't allow myself to writhe in guilt this was of course not the realization of a seven-year-old but of the person I am today. When it comes to seeking to better oneself there are no such things as bad decisions it is only the momentarily feeling of weakness and, in that weakness, one finds themselves in this moment of stillness. Time freezes, you become more apparent in yourself and your thoughts think of the future you are making with the education you are to receive.