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ENG1101

Unit 1: Education Narrative Essay

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Looking Towards the future

As a kid, I loved reading Books about science, animals, mythology, and history. I enjoyed reading a lot. I adored one specific book series, Myth-o-Mania, which I always loved to read when I got home from school. I would sit by the computer and read; if my mom took me to the library, I would grab it and start reading it as well. But as I got older and time passed. My love for these books began to fade away. I was being swept along with continuously trying to fit in and started to act differently. I got in trouble, did not do my work, failed my tests, and even got into fights that my parents don't know about. I wanted to fit in since this was what the "cool kids" were doing. My old best friend also used to be part of these groups, so to stay with her, I continuously failed and tried to be part of the group. So, at a time, I stopped caring about my education. I did not want to be marked as an intelligent kid and be made fun of, so I dumbed myself down a bit.

So I didn't care what grades I got in my classes, whether 90's, 80's, or failing. When my parents saw this, they told me to start putting my grades up, and if I didn't, they would begin to take my things away from me, like my games or tablet. So, I complied with their requests for a while, did what they asked of me, and checked whether I had completed my assignments. So I got my grades up, and it stayed that way until I got to around fifth grade, where I began to fail my classes again since they trusted me enough not to have to watch me, but I went behind their backs and went back to my old habits. But again, I got that same threat and returned on track. It

was always a back-and-forth thing with them. I paid attention to the classes and knew what I was supposed to be doing, but when you're a kid, all you want to do is be a kid and have fun. But at the end of the year, in fifth grade, during parent-teacher conferences, my teacher told my mother that I barely did any assignments and that if I didn't do those tasks, I would be left back while everyone else moved up. So that is what I did, and my mom was angry with me. She stayed with me the entire time I did those assignments. In the end, I passed the year. I'm grateful to the teacher who did that for me and took the time to grade my assignments and check if I did them correctly. Because of her, I passed and will forever be internally grateful for that.

After that, I kept my grades up until Covid hit. Then, that's when it all went downhill again. When it came to sophomore year, I passed every class they gave me except chemistry, but that was only because I didn't attend any of the courses since it was so early in the morning. I just wanted to sleep more in my bed, but I also thought the call wasn't mandatory. Some teachers didn't care, and others did. My chem teacher didn't say what he wanted, so I chose not to go. When my mom got a call from my chemistry teacher in the morning, she got mad and came to scream at me to wake up. She proceeded to show me the texts my teacher sent her that I wasn't attending the classes and wasn't doing any of the work either. She was tired that I didn't do any of the work and needed constant reminding to do that set work. In all honesty, I don't blame her for yelling at me.

I was a bad kid. Everything then on was fine. I fixed myself and got better at getting good grades till my senior year. When senior year was ending, out of the friends I went to high school with, I only had one friend left. My old best friend and I never spoke again and fell out of touch with my other friends. But that year, what broke me the most was when my parents told my older sister and me they were getting a divorce. It shattered me—I've always gotten along with my

father since we just got along, but when he told us that it was because he was unfaithful, I didn't know what to feel: Anger or Sadness. But I knew that at that time, I felt nothing. I couldn't find any emotion to feel; I just felt as if someone had turned off any and all emotions that were in me, so I didn't say anything. At most, all I said was "Okay". I think, or I saw, that he regretted what he did and what it caused us. After that, I came to a realization about what I was actually going to do with my life and what I was going to be to help my mother out, so I fixed myself and my sister helped me too. We took trips to libraries and bookstores, and with all of that, I found my passion for reading again, more things that opened the world to me that had been shut out from my head. As if opening a chest that has been locked away only to be discovered again. But because of what happened, it made my relationship with my mom stronger and made me reconnect with my love of reading again. I enjoy learning again; that's how I came to choose health sciences, but in the end, I think I will change it to physics or computer science since I've also got a love for Science and Technology. I'm excited to see what I've got in store for myself and what will become of me.