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Unit 1: education narrative essay

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### Trials and errors in life

I started school in pre-k, I loved going to school, I was an independent child. I tied my own shoes, made my own breakfast, and never cried for my mom like the other kids would. When I got to the first grade my teachers noticed that I was struggling, although I did not see this myself, a promotion and doubt letter was sent home. I was left back and had to repeat the first grade. Later on after a month or two, I started to excel in class, then was promoted to the second grade. I developed hearing loss and did not realize this until the third grade. I struggled a lot throughout elementary school. I would be in class not processing anything being said to me but was too scared to ask my teacher or anyone for help. I had gotten ear surgery in the fourth grade but that didn't help as I still couldn't hear and was in a constant state of brain fog. During state exams or any test, I just stared down at my paper and filled in anything I could. I was also always sick those days. I think subconsciously my mind cannot handle being tested so my nose would become extremely runny and my ears would start to hurt. I don't know how I passed the state exams to be quite frank. Although I was definitely not the best student I was a social butterfly, I loved being with my friends and would often get into trouble for talking too much. I remember in the 4th grade I had detention, In detention you would have to take your lunch up to an empty classroom and read a book. I started to read the book "Class Clown" by Johanna Hurwitz, and I fell in love. I loved that book so much that I would read every spare second I had until it was finished. I loved the deluded and imaginative state I would be in. I would escape my horrific and almost vegetative reality.

I come from an immigrant Bengali household, and my mother was not aware of how crucial my education was. I had no one to push me or even help me with my homework. Soon after the fourth grade, I began my menstrual cycle. I began my womanhood at the ripe age of nine. I rapidly started to gain weight, I got even worse brain fog, I would be in pain in school, and I felt like I was dying. So I stopped going to school when I was on my period. I blamed myself. I got to middle school and it was the same thing as elementary school, I was failing all my classes. I blamed myself but also couldn't bring myself to care about school. I believed that I was just dumb naturally and there was nothing I could do about it. I started to envy the smart kids, this made me care less about school and more about my social status as that was the only thing I had control over. Popularity, makeup, and fashion were the only things that brought me happiness because education and my home situation certainly didn't. At the end of the 6th grade, I stopped going to school at all. I told my mom that I didn't need to and she believed me. My school threatened to bring the doe to my home and report us if I didn't come back with my

mother to school. When my mother and I came to speak with my principal, she reviewed my transcript from elementary school and saw the number of absences that I had. They scrutinized and embarrassed my mother, telling her how irresponsible she was and that she was the reason why I would not succeed in life. Later on, I transferred to an Islamic school for the rest of my middle school years. If you can't tell already, I did not do well there either. Education there was not prioritized as much as religion. My teachers barely spoke English and did not teach well. Still not realizing how much this would impact me in the future, I would lay off my class and homework. For high school, I transferred to an all-girls school right next door to City Tech. The school was much more structured and the teachers were more reliable and resourceful. My best friends from the Islamic school had transferred to this school with me so yet again I was more focused on having fun rather than focusing on school. My cousin who had been there 2 years prior introduced me to skipping school. It was extremely easy to skip here. So me and my friends would do it often. Then covid hit.

It was March 12, 2020, when the news broke that the coronavirus was out and harmful, so school would be closed for two weeks. Soon those two weeks had turned into 1 and a half years. I never went to any of my Zoom classes. I had an N/A for all of my classes. My teachers then put me in a hybrid because of how horrible I was doing. Then junior year comes around. We start in-person school. I was introduced to weed. I fell in love with being high. I hated myself, I hated my life, and mostly I hated how I felt nothing. My older cousin went to a school nearby and she was my supplier. I would buy weed on my own so I would cheif off of hers. We would meet every morning and I would smoke and this destroyed my mental health. I had a distorted point of view regarding reality, but I liked it. I liked that when I would get traumatized by things so easily a piece of me would change. Something that I hated about myself would change. I would think so deeply about things that I would never bat an eye about before. I wouldn't skip exactly every single day, sometimes I would go to school right after. If the weed made me drowsy and into a vegetative state then I just wouldn't do my classwork at all, but when it would make me think too deeply I would ace my classwork. My grades weren't that bad junior year but last marking period my grades were horrible. The last marking period grades go into my transcript. It finally hit me.

I was in my advisory class, my college counselor told me that I had a low chance of getting into my dream college. Brooklyn College. I immediately started to cry. How did I not know this whole time? Why did I not care? What is wrong with me? What will happen to my future now? All these thoughts start to rush through my head. I was extremely disappointed in myself. I felt so low on myself. Everyone around me knew.... they were aware. How were they aware that education was so important? How did they know their future depends on grades? Why didn't anyone push me? If only somebody had told me how crucial these high school years would be, if I had cared I could've saved myself from humiliation. If I had known, I would have tried from the beginning. Maybe if I pushed myself I could excelled and gotten the opportunity to attend an Ivy League or SUNY at least. Now I'm stuck and I hate myself for being so oblivious. I became jealous of the smart kids once again, I was envious that they had this common sense and/or had a family that cared for their education. Senior year came around and I still could not let go of this addiction to being high. I tried harder in school but ended up giving up by January.

College application came around and I applied to every single cuny hoping that Brooklyn College would accept me through their seek program. City tech was my backup option if I didn't get into anything else. I got my final decision and as you can tell, I got rejected from Brooklyn College. This was like a shot to my heart.

Of course, with every hardship comes the tunnel of light. I applied to the city tech cte program since it was the closest thing to an early childhood education major. I had gotten in. I searched if I would be able to transfer out the second semester and what the requirements were regarding admissions for Brooklyn College. It says that you only need a 2.5 GPA and 12 credits which sounded too good to be true. I talked to an advisor here at City Tech and she has told me to transfer as soon as possible since this school is not a fit for my future career. She recommended that I go to Brooklyn College myself and talk to them. My best friend since the 7th grade goes there so she guided me to the admissions office. Being on the campus felt like a fresh breath of air. I felt like I belonged there. This made me even more in love with Brooklyn College. I talked to the admissions people and they guided me on the application. They reassured me and told me how the process would go. I am now aiming for at least a 3.0 GPA and on the right track regarding credits. Please pray that I have at least a 3.0 GPA by the end of the semester. I feel much more content with myself knowing that I can still achieve my goals regardless of my past. I have also found out that I may have PCOS which makes so much sense of why I have dealt with such severe brain fog. I am now dedicated and confident and I will get into Brooklyn College no matter what! I will heal my inner insecurity and I will stand proud.