

Name: Suigly Gomez

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Two different place different mindset

The feeling of being kept in a cage that just keeps getting smaller. Even though I felt like my brain was in that cage I saw others being manipulated by a small town that does not grow in education and the knowledge they are capable of having. My people, my town and my knowledge have been kept on an Island with no sources. I was getting used to the same world that was in it. Felt like I already knew my start and my end.

I was a little girl living with her mother, stepfather and brother in a small town where everyone knew each other. Same routines, conversation and no progress at the end of the day. When they asked me, "What do you want to be when you grow up?" I simply stared at the person in front of me. I didn't know what to say to them because I was unsure of my ability to identify a right fit for myself. Later that day, I was in my room, thinking about the careers that were given there, although I knew there were a few options of which career to choose. I knew people that had diplomas, then it was difficult for them to find a job because there were a high number of people, with the same career that they had to almost compete to get the job. Their lack of knowledge of going somewhere else to develop their careers made them stay in a tiny room. When I moved with my mother and brother to another place. Living in a town where people are always under the shadow of others, to being in a city where people can express themselves with

no worries of being judged, different paths and many options to choose. Coming to a City at the age of 12 with a limit in mind. Education back in my hometown was provided to those who could afford it, but here in the city was provided to those who wanted it. Starting in a new school felt like the education from my hometown was nothing. It felt just a waste of time that just disappeared to nowhere.

Oh, God my mind hurts. I'm not able to be successful here. How can I be here? People lie to my back so how can I rely on them? I don't even know how to speak, read or write English. I was here in a new place with no idea of what they were thinking. It was like having a mystery box in my hands and being scared of being opened. My mind was outside my body and that made me feel empty. Being like a blind person that got stuck every time I wanted to make a new step, That made me go back two steps. I was sitting looking at the colorful sky when Brittany came to me. She was looking at me with a straight face and she said "You are better than this. I know that life is hard, but you can at least try". I reply "What do you want me to do? There is no place for me here. I don't know English at all." Brittany responded, "People start like that at the beginning but later on they end up knowingly speaking English." I said, "Stop bothering".

My personal issues have been worse ever since Brittany first came to me. My family wanted me to interact with my cousin in English, which caused me to start getting low grades. I wanted to give up on learning because of them. On one of those days, my aunt approached me as I was in my room. "Why don't you leave this place and return to Guatemala instead?" she asked, and she didn't wait for a response. I just stood there and gaze as she walks away, thinking nothing. I had that despair for a long time, and I kept hearing phrases that sounded like echoes. I simply understood that I couldn't be any different from the people in my previous hometown. I feel like I was created to be like them, to be nothing more than nothingness in life. I find that the

more I try to study on my own, the more irritated I am. Everything felt like a puzzle, and my head felt like a vortex. Writing, comprehending, and speaking English felt like it would take an endless amount of time.

One day, while at the park, I watched the children playing happily. Crying and falling to the ground, but later playing as if nothing had occurred. I learned from those kids that if they can always get back up after falling, why can't I? I went home and got a notebook, then I started writing a strategy for how I could learn English step-by-step without feeling horrible. I did write in my notebook a bunch of ideas then I would do those for 30 days because that was the way that would become one of my habits.

The first day of my plan was to listen and watch movies in English. I sat down and started to watch a show that my little cousins watched those days. I started to try to repeat the song they sang. Second day was to write sentences and write as many ones as I could. I grabbed a child book and started to write all the stories that I could then later on try to pronounce it. Third day was to start to interact with people who only speak in English at my school. The most difficult one to do was the third day I was so shy that my body felt like a wall standing. I went to do all the plans that I had then ended up doing for 30 days. The 30 days felt like I did a lot of improvement and felt like I was a completely new person that I could see my old self that came from that town. The chains that I was caring for from my old town now felt like I was free. I was being successful and letting my town be my past.