

My Chapter of Life

*Written By:
Faria Promi*



Memoir

The door opened revealing the excitement on my mom's face as if we had won a ticket to an unknown paradise: who would know that presumption became reality...

Immigrants face many obstacles. The most difficult one for me was language. When I started kindergarten, most of my classmates spoke the language and for me, it was new because my primary language was Bangla. At times I felt left out. It was frustrating, and I felt shy to say or write something wrong, but I never gave up. I felt left out because I didn't know how to communicate with others, and I felt shy about meeting people and talking to them whenever I was with my classmates. My parents have taught me that we need to open our opportunities by fighting our fears and demonstrating to the rest that we really can do much more than what we imagine. My first time experience, the plane ride, was very exhausting because at that time I was very young, and I was a bit scared when flying the plane the first time. As the plane was moving, I would look out the window to see the lovely view. As I landed in America, I felt so happy experiencing different things and learning different ideas, and interacting with others. As I was leaving Bangladesh, I felt very disappointed to see all my family members crying. I wanted to stay because it was my home country, it was where I lived, where I was born.

My parent's provided us with better education by coming to America, especially my mom. She was always working, so she could provide me with the support I was going to need for

my life. Immigration is what made America what it is today. For immigrants, some factors pushed them from their country while other factors pulled them toward America. Immigrants come to America to pursue higher education that provides a wide variety of options to suit all kinds of needs. In reality, there would be no America if not for immigration due to the fact absolutely everyone within the U.S.A.

Sometimes, as immigrants, we are scared to ask for help because of the language. I ask myself why would someone leave their country with no guarantees of the life that lay ahead? Why would they move their family around the world to a foreign land, a foreign language, and start a new life? Why do people pick the United States over all other choices? My immigration story through my own eyes was when my mum and I won a Diversity Visa lottery when I was only three years old. The excitement on mom's face was a relief for her to come to America. For some reason, people chose to come to America for various reasons, such as to live in freedom, to practice their religion freely, to escape from poverty or oppression, and to make better lives for themselves and their children. Some people already have members of their family residing in this country, and desire reunification. Through family-sponsored immigration, a U.S. citizen can sponsor his or her foreign-born spouse, parent, minor, and adult married and unmarried children, and brothers and sisters. My reason for coming to America was to live a better life, educate myself, find a job, economic opportunity, health, escape poverty, and avoid prosecution. My mom worked her whole life for me so I can be an independent woman.

As I grew older, I realized that coming to America on a long journey wasn't so bad. You are fighting external stereotypes about yourself and internal ones that are already embedded in your mind about America and the people. Yet, it is your call on how to make your experience of

living in the states positive or negative, rewarding or not, enriching or cumbersome depending on the way you define it and decide to make use of it. Initially, entering this new world felt foreign and new to me. Entering my new school immediately encouraged me to go back to Bangladesh. However, in America the culture here is different. Here it's much more open. Here you can go out for 24 hours, you can work, easily get a job, etc.

The most important thing that needs to be kept in mind is to embed yourself in the society you are living in, and to be a productive citizen without losing your identity and values. Being American does not depend on how you look or where you originally came from but what you give to this country. The concept of diversity and race is a shared value in the American system. I learned so much through learning all the adventures I took in the past and these lessons will remain with me through the next phase of my life, such as being the first generation to attend college and pursuing my passion.

Short Story

Alia went to Starbucks on a Sunday morning to get coffee. Before dropping off her brother Alam at school, she went to Starbucks around 8:30 am. The five-year-old is in elementary school, where he is in fifth grade. Their parents had said their goodbyes to them when they left home. Taking her little brother with her, Alia ran to the car.

Alia went to Starbucks after she dropped him off, and it was packed with so many people. Everyone was clamoring for service. There were conversations going on among friends and others stared. There were people of different ages and ethnicities buying or just sitting here to drink coffee. People who sat in the sofa area were on different tasks: working individually or in groups on their class projects, or just eating with an empty look and sleeping silently in the corner. Through her phone, Alia has placed an order, and she is now waiting for it. The order was delivered 15 minutes after Alia placed it. Staff members were told by her that they should not take too long next time. ” Staff members said, “I’m sorry. ”

She saw so many people who were working on laptops while some were listening to their iPods while reading. Alia also saw that the cashiers were busy inquiring about what the customers needed and remained polite to every one of the customers. Even if they asked the same question over and over again, they always had a warm smile on their face. Sometimes, they talked to each other but never really slowed down their pace. As people were leaving Starbucks, more people walked into the shop and waited in a long line to get a cup of coffee. Most of them look like students with their heavy school bags on their back or folders in their hands. After they got their coffee, they left the Starbucks in a hurry.

Alia had enjoyed her time in Starbucks where she was working her job on Starbucks instead of going to work. Due to Covid, she wants to be safe so is working online. Alia was saying to herself that, “this is too much work, how long will I finish this,“. She enjoys working hard to achieve success in her life. The things she noticed at Starbucks while she was working on her job amazed her. Alia is a tough woman, and she can do anything she can for her family and friends. Also, she loves to babysit, earn money, and have fun with friends.

As Alia approached the time to pick up her younger brother from school, she left her coffee shop and went to the car, and headed to Alam’s school, which was near her house. So she drove off, and when was about to go inside of school, Alia told Alam, “I’m going to put the seat belt on you, so please get inside the car.” Alam agreed. So, both Alam and Alia entered the car. They both drove home to relax after a long day of work and school.

Poem

Racism

This world is full of inequality

It is just not fair and it has to stop

We need to have much more prosperity

Everyone is together at the top

Every white is always superior

Mostly all blacks wherever they are, not

They consider being inferior

We get backlash and racism a lot

It is 1954, blacks and whites

Are treated in a different color

It is our duty to come and fight

While we all differently suffer

We shall need to fight for our country

Before we know it, it will be a very junkie

Dialogue 1

Azim: Hello Assalamualikum sister!!

Faria: Walikum salam Azim

Azim: How are you?

Faria: Alhumdulillah, I am well, thanks for asking

Azim: I am well, Alhumdulillah, how you doing?

Faria: What are you doing now?

Azim: I am walking to the mosque to pray

Faria: Okay, when you're done, come home safely

Azim: Wait are you texting me from 2 different phones or something?

Faria: No, sorry for the confusion

Azim: So then...

Faria: My dad recently went on a vacation, and my mom needed my phone for my sim, so I gave it to her so she can talk to my dad. Also, my dad's phone wasn't working.

Azim: Ohh I see

Faria: Sorry, about that

Azim: No it's fine, just asking

Azim: Where do you live?

Faria: I live in Queens

Azim: Oh right, I remember

Azim: Yeah, I told you before, Faria, I have to go pray now, talk soon, it's prayer time

Faria: Of course!!no worries, talk soon

Faria: Where are you going?

Azim: I have to go to pray inside the mosque

Faria: Oh okay,

Faria: Talk soon

Azim: Allah Hafiz

Faria: Allah Hafiz

Dialogue 4

TT: Hey babe, how are you?

Faria: I am well, thanks for asking love

TT: What are you doing now? I miss you

Faria: I am at home, with family, what are you doing now?

TT: I am actually in front of your doorsteps

Faria: WTF*

TT: Please open the door, I brought you food

Faria: Fine, I am coming

TT: Thank you, love, Ummaahhhh

Faria: Of course

Faria: What made you come here, why didn't you tell me before, so I can prepare myself, I didn't know you were gonna come

TT: I wanted to surprise you, baby girl

Faria: Well, this was a good surprise, I love it

Faria: Thanks for bringing my favorite food baby, I love Chinese food

TT: I know babe, I always know what you like

TT: I can't stay for too long, I just came to see you and give you food

Faria: Why can't you stay?

TT: I have to go to work babe, remember it's 2 pm.

Faria: Oh right, my bad, I forgot

TT: Yeah, see you next time, babe, I will miss you

Faria: I will miss you too.

Journal 7

Writing poems for me is a challenge because I have to make them sound like poems with rhymes, rhythms, and stanzas in each line, which I find challenging. I have written poems when I was a child. It is always hard to write a poem. However, as I have grown, I have a very strong passion for writing. During the writing of my four poems, I took my time contemplating and understanding the themes I wanted to cover. We are very lucky to have Professor Penner, who always makes things easy for us to write poems and other writings; she is very sweet, and a great professor. When writing a poem, you have to consider what to write deeply. Poems about personal experience are easier to write, and poems about nature, or your own experiences are easier, but everywhere else, it's hard. Poems are fun to write; they're hard at first, but they're very rewarding in the end.

Journal 5

When I was a kid when I was around 2-3 years old. I was with my family in my native country, Bangladesh. I was in Comilla, where I grew up. During the time I spent outside playing with my friends and family while my parents and family were inside the house. When I was young, I had no idea what I was doing, so I followed everyone around. Approximately 10 to 15 minutes later, my mom called me to eat dinner because it was night in my country. All of the children came and ate dinner with the family. It was getting too late to stay up all night for us kids, so we had to go to sleep. Around 10 p.m., we all went to sleep.

The following morning, I got up around 9 am and had my breakfast, which my mom provided. Playing with me was very exciting for the people around me and for my relatives. After we played all together, we went to my mom's brother's house, which is close by, to hang out together. After that, we stayed in his house for a few hours, ate lunch around 1-2 pm, and then left. After that, we went to my grandparent's house, since I love staying with my grandparents. There is nothing I would rather do than do what is right for my grandpa, who always cares and love me no matter what. Because Bangladesh is always congested, we finally reached my grandparent's house around 5 pm. My grandparents were so happy to see me, and I was so excited. My grandma was at home, but my grandpa was food shopping for us because he knows that his little granddaughter will come to see him so he went shopping for me. I was about to experience one of the most significant changes in my life at that moment.

When my grandpa was returning from the grocery store, he was involved in a car accident. I can see him crossing the road, and some cars didn't see that someone was crossing the road. The car driver could have stopped but he was too blind to see someone was in front of them. This tragic moment has changed my life forever. As I am writing this right now, I can feel the pain inside of me, that broke into pieces, He died right in front of me as he was crossing the road to come home. I can still remember the feeling that something had died inside of me. Everyone was crying, even my mom, my cousins. There was so much blood on the road, and I can see that my dad was crying the most because that was his DAD. This has changed me as a person because, my grandpa was the most caring, loyal, and funny person. I can still remember this moment, what my parents went through every day, and how they struggled. I can see blood, and my grandpa was wearing an Islamic hat(Tupi), which was covered in blood, I saved the Tupi so I can remember every moment that we were together when I was little. As of right now, I am

20 years old, and I still have the Tupi which I gave to my little brother to wear whenever he goes for prayer on Fridays. We washed the Tupi, but you can still see a bloodstain on it. This moment has changed me and I pray for him every single day. I wish he was here with me till this day, but he is in Jannah(heaven) where he is safer.