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The Worst Prison

There are many ways to punish a person for the thing that they have committed, and the most sentence most people get is getting sent to prison. It may seem like it is the worst thing to happen to some people, while for others it is something that they need. There are many stories of how a person robbed a store and turned themselves in, just to get out a situation they were in, while others spend their time in prison and use it to improve themselves. Even with all these punishments, people are as free as their mind will let them be.

The mind is a very interesting thing to think about because of much the mind can actually do, such as creating imaginary worlds to escape the reality you are in now, or understand very complex equations and solve those problems. Yet with all that potential, people often get trapped inside their own head and get fixated on one flaw in their lives, that they do not move on. This all relies on each person's individual experiences in life that shapes how different people perceive something, and how they overcome challenges.

I am an english language learner, have been since I came here in 2002, and I still am to this day. There are many things that I still do not fully understand about the english language and I have to teach myself many things that most people already know. It is very difficult hearing a new word and being the only one that does not understand it, which causes me to fear looking stupid by asking a question everyone knows the answer to. For a long time when I was younger, I blamed myself for not being able to understand all the new words, and that my writing was mediocre at best. It was not a couple years of essay writing for school that made me to really want to improve, but it was song writing and creating my own stories.

I was always in my own head no matter what was happening around me. In middle school I would sing to myself random songs, but because of my lacking vocabulary, I was struggling to make words flow together and feel much more smooth. At the same time, middle school was when I read the most amount of books, and even though I hated writing about the books, I used the knowledge from the books to improve my personal writing. It was easier to understand the context of a word in a book then somebody saying it to me because I could read around the word and see if I could figure out what the word meant. If I never did figure it out, I would ask the teacher if they could help me understand. It felt a lot easier to ask what a word means in a book then what a word means when they are saying it to you.

There would also be countless nights that I would sit and look at a blank sheet of paper, or a blank word document, because I could not figure out how to get the words in my head onto the blank sheets in front of me. There was a lot of erasing and starting over, mainly because I was too stubborn to ask for help, in fear of looking stupid. It was in high school around the time of the english regents that I was struggling the most. I felt like I still knew nothing of the language I speak and I am getting tested on it. Another classmate who was much braver than I was asked what to do when we get stuck on the writing section, and the teacher responded with the simplest answer, “Do not over think it.” At first I was thinking it was the stupidest answer he could have possibly said, but when it came time to write the essays, I was in another state of panic and nothing could come to mind. I took a deep breath and I said to myself “do not over think it” and I put my pen to paper. After that I was surprised how quickly the words were coming to me.

I learned many things in school, basic math,science, history, but the most important thing I learned was that I was my own worst enemy when it came to writing. I would doubt my skills, that it caused me not to be able to progress. I was being imprisoned in my own head, and as a punishment, but with fear and stubbornness. If I was not scared of asking the teachers what the words meant, I would not have been stuck in a stress and panic loop all does days. I was my own warden, but the cell was never locked, I was scared to open it.