

Certain events change our impression of life

[Psychology](#), [Success](#)



We've all heard how a particular person or event can come along and change every characteristic of your life. Destroy a basket full of vivid dreams or perhaps fulfill them. Change your whole aspect of life and how you perceive it as if you were living your whole life in the dark. Well, it happened to me. It was the boiling delightful summer I went to work. The day where the ticking clock barely moved. While the awful smell of rotten sock lingered in my clothes. A month of work that has questioned me in so many ways, that left me paralyzed. You would think how would working a job change anything? Well, let me tell you how working labor has changed my view on life and given me a new world to look at.

The sizzling heat on a bright summer day, I immediately glanced at the clock every minute. People say a minute goes by, imagine working eight hours a day, five days per week for the rest of your life doing labor. I felt as if I was trapped in jail, waiting to be released. I could feel the cracking noise in my back as if I was aging. "Hurry up, Hurry up," a loud voice shouted while staring into my eyes as if she took my soul. "We don't come here to stand around. Hurry up and finish the work," said Nancy the cruel-hearted supervisor that everyone hates. This perhaps was the reason why I hated work. An environment full of filthy disrespectful individuals shouting and compelling you to bust your back into working for days, hours, and months. Do I really want to work here? For the rest of my life? And this was all before I developed a deep sense of regret.

No matter what day of the week it was, as soon we completed our shift, we all would storm out in joy as if the bell from school rang to go home.

Although the nasty awful smell from the Fish Plant would linger. Still today I

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don't understand how my mother works there as a supervisor. She would always say, " Money doesn't grow on trees. Get educated so you don't have to work labor for the rest of your life." I guess this was a way to give me an impression on life, to take school more seriously, although at first, I didn't believe her. As the days and months went by, I realized I cannot do this anymore. Memorizing the aching pain, as if my body got hit by a bus.

This is it, it's now or never. I had to prove to myself that I can pursue an education and not have to work countless hours of slavery. I realized that every struggle and pain I had gone through working, had completed me as a whole. Given me insight that to pursue an education so I do not have to break my back working labor. All in all, I think that working labor was the one event that has definitely affected and changed me and the way that I look and perceive life in school. I have learned so many things from that experience and ability to give me a completely new outlook towards life.