

Analyze the narrative essay essay

[Sociology](#), [Communication](#)



As I looked back my childhood days, I can't help myself to laugh with those nonsense choices that I have made. Those memories are still fresh in my mind and I can't remember any incident which I don't pout every time the day of Monday is coming up again, the first day of school. Monday up to Friday are my "terrible" days of my life when I was a child. I felt that way because I have to wake up early so that I will not be late for school and be able to catch the school bus.

One of the other reasons why I hate coming to school is the unending assignments given by our teachers for every subject and I really find them a waste of time. Every school day, I can still remember how my mom woke me up by saying "honey, you have to wake up now...

You will be late for school." It was my mom who really pushed me to go to school. I tried to ask my mom why I need to go to school when I can learn many things by playing with my friends and watching television. But my mom would only answer me that I need to be educated and it is different if I am in school where I can learn how to read and write and good education is the only wealth that they can leave, with my dad, me that cannot be stolen by anybody.

I attempted to reason out but then, I am just a loser because my mom would not listen to my sentiments and she just continually sent me to school. She tried to encourage me a lot in order to make me enthusiastic with my studies but then, in my own thinking, going to school is just irrelevant and boring, totally boring!

My first day of school was very terrible. I feel so alienated with my bully classmates. They were very noisy and as if they came from the mountains. I do not know anybody and I am aloft to mingle with my new set of “ friends” in school. I am just sitting down and when my teacher is discussing, I am pretending that I am all ears to her but the truth was, my mind was wondering around, hoping that my class will end up soon.

After the discussion, my teacher asked us to answer some activities which were related to our discussion but how could I answer those, when I don't understand them at all? Not only that, my teacher would give us assignments and asked us to study because she will be giving us a test in the following day...And moreover, she let us study the people of the past. Isn't it irrelevant? What would I do with those people when they were already part of the past? Those were the questions I had in my mind at that time.

On the other hand, the significant activities when I was a child was playing with my friends all day long and strolling around the village. Because of that attitude, I can hardly get good grades in my subjects. My teacher even tried talking to me because of my school performance and she saw that I am not interested with my studies.

There was an incident in our class that she was asking me regarding our topic but I just answered her back that I don't really care for those stuffs. She was so surprised then when I answered her that way. But it was really true that I really hate coming to school because I will be just sitting down, waiting for my teacher's instruction on what to do and then I am bombarded with many assignments which caused me headache. Every time I went home, I

told my mom that I will stop coming to school because I wanted to do something which is more exciting and adventurous but then again, I got a “No” answer from my mother.

As time passed by and since I had no choice but to obey my mom, I taught myself to start liking in going to school though it was totally difficult in my part.

Moreover, as time passes by I realized that going to school is very important because how can I achieve my dream if I will not go to school? The advices and persistence of my mom really help me come into a realization that education is the best wealth that no man can steal it from me. The values inculcated by mom really sink in into my being and inspire me to educate myself.