

# An important learning experience essay sample

[Sociology](#), [Violence](#)



It seemed as if my entire life had been shrouded by pain and suffering. I could barely stand on my feet. The shock was too much to take for me. I grabbed on to the nearby furniture fearing a fall. In my years of life, I had never before felt so vulnerable. The memories, the times were coming back to me as tears rolled down my cheeks. Life's brutality and inevitability suddenly became the ultimate truth for me; I had probably been transformed into a stoic being.

My grandfather had passed away. He had succumbed to injuries from an accident. I rushed to the hospital. The police was there waiting for his relatives to arrive. He had none but me. I was now left all alone in this entire world, left to fight for a lost cause. The bond we shared was too deep. I had lost my parents long back when I was a kid. He had brought me up. I had never felt the absence of my parents. My grandfather was the epitome of man for me. He was an ideal, a true inspiration. The thought of living alone was too much for me to take. An empty world it was. I was always a very sensitive lad and could hardly make friends. I was left without a friend too. I had nobody who could hug me once and console me. Life suddenly seemed utterly futile.

The officer came up to me as I sat in a corner waiting to see the deceased body of my grandfather. He asked me to go with him to the morgue to identify the body. It was a painful moment; to see the dead body of the man who had caressed me till the previous day and whom I loved more than anything else was something that shook me from inside. I could not hold back my tears. How could the world be so brutal? If there were God, how could he let this happen? The officer put a hand on my shoulder and

escorted me outside the morgue.

I sat all alone, the entire milieu crowded with people who hardly cared. The cacophony was too much to take. I started to question the reason for living. Why did I still live bereaved of parents at a tender age? Why did grandfather have to die? That the driver of the car had been arrested was not enough to console my scarred heart. I would end my life, maybe. It was of no use.

Left in a state of insurmountable depression, I stepped out of the hospital. I was walking by the street lost in my thoughts. The reality of life had struck me hard. The crowd in the middle of the street hogged my attention. People were shouting and there was confusion all around. I walked up to there. The body had been crushed by the van. The man was dead on the spot. The kid was in the carriage crying loudly, but miraculously not hurt. The police had arrived. Disturbed even more, the incident seemed to be like a *déjà vu* for me.

The local newspapers reported about both the accidents. The kid saved had nobody, not even a grandparent. I understood how shattered my grandfather must have been on the death of my family. Still he lived on, with a smiling face, just to see me grow up. This baby girl had no one to fend for her. She would probably be sent to an orphanage. I was shaken once again. Living for me was like searching for the Pandora's Box. I would live and fend for this kid, bring him up. I could do that very well. I would work hard and not let him feel the brutalities of life, just as my grandfather had done for me. I could relate to the child from the innermost core of my heart. I was ready to go on in the circle of life, doing my part. The abruptness of the experience had

sunk in. Life seemed to have an ambition. I would live for fulfilling the cause, no matter what. I was ready for the fight ahead.