

Childhood memory



**ASSIGN
BUSTER**

Childhood Memory I surmise that the earliest recollection I have of my childhood was when I was about four years old. I remember transferring to a new home together with my mother's nuclear family. She belonged to a big brood with seven siblings. The enormity and chaotic activities brought about by the extended family clan made this memory vivid, intriguing but warm. As the first grandchild, I was surrounded with love and affection by all members of the family who showered me with care, happiness and laughter. Both my parents were working due to economic reasons. This accorded me with the opportunity to spend my growing years with overly kind grandparents. The intricacies of a busy family life then was the culprit for my entering school almost two months after the official opening of classes. I gathered, they just forgot.

I can still remember the fear I have inside with my heart throbbing ferociously. There I was in my crisp new uniform with a heavy bag loaded with books sheepishly creeping in the classroom accompanied by my mother. Her warm hands clasp my cold sweaty palms.

There she was, the teacher - Miss Cruz, (I could never forget her name) smiling and beckoning me to her side. She briefly made a short, rather loud introduction in front of those staring, rather, glaring eyes attached to little children seated in their respective desks. I somehow wondered how in the world did I get an instant desk. And how come they all seem to know each other - whispering to each other (aloud) -when I could hardly recognize any of them?

My mother started to bid me goodbye but I refused to get my sweaty hand's grasp out of her warm palm. No, mommy! Don't leave me here with these strangers all staring at me like I am some alien from another world - so I

thought.

With relentless reassurance from Miss Cruz (who started to take my hand off from my mother) and my mom who promised she would stay only outside the classroom where I can still see her and wait until classes are over – did I finally succumb. Anyway, they added, recess is almost near. What is the world does that mean? I wondered.

After being seated, a girl right beside my desk, in braids and spectacles, Rebecca, started to talk to me. She asked me what my name was and offered to assist me in the topic they were discussing when my entrance rudely interrupted them. She appeared friendly and her spectacles prevented me from seeing her stare.

After a deep sigh and with a heavy heart, I sat in my new desk with my new staring classmates, listening to my new teacher – Miss Cruz, in a new school, beginning a new experience.

After that tragic, drastic, nerve-wrecking day, as a naïve girl of five, I started my academic journey of which until now, several challenging years after, I still relish and at times, chuckle, at the absolute absurdity of it all.