

# Childhood college essay



**ASSIGN  
BUSTER**

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 and vivid 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 is my "terrible" days of my life especially when I was eleven years old. I need to wake up early so that I won't be late for school and be able to catch the school bus. I need to make many assignments, unending assignments for every subject and I really find them a waste of time. I can still remember how my mom wakes me up by saying "honey, you have to wake up now.

.. You will be late for school. " It is my mom who really pushes me to go to school. I try to ask my mom why I need to go to school when I can learn many things by watching my favorite television shows and playing and strolling with my friends. But my mom would answer me that 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 to me that can't be stolen by anybody.

I attempt to reason out but then, I am just a loser because my mom would not listen to my sentiments and she just continually sends me to school. She tries 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! During the first day of our school, I feel so alienated with my bully classmates. They are very noisy and as if they come from the mountains. I don't know anybody and I am aloft to mingle with my new set of "friends" in school since I just transferred from other school.

The first experience I cannot forget is when I am just sitting down in my class and pretending that I am listening to my teacher the whole time but the truth is, my mind is wondering around, hoping that my class will end up soon. After the discussion, my teacher asks us to answer some activities which are related to our discussion but how could I answer those activities when I don't understand them at all? There is an incident that I got zero to our daily test. Though I am just an eleven-year-old girl, I feel so ashamed because my other classmates bully me and at that time, I already have a crush on one of my classmates. So to appease myself, I just smile at them and pretend as if nothing happen. But from that moment, I told myself to listen to my teacher or else I will get another zero. Another thing that makes me dislike about schooling is that my teacher would give us assignments and asks us to study because she will be giving us a test the following day... Moreover, she let us study the people of the past.

Isn't it irrelevant? What would I do with those people when they are already part of the past? Those are the questions I have had in my mind at that time. But still I have no choice because my teacher will give us an oral recitation the following day. There is one time too that I did not follow what my teacher has said to us. She instructs us to study particular pages of the book because she might be giving an oral or a written test the following morning.

I do not pay attention to what my teacher has instructed us so what happened, the following morning she really gives us an oral test. She calls our names one by one and asks some questions regarding the pages she assigned us to read and those students who cannot answer will remain standing unless they can give a correct answer. I am very nervous at that

time because I know I am not yet ready to answer my teacher's questions. When it is my turn and she calls my name, there are many butterflies in my stomach.

My teacher asks me something and I just reply her that I don't know the answer. I feel so ashamed and very embarrassed because I know my crush will have a bad impression to me. Well, this is the second experience that I can't forget because it is very shameful. In addition, the significant activities for me during my childhood days are playing with my friends all day long and strolling around the village since I am very immature at that time. Because of that attitude, I can hardly get good grades in my subjects.

My teacher tries to have a dialogue with me because of my performance in school and she encourages me to do well however, I am not obeying her advices. The third experience that I can't ever forget is that when my teacher asks me again for our oral test and I got the nerve to tell her that I don't care what is asking because I don't really care for those stuffs. She is very surprise why I answer her in that manner. But it is really true that I don't like to come to school because I will just be sitting down, waiting for my teacher's instruction on what to do and then she will bombard us with many assignments which cause me headache. Every time I go home, I always tell my mom my desire to stop going to school because I want to do something which is more exciting and adventurous but then again, I got a "No" answer from my mother.

As time passes by and since I have no choice but to obey my mom, I teach myself to start liking in going to school though it is totally difficult in my part.

Those memories are all treasured in my heart because of those experiences; I realize the true value of education and I am able to realize that I am blessed because I have a mother who knows how to encourage me.