

Hey there everyone, My name is Sameea Farhana Razack. I am an immigrant daughter. My relationship with education is more like a situationship. There's good moments and bad ones, I don't really know where it is going. It's almost like walking through a dark tunnel and learning about it as you go through it. For me that tunnel was depicted as it was filled with gold, but reality is it was filled with bats, falling boulders and more horrors. I spent years with the "golden" idea of education. That education was all sunshine and rainbows. Reality is my education was more dreary and pressurizing. As I got into middle school one of my teachers more specifically math teacher was harsh. She would physically harm us and beat us if we didn't know the answer of the question from our new lesson. If we ask questions she would verbally curse at us and break us down. Words like, " you are so stupid and retarded." She would walk up to us and shove our heads in the book yelling "read". This was just one of my many educational horrors I experienced. After encounters like that mentally you lose motivation to learn or even get an education. For me I felt like the depiction I was presented was a lie. Education isn't about taking every opportunity rather about building your own reality of education and allowing yourself a fair chance to experience education with no expectations. In my opinion, my expectations were too high because of the picture I was painted for me, which caused me to lose motivation and interest in education.