

# Script: Bonita Rajandranauth

Hi everyone, my name is Bonita. In this well developed and organized storyboard, I will be discussing my transition from being a student in Guyana to a student in the US. This transition was very difficult as it took years of adjustment.

Education has always been a big part of my life since I was a little girl. Due to immigration issues, I was forced to be separated from my parents at age 2. I was then raised by my aunt who treated me like her own daughter. Growing up in Guyana, I remembered waking up to the sounds of chirping birds and chickens coming from the backyard. As I got dressed for school each day, I would say to my aunt "I am one day closer to living with Mom and Dad in America". Living in a third-world country with limited education and resources was hard. With my parents overseas, it was difficult to say that I was complete. Moving to America to have a proper education and living with my parents was my motivation for walking a mile each day to school. I remember walking to school in the streets of a small village in Guyana as the blazing temperatures of the sun continued to become intensely hot. I craved a life with my parents and better education.

After 8 long years of hardships and limited interactions with my parents, I was filled with joy as I was granted rights in the US in 2009. I constantly dreamt of going to school in New York as I spent most of my childhood patiently waiting to see my parents again.

As excited as I was to have the chance to seek a better education in America, I was fearful. I faced many challenges entering a new education system as a 10-year-old speaking 'broken' English. I remember many of my classmates looking at me differently because I did not speak proper English. I was embarrassed to read aloud in class. I felt very uncomfortable talking in general. Many days I went home crying because I felt alone and different. This led me to become shy and quiet as my teachers wrote on my report cards. At every parent teacher conference, my teachers would ask for my parents to encourage me to talk more in class. After a few months, I was told that my reading standards were lower than an average 5th grader. Due to this, I was unable to be promoted to the 6th grader. That summer of finding out that I will have to repeat the 5th grade, I forced myself to do better. This became my inspiration to do better. I started reading more often. I read everything that I could such as cereal boxes, magazines, textbooks, and so on. Within months, I was not only able to improve my reading level, but I became an honor student. I was able to repeat the 5th grade and improve my reading skills. As the years continued, I consistently pushed myself to strive for the better. I was determined to learn and portray a willingness to grow. I drove myself to go beyond the requirements even if that meant

studying for an exam 2 weeks in advance or staying up late to ensure I was well prepared for all my lessons and lectures the next day. I did everything I could to maintain honor roll each semester. Being a part of a CNA program in High School sparked my interest in someday pursuing a career in the medical field. I knew that my parents worked dedicatedly hard to get me where I was and I had to make them proud. I am always reminding myself of the resources and access to better education that I craved as a child. As I became more involved in my community and the health field, I developed an interest in becoming a neonatal Nurse. After completing two years of my undergraduate education, I became very discouraged continuing with Nursing. I felt that students in Nursing programs needed to be a “perfect” and I wasn’t. In other words, after not receiving a perfect grade on a few exams and classes, I felt helpless and overwhelmed. I felt like a failure. I was disappointed in myself because I no longer had the motivation I did during my elementary years. During this time, I battled with my anxiety and mental health. This is when the COVID-19 pandemic started. Here, I experienced burnout. I had lost all motivation to concentrate on my education, especially with online classes. After a few months of experiencing depression, I was happy that I would get to go back to in person classes. This help me a lot as it gave me some sort of motivation and encouragement. While working as a surgical assistant, I developed a passion for surgery. I decided to persuade a career as a Physician Assistant. After graduating with a bachelor degree in health science, I was able to complete my application for multiple physician assistant programs. Today, I am patiently waiting for my acceptance into these programs. As I wait, I constantly remind myself of everything that I have learned and accomplished. I remind myself that everyday is a new day to learn something new.

Education has always been a big part of my life since I was a little girl. Growing up in a third world country, education was very limited. When I was given the opportunity for better education in America, I felt that I needed to take it seriously. I strive to achieve awards and recognition that will one day helped me to become successful in the healthcare field. However, this was not easy since I had to learn to adapt to a new educational system.

This topic is important to me due to the fact that there are any students who have faced similar challenges. Over the years, I have met any friends and peers that shared similar struggles adjusting to a new education system after migrating to America. I hope my story can help inspire someone.

This story has impacted me in many ways. I was forced to work harder, and created expectations for myself as a student.