First Name Second Name

Instructor

Course

Date

A Child of Two Worlds

It was a day that I had eagerly waited, and it was finally here. It was time to leave home and go to college. My life had revolved around home and school, and to say the truth, I felt the need for a new challenge, a new environment, and perhaps new friends. More than quenching my academic thirst, a change of environment was the reason why I longed for the admission day. I remember I work up earlier than usual that day. By the time my parents were waking up, I was ready to go, and I kept pestering them to hurry up. I reported to college and started the academic life, with new friends and new challenges. However, as I was to learn later, living in the two words was challenging and required a careful balancing act.

 Before joining college, school life and home were in the same realm. Life revolved around driving to school in the morning, then spending the better part of the day in class and library. In the evening, I also attended ballet with my friends and later headed home to a welcoming family environment. My mother would be therefore to remind me of my evening chores. My dad would be there taking the TV remote and putting it in his pocket until I finished my chores. The rest of the evening would be spent locked in my bedroom with my pet in protest of not being allowed to watch the television. The tantrums would end with my mother beseeching me to come down and join them at the dining table. At the dining table, the previous commotions would be forgotten, and I would heartedly tell my parents my day experiences. In a family routine, everyone would narrate their day. The dining table experience was something I took for granted, and every evening, I was longing to join by family at the dining table and narrate my daily experiences again.

 Nevertheless, like for many other young people, joining college is always fun. Moving out of the gazing watches of the parents, being independent and doing what I want in the evening, meeting new friends, and many other delightful events are just but few adventures of a freshman. It is what I longed. I wanted to have time by myself away from my parents and experience a new wave of freedom. However, I experienced a different life than what I had imagined. I felt like I was lost in an alien world different from the comfort and familiarity of my home. It was a real struggle to adapt to the new life, mix with the new friends, learn how to manage time, and act responsibly.

Living in the dormitory was entirely different from living at home. College life is somehow unstructured. Apart from the day time when there are lectures to attend, most of the time is spent on personal issues. College life is different because it is programmed according to the needs and not parental control. One day I woke up at nine in the morning when the lecture was to start at ten, and in another day, a morning assessment dictated that I hit the library as early as five in the morning. However, in the college dormitory, it was the smell of freedom which was imminent. There was no one to remind me of my evening chores. I spent my evenings the way I wanted, and in most occasions, in small parties will college friends. There was no one to remind me of dinner time, so I ate when I felt hungry. At home, I hated waking up in the morning to the sound of the alarm, but in college, an early lecture is what it needs to wake you up. However, the greatest challenge was taking care of personal chores like laundry and others that were done my mother at home.

Despite the numerous benefits associated with my new life, towards the end of the first semesters, I was longing to go back home. I was missing my parents and the small commons at home. I wanted to experience the home environment again. The routine at the college dormitory, the limited movements around the school compound, the fact that there was no one looking after me again, and many other things were weighing heavily on my psychological state. I felt this other world was now becoming a burden to my emotional stability, and I was craving for the attention of my parents. I longed for the winter break. Therefore, going back home during the winter break was a significant relief. I felt at ease again, but adapting to the authority of my parents was still a major problem. The freedom to manage my evening was again taken away and the commotions with my parents over my evening and morning chores started. However, there was a relief because my mother was there to cook and do laundry, but adapting to the home environment was again difficult.

There is no point at which I felt one of the two lives was more important than the other. Although the school life was more fun and enticing, it lacked some vital component like parental supervision, which was good for character formation. The life at home was not eventful but was assuring, while the life at the college was eventful but full of gambles. Nevertheless, little by little, by the time I was finishing my first year, I had learned how to balance between the two worlds, and appreciate the specifics of the two worlds. Throughout the first year, I spent most of the time at school rather than at home, and I came to treasure the life at home. I now appreciate the efforts my parents make to ensure that I live a comfortable life, and the small privileges I was denied as a child like watching television in the evening before I complete my chores were meant to make me responsible for my life.

In conclusion, in my freshman year, I felt like I was a child of two contrasting worlds, the world at home and the other at the school dormitory. Different specifics defined the two worlds. At home, there was strict parental control, while at the college dormitory, freedom was in the air. The contrast between the two worlds was too much to bear in the beginning, and it led to emotional instability. The life at home as uneventful but assuring, while the life at the college dormitory was eventful but incomplete without parental love, strictness and concerns. However, I have learned to balance between the two worlds, appreciate the good things that come with them, but I do not think there is any other good life than the one at home. I will always treasure the time I spend at home with my parents because they remain the best despite any other world.