

Personal Narrative

I can clearly recall my childhood in the small village where I lived, where all of my primary and secondary requirements were met by my single mother. My sister, who is five years older than me, and I used to spend the most of our spare time together because we are the second last born in a family of two. Given that my mother was unemployed and had previously worked as a casual laborer on farms, it was difficult for us to live in the house my grandparents had once owned. I am grateful that we never missed a day of school and I will never forget the help my grandfather gave my mother in making sure we went to school.

My grandfather and mother both contributed significantly to the person I am today. Given that the majority of my contemporaries came from nuclear households, it was difficult for me to grow up without a father figure in the family. As I became older, I understood that my mother wasn't married, but there was no way for me to find out. I didn't let being the child of a single parent disturb or hamper me in any way. Despite the many difficulties I faced in my class during my basic education, I was always dedicated to my studies. My mother, instructor, and peers all had a lot of respect for me because of my capacity to endure and not give up despite my poor results.

I would also like to thank my headteacher for his encouragement to keep up my hard work in order to advance my career. He used to put up with me when my mother couldn't pay my school fees on time in order to ensure that my academic success was not in any way affected.

Unfortunately, my grandfather passed away when I was enrolled in my second year of high school. I was fortunate to receive a full scholarship from a previous supporter of the same school I attended when I was in high school. The scholarship was a comfort to my mother, who was struggling to pay for both my sister's college tuition and mine at the time. The scholarship served as another incentive for me to put in extra effort because my sponsor was closely monitoring my academic progress. I also put a lot of effort into getting good grades on my final exam because that was the only way I could enroll in the university and follow my desired career while still receiving sponsorship from the same person.

My dedication to my high school coursework paid off, and I eventually enrolled in college. Sadly, my sponsor's passing in a car accident signaled the end of my sponsorship at the institution. At this point, I was working a part-time job at a nearby bank to help pay for my school expenses and maintenance. When my mother could no longer go out and work laborious and low-paying temporary jobs, I was relieved that I was no longer dependent on her for the duration of my university study. I will always be

grateful to my mother, my late grandfather, and my late sponsor for their contributions to raising me and making sure I obtained the greatest education possible.