Your Name

Instructor Name

Course Number

Date

Project 1

I can recall my early childhood when I lived with my grandparents in a grey house. I was aged seven and I used to stay on the upper portion of the house. My father had a job abroad and my mother had been working as a nurse in a remote hospital. My grandparents were typical Catholic and they used to take me to the church every Sunday morning. It was my first exposure to a religious environment. I enjoyed sitting in the church and listening to the sermon. When they stand at their benches, I became excited and get absorbed in the rhythmic tone of what they said in their prayers. The church bells had a spiritual and out-of-the-world impression on my hearing and my soul. When we return, the sounds prevailing all around the church echo in my mind and had a long-lasting effect.

In my room, I had a doll, dressed in a skirt and a sleeveless shirt, whom I used to keep in a wooden frame hanging against the wall. At night, I kept her beside my pillow. She was the only companion of my loneliness. I would talk to her when I felt gloomy or passionate. During my infancy, I was diagnosed with Cerebral Palsy, and I was forecasted to not be able to walk steadily ever. Whenever I took my doll to play with her, I remained conscious that my doll should walk normally and I tried to avoid any mistakes by my fingers supporting her.

My school was at a six-mile drive away from home. I was taken to the school and sent back home by bus. There were usually not more students on the bus. I would enjoy the sceneries outside while the bus drove through the lanes to the school. I was not welcomed by the school fellows, as I could not fit in whatever they did. All of them did not have a humiliating attitude. I found a friend in grade three and we used to sit together at the second bench in my class. Sometimes I heard bird-chirping out of the left window of the classroom at noon. It sounds to me like a call by nature to explore the unseen and unexperienced.

My parents never came to see me until I was thirteen. My grandfather would say they had gone for the betterment of all of us. My father and mother planned a combined visit to the family and they both arrived together. I can never forget the moment when I saw them after a long period. It was evening almost, and I was sitting in the lounge with my grandmother they came in. they stayed for a month and a half. We had a very nice time together. Those memories had a very significant contribution in developing my confidence, attitude, and character. I was enlightened by their company. I felt I stood on sound plateau.

I am a girl and I walk unsteadily. Their social consequences are obvious. People do not take me as a perfect individual. I am often given favors at most places. There have been only a few moments when I am hurt by others, but I brush those feelings off thinking it is a matter of fate, as I do believe in what I have inherited religiously. I often visit the schools of the disabled. I see people who need help, attention, and care. I get motivated to do something for those people. I feel sometimes they are my family, and I belong to them.

I developed an inclination toward writing. I did not come to know of my aptitude for writing until my grandmother noticed my writing style in my school notebooks. She urged me to write about different things. She used to ask me to write poetry, and I write for her stanzas now and then. Later, I became familiar with different literary styles and techniques. I wrote a poem for my best friend when I was in high school. She was a pretty girl. She was weak in the studies, but was very good at debates. I presented her in my poem as a protestant who had been struggling for eliminating gender discrimination from schools. When she read it, she was pleased and hugged me out of admiration.

I have written more than twenty short stories till now, which are unpublished. I have plans to make them available for others to read. I want people to know me as a writer, who writes fiction and poetry. I long for being appraised on account of my literary works. I believe that the real identity of a person lies in his/her work. I want to contribute to my society by delivering what I have the best in me. I want to write about the woman’s psychology. I aspire to delve into the heart and mind of women and bring the deepest thoughts, feelings, and desires to light. At times, I sit in some secluded place, mostly a silent corner of a garden, and I try to relieve my nerves and muscles. I am blessed with fresh ideas and novel approaches to my work in these meditations. I enjoy what I write and I love when I read it. I believe my readers will also enjoy the same way when they will read my book as I do. I never write about my walking disability, as I think it has no concern with my work. It might create hurdles in the pursuit of my ambitions, but I shall never let it come to me overwhelmingly.