lokman yavuz

Name of Professor

Name of Class

Day Month Year

Essay

Life is not a bed of roses, and this is what I learned after the bad event of my life. I was the spoiled child of my family. Being younger gave me the privilege to enjoy love and support from everyone in the family. My parents were always ready to fulfill my wishes and desires. I used to wait for the surprise parties on my birthdays. My birthdays always used to be the most important day for me. From the moment I woke up at my birthdays, I used to be very curious about the surprises my parents had arranged for myself. Life was beautiful and something everyone wished for. I took birth with a golden spoon in my mouth. I got addicted to love and warm hugs from everyone in my family and in our neighborhood as well. However, one birthday became the most dreadful one of my life and all the happiness, joy and good memories associated with my birthday turned in to the ugly memory.

 I still remember the birthday when I finally became 12. I woke up at ten as usual with the excitement and glitter in my eyes. I could not bear the curiosity and went downstairs to see the surprise my parents always had planned for me. When I went downstairs, I found nobody. I was looking here and there for someone to come and hug me, to wish me with a nice present and tell me that they love me. I found nobody and got disappointed. Then I realized maybe they all are arranging a surprise for me like I always have, bundles of gifts on the table and a nice chocolate cake from my favorite bakers. Suddenly I noticed something; I found the house mismanaged.

 I started roaming around the house to find out the matter. Moving from one room to other I realized garbage and broken prices of glass. I got afraid; I started walking carefully, saving myself from the glass and broken pieces. I entered the parent's room and found that it was spoiled, I saw the reflection of something in the storeroom which was beside the washroom in my parents' bedroom. I was scared to go inside, but then I felt there is some new inside. I switched on the light and stepped into the room, very diligently I opened the door of the storeroom and found my parents there, and they were tied with ropes and bleeding from their wounds. I started crying out loud and ran to ask someone for help. When I was running towards my neighbor’s place, I got hit by the car and fell down. I fainted and fell down. When I woke up, I was in my bed sleeping in the same position. The clock was tricking 10; I could not understand what I was feeling and what was going on, I went downstairs and found the same surprises, my parents hugging me and kissing me, wishing me 12th birthday.

At once, I felt that it was a dream, but from that birthday onwards, I always have such dreams on my birthday, it's been ten years, and I am afraid to sleep on my birthday night. Such dreams wait for me, I was diagnosed with a mild disorder, but I feel like that is something else. Dreams are becoming horrible every year, and I do not understand how to respond. My birthdays are becoming uglier for me. I don't want to grow; I don't want to have more birthdays, I wish I could find a remedy for this!