

Mihrab Mobin Mythan

Prof Valez

English 110

WLLN Snapshot

### **Cover Letter**

I don't have much to say about the essay that I wrote because I wrote this essay completely from my imagination of seeing myself in the past and seeing myself doing stuff. because I don't really have any pictures or any memory that stays physically that I can look at it or talk about it or think about it. But writing this essay surely brings back a memory from the back that reminds me of a lot of things. I have some little flashbacks about myself and I can imagine seeing myself doing the stuff. It's like a movie where you go in the past and you are invisible, and you can see yourself doing the stuff or you can say like you are dead, and you are a ghost that can see people doing the stuff I cannot touch or change anything. I feel like that sometimes when I remember those things and it's kind of fun. Writing this essay was really fun for me. I took some break and came back because these are really old memories, so I was thinking about what happened next and taking my time and thinking about the stuff more and remembering stuff that helped me a lot to write this essay. Also, when I was done with my first draft, I showed it to my professor Valez, and he gave me some feedback on it and that feedback help me a lot to think about the message of my essay and the lesson of my essay and what I'm trying to tell the audience and a lot of stuff that I could never think of. The feedback really helps me a lot to think deeply about my essay. One thing really stood up to me and that was I was just writing my essay and I would never think that it can't even contain a message in it. I was just running down my thoughts my experiences

but I never thought that my thoughts going to connect to another person in their daily life also, if it doesn't affect a person who never went through this Kinda situation they can have an image of what is like to be in a new country because I think everyone has gone through this stage or we'll go to the stage one day because everyone will travel to another country where they cannot speak the same language and they will have the same feelings as a new kid in the new school from a different country have. Feedbacks really help a writer to think about their writing with an open mind and it opens a lot of doors for them. so, it helps a writer think like a person who gives feedback and thinks about the story.

## **ESSAY**

Growing up in Bangladesh English Was not a mandatory language in my home country so I never thought that was going to be necessary for me to speak in English because I didn't know that I'm going to come to America from Bangladesh. You don't know what's going to happen in your life it takes to turn any moment. Once I moved to America it wasn't easy for me to speak in English because I didn't have any background in English, but I learned some basic English back in my home country. so, I can understand people, but I can't talk back to them. and one of those memorable moments was my first day of school in my high school. Which was very scary because I was seeing some new faces, I was seeing some new stuff that I had never

seen before, a different kind of environment than schools in my home country. It's kind of for school. I used to watch TV, cartoon shows. But today after four years living here, I can see a lot of improvements in my and to be honest I am really proud of myself when I think about how many difficulties I had gone to the past four years but my hard-working and never giving up attitude helped me a lot to pass through his moments.

I was nervous because I couldn't talk to anyone and still today, I am very nervous to talk in English or give a formal speech because making up sentences in my mind is still working but I can clearly say I don't need to translate in Bangla when I am listening from someone's mouth. You start to get going with the environment around you and you start understanding stuff. So, the first day they wanted to know my English level. So, we'll know that English teacher took me to her office and told me that you're going to take the exam. I'm like, okay. Then she was like so you understand it? I would like yes, I can understand that, but I cannot speak up and I was saying all that to her broken English. But she understands me, and she was talking to me comfortably. You didn't need any translator to translate for me, so she started the test and I remember from till she was showing some pictures and telling me you explained the picture was about what I was saying in the picture and some other stuff. so, I told her what I could tell her about the picture and then she asked me some other questions. She told me to write a paragraph about the picture. Once you finished the first time she was like if you want to use the bathroom you can go right and left and shoot right over there so I was like okay. Once I started walking toward the bathroom, I realized that I didn't know what it was. It was confusing to me and After making a whole round of the school I found it. and now I know I was lost because I made the whole round, and I couldn't find her room. So, after looking for a room for 10 minutes as well as our own hallway.

I went up to her. I don't know my God thank God, I saw you I was lost, and she was like all okay sorry about that I forgot to tell you to come back to my room. Then we started the test again I finished it and I have to go home but the teacher had to take a class so she took me with her to the class to show me how the classes look like in the school and when I entered the class I see all the student sitting in the room in a weird kind of chairs I never saw before and I was so surprised and then she gave me a seat and she told me to take it to you so I went to my seat and sit down and then I saw some guys talking to me I was like hello and he starts talking to me in my own language and he was asking about me my name age look great I was in. he also offered me and come things and then we became friends that were more than 10 people who were from my home country was there and there was really helpful. So, after she finished taking the class she finished with my exam and she was like you can go home. As I was walking around looking for the exit, I was seeing a lot of stuff from different people, listening to different languages and other stuff. I was really happy and nervous at the same time. I never show so many different colors of people in my life and never heard any of that language they are speaking. I was curious to look around and get familiar with the school. So, I started walking and I was surprised about what was watching so many big classrooms, a huge auditorium and other stuff. Then I went up to a Security guard and I remember asking him in broken English which is the stairs. And I realized that informal conversations are so easier than formal conversation for example if talking to my professor in front of a class it will be easy for me and I won't get nervous but if my professor tells me to stand up and give a speech about something even about by myself, I will get nervous and mess up everything. After I finish the little tour of my high school, I started to look for the exit after five min I found it and then I head toward the bus station I wanted there for twenty min and took the bus ad went home and I was going through all the stuff I show in my school and I

was so excited about watching all those stuffs I couldn't wait to go to school next day. I went home and told my mom about what happened and who I showed it to. Of course she never shows those things like that too so she was excited, and I remember she was telling me to study hard so I can't fulfill my dreams. My story represents all the immigrants who Migrated to America to get a better life and what learning process they go through. Now I can think about what the new kids from different countries go through and use to look at them and try to help them out as much as I can. This is a picture of a class full of students and this picture reminds me of my first class which was an English learning class, this picture reminds me of how I started my journey.

