Language/Academic Narrative.

As a preschooler, I had little to no academic experience or pressure and was mostly carefree. My primary mode of communication was Hindi with a bit of broken English and my teachers were mainly focused on child development stuff, something that was mostly associated with playing and going along with other kids. Then suddenly out of nowhere(within a month or two), I was in a normal school starting with the rest of the classmates. My mother helped me with my coursework and especially got mad at me for my handwriting. I remember my friends making funny remarks like my handwriting was like ants crawling on the paper and to be honest, it was pretty bad. Despite some attempts of me trying to change my writing style, there were a lot of different things to learn and I always was afraid of falling back from where others were. So, I kept doing my own thing and continued with my abysmal handwriting. I was good at getting grades but till middle school, I can remember every teacher that ever taught me making funny little comments about my handwriting.

However, many things changed in high school. When I was in my sophomore and senior years, A lot of things weren’t quite ideal for me. Sure, I was from a popular school, but as in India everyone was focused on either competing in what I would say Olympics for unapplied math the one that you could never apply in real-life solutions, based on the ways we were taught or some students who never cared about participating in the “Olympics”. Compared to that I knew that I could compete in this “mind-skill Olympics” and possibly come out with strong results. However, I realized in the long term high schoolers of my grade were mostly driven by their parents' ambitions and those ambitions might just not be the right thing for the future. Sure winning and getting good results mattered, but the long-term impact of the results would be worse life after high school and a country like India did not care much about how much of an academic superstar you were or are.

The Wanderer Above the Sea of Fog, by the German artist Caspar David Friedrich is an iconic work of art and I've felt a deep connection to the lone man standing on the dark, jagged rocks. Looking out to the vast, unknown territory, veiled in mist, I've experienced the same emotions of uncertainty and trepidation I imagine must cross over the unseen face of our solitary protagonist.

I, upon receiving the opportunity of being the part of the prestigious as well as benevolent, Interact Club at my school, was instantly deeply involved in its education drives for the underprivileged children of Kolkata's impoverished tenements. Through spending hours of grit, hard work, and sweating bullets in the classrooms, I could empathize and connect with them realizing their steep path to learning due to a lack of information accessibility. This fact- they were unaware of the mainstream technologies and most importantly, the Internet as a whole- which greatly bothered me. However, not if I had something to say about this.

Throughout my school life, I've learned to appreciate the smallest bit of help and make the most of the resources that only a few are fortunate enough to receive. These opportunities, which are far away from the often-trodden road of an ordinary school-life, are nothing but pathways to dreams, and these roads are laden with uncertainty and revelations: akin to the trail at which our Wanderer looks. However, I am confident in my zest of teaching as well as in unfamiliarity with the unexplored.

As a teacher in the Interact club I would visit every week to impoverished areas across the town teaching language and basic math. I had poor people skills and I struggled getting my idea across to them effectively creating a language barrier. On the other hand they had a very confusing English dialect which confused me all the more. However I was determined that I would do my utmost best while teaching and I started to connect with the kids around me. They sure were smart enough to understand basic math but their English skills were poor and I felt I could connect to them in this specific lack of socio-economic status. Even if some students did not share the same language as me let alone “dialects”, I found that if I put forward enough effort and time towards these students I would be able to get across the knowledge and ideas forward to them. One of the utmost reasons that kept my resolve strong was their passion to learn and grow forward. I hope that my efforts would motivate them to grow and learn.

This helped me understand the world in a larger perspective and develop a strong language backing from the very start of my professional education, something I realize and I hope that through the great academic risks and challenges I take, I would be able to apply it to in real life, help contribute to society and driving a meaningful impact in people’s lives.