

Personal Narrative Essay

Sooner or later, in every person's life there comes a situation or a series of events that are fated to play a consequential role in his or her life. It does not have to be an event which significance is obvious, more often, one does not even realize what he or she has encountered, and only years after the value of the event becomes clear due to the results one can see. Some can find such an event among the latest memories, some experienced something like those years ago or when being a child; sometimes it takes effort to find out whether there is something so much significant in one's life at all. Anyway, whether this event was ordinary or impressive, it faces a person with a choice, which all the future life can depend on. In this situation, both the way one reacts and the choice one makes have a direct value.

As for me, at first I doubted about what event of my life was so much significant that I could call it decisive, and then I remembered. I can not say that my case is such a rare one, especially among the teens or youth, but for me it was really an important challenge.

To start with, I must admit that, as long as I remember, I have always been a creative personality. Drawing, music, literature, dancing were and remain among the lists of my major interests. Since I was a child, I always enjoyed expressing myself through creating something, whether it was a drawing, a fiction story or some handmade stuff. Along with it, I have never exposed my creations on public, it was more like an occupation for myself, and probably that was the reason my parents took it for granted, but never as something serious. The situation that is going to be described below emerged gradually and somehow unwittingly. By the time I was finishing the high school, it became obvious that the way I saw my future life was totally different from what my parents wanted me to do. While most of my peers knew what path in life to choose and where to study, I had no clear ideas of what kind

of occupation I would like to devote my life to. I wanted to travel and see the world, there were so many occupations to experience and so many things to do! What I was absolutely sure about was that my future profession would be connected with the creative work.

Unfortunately, it appeared that my mother and father were of the opposite opinion about it; they wanted me to plan my life several years forward and first of all, they expected me to qualify as a serious specialist in some respectful field, like medicine or law. Of course, the perspective of becoming an artist was not in the list of their favorites. “You should understand that, being a skilled specialist of a required profession, will provide you with career growth and stability” my mother used to persuade me. Despite of the reasons she was giving, I could not accept her point of view, it seemed pointless to plan the life years forward and loose the present instead, with all the possibilities it may give to me. My indignation was growing, and the talks with the parents became more and more harder for me. I felt there was a huge gap between us along with the lack of understanding, and the tension was only growing.

I had resentment against my parents, it seemed that they refused to understand me and did not take my personal opinion seriously, as of an equal one, and everything they did was done for purpose. It was like a vicious circle: misunderstanding – arguing – quarrels. Realizing that there was no way to persuade them to change their mind, I decided to leave for a while and go for a trip, I needed time to think the situation over and weigh all the pros and cons. I chose to go to a country where I had never been before, something totally different from what I was used to, and so I decided to go to Denmark. If I am asked now why I chose this particular European country, I will not answer for sure, I guess it was because of the wish to change the surrounding to something opposite, to shake myself in a way, to distract from the tension within. I told my parents that I wanted to take a gap year for a language practice,

otherwise they would not let me go so far alone. So, one day I packed my bag and left.

I spent almost a year in Denmark. During this time, there were many things I thought about, the opinions I changed, and I reviewed some points I thought I was right about and saw them from the other side.

Living among the people of another culture, whose worldview and outlook are often quite different from yours, you begin to change yourself gradually. Being rather impulsive in nature, I learned from the Danish people to be calm and evenly tempered, as well as deliberate in thoughts and decisions. I also realized that I needed to listen to the others and hear them. In this country it seemed that even time slowed down; I was just traveling around Denmark, visiting new places, exploring a new culture and language. I decided not to stick to some particular city, but to change places from time to time; owing to it, I made friends with many new people. It was an unforgettable experience for me, during this trip I had time to think about so many important things that I had never thought about at home. Being so far from the usual surrounding, I became more responsible and independent, more mature. I can not assert that I have known myself perfectly, because it is never enough time for that, but some of the features of my character did changed. For example, I stopped being angry with my parents when I realized that their hyper care was just the way they expressed their love and feeling of anxiety for me, even though it was so importunate. It happened after one of my new friends told me, when I was complaining about my problems: “You know, in fact, they love you, only they can not get used to the idea that you are already a grown up, and can take your own decisions. That is why it looks as if they ignore your wishes.” Such simple words, but they made me look at the situation from the other angle and see, how pointless our arguing was.

In addition to the above, it was in Denmark where I found my calling and true

passion. It was then that I took a great interest in photography and realized that it was the occupation I could devote my life to; I was coming back home with the precise plan of my following actions.

For truth's sake, I should admit that both my parents were not glad to hear that I had changed my mind, and the new decision of mine was a surprise to them. Only this time I did not try to bring them over to my point of view, instead, I explained that my intention was serious and I had the far-going plans as for a career. Anyway, we settled this, and now it is obvious that the unexpected decision I took last year became some kind of catalyst, taking me to the new level as a personality. I acquired not only the new features of character that influence on me in a positive way, I also found new friends and broadened my outlook. I realized that sometimes it is essential to switch yourself off and take the situation calm, and then the decision will come itself, because it has always been obvious. Also this life experience taught me not to be afraid of changing everything to the opposite in a moment. Who knows, maybe it is the one that will appear to be significant some day.

References

Axelrode, R., Cooper, C., Scott, G. (2010). *The St. Martin's Guide to Writing*, Ninth Edition.