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The Hero Who Gave Me Life

Being a child means enjoying your life and not comprehending the world. Growing up, I never knew the things that had happened to the lives of the people around me. I enjoyed running around and having fun and not being grateful. Then again, I don't know any kid who would know anything besides having fun. I don't know exactly how old I was back then, but it took a while for me to realize just how lucky my life is and it's because of my dad, my hero.

My dad lost his parents and his older brother at a pretty young age. He was left with a younger brother and younger sister. He grew up in a family member's house and that doesn't automatically mean being respected. There were times that he stole when he needed something, like food. He also wasn't born in a country where you had privileges, so it didn't make life easier. He didn't have the life that he gave me and my brothers in Canada. He was born and raised in Bangladesh. He gave us options, like letting us learn and have an education, while when he was younger, he was only able complete high school and a year of college.

He knew if he stayed in his home country, he wouldn't be able to have a good life, so he moved to Canada and here he met my mother. Coming here didn't mean he would be handed everything. Even when having to plan for his wedding he, had to pay half of everything which he worked extremely hard for. He was on his own. He had people around, but that didn't change the fact that he had pride and he understood that whatever someone had, it was something they earned and he wanted to earn his own things. In the end, he was able to change

his life for the better and gave me and my brothers an opportunity for a better education and a better life. I will always be grateful, even when we don't see eye to eye.

Everything in life comes with good and a bad. My dad had a bad start at the beginning of his life, but now his life has changed completely. Knowing that his parents weren't able to see what he accomplished is the only depressing side to it, but hopefully, they are watching from above with pride and joy.

My father is my hero because he never gave up and worked for what he wanted. He was able to immigrate to Canada, find work, find a lifelong partner and make a family with three children. He always inspires me and my family. Living alone for all those years, he learned new things. For my dad, any challenge that gets thrown in his way, never blocks him from doing what he wants to. Even at his age, which is around sixty, new challenges still emerge for him. I think that the hardest challenge for him might have been raising a daughter. My mom and dad raised two boys before me, so they didn't have any experiences with girls. They always tell me they were happy to have me, but I doubt that I was an easy child to take care of.

He was able to take care of both my brothers in his prime time, but for me, it was too late. I always wished I was able to be there when the sky was the limit for him, but we can't time travel, yet. Now the only thing I can do to learn about his past is hear stories and watch VHS tapes.

Even at his age he works hard. He's a handicapped man whose legs aren't as strong as they used to be and he uses all his strength he has left to keep his family happy and safe. He does everything for our family that he was not able to do for his family. He raised three kids who do have big mouths, but kids who learned right from wrong and know how to steer their lives the way they want; and if I do say this myself, it's rare to find a family where everyone knows what they want their future to hold or at least in my whole family. These were only a few

examples of why my dad inspires me every day, but expressing just how much gratitude you have for someone is a hard task. I hope I was able to express enough of my feelings about why my dad is my hero in this essay.