Autobiography

 January 20, 1997 a new addition to the world had just arrived and I was later named by my grandfather Thufayel Miah. From the beginning I was a very interesting child; always quiet, never made trouble. But that didn’t stop me; no by the age of 9 months I was already walking and was very curious to see the world. Once in my days of being a toddler I was sleeping and I rolled over into the space between the wall and the bed, but yet I still didn’t make a single sound, I just laid there staring up not ma king a peep my mom and aunt were scared I was kidnapped somehow but nonetheless my aunt had found me as soon as my mom picked up the phone, it was a very funny and scary day for my mom and aunt, no one will ever forget. On the day of my first birthday my mom got a double layered cake which I later stepped in and everyone left home without cake. Now you could see my childhood was very interesting but yet I gets better, you see I was a very quick earner and I found myself arguing with this kid named Saheel, Saheel was very mean to me that day I got mad and told him to go put his bike in his “bamsat” which led to everyone dying of laughter to this very day me and Saheel are the closest of friends. Later on my life I developed the interest in games and would play my little game-boy for hours; no end, everyday as a soon as I would come from school I’d pick it up and play it. When I was in 3rd grade I had met my cousin from Colorado which whom I grew up with in my infancy. We were the closest of buds, we would always hang out and cause trouble, and he would come to me as soon as school was over, and leave as soon school started. To this very point he still visits me every summer. Later on in my third grade year my brother Miraj was born, he was a happy little baby always got all the attention, naturally it bothered me but I still loved my first little brother. To this very day if he needs something he will always ask me; no one else but me. Later on in my life as I entered 4th grade I would always have my friend Arman with me, him and me would always get in trouble for having our “fun”, he thought me how to have fun and I thought him how to have more fun. We were the best friends. Always looked out for each other. Then later on in 5th grade I had taken an interest in girls and had started hanging out with them more (I’ll just leave that there and continue on). In 7th grade I met my best friend Amina, her and I me would always have the bests times, I recall a moment when in my life where I was left broken to pieces by a situation and Amina helped me get through it and even helped my recover. Likewise I remember she used to be super smart and we would always be partners in projects and she’d always get me good grades. Furthermore I recall and wore her shoes for a day and she wore mine, we had loads of fun because she looked weird wearing shoes a bit too big for her and me wearing girl flats in my first year of high school I realized that everything is so different you start to realize who you are and what you want to be. As well you receive harder work and you just feel like you want to give up. Furthermore in middle school you wouldn’t care if you’ve lost 3 points on an assignment you’d just put it away but in high school it seems like every point counts. And as my year progresses I learn more and change more into a mature human.

 In conclusion this is the story of my life up to the age of 14.