

Immigration Narrative

Immigration has always played an integral part in my life. From how my family was treated by other Americans to the food we ate and the clothes we wore immigration has always been a huge part of my recent family's history. My mother, father, and older sister were all immigrants who immigrated to New York City in the late 90's to early 2000's.

My father came to America before my mother and older sister so he could work and make enough money to bring them here. He also needed to save up enough money to rent a home for them and buy all the things my family would need. My father worked extremely hard to make ends meet when he was living in America. At one point he was even selling toys and candy in the subway but then got a job at Starbucks. Even now my father hates the smell of bleach from his time working with the foul smelling chemical when he had to clean the floors at Starbucks. In the meantime my mother was raising my older sister in Bangladesh with the help of her own family who also lived there. It was tough for her to be by herself without my dad around but she knew it wasn't my dad's fault and he was working hard to support her in America. After a couple years of very hard work my father finally had enough money to bring my mother and sister to America so they could live with him. He managed to earn enough to support himself, my mother, and my sister by renting an apartment and buying food and the like.

Soon the day came when my mother and my older sister boarded a plane heading to New York City. To this day my mother still remembers the new and wonderful aromatic smells coming out of the various food kiosks at the JFK airport. My mother told me while she was happy she would be able to see my dad again she was still sad and scared that she had to leave her family and her home behind. My mother lived in Bangladesh with her family her whole life.

It was the only home and life she knew and the thought of leaving it all behind to live in a new country with new people and an unknown language was terrifying to her.

Finally the day came when my mother and older sister arrived home with my dad in America. A couple years later me and my brother were born in a small apartment in the Bronx. It was tough growing up in an immigrant household no matter how much I worked. Despite my parents both working extremely hard to support me, my brother, and my older sister we still struggled sometimes when it came to living in the Bronx. For example, my dad had to work as a taxi driver since he didn't have an American education and so couldn't get a better or easier job like the average American could. My mother on the other hand had to make sure she could properly take care of me, my brother, and my older sister while also efficiently running most of the household. It wasn't easy being immigrants in America.

As a result of all the things my parents did to come to America I knew I had to work harder than other kids for the sake of my parents. Even from a young age my parents instilled in me a strict work ethic to make sure I would be successful and have a good job in the future. I knew I had to repay my parents for sacrificing everything they had to come to America all so that me and my siblings could have a better future. It wasn't easy for my parents to immigrate to America but I'm so grateful that they did.