

Secondary school (Year 7 - 11)

Wednesday 24 July 2019

At the age of nine and eight months, my family emigrated to England. England is a country that has become my homeland officially, and as my memory faded about the Island of St. Kitts on which I was born. The broad English community has every generation of white people, the mums', dads' granddads', and grannies. I came across an ancient lady frightened by me, a ten-year-old going on eleven because of my curiosity. Like a walking dead person who the main characteristic of a dead animal corpse, she was whiter than linen cotton sheet. She was as white as a fresh winter's snowfall, and her sloppy sharp wrinkled face smoked a fag which she was barely able to hold in the first place. She coughed and sometimes coughed desert-dry types that she couldn't seem to be able to get rid of that horrid cough. I stared. It gradually became a common sight to see the elderly over one hundred and fifty years old alive and dark skin people of the same age, they tell me, looks so young and died and I say they could only have been fifty years old.

I experienced my first racial hatred in children; Children can racially hate children, and I saw adults' bad habits taken up by their children. I went along with them and did some of the things the mischiefs' group of children did; Scrumping apples, smoking cigarettes, drinking alcohol, and stealing sweets or biscuits. I was influenced as I made friends and tried to fit in a group, a gang. I had competent individuals' friends, but I thought I could set an excellent example for children with mischief behaviours. Being with them temporary changed my perspective for a while, but risky, risky dares took things initially too far, foolish, and irresponsible.

I was firm with the group and said, "NO," explaining my reasons and then walking away. They shouted out, "chicken, chicken pock, pock". In the moments in which I had agreed to try things, I constantly thought about the potential consequences. Getting caught by an adult and harshly punished, possible problems to my health, the damages that can occur to property and my emotional recognition guilt-tripped me; my conscience was pricking me, I am wrong to do them. And severely reduced the adrenalin rush of the risks to be thrills and the habits to be pleasurable, were not so. The tastes were foul, and taking part was very worrying for me. The aftermath of guilt eating the apples had killed any enjoyment I could have had getting the apples.

The school children can easily hide any remorse and guilt when telling lies while remaining unashamed of their dishonesty. They could involve in actions to hurt and do harm to timid children and wilfully damaging property. The unobservant adult gets taken in with the child's manipulation. The innocent, the factual, honest child, the truth-teller, the adult doesn't believe them, and they receive corporal punishment for the wrongdoer. The adult, in this case, the teacher, would force down hits on the child's outstretched opened hand, or the child is put in a bend-over position and get hard swift bare bottom blows with a hard slipper, or with the firm thin stick of bamboo cane, which seemed to have been selected, made uniquely for caning. Doing something that is considered extremely bad gets this extreme, unreasonable punishment—this unjustified downwards force strike to cause maximum pain and blisters to the child's body.

My parents were concerned that I was not learning primary school education and coming up to be in the last term in junior school. As a result, I had to take tests to determine where and how my secondary education would occur. I was worried because a Child Educational Psychologist specialist was assessing a handful of us.

We had to do well in the tests or faced the possibility of being sent to a special needs secondary school. The assessment involved the pupil getting time on the length of time it took to make things with building blocks that are awkward shaped, drawing the shapes shown in a book, identifying animals and the order of stuff put out for us to play. I was also to say the meaning of a particular word. I mostly dreaded the part of the test for working out sums and being watched at reading. I thought my efforts were weak, not particularly useful, and I hope I'll be lucky to get into modern secondary education. I knew I was not brilliant at demonstrating what I had learnt and worst in curriculum examination tests in class. ***All the children saw special needs school as the kid is dunce, dim-witted, and children can bully them.***

I was looking further than name-calling. It is likely to damage my prospect of getting a job when I am older, and the certificate will be seen as below the level of average standard education. The type of school will tell people I am retarded, and my future would get blighted. They say I failed the Eleven Plus exam to get into a Grammar high school. I didn't realise the test was for both Grammar high schools and failing could be a pass to mainstream secondary school. One of my friends who took the child psychologist assessment was sent to special needs secondary school, and I felt sad that's where he's going, but I was also relieved that I was lucky to escape the same outcome.

My understandings of the education system were unsound and based on unreliable information. I was just a kid; I thought all children took curriculum exams; I had no idea I had done one, except for a child psychologist assessing mental fitness for secondary school. Some children sat an Eleven Plus exam because they were extra bright, elitist, had privileged social status. Their parents are wealthy, and they live in posh housings, and their parent has professional careers, and those children get to go to Grammar School. The pupils in lower social statutes, the working class, and the poor, living solely on government benefits. They got free school dinners. The middle-class children who failed the eleven plus get allocated a school the community widely recognises have the best or worst bad single-sex Secondary Modern School. Children with learning difficulties were sent to Special Needs School by the local authority. The parent didn't challenge the decision. Parents could challenge the authority decision if their bright child were allocated to a lousy school. They could choose the school they wanted for their child but might still have to fight the system to get the right school they want.

I took the wraps for the lying child's wrongdoing in primary and secondary education. The teachers would say, "This is not usually like you, Karl! But I have to send out the message the behaviour was unacceptable" and inflicted caning me. I got caught again for another punishable offence in secondary school, drawing in a tiny area on the toilet wall, graffiti depicting male and female genitalia. Furthermore, the teacher admitted it out of character, yet he inflicted, slipping me. The

sports activity at secondary school was field sports, cross-country and track racing. Still, football would be on all seasons, and the indoor games were with gymnastic apparatus and always a boxing tournament near the end of the school term on sports day.

I have exposed my vulnerability because I only trained myself to be fair in my dealing; I am a conscientious objector who knowingly never used my healthy mind to plot dishonesty or commit wrongdoing. And I am a conscientious objector who never deliberately or intentionally caused harm to others. Instead, I had a pattern of existence that is obedience to God and mindful of experiences of Godly truth revolving around ethical duties.

From the very start of life, my internal worldview was not matching my expectation of the external world. I learned to be fair, reasonable, and thought myself to be kind, friendly, good, and helpful to others. ***My brain interprets alarm signals usually coming from a sense of threats and the harms of others in their misery.*** Often, I was not the victim or directly involved in confronting the enemy in the other person who seemed like they hadn't attempted to calm themselves. The alerts extend to an external event in environments in which people are at loggerheads, humans' battle conflicts with another human with violence, intimidation and made inventions that will obliterate one or the other and annihilate the end of the species on the planet, instead of negotiating with each other to the end. When people lose the hold on things, they lose the grip on bad intentions and gain a stand; They are uncooperative, selfishly driven, and uncompromising in their actions to justify wrong. That trigger feelings to be sick of those human beings, and my brain sends to who is personally affected compassion and sympathy. Natural disasters affect human life, living things, and my senses feel its internal world environment alerting me that some cells, organs, or the "self" are faulty or faulting and are getting sick.