

Reflective Essay

by Berta Berta

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A Farewell to Arms Reflective Essay

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Life sometimes turns out to be unfair and leaves you caught between a rock and a hard place when the realms of ethicality and reality hit you simultaneously. The results of are often fatal and persons become emotionally annihilated ready to despair and the cut off the very existence they thrived on initially. The journey of life is customarily characterized by blips and bumps that are there to prevent us from realizing our dreams. The resilience of persons is determined from their ability to accept the realities of life and understand that most of the fantasies that we cover around are only vanities (Hemingway, 1929). The paper gives a personal account of passion and pay that made realize that most social relationships are built of fabrics of moral decadence. Therefore, this a reflection on a friendship turned sour and outcomes wide enough to help heal the wounds.

The story of my life unwinds before my eyes and no sooner had I woke up from my dream that I was hit with the realities of betrayal. Terry was my childhood friend, and since time immemorial, he came close me, and I even considered him a brother. Our passion for music reinforced our friendship throughout the years and cherished our youthfulness enjoying life without a purpose. Coming of age and realizing that we needed to find something meaningful to do with our lives; we decided to put our musical abilities to the test. Besides, no one ever flourished by covering their light with a piece of cloth, it was time to shine. Our quest for adventure took us to the local rock band who was recruiting a guitarist and a vocalist. A dilemma emerged since both of us were singers, and there was only a position of one of us. I have to admit that Terry had superior vocal prowess to me and not surprisingly he was selected to join the team that at the moment was the talk of the town.

Subsequent intermittent occurrences saw my life take a sudden twist and the course it made was very strange to me. It was now weeks before I saw Terry, and he even went to the extent of ghosting my texts and calls. He found a new group of friends who were famous, and he did not want to be associated with a loser like me. The harder I tried to accept my fate, the stronger the memories of our friendship hit my mind. An avalanche of thoughts flooded my mind, and I could feel pangs of pain envelope my whole being. It was evident that I could not handle the resentment and I wanted to run from my troubles. I wanted to go far away from this place that kept reminding of how unforgiving life may turn out to be.

Moreover, the separation took a toll on my entire social life and the glitter of joy that is always on my eyes faded. My academic performance declined, and my peers had their fair share of mockery on me. I could read the sarcasm from people's conversation suggesting that I thought that he would be my friend forever. I waited for the summer to visit my grandparents in the countryside hoping that I would be relieved from my pain. The period I was there made me feel a kind of emptiness that shook me to the very roots of my very being. An unusual affinity to go back home bothered me; I realized that no matter how I tried to forget about my best friend, I would relish the opportunity to forget everything and make things right again.

In conclusion, I had to accept my situation and surge through life since I knew that there were great things than friendship that were waiting for me. Again, I was still young, and I was destined to meet other people whom some I will love, and others despise. I came to terms that somebody I was endeared to took the first chance of opportunity that presented to us to betray our friendship. We became strangers to each other and the harder I rekindle our friendship was like jumping from the frying pan to the fire.

References

Hemingway, E. (1929). *A Farewell to Arms*. USA: Scribner. Pp. 1-355.

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