

Essay on How People from Your Area Earn Their Living and How Various Jobs Affect Family Life

Question: Write About How People from Your Area Earn Their Living and How Various Jobs Affect Family Life

Answer: I live in a modern housing estate. There are rows and rows of terrace-houses neatly arranged in straight lines all over the housing estate. At the fringe of the estate are a few stately bungalows for the more affluent residents. However most of the residents here are government servants or middle-income workers in venous firms, and they live in the terrace-houses.

My father is a foreman in a sawmill nearby. We live in a modest terrace-house with the rest of my family, that is, my mother, two sisters, and a brother. As the sole breadwinner, my father earns just enough to cover the basic expenditures of the family plus a little bit of luxury. We can only afford to go to the movies once in a while. There is no lavish spending of hard-earned money. Every cent is budgeted. My father has opened bank accounts for all of us since we started schooling. This was in anticipation of the financial requirements for our education later on. Soon my eldest sister will be leaving school. She hopes to go to University. Money is not any constraint now, for she has saved enough. We hope she can do well enough in the examinations to qualify for entrance to a university.

We have a small family car. It is mainly used by my mother to do her shopping in town. My father goes to work in his old motorcycle. We, the boys, go to school on our bicycles, while the girls take the bus.

Sivalingam is a teacher. He lives next door to me. Siva, as he is popularly known, has a problem that he bears badly. He has to travel

fifty kilometers to his school every morning. So has to get up early to reach his school in time, and he returns home usually after three in the evening. I have seen him coming home tired and bad-tempered. He says the daily traveling is getting on his nerves. He has applied repeatedly to be transferred to a nearer school but so far his requests were unsuccessful.

Siva's wife works as a nurse in a nearby hospital. As a nurse, she has to do shift duty. Whenever she goes on the night shift, Siva will undergo a hard time looking after their infant daughter who will be pining for her mother all night through. They have employed a maidservant to look after the daughter, but she is quite incapable of keeping the little girl quiet. So Siva suffers we suffer. When 'morning finally comes, we grumble to get up to go to the school. Siva normally takes sick leave. I do not blame him. To go to school with half-closed eyes is a sheer waste of time.

A businessman and his family live a few doors away from me. They are the noisiest family I have ever known. in addition to that, they have made the house into a mini-casino, Throngs of people converge at their house day and night. The clacking of mahjong tiles and raised voices of excited people go on unabated. We complained to the police once. They made an investigation but did not find any illegal gambling going on. So these noisy people were let off with only a warning to make less noise after midnight. They quietened down somewhat but still, they are an irritation to the peace of the neighborhood. I suppose the businessman has to enter-ban his associates. By having an open-house he fulfills his purpose but much to our displeasure. I hope that he gets rich quick to buy a bigger house far away and leave us in peace and quiet.

Then there is an old Indian couple who lives opposite my house, both of them are retired and they are spending their twilight years

pottering around their little garden, which they have somehow built out of the tiny patch of earth in their compound. Most of us who live in, these terrace-houses can -hardly grow a reasonable lawn in the small space of dirt allocated for every house. This couple, however, has developed a lush green garden filled with all sorts of plants. They have orchids, a mango tree and various types of flowers arranged neatly and tastefully. It is always a pleasure to visit this couple and hear them ramble on, and on about their beloved plants. They have a few children but all of them have grown up and left the nest. So this old couple is left to fend for themselves. Once in a while, one of the sons would return with his family for a visit. One can see the joy in the faces of these old people.

The other neighbors are not very familiar to me because some of them are not very friendly. They hardly ever give a nod whenever we happen to meet. Still, I suppose they have their family affairs, their jobs and their problems to look after, just like the rest of us.