

First Draft!

Part of My Life!

Life is a mere word that has various meanings depending to the person who gave an interpretation of it. Well, defining a word life may also differ from the experiences we have acquired. It could be a great gift given by our creator but to others, they define it as a burden that need to be conquered. We have encountered several sweetest downfall or great loss but that's just a part of being alive.

Way back to those days that I am a seven year old child. I started my elementary education with something that has been already stored in my innocent mind. I can identify letters, numbers, colors, and shapes. My mother is the one who patiently taught me to identify those basics. I never expect before to have school because of some instances. First, our house is far a distant from school. I need to walk for almost an hour to get there. Second, at the age of seven I can't go by myself as early as 5:30 AM to be able to attend the 7:30 AM class. Third, I'm really scared to cross the road alone. Those are some of the negative ideas in the left hemisphere of my brain. On the other hand, I was driven by an intrinsic motivation to finish my elementary education. I courageously conquered those fears with a strong determination.

In my secondary education, here comes again the negative thing that blocks my young mind. I need to stay in a boardinghouse to be able to continue my studies. Another challenge because I am not used to be separated from my parents and I can't do cooking and washing clothes for myself alone. But I must to learn everything in order for me to survive. To make the long story short, I enrolled in a secondary school and I stayed in a boardinghouse. And there, I've experienced the dilemma of being independent from parents. I cried almost every night in my two weeks of staying there because I really missed my parents and siblings at home. But there's I can do. I have to conquer the difficulties for my future and for my family's goodness. Instead, I pushed myself to focus on my studies. I made them as my motivation to strive harder because I know there's nothing that can make them proud of me, only when they saw me marching on stage while receiving a medal or certificate. In behalf of the hardships and trials in both financial, physical and emotional aspect, I never forget to that God because he is my only best friend when no one is willing to listen me. I finished my secondary education and graduated with honors. Well, not to end this story without good people behind my back. I won't forget them. My English teacher who offered financial support undoubtedly. Likewise my, my Math teacher who did visit to my house to actually see how patient my parents to send me to school. And lastly, my principal who really offered both financial