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Age: 16 years old.

It Takes a Pull

The speed of descent increasing as a sink into the deep blue. You realize the weight pulling you down is not only from your own, but also from the anchor supporting you. The glow of light from the surface darkening - it drifts away. Lungs desperate for a breath of air. An end of a rope looms into sight. You grab it, noticing the other end wrapped around the anchor's head. With the clutch of it, you halt. The sense of relief showers down until you realize you couldn't stay like this for long. Once you attempt another pull, you move upwards, like weight on a pulley.

This is it - a solution to bring yourself to the surface.

The first pole was easy. Fatigue starts to take over your strength, yet the glow is drifting close but still far out of reach.

Your grip is loosening. You take a glimpse of the surface once more but with only a shred of hope. The bottom seems to be pulling everything towards it, like a black hole in the distance. Your eyes squeeze shut. Arms muscles let up at the end of the rope

One last look at the light.

Hands release.

You give up.

It's ever so easy to lose your grip, to let go, to descend into the infinitely long path of misery and despair. A path that leads you to the lowest point of your life, where no one can reach you or save you from. Once you get there, not even a fraction of light or sign of hope is in sight. The overwhelming pressure suffocates you, but you lay still, motionless.

So weak. *Too weak*

The weight that pulls you down is not different from to burden you carry when you experience loss – an inevitability to humans. The loss of what we treasure and love,

especially the *ones* you love leaves us desperate, hollow on the inside while the grief with monstrosity consumes you. The stronger your feelings towards, it the greater your burden will be, making it even more difficult to rise up to the surface

As mentioned before, in order to move upwards to approach the light, you have to hoist yourself up by pulling the end of the rope. *This* is what determines you. What matters is how you react to the situation you're facing. It matters how hard you pull and how long you stay trying, because it determines how much effort you put into moving forward.

The explosion. It hits strong. Destroys. Leaves you confused, staring vaguely into the oblivion of thought. The absence of secureness worries you. Breath shortening, warm tears oozing. That's when it forms - the anchor. It is bonded to you like a metal ball chains a prisoner. And then there's the drowning.

To gulp down the bitter truth and pull yourself up is one of the greatest challenges we face. Attempting to move forward truly emphasizes the definition of the phrase "it's easier said than done".

"You've just got wipe off those tears and move on!"

"Chin up, soon you'll be able to get over it."

You couldn't deny the fact that whether the people who console you actually mean well or simply want to brush off the topic when they advise you that way, but it *is* all they could say.

It *is* the only solution to recovery. No shortcut, no way out of it. With each pull, all you could think of is the weight forcing you downwards, draining you. But when you feel the last of your strength dry up, all that is left is your determination.

Your mind is truly the only barrier between you and accomplishment. it's the greatest strength that you possess but the most difficult to summon.

" You can accomplish anything when you put your mind to it", so the saying goes. It seems simple, like a phrase to nurture children. Although it is, in fact, on the contrary. We have all been through a stage in our life when this saying has had a role to play. One of the first would be learning to walk. Your little baby steps seemed hard back then, and look at where you are now – sprinting, pacing, skipping, Jumping.

Without knowing, you were convincing your mind that you could do it, because you *wanted to*. You *wanted* to be able to walk around like your father and mother, there by persevering. The matter of dealing with loss is similar to this topic, only in a larger and far more difficult scale. Therefore, the process of achieving what you desire, while in this case is being able to move on, is formed up on the same basis. You have to convince yourself to sail against the wind, knowing that all of it will be worth the effort. The surface above reminds you of a better life, of which you have freedom from the anchor no longer existing but only remains a memory.

It's perfectly understandable if one needs to grieve, but it mustn't have the authority to take over and become them. Although you couldn't simply brush off the loss of something important to you, the time dedicated to it shouldn't be so long that it consumes your life.

I've read a quote once saying "Pain demands to be felt.", and it made me realize that no matter if it's heartbreak, death, deception or disappointment, it craves our attention and leaves a crack inside us. However, no matter how much pain lies ahead, what matters most is how we confront it - with courage or weakness.

Your motivation to pull yourself up is none other than to save you from yourself. You could either lie still and allow the grief to deteriorate your spirit, or gather up your strength to rise up. Of course, the decision isn't easy as choosing what to wear each day. It requires strength and willpower. A lot of it. But one thing's for certain, you will enjoy the freedom of your life on the surface.

What if you flip the script? What if when your grip loosens and you take a glimpse of the surface you remind yourself what you are heading towards. Imagine yourself free with nothing holding you back. Let that be a force driving you to continue pulling and pulling and pulling. With every strength put into action, you are coming close to where you want to be.