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Age: 18 years old.

My Moving Forward

Life can hit you hard. You will never know what is coming until you get hit. Some are just make you a bit upset but some can bring you to your knees or blow your mind. When this happens. It's not about how hard you get hit but it's all about how you find the strength to keep moving forward. In this essay I wrote about my life experiences, my personal thoughts and how I decided to change my life.

When I studied in secondary school I was so stubborn. I went to school just for met my friends and played around. I skipped class and hid in the bathroom whenever I didn't want to study. The word 'lazy' couldn't even describe me back then. Even my behavior didn't well but there was someone who still supported and took a good care of me. She is my mom.

My mom is sweet, kind and polite. She likes to help others no matter what problem is. She never said abusive word to anyone even when she gets angry or upset. And these kindnesses bring her to problem frequently. As I mentioned previously, my mom big problem was me. She had to listen to people talked about the problem I made and apologized for that problem. But all I did just nothing.

One day when I was in grade 8. After finished school I didn't go directly to home like I used to. But I went to my friend's house to play game. And I didn't call my mom to tell her where I went to because I left my phone at home. While she was waiting for me. My mom heard something about accident nearby my school from her friend. This news made her concerned because I didn't go home yet. So she decided to go to my school with my sister.

When she arrived at my school my mom found out that I already left the school. After that she asked my sister to go to the road where the accident happened but my sister denied because she had an appointment. So my mom went to the road on her own. And again she found nothing. Not even an accident there.

About a few hours later I went back home. First thing I heard when I stepped inside my home was sound of crying and then I saw my sister stared at me form the

corner of the living room. 'Where did you go' she asked me loudly. I didn't answer that question because I thought it would get me into trouble and I knew I did something bad again. 'You made me and mom worried about you but you can't even give me the answer' she added but I still said nothing 'are you mute?' she yelled at me. Instead of answer the question I walked away from my sister but she obstructed me before I reached to the stairs. 'You can't get away this time. You must be punished for what you have done' my sister said 'Sound of crying, do you hear that? No you don't because you never care about anyone unless yourself' before everything went worse my mom walked down the stairs and ran into me and my sister. She grabbed my hand and asked me with her shaking sound 'Are you hungry? I bought a cake do you want some?' I started to cry.

After that question my mom didn't wait for the answer. She took me to the kitchen suddenly. When we walked in the kitchen my mom took a deep breath and told me to stop crying even her own eyes were full of tear. 'Don't listen to your sister for whatever she said' 'We love you' my mom said.

To be honest, something happened to me that day. I'm not sure what it is but it hit me hard. After that situation I locked myself in my room. Regret was an emotion came up in my mind with a modest amount of shame and guilt when I was alone. And then I thought about my mom *why she does everything for me when all I did just make her cry* but my mom already gave me the answer. It because she loves me. Back then love to me is like the special feeling that is shared between two people. I didn't know the true meaning of love but I thought I had to return it to my mom. I tried to think as much as the 14 year old could do. Finally I found the answer. I will stop playing around and focus on something that really important to me. I won't let anyone down especially my mom. I will be better and I will move forward.

Like the theme of this essay, moving forward was something that I chose to change myself because I wanted to leave the past there. I didn't want to step back and live in the old world. I didn't want to make my mom feel sorry for what I did anymore. The first way of my moving forward was try not to skip class. This way was easier than I thought. I told my friends that I didn't want to skip class anymore and they accepted my decision because they knew what happened to me that day.

The second was fought with my silliness. I read a book and studied so hard but it didn't work out in the first week. Even though I didn't skip classes but I still couldn't catch up on the lesson. But then, my old friend from grade 6 showed up. She told me that my mom asked her to help me study. I wasn't surprise because I told my mom everything since I decided to change. A few days after my friend came to help me. My viewpoint about studying changed. She taught me a lot and told me how to open my mind. The results of this way wasn't perfect but it led me to another level like zero to five.

The third way of my moving forward was 'always tell the truth' because I lied to my family I made them believed in the wrong things. This way was really important to me because when I looked back I saw my mom's face when she knew the truth from someone else. It look really hurt. And I knew it hard for my mom and my family to trust me again but I would take back my reliability. I can't tell you the result of my third way because I can't read minds. But I can tell you that my life has never been the same since I decided to do this.

Sometimes we choose to do nothing when we get hit hard because it's just easier and less painful that way. But the real pain is you have to live with yourself. So moving forward for me is like be brave to change and move on. You can't stay still when you know it's not good to live with. I made my decision I changed my life. How about you?