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Moving Forward

Moving forward could be difficult for anyone who feels hopeless with life. It could be also really easy for anyone who never gives up with life. So, have you ever felt frustrated and even you wanted to keep going but your mind told you not to? I'm sure that most of you have had this feeling, also some of the unfortunate experiences. So have I. Some of them were truly awful, and some of them were just bad. Though, all were haunting experiences.

Back to three years ago, I never expected that my grandmother would be extremely sick till I heard that she had cancer. At that moment, I was startled and speechless. I totally didn't know what to do but crying. By the time, my grandmother was still alive, she was the most amazing person that I ever had. The love and kindness of hers were noteworthy. I could always talk anything with her. As that one time when my parents were fighting and yelling at each other so badly. I couldn't stand with this big problem anymore, and no one would help me because no one was there for me to talk to but my grandmother, she was there at the same wooden chair, I yet remember how softly she consoled me and never left me to face problems alone. Without her, I gave up.

How could I live by knowing that there would be no one to protect, help and comfort me with any obstacles that I would discover in the future? This question crossed my mind as I was afraid of facing and solving problems alone. I wish I couldn't just thought that, though I did. As time went by, I realized what I had thought was untrue because I could still live without her support and without her, my life still moved on. The past is the past, I chose not to be stuck with the past and decided to move forward. But, my grandmother's teaching would still be in my mind and will always be.

Since then, I could make it through all the difficulties. But till last year when I applied to be the exchange student and I certainly made it to the United States of America for one year. Those eyes of mine were full of happy tears, plus I made my

parents proud. I had thought of living in the USA would be absolutely wonderful, but it was sad when the time came for me to leave my family. Even sadder when I had to face all the struggles and complications myself while I was there. Making friends was challenging. Basically, I was shy and was not brave enough to start talking with them. Asking someone to be friend wasn't easy as a piece of cake because I was really afraid that they would say 'no'. So, I had no friends for a couple weeks but that was depressing enough for me to think that I was no good. Not only the friendships that were complicated but also my host family that I was living with, they were not as friendly and loving as I had hoped. There were six members in my host family and they were very close to one another. While living with them, sometimes I ever felt like I was completely someone else, according to the different cultures that could mainly made me feel uncomfortable to adjust myself with their cultures. It's disappointing when I was not close to my host mother who I had always expected her to be. She wasn't a talkative person, I was not either. In this situation, we both didn't have much conversation between each other which led the awkwardness between two of us. Though, we both tried our best. I got three host sisters but there's just the one who was not welcome and kind to me. We barely hung out and made relationship. Nevertheless, I still understood how hard it would be for her to have a new person adding to her family. Still, it could be hard for both of us to adapt ourselves to our different lifestyles. Meanwhile I started to realize that being there was unhappy since I had been through some difficulties that I lonely faced them. Can you imagine how I felt after that? I was confused and again wanted to give up with everything, plus I asked my parents if I could go back to them because I didn't want to stay there anymore. That was such a wrong decision to make, I did it without thinking and realizing of how my parents would feel about me. Would they be mad or angry or disappointed at me? No, they totally understood me. But one thing which they would always say to me was not to give up no matter what but smile, stay strong and move on. I took my time and thought of my parents' saying. After realizing, I gave myself another chance to make my exchange year as amazing as I wish. First, I put a lovely smile on my face which made me feel more confident and began step by step to make friends. Next I would communicate with everyone

in my host family more often and be more as an open person. Obviously, things there got better than before.

Thankfully, my parents were right. They reminded me when they started to teach me how to ride a bicycle since I was just a little girl. Doing it was uneasy and fearful. I fell out so many times and it hurt that I was going to quit. However, my father didn't quit, he made me try it again. So this time he controlled by holding at the back of my bicycle, then slowly took his hands out of it. At the same time, I kept riding forward without knowing that he already took his hands out. I was surprised when I turned back, because my father wasn't holding the bicycle anymore. Suddenly, the happily big smile of mine showed up on my face. I did it.

"If you are not moving forward, you could be pushed back". Never be too late to start trying and moving forward again. Even I used to be a loser because I would usually give up on any obstacles in the past, but I could finally make it through them, with all the support from the people who always love, care and encourage me. And it depended on what I decided to do, to give up or to rise up, I chose to rise up. Now, no matter how many times I fall, I will always stand up. No matter how challenging the problems are, I will always try and not be afraid. And no matter how many mistakes I make, I will always learn from them and take them as experiences. Let's live our lives by not keep looking back but keep moving forward.