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In search of my dreams

My country doesn't have many opportunities and it's very difficult to get ahead. My mother and I were given the chance we had always wanted, but this time we had to act within three days. I always thought there were better opportunities in other parts of the world, opportunities for learning among other things. Just over a year ago, I traveled to another country in search of these opportunities. My mother was tired of the same old thing and had the same idea as me. One day, she proposed that we go pursue what we had always wanted, but I hesitated because I didn't want to leave anything or anyone behind. I didn't want to leave things unfinished, like school, for example. I thought it over for three days and I think that was my biggest mistake: not meditating on the situation and choosing an option very spontaneously. At that moment, I was only thinking about the good and not the bad after deciding to leave my country, saying goodbye to many things I had worked so hard for.

At least I had someone who I knew wouldn't let me down. Determined to embark on this journey, the first thing I told myself was, "I can't let my mother or myself down." With that mentality of trying to be a "perfect kid," I didn't let anything or anyone scare me. Even though my heart was crying on the way to the airport of another country during the first trip, my mind still didn't understand what was happening. I stayed three days in a place unknown to me, and even feeling the weight of not failing and the nerves that something bad might happen, I endured for two days. On the third day, I was about to end my journey in that country to reach the next, but that day left a scar in my "iron" mind, and I cry every time I remember that fear I rarely felt, as I feel I am still in that place. But finally, I made it. I was in the place where everyone wanted to go, feeling proud of myself.

When I arrived, I had to adapt to new situations and life problems, but after two weeks, I realized that I didn't want to be there. It wasn't as we had imagined, and it was a very rushed decision, but I kept going. I couldn't take it anymore when I saw that the educational opportunities were not the same as in my country; they were worse. Seeing that one trades happiness for money made me want to go back, as there was no way to entertain oneself, and my mother was already having problems. My mother and I decided to return to where we were happy and continue our lives as before.

I faced the situation, realizing it wasn't easy. I thought of letting life take its course, but for my mother's sake, I kept my head up, trying to be a shield for her. I didn't let anyone tell me otherwise and kept facing the situation with what I thought was best for her and me, with a smile on my face and without fear of getting hurt over and over again. I decided to be the teenager I had never been. I learned that the real world is very cruel and that it wasn't just what I already knew. With so many experiences from my journey, I no longer feared trying different things and

understood that I needed to mature mentally to prevent the same thing from happening again. I also realized that the world I lived in before this was very easy for me, but after that, I understood what awaits me.

The experiences from that journey still serve me today: understanding how the world works, the different problems of places, their cultures, and their people. These experiences are not normal for a 15-year-old and this can help me mature at an early age.