

When I was a middle school student, I enrolled in a student exchange program and spent one year of my life in a remote village in Germany. It was a small town with little racial diversity. I used to be the only Asian in the room, and people mostly felt clueless of how to interact with me. Though most of my classmates were nice and were with good intentions, they would still see me with biased eyes without noticing. For instance, others often thought that I was good at math because I am Asian rather than a hardworking person. They wouldn't invite me to sleepovers for that they assumed my "tiger parents" won't let me do so. Back then, I often felt lonely and not being understood. I thought that I would never fit in my German

### 背面可繼續作答

friends owing to the fact "whiteness" was the norm and I were just "different". I was confined by my own thoughts of isolation.

Then a friend of mine in the club embraced me with open arms and literally saved me. Contrary to others, she didn't see me as an alien but someone with interesting stories to tell. Whenever I felt homesick or lonely, she would accompany me and play songs composed by my all-time favorite Taiwanese singers. What's more, she was even eager to learn how to speak both Chinese and Taiwanese; she alleviated my pain and stress living in a foreign country and pulled me out of the miserable loneliness I had immersed myself in. When I was with her, I no longer felt isolated and different; I felt special and truly saw my own value. They say "a friend in need is a friend indeed", and I couldn't agree more!