I often feel a sense of isolation when I was in a group of people. Since I am an introverted person, I have suffered from the difficulties talking to people once in a while. I had tried to pluck up my courage to converse with them, but the frustration of being ignored immediately dampened my enthusiasm. However, I still believe that there's no need to force myself to fit in. Seperation does not mean eccentric, so now I'm quite used to it. I am convinced that a true friend will come to

## 背面可繼續作答

The fact, when I was overwhemed by the sense of concliness, I tended to turn to my "memory box" in my childhood. In the corner of my noon lay a box where all my memories were preserved in it. Ranging from a card sent from my friend to a photo of my family, those memories gave me an outlet to express my emotion. I would immerse myself in the imaginary world I created. As I grew up, the memory box had turned into a working desk, as piles of books are running out of space. Even though the box, no longer exists, its power still dwells in my heart. I will never give into the fear of isolation, because those

precious memories will infuse stamma in me to

carry on unquering more obstacles!