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In the past, I deemed the world as a place where no one would take care of one another. Being a homosexual student, I used to endure teasing and flout to varying degrees every day. Oftentimes, those apparently uncomfortable with my sexual orientation pulled no punches in mocking at me, even spawning a flurry of hoaxes pertaining to me in the class. Demoralized and sullen, I built walls around my heart to block people out. Worse yet, I always had self-doubt that whether my existence is nothing if not a fault. Gradually, I had no friend and a plethora of peers reckoned me to be an inaccessible oddball. In the dead of the night, dark clouds seemed to constantly loom

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over my head, as tears came down in torrents, leaving smudgy tear tracks on my face. It was the most lonesome and gloomy period of time.

Things changed when I studied in senior high school. One day, my mentor came over me and said that she would like to talk to me in private. Much to my astonishment, she told me that she utterly understood the predicament I had faced. Her eyes were gleaming with benevolence. From her words, I learned that every man is the architect of his own fortune. She also encouraged me to jot down my mood every day. By writing, my pressure was vented and I felt no longer lonely. Though I was still discriminated from time to time, I was able to see a silver lining behind every dark cloud. Writing offers me a good way to deliberate on myself and changes my conception of myself and the world. I has done an about-face with my teacher's advice, and I am firmly convinced that I will never feel lonely in the future, leading a purpose-driven life.