

I was browsing through the news when I stumbled upon a picture of Syrian refugees holding their phones up while onboard a small boat that they hope would carry them to their ultimate destination in Europe. Gazing at their eyes, I couldn't help but think about how lonely they must feel, thousands of miles from home, on a journey that has some calling "the modern day Exodus". I could relate to their feelings, as I was once forced to leave my friends and family behind to live with a host family abroad. I was merely an elementary school student at that time, struggling to utter even the simplest words in English. The host family treated me with love and affection, in school, apart from the none-stop giggling whenever I speak, everything else was fine, but for some reason, I wasn't feeling right, I was homesick and no one was

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able to fill the gap in my heart created by my loneliness.

My homesickness and loneliness got to a point where the school appointed a counselor, Mr. Hacker, to help ease my pain. Mr. Hacker was with there with me from that point on to the day I left. I would go talk to him whenever I was feeling lonely, once an ESL teacher, he spoke Chinese really well. He and I would talk about a myriad of things, from space shuttles to dinosaurs, and most importantly, home. I later found out that the cure to my loneliness was not trying not to think about it but to open myself up to it, the more I did so, the less lonely I would feel. From time to time we are faced with situations like the passing of our loved ones and taking a journey alone, these situation often struck us hard with loneliness, from my past experience, it is best for us to find someone to talk to instead of keeping everything to ourselves.