Living in the village seeemed desperate, as there was a old-fashionaed primary school and no other modern facilities. My mother cared a lot about me and my bright future. So she sent me to specialized secondary school at the heart of the city to make sure I could get good education.

I stayed at dormitory of my school with different grade groups. When I stayed with final year students, I was bored because of different perspectives and ages. So, I asked from dormitory supervisor to move me into another room. I began to live with one grade higher students hit me and made me upset by giving tons of chores. Again, I talked about my roommates’ cruelty to my mother , when I got back home on weekends. My mother called to my head teacher at school to inform harms I was affected at dormitory. My teacher met with school council and informed about the message my mother told.

Dormitory supervisors punished rude and brutal boys and secured a decent room in which I was able to share with my classmates

I forged friendship with many of my classmates from secondary school. We shared a lot in common by playing football, volleyball