psychology of confidence

I was born as the first child in a simple family 25 years ago. Dad says that they were extremely happy including my grandpa, who used to babysit for me. Unfortunately after a couple of years my parents had to divorce, so me and my sister were separated from one parent each. Mostly I used to be with mom, lived and traveled until I reached 6 y.o when it was time to go to school. So I was returned to my home, to my dad. My childhood was pretty interesting, challenging, and teachable. I had a lot of friends from my neighbors, we used to play very different games until midnight. I think I experienced a really good childhood, where I saw that without the internet, phone life can also be interesting. Where people have to work really hard in order to be able to provide daily food for their family. Or how it is to feel alone. I can say that I experienced everything, from being a smart, strong, oldest, lovely girl to fast paced, lazy, not responsible. Hope my experience will help me to make the right decisions, understand others and help them.

When I was in 4th grade my classmate Myktybek pushed me from the hill at school, I was hurt easily and upset of course. But my dad did not really want to go to this guy's home or punish him. My mom talked to his mom and it did not help me much actually. I was pretty strong at this time, and did not pay attention.

The high school was a little bit different. With my adventures there were some challenges too. One wonderful day someone started to call me kodelek which means foal, it was because I was not shorter than others. But there were a lot of people a way shorter than me I thought for many years. Why me? Why they decided to make fun of me, laugh at me. It was a big question for me until recently I found out that it was not because I wasn't tall enough or not being tall is a fault, **it was because they could afford it to themselves. Because they saw that my dad was punishing me badly, that made them think that they also can do the same way. It was simply I was not able to protect myself and they used this fact.** This period of my life was very painful. I don't know anything more painful than this feeling, where you are embarrassed to go out for a break with your classmates, because you may be laughed at any time, from any window. I do not know if they were enjoying or having fun, but I was experiencing the worst feelings ever. I was ashamed of who I am, and hated myself for my presence in this world.

I moved to the city later when I entered the university, my life continued mostly with new people. Fortunately my groupmates found me an interesting and smart girl, they were supportive. My roommates were so nice, especially my tutor, so there were some positive changes in my life. I was even sent to the international girls school as a tutor. At this school I met the best people, had the best opportunities. I have always been so grateful to Allah that he gives me the best chances ever and accepts my duas. How a simple girl from the valley can be a tutor at the international school, where she can meet the smartest, most intelligent and best behaved people. Without that school I could not be in the USA today. But there were always a few problems, which followed me from my childhood. So I was always fast faced, forgetful and careless. Sometimes I forget to turn off the iron or leave my pocket somewhere and lose it. May seem to be basic, fundamental skills or knowledge that every kid should master, and unreasonable excuses for adults. My poor self confidence suffered a lot from the absence of these basic skills. Made me feel stupid sometimes, maybe this is the reason I was not dating anyone and not getting married. I was not feeling enough of myself. I used to feel like I lost something valuable, very important and cannot get married without finding it back. Because there was a really sweet lady, who I loved so much and she wanted me to marry with his handsome doctor son, saying that I would not be cooking or doing any chores.

She was expecting not a daughter in law, a real daughter. Maybe that is why wanted someone who she loves more so she can accept as a daughter.

My dream came true in 2021, I came to the USA, where I have been waiting for so long to come. Was not trying to work hard saying that I would do it in the USA. But the reality was a bit different from my plans. The USA was not a magical place where everyone who entered the country automatically became highly educated, hard working, super rich. It was a simple country with more opportunities than others. I was feeling alone, guilty and the same as before, not enough. I was always not good enough, a guilty girl. Always was so ashamed, ashamed to talk to people, eat, enjoy. First I blamed my dad for not being a good parent, then my mom for not being with me, my host family for not being good enough, my boss for being rude and dishonest, then my friends for not paying enough attention. Finally this year I found out that I love blaming others, everyone was truly guilty in my life but there no my fault. I also realized that I was not good at communicating, so that's why I do not have many friends.

When I moved to Chicago I started to work at the restaurant, where I was able to make good money for legalization in this country, make some friends and most importantly I become more mature. I faced the reality and it was not as sweet as I used to think, it was quite different. At that restaurant also I could see that some people allow themselves to treat me not nice sometimes. But why is it me again, not other people, how everyone can understand that they can treat me this way.

I quit my job recently