

# The Story of Nitshanchai

“You do not choose your fire, but you can choose what it forges.”

— Nitshanchai

## 1. The Childhood That Taught Me Silence

I didn't grow up with bedtime stories — I grew up with shouting.

Police sirens outside my house were background noise.

My earliest memories aren't toys or cartoons — they're of me, a child, trying to stop two grown adults from tearing each other apart.

My parents were always fighting. My brother was too young to understand, so I stood at the frontlines — not because I wanted to, but because no one else would.

They weren't around much.

So I had to grow up fast.

Too fast.

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## 2. Walking the Edge of Darkness

I spent my nights on the streets, not looking for trouble — just trying to feel something.

The world around me was raw, real, and rough.

I wasn't in a gang, but I wasn't far from it either. I hovered just outside — a silent observer who could've fallen in... but didn't.

There was always a voice inside me.

A restraint.

Like something sacred was watching — pulling me back every time I got too close to the edge.

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### 3. Three Religions, No Home

I was born into Buddhism.

Schooled in Christianity.

And stood witness to rituals where Taoist spirits danced through flesh.

But I never belonged to any.

Attended methodist school for 12 years. Helped out with spirit rituals where gods possessed bodies. I listened. I watched. I even believed — but not fully.

I was always standing just outside the circle. Curious. Searching.

Never fully stepping in.

Maybe because deep down, I knew my path wasn't inside a religion.

It was in the remembering.

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### 4. Becoming the Protector

I was the older brother.

That meant I had to become hard.

At 11, I was already training myself to fight. Not for pride — but for survival. If anything ever happened to my brother, I wanted to be ready.

There were always gangsters near our estate. People you didn't cross.

So I made myself a weapon.

Push-ups. Martial arts. Suppression.

I taught myself that emotions were weakness. That crying was a luxury I couldn't afford.

To survive, I had to become... stone.

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## 5. My Anger Was My Armor

My fuel was anger.

My source of strength was resentment.

And I wore it well. I was the “man’s man” — calm on the outside, volcanic within.

I didn’t let people in.

Not because I couldn’t...

But because I didn’t want to be understood.

I believed emotions slowed you down.

That pain was power.

That suffering made you sharp.

And for a long time — it worked.

Until it didn’t.

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## 6. The Day I Finally Cried

Then... my mother passed away.

I didn’t expect it to break me. But it did.

And for the first time in 20 years —

I wept.

Not just a few tears.

I brawled. I shattered. I grieved.

The man who never cried became the boy who finally could.

And with those tears — my armor broke.

It wasn’t weakness.

It was... release.

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## 7. The Unbecoming of a Soldier

I left banking.

I left my ideals of masculinity.

I left everything that once made me feel strong.

And I felt lost.

Without my pain, who was I?

Without my anger, how would I move?

For the first time in my life, I had no fuel.

But something better emerged.

I found... forgiveness.

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## 8. The Birth of EERT

As I healed, I started questioning the lies I told myself:

Why did I believe that only suffering made you grow?

Why did I think real men never cry?

Why did I tie strength to silence?

And then I saw it:

My suffering wasn't unique.

Others had walked through fire — and some were even stronger... because they had love.

I listened to Navy SEALs talk about their pain.

I listened to spiritual mentors admit their tears.

And I realized —

We are all broken...

But some of us choose to remember.

That was the birth of EERT.

A philosophy that says:

You are not what you've been through —

You are what you choose to remember from it.

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## 9. Why I Share This

I'm still young.

But I've suffered enough to know that pain doesn't have to be your only teacher.

You can learn from those who came before.

You don't have to walk through hell to appreciate heaven.

If someone had told me earlier that it's okay to cry...

That masculinity isn't measured in silence...

That love — not rage — is the highest form of strength...

Maybe I wouldn't have wasted so many years holding it all in.

So I share this...

Not to be pitied.

Not to be praised.

But because I finally found my voice.

And maybe, just maybe...

Someone else out there will read this and feel what I did:

That they are not broken.

They are returning.