The year 2015 was full of misfortune. When I graduated from high school, despite being accepted into my primary choice, I decided to go to UCR due to their scholarships. But I was under the F-2 Visa and I did not realize there was the non-residence fee that I had to pay. When I saw the amount of money I needed, I knew that my family could not afford it.

After consulting with my aunt, I tried to enlist in the Army under the MAVNI program to become an American citizen and get support for my education. But during the process, something went wrong in the social office and my social security number never came. And later I found out that a person could apply for SSN through MAVNI only once and I could not apply again.

My only choice left was to attend college and try to get my SSN through the working permit. But another problem came as my mother’s school closed down and my status became unclear. It took almost 11 months for the immigration office to send me a letter stating that I was no longer legal here.

Meanwhile, my mother’s stomach was growing big and she was constantly in pain. We knew she had some kind of cancerous tumor growing inside of her, but we could not get any help because we knew we couldn’t afford it.

All of these happened in series as if the world was trying to prove that the misfortune does not come alone. I was suddenly expected to make decisions and I was constantly in panic. I wanted to give up and end everything. I was scared and had resentment that was directed toward no one. But gradually, these experiences made me calmer and more patient. I started to work out and look for a job. I stopped thinking about all of the misfortune events in my life and stopped feeling sorry for myself.

I am still in the process of overcoming these challenges. But I know if I work hard and be patient, I would one day reach happiness.