Being lost sometimes in the world of toys, sometimes in the pages of books and sometimes among the people around me is the path to find myself. Losing myself in the world of toys and pages of books is always fun as a shy and introverted child, however fear of being lost in new places and faces hits differently. I never imagined to leave my hometown as I always feared doing so. But aspiration of better education and desire to explore encouraged me to take a bold decision of leaving my home town at the age of 12, challenging my biggest fear “**being lost in the new place**”. This was the most painful decision for me, as I didn’t even know what the world outside my village looked like.

The journey of being lost started sitting on the back of my brother’s motorbike. When I reached Butwal sub metropolitan city, I was lost. Lost among unfamiliar faces, tall concrete buildings, a steady race of vehicles and lost in thoughts thinking about new school. Tears were coming out of my eyes and questioned myself, where am I? Would I be accepted by new people? Would I able to make friends? Despite being tired, I could not close my eyes that night. My mind was filled with questions, and my heart weighed down with fear.

Very next day, I was in a new school, sitting quietly on the last bench of room no.13 with mixed feelings. Then, someone offered me a handshake out of the blue. In a few minutes, this single handshake turned into 23 and continued. Soon, I was surrounded by strangers yet connected through a handshake which gave me sense of belonging with them. They were no longer stranger. They were same as me, lost and frightened trying to connect with someone in the crowd. This taught me how a small initiative of connection was enough to break barriers, build new bonds and find myself.

When I paused and looked back, I saw a journey of being lost, connecting hands and finding myself. How a handshake helped me become part of something I had never imagined? How did it help me overcome my fear of leaving my village and being lost in a completely new place? This hit me so hard and I could not resist forming a club called **Shake4Change** with a mission to connect, guide and help. I started mentoring my juniors and bringing them together to create a community of explorers who were desperate to find themselves. Over time, our team also increased to 16 members from only 4. During the school anniversary, we started a campaign **'Help** to **Shine’** to collect old books and money to help financially weak students.

Working in the club, I started connecting with larger community. I was listening stories of different students and exploring the world of technology. Every story I heard had its own fear and a lost actor. They wanted to overcome the fear but lacked proper guidance and help. So, I wanted to start a blog site where they can find the relevant materials. But I had zero knowledge of doing so. Despite that, I started exploring the world of codes. The dark theme of Visual Studio where I wrote my first code still feels like night of the day I arrived Butwal. The 113 lines of code with 39 errors was what the first draft of shake4change.blogspot.com looked like. The tranquility in debugging, editing the code and exploring the errors are now the part of myself. Now, I was finding myself in the codes written in Visual Studio and red errors appearing in debugger tool. From Rampur to Butwal, from the Children’s Club to Shake4Change, and from fear to code, this expedition has been more than leaving home and being lost. It’s about finding new ones, connecting hearts, coding and learning continously .