***Life is a quest- to find myself, overcome fears, and form connections.***

Being lost used to be a part of my young age. Sometimes in the world of toys, sometimes in the pages of books, and sometimes among the people around me. Being lost with toys and pages of books is always fun as a shy and introverted child, however fear of being lost in new places and faces used to hit differently. I never imagined leaving my hometown as I always feared doing so. But hope of further education after grade 7, encouraged me to take a bold decision of leaving my hometown at the age of 12, challenging my biggest fear of “**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 rural village looked like.

The journey of being lost started sitting on the back of my brother’s motorbike. When I reached the Butwal sub-metropolitan city, I was lost. Lost among unfamiliar faces, tall concrete buildings, a steady race of vehicles, and lost in thoughts about the new school. Tears were coming out of my eyes and questioned myself, where am I? Would I be accepted by new people? Would I be 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.

The 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, giving me a sense of belonging. They were no longer strangers. They were the same as me, lost and frightened, trying to connect with someone in the crowd. This taught me how a small initiative of connection is enough to break barriers, build new bonds, and find myself.

When I paused and looked behind, I saw a journey of being lost, connecting hands, and finding myself. 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 new place? This hit me so hard and I could not resist forming a club called **Shake For Change** with a mission to connect, guide, and help. I mentored my juniors and brought them together to create a community. 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. I also started a blogging site (shake4change.blogspot.com) to share motivational quotes, tech guides, and other materials.

Working in this club, I heard from different people about their quests. I found we all had our fears. Everyone wants to overcome them, though It's not easy for everyone. We had to explore ourselves and our world. This fear and desire to explore motivated me to leave my town. Coming to the end of the essay, this quest for exploring the world has no end. Same with the fears we hold in ourselves. Every quest I went on to explore showcased my fears and motivated me to push myself beyond my fears. From Rampur to Butwal, from the Children’s Club to Shake For Change, and from fear to confidence, this expedition has been more than leaving home. It’s about finding new ones, connecting hearts, and learning continuously.