

How to Forget the Unforgettable?

SCHOOL, a place packed with memories of youth, should be full of support and friendship, where bonds are formed for life, but I never expected all desolate time I would face when I was still an innocent little primary one kid.

Turning back the clock five years, when I just started primary school, a new chapter of my life, I imagined my school year to be awash with laughter and companionship, and I was eagerly looking forward to starting school. The day before my first day of school, I was so excited that I stayed up all night! To my disappointment, when I walked into the class, nothing was as I had imagined. There was no one I knew, not even a single person! I found a seat and sat down, making some noise trying to draw people's attention. Unfortunately, no one noticed my presence. I was kind of awkward so I pretended that I was busy and I had no time to play with the others. But deep inside my heart, I was desperate for someone to hang out with me. For the first time, I felt like I was being left out.

At recess, I tried to fit in one of the 'girls group' at school. I took a deep breath and went up to said 'hi' to them, but instead of reciprocating, they sneered at me and continued with their little banter. Their laughter was sharp and dismissive and it pierced through my heart like a blade.

Days turned into weeks, and the loneliness became unbearable. I tried to forget the fact that they dislike me and how they talk behind my back. I tried to join in the conversation, and even tried to add a comment or two, but every time I spoke, the conversation would stall, as if I had paused the scene. It was like as if they didn't even want me there.

That's it. I gave up. I stopped trying to make friends, stopped trying to have those awkward conversations with them. It's not bad being alone sometimes, the thing is, you try to forget, but the memory lingers.

Forgetting the unforgettable is not about erasing the memory, but to change your perspective. I told myself that I should focus on the stuff I like such as reading, chess and board games which are actually good choices. It wasn't easy at first. I suffered a lot from isolation, but healing took time and I managed to pull myself together and start a new, fresh journey.

The memory is still here, but softer. I've learned that forgetting the unforgettable is not pretending that nothing happened, but is to find a way to accept the unforgettable, to LIVE with it and to LEARN from it.