



Everything happens for a reason

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I remembered I was 18 years old and had just graduated from my secondary studies at that time. My parents decided to let me pursue my tertiary education in America. I had three weeks to wrap up all my 'business'. I was extremely upset with my parents for ruining my life because I had to leave all my part-time job, my close friends and my boyfriend.

Since I was not willing to study in America, I promised everyone that I would be returning to Macau the first chance I had. When I arrived in America, I tried to keep my distance from everyone, it really didn't matter. I would be leaving very soon. I could only think of my close friends and boyfriend in Macau. I really wished I could be with them, I felt that everything was over. However, things got a bit better in my second semester.

It was my Art lesson where I first saw him. He wasn't handsome, but smart and charming. I remembered he had a pair of bright eyes at that time. He was just sitting in front of me, so we were partners in the piece of design work. We ended up with a good work, and we started to chat.

We became friends and enjoyed talking to each other in the Art classes. He was in the Sports

Club and I was in the School Choir. Our paths crossed occasionally only at school functions.

He graduated the next year and we went our separate way for a while. But one day, he came to see me in my part-time workplace. I was so happy to see him. We went out for lunch and started talking again. Eventually, we became very close friends. It seemed that my relationship with my boyfriend in Macau had become less important to me. I found that my friendship with 'him' had taken the place of my relationship in Macau.

I started to like America more. It's like home. I remembered one evening, he invited me to a Christmas party and this party changed our relationship forever. Not long after, our relationship was in the open.

He was a special gift to me in my difficult times. Our relationship finally blossomed into a very powerful love. And I really felt sorry for my parents, I should not despise them for sending me to America. If they had not sent me to America, I would not have become such a successful designer and would not have met the one whom I really love. I really believe that everything happens for a reason.