

*The grass is **greener** on the other side*

If you think your life is a living drama or some movie from the old days, think again. I bet you are going to reconsider yourself after checking this out. My life is existing adventures that never seem to stop. This is nothing but a little tiny bit of it. I love adventures, but I think I've had enough already....

I was a happy kid with a great mom, dad, an older brother and sister, everything was perfect till my brother decided to move out to the U.S. Things started to get downhill since then. My brother and sister were very close to my heart, although they were thirteen years older than I am. I was the baby of the family and I felt like my parents were too old for me, my bro & sis were my "cool" parents that I really enjoyed hanging out with. I always wanted them to get married so I can feel like an only, spoiled kid, but later it was the time I started regretting it all.

We went to visit my brother after a year and a half of waiting, and it was great. We went to NYC, where he used to live, and I was just amazed by the skyline, the view, the lights, it was amazing. With a kid's eye U.S. was a dream, all my family together, and having relatives that I didn't see for so long. Not only that but candies, soda, great fast food, unbelievable new "not-in the Egyptian market" toys and easy schooling system with no pain. I was an eleven years old, that wasn't too far away from going to a high school in Egypt, and that was a fear right there. I didn't want to study so hard and might not get accepted in my college of choice. I wanted to stay there forever but destiny gave it to my sister who was a college graduate at that time. She decided to stay with my brother and not come back home. After two month of vacation it was time to go.....living behind my sister, my brother, and the land of dreams & hopes. I don't

remember when, where, or how I stopped crying as time passed by, I did. Taking the first peak at our house was the most heart breaking, the walls were sad and the smile was blown off the frames. Unfortunately they were now gone, miles and miles away. I pleaded my parents day and night to live in the U.S. just to have our family reunion again (especially after having our green card in hand) but they didn't agree. It was a period of two years till my destiny sent me back. To my surprise these were some of the happiest days of my life, I got so attached to a lot people as a replacement of my brothers. Friends were my alternative, they didn't completely substitute the love and care of my brothers but I got so bonded to all of them. I was so cheerful that I finally found a world of my own, full of love, happiness, independence, and care. I've learned the hard way that "life is not fair" and therefore it was time for the cheerfulness to vanish away.

My parents decided (and after two years) to listen to my request, and in two month we were all gone. Leaving my friends in tears, I still had hope. My dream was now coming true. But I'm going to a foreign land with different culture, views, and language. Although I took English mainly my entire life, this was different. It was a real-life challenge against native speakers. What a nightmare? Here I'm a fourteen years old, thinking I'm the reason behind taking the decision of coming to the States, leaving behind my house, friends, memories, and having all these fears about the future in mind. Have you ever had that feeling were you don't know wither you took the right or wrong decision? Or if it's too late to change your mind? In my case, it was kind of tough after being on the plane going to the States, to take a detour back home.

And here I'm four years later, still stuck in the same place. I'm cooping up very nicely, and I'm feel like I'm blinding in the culture, but it doesn't feel like home. I'm

still tied up to my friends, and family back home. Sometimes I feel like I just want to scream, hoping for someone to reach out for me. Maybe I had friends here, but they're nothing like the ones I grew up with. The girlfriends that I laughed, giggled, and played with in my childhood, shared secrets with in my teenage years. I still remembering sitting with them and making fun of the guys next door, or laughing at my best friend for having a crush on some "idiot" we used to know. I was looking forward to share memories in adulthood as well, and I guess it's not too late to do that.

I'm now in my first year of engineering in one of the finest Universities in the New York. I'm doing well socially, and academically. If I was still sane till graduation (being in engineering school for four years), I'm coming back home. I think I got the experience I need from staying here, and it's time to go back to the old memories and the friends that never forgot me. I think I've learned my lesson though, as the Americans say "The grass is always greener on the other side." Maybe I always had the wrong dreams to begin with, but I've learned not to regret any of my decision what-so-ever. I always wanted more from life, not knowing that life doesn't always give you what you want. It takes when you want, and gives when you're satisfied. That's just life and we just need to start dealing with that fact.

Someone that had life the hard way