

The Loneliness of my University Life

A couple of years ago I was itching to go to London and finally break out of the incredibly confusing shackles of High School life, yet here I am, in the same room, same town, same country I was in before, not once visiting the United Kingdom, let alone London, almost finishing my second year of studies at Bayes. Kind of weird if you ask me. Though the confusion that people inadvertently show on their faces when I tell them about my situation is a joy to witness. I digress... So... how have these past two years affected me?

As you can imagine, university life could not be any more different than what I imagined it to be. I'm not saying it is bad, though it is for sure... interesting. Throughout the first year I was all happy and satisfied with how things were going. After all, I'm studying at one of the best business schools out there, without becoming even broker than man can comprehend, by engaging in the London lifestyle. I made a few friends along the way, well, more like acquaintances, but still connections at the end of the day. That first year thought me that working with other people doesn't only mean shouting and being rude to them until you get your point across, something that always made me really uncomfortable, but also shy and quiet. It gave me a boost of confidence, and ultimately helped me slowly step out of my shell, and try and actually make an impact for once. I loved it. Conversing with teachers and fellow colleagues without the fear of being ridiculed, whilst also being enthralled by what was being lectured. The first year gave me a taste of what was to come. The future never looked brighter. If you asked me then, I was ready to take on the whole world, and come out on top. That spirit is still here... though, the energy to back it up withered away a bit. But, how could that have possibly happened? Everything was smooth and silky. Well, second year happened.

This is where I started feeling the pain of loneliness, the abominable feeling I had in my stomach, whilst I was stuck, yet again, in between the four corners of my same old room, in my same old town, and in my same old country. Seeing everyone from your group meet up and have fun, with you just sitting idly behind your laptop, struggling to find an opening to say something was certainly difficult, and uncomfortable. It was like my shell grew hard and struggled to drag me back into it, forcing me to become shy and quiet yet again. But one thing I honed during these two years of uni was stubbornness. Severe, chronic stubbornness. Combine that with the

self-proclaimed stoic me, I say self-proclaimed because I have not even base knowledge of stoicism, I decided to screw all those sentiments of alienation and push through. I was in a whole other country, so what? I couldn't meet anyone in person, so what? I couldn't even attend class personally and watched through zoom or something, so what? This is the path I chose, and there is no turning back. You could say I increased my resilience, but you can make a case for deluding myself. But I prefer resilience, so please be considerate of that.

That loneliness and alienation I felt somehow turned into fuel. Fuel for me to try and survive these depressing emotions and keep going, if just one more year! The Placement year!

...There is probably not going to be any placement year for me... which really saddens me. But at least I learned about the hardships of applying for a job that thousands of other students are interested in, right? Yeah. So, on to the third year!

These past two years have shown me what I'm missing out on, and brought me a lot of frustration and perplexity and skepticism. But I, somehow, can't help but think dearly about this loneliness of mine. The multicultural body of the university gave me a glimpse of hope. I knew that no matter the place, people are still loving, friendly and fun. It's shown me that I can make connections with anyone in this very world. Not only that, but spending endless hours only with myself, and by myself, reflecting and working, relaxing and dreaming, led me start conceptualizing the person I want to be, and what that person needs me to do in order to exist.

Weirdly enough, this inoculated university life has shown me that I can be a leader, an optimistic, uplifting teammate, and even become someone great in the "business world" with the knowledge I was shared. This made me realize that I can become *whoever* I want to become, but, the most important lesson I was thought by this very inoculated university life, the most important thing that this path that I chose has shown me, is that now I know...

...I know *who* I want to become.