

## A JOURNEY'S START

*Life starts the moment you first open your eyes, when the light from the hospital LEDs first reaches the sparkling colours of your irises. We don't remember these moments, but those people that loved us from first sight do. The love in a mother's eyes is unrivalled when she first holds her child. The first chapter of our journey starts here, often with a bit of fear. Everything is new and unknown. But isn't that the point of it all?*

*Learning new things is a part of life. People say there is a first time for everything. The early milestones we reach are often the greatest, the first few steps set walking from one parent to another. The first few words we speak that start an orchestra of sounds lasting our lifetime. The wonder in our minds when we discover all the things we can do is simply amazing. An indescribable feeling. We do it all throughout our lives, sometimes less willingly than others, but it still is a part of our lives nonetheless.*

There we start our journey, at birth. The miracle of life. Of course, we all know how it happens at this point in our lives, even though sometimes we wish we didn't. But where do **we** come from? That is a question I have been asking for quite a long time now. I can't answer it if I may be honest with you. People search for an answer their whole life, but does it really matter? What if instead of focusing on where we came from, we focus on where we're headed? Personally, I think that would be a brilliant thing to do. It would allow us to be more open-minded, yet focused on our own principles.

*The mind of a child remains a masterful place. It turns the most normal things into greatness. The couch became a fortress, the cushions being massive mountains and the dining chair with wheels became a race car. Our imagination might've been our favourite place. Living both in and out of this world. We created stories with simple sticks, our friends and an awesome looking forest that to others might've been a few bushes and a dying birch tree.*

*At moments throughout our childhood, we feel invincible. We feel safe. Unaware of the problems and worries that await us later on, in the vast urban wasteland we call earth. Safe in the comfort of our watching guardian's arms. Ignorant bliss I suppose you could call this. Sometimes I do miss this. Feeling wonder and excitement about the smallest things, like the simple fitting of a cube in a square hole, or when you get a new toy. The smallest moments made the biggest smiles.*

I must say, I wouldn't be me without some of the people I consider my friends. To be honest actually, they are more than friends. They are the ones I would trust with my life. I am willing to take a bullet for every single one of them. That is what I call being friends. I hope the people that are there for you, like they are there for me, will never waver from your side.

*Not to forget making friends, no one remembers how it happened, but we thank fate it did. Some of our friends we don't talk to anymore, but those we still know became our brothers and sisters. We are willing to go above and beyond for each other. Bonds stronger than the wearing of time.*