

Then and Now

-My Life-

~8~

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# ABOUT ME

My name is Nadia Eliora Suriato. If you combine all those meanings it means God is the hope and the light of the world. From there you can see that I'm a Christian. I was born in the year 2000 in a beautiful and miraculous country called Indonesia. I love it there, and I think my lovely country has the best nature in the world.

What I like	What I Dislike
<ul style="list-style-type: none"><li>• Animals</li><li>• Family</li><li>• Fonts</li><li>• Cucumbers &amp; Popcorn</li><li>• Fruit</li><li>• Friends</li><li>• Talking to people about interesting topics</li><li>• MY FAITH!</li></ul>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"><li>• Racism</li><li>• Liars</li><li>• Dis-respectful people</li><li>• People who borrow things and not give them back</li><li>• Drama-queens</li></ul>

## *Food*

Milk and Seafood. In my current age, I love seafood a lot. It is my favorite food. It is delicious and is the food of my choice for meals. But this is now though. Now I am 12. Before it was different. When I was a baby it was milk.

When I was young, like every other baby in the world, I loved drinking milk, of course. It gave me all the protein I needed when I was young. My mom told me how I loved milk. She also told me a story of what happened when I was small...

I was drinking milk as usual (as a baby I drank milk several times a day) and then suddenly I stopped breathing. My mom, who was aware of what had just happened, panicked. She didn't really know what to do. She tried hitting by bum so that I would try to suck some air into my body but it didn't work. I stayed still, my heart still beating, but I didn't breathe at all. In the verge of losing it, my mom brought me to the hospital. My uncle drove me though, since my dad was still working. But one problem appeared; the way to the hospital was full of traffic.

My mam, who now was panicking very badly, kept hitting my bum to try to make me breath but it didn't work. Three minutes has passed since I stopped breathing. My mom was now confused, sad, and worried. After a few seconds past three minutes, I suddenly gulped some air in. My mom rejoiced when this happened.

My memory of this event is 0%. I don't remember anything about it. The only way I could've still remembered is because of my mom. She told me the whole story. From that, I learned to appreciate life.

## Pinkie Problems

My childhood was once full of experiences. Bad experiences, good experiences, but they are all full of lessons. Some of the most valuable lessons are learned through mistakes. My life is full of mistakes.

When I was young, I still loved to run around the house playing tag with my sister (don't get me wrong, I still like it now but it'll be really noisy). It was our favorite past time, mostly when our parents were busy. One particular morning, that was the occasion. My parents were busy on the computer doing work and my sister and I were playing tag. It was a very cheerful game. We would play it while laughing. But like all children, they panic when they're going to loose. This happened a lot.

I nearly caught my sister. I was right behind her. But then the terrible happened. As my sister was running away from me, she slammed the door to the computer room where my parents were. At that very moment, the door slammed my pinkie. It split in half, and I was in devastating pain. At first, I held back the tears, entering the room while holding my now split (bloody) pinkie. I talked to my parents the most faked cheerful voice ever. Then I stuttered, which my parents knew meant I was sad. So they asked me what happened and I showed them my bloody split pinkie. They got shocked

I was rushed to the hospital where a doctor checked up my pinkie and thick layers of bandages were put over it. I remember saying "Ci! My pinkie is giant" and laughing to my sister. After that my sister and I got a serious counseling period about not being allowed to slam the door anymore.

## **Falling Hard**

Have you ever fallen down? A staircase, a window, a pathway, a bridge, a skyscraper, a chair? Well these things happen very often, not to us at least, but to everyone else. Everyone has fallen down at least once in their life, whether it was when they were small, or big, but at least once in every person's life. In my life, I have witnessed many falls, including several epic falls of my own. Some falls barely leave a scratch, and some lead to massive damage. Some leave forever marks, and some leave healing wounds.

Everyone in my family has fallen down. My dad fell down on the road when his dog was chasing a Frisbee while he was holding his leash. My mom fell down on the floor several times. My sister fell down from a second floor window when she was young (around 3 years old) (and broke her arm). As for me, I fell down a couple of times. One of them was a reality that I would never forget..

School. For some people school is a jail. For some it is a safe haven. For some school is just school. That's school for me. What's not cool about school is being late. This happens a lot in my life. This is how my story started...

I was nearly late for school. I was on the verge of panicking. My sister and I are very bad at time-management in the morning; we're more of the night owl type of gals. So every morning it is a burden for us to get out of bed. That day was that particular type of day. We were both running around the house, preparing for school. We were already nearly late. My sister kept screaming at me "Hurry up! I'm gonna be late!" So I did everything I thought was necessary and left the rest to do in the car. One of the things that I could do in the car was use my socks and use my shoes. So I prepared everything and tiptoed out of the house with only my toes inside my shoes. This was a VERY bad choice.

As I was walking down the stairs (wet from rain that previous night) I felt like slipping. I nearly fell out of my shoes (where I tiptoed) but then regained my balance by leaning back. But then my body leaned forward again and I watched, I slowly (in my mind it was a slow fall) got closer to the surface of the stairs. I was falling

hard. Then the world seemed to speed up and before I knew it I was at the bottom of the stairs. Eyes wide open. I felt no pain.

I didn't realize that I had a big scar on my left foot, reaching from my heel to my knee. Or that my face was red bruised, and scared. Or that my right hand had a large scar stretching from my pinkie to the middle of my forearm. I was at a state of shock going through what I just did. I didn't feel falling down the stairs; all of a sudden I was just at the bottom. I was busy processing this in my mind. I lay still, didn't scream nor cry.

I have sat for about 3 minutes when the pain has finally come to me. My mom put ointment on my scars and I went to school.

## The Meaning Of Names

My name means hope. Hope in God our Father. Hope is something that everyone needs to have in order to have an actual will to live. Hope for a better future, hope for a better life, hope for a better friendship, etc. But the best type of hope to have is to have hope that God will always help us. When hiking Mount. Gede, that was the type of hope I needed.

On June 2012, I went hiking on a mountain named Mount. Gede. It was my first serious hike, so I took it very seriously. I prepared for everything, all the clothes, equipment, supplies and was ready to go to hike. The first time I needed hope was going to the site where we would have to start hiking. I had hoped that I would not vomit. But that hope was small, compared to all the others I made during the trip.

When finally reaching the site, we had to climb a very steep hill. I needed a LOT of hope to get pass that. It was an EXHAUSTING hike where I was so tired that not one single sound came out of my mouth. The only sound I was making was the sound of my heavy breathing and the sweat dropping of my body. After that first hike, my hope was fulfilled.

Then we finally ACTUALLY reached the bottom of Mount. Gede's. It turned out the exhausting hike before was another mountain to hike before actually hiking Mount. Gede. Hiking Mount. Gede needed even MORE hope. Between the big tree roots and rocks, I kinda missed climbing up and down stairs. My hope here was only so that my WHOLE hiking group (my mom, sister, cousin, cousin's cousin, mom's friends, and porters) would reach the top. I was doubtful that my cousin and I would make it to the top. This particular part of the hike was filled with complaints. When we finally reached the top, I thanked God for giving me the power.

When going down the mountain I also needed hope. Especially when crossing the natural hot-springs. I needed hope so that none of my hiking group would fall inside the boiling water that would instantly burn the skin of a human. I hoped for the best, when going down the final phase, a rigid rock path. It was painful and tiring. But above all, I still want to go hiking on Mount. Gede again [:



The biggest hope needed, though, was after the hike. First, to get dinner because on the way home there was traffic everywhere. Second, the morning after the hike. I needed hope that I would actually be ABLE to walk. My legs were stiff and even the faintest movements would cause my legs to be in great agony. It was an excruciating pain that didn't go away after 3 days. But after all that, I still want to go hiking again 😊