

## **Experience of migration**

The curious eyes of Yang were looking around in the plane. It was his first flight. He always dreamed of getting into airplane but never expected that it will come soon. “Are you serious?” the question had a surprise element in it when his father asked this question to him. Yang applied to one of the reputed Canadian schools and he got the scholarship on the basis of his grades and he was all prepared to be first international student in his family to study abroad. “I want to make you feel proud.” Yang replied, bringing a little smile on the face of his father. He departed with heavy heart. He was leaving mainland China, the place where he had grown up, made friends and explored its beauty. There was a mix of feelings: enthusiasm and fear of unknown land in his heart as he knew that he will be all alone in Canada. Yang was reading a book all through the flight, “Canada and immigrants” an interesting book which helped him understand the various attributes of Canada, which consoled him that he had chosen the right country for his higher studies.

Yang went through the checkout and was waiting for a taxi. He looked around and found two young Chinese people looking at him. As he looked at them, they walked towards him carrying their luggage. “Are you from China?” Yang was amused with their questions, he replied “Do I look like African or American, of course, I am from China.” They both greeted him in the traditional Chinese way. Yang came to know that these two students have also come to pursue their degree at the same university. All the three of them boarded the same taxi as they had a single destination. Yang was looking at the skyscraper buildings all the way, (a new sentence if you use “he was” here) breathing a sense of new culture and learning what he had to go through as an migrant student.

“The lifestyle is surely different, but I like the aspect of multiculturalism here” Yang was on the phone with his father. “What is multiculturalism?” It was a new word to his

father. "It's like. Respecting all cultures. You don't feel like you are an outsider. You are treated equally," Yang explained. His father was satisfied that he has landed at the right place for his education. Yang (– cancel "used to" -- inappropriate here) remained quiet in the class for the first few days, he was afraid of public speaking and it was not new, he was same like he used to be in his class in China. His teacher noticed it and started encouraging him more, now he speak without fear and manages to communicate his thought and learnings. "Wow, how much I have changed," he said with pride (noun here) while sitting at one of the cafés with friend. He didn't believe that he will get so easily adjusted to the Canadian culture.

Yang started participating in local theatre as he always liked being part of creative work. He prepared a small play about a classic Chinese tale and presented it in the cultural event. People applauded (verb here) and liked his creative ideas. Yang made plenty of friends, not just migrants from China, but from other places like American, Indian and Colombian. "Wow, it's like almost the whole world is here." Yang was surprised to find that his university has students from many countries. Yang's grades were constantly improving as he liked. The group works made him make new friends and to manage active participation at various tasks. Yang joined the local community program, he visited the old age home on weekends. He made a few friends at the old age home, who loved learning new Chinese words from him, each time he made a visit. "I could have never explored such life, thanks to my decision" Yang was on his way back to the university. He saw a young Colombian girl struggling with the directions. Yuan stopped, "May I help you?". Yang came to know that she was a new girl who came to study in Canada and is confused getting directions. Yang helped her reach to her apartment.

Next day, Yang found that Colombian girl at the university, they both smiled at each other. It's been a month now, Yang had found a girlfriend and they both liked each other company a lot. The Christmas vacations were approaching, Yang was at the airport to catch

flight for China while Anny, the Colombian girl had come to see him. Yang was carrying gifts for all of his family members, something that can make them happy. The most important thing that Yang was carrying was the immense experience as a migrant student from the Canada and lot of stories to tell his friends in China, specially to tell them about Anny. He had all reasons to make them jealous.