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 **On Change**  
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 When I saw that I have to write about something deeply personal to me, I was stuck for a while. I had a hard time deciding what to write about because most personal things are cliché and I hate writing about clichés. A thousand different ideas came to my mind, stopped by and then left as ‘not good enough.’ Personal is as hard to write about as it is to talk about.   
I decided to write about change as it naturally occurs in one’s life just because it has always been something that I find really hard to deal with. I think knowing yourself is essential, however human beings aren’t static. They’re dynamic. Fluid. Alive. They change with every sunrise and every sunset. Life takes you in so many different directions and I’ve observed in myself specifically that you adapt to whatever you’re put through. And that can be both a blessing and a curse.  
 When I was 16 I left my country and everything I know to go study in a place I’d barely heard anything about before. The mysterious land of Armenia. I spent two years there studying in an international school with people from more than 70 nationalities. It was hectic, raw, nerve-wrecking, exhausting, and overwhelming beyond description, simply because it was something *else*. Despite being all of those things it was also beautiful. In fact it was probably the best thing that has happened to me and it changed me completely. I became more self-conscious, more responsible and way more confident about who I am and what I want out of life. I grew so fond of the place and the people that leaving seemed like an impossible concept until I eventually had to graduate. When I left I felt like I’m losing a piece of myself if not all of myself. It was the end of an era but not the end of a lifetime and I am still discovering all the ways that this experience has shaped me. It makes me hopeful about embracing change. Because as heartbreaking as it is, growing requires change and that’s one of the most important things studying and living abroad has taught me.   
 Today, having been to over 20 countries around the World, I know that it’s okay to be a variable rather than a constant and to allow places to change you and live within you even as you leave. I’ve learned to keep track of those changes: to keep track of what or who I’ve been and what or who I’m becoming. I’ve learned that change is inevitable. In fact, I think, quite paradoxically, that’s all life’s really about: *constant change*. And as hard as I find dealing with change of any shape or form in my life, I keep looking for it. I keep wandering and searching for opportunities that will take me out of my comfort zone and to a place I have yet to discover. Because after all what can be more thrilling than starting all over again in a new, unfamiliar place that hasn’t met you yet?