

A Struggle for SUCCESS

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Illustrated by Agnibha Sen



“Here are your keys Miss Grey.”

Samantha took the keys from the real estate agent, feeling on top of the world. She never thought the day would come when she would be able to call somewhere her home. Especially in a foreign country such as Chile where, from what she could see, the view from every house and apartment was magical.

She turned the key in her glossy black front door and entered. As she stood in the entrance of her new home, she gazed around with tears of pride in her eyes. It was a milestone that many 23 year olds have only dreamt of achieving at such a young age. As tears slid down her cheeks she remembered all that it took to reach in the very spot she was standing.

Humiliation was all she felt when she realized what she had to explain to her father back home. She had come all the way to America just to be humiliated in the end. She gripped the phone in her hand harder, as she let frustration get the better of her, suddenly the sound of glass shattering engulfed the air. She had thrown the phone at the mirror that was in her room. The reflection of a defeated African girl from Jamaica, only 21 years old, looked back at her from the broken pieces laying on the ground.

“How did I reach here?”

“Why me?” she cried out, defeated.



Love was what had led her to America and it was now destroying her. She thought of all the money she had spent to follow her partner to the land of dreams, all the money she had spent to support him and his family, and the shun and disdain she had received from her own family.

All that, only to discover he was getting married to another woman. She picked the phone up from the glass pieces and looked at the screen as it began to ring. Her stomach twisted in a million ways and saw that it was her father. After the third ring, she timidly pressed the answer button.

"Hello? Dad?"

"Samantha, we need to talk."

"Dad I have something to tell you."

"Your mother died today."

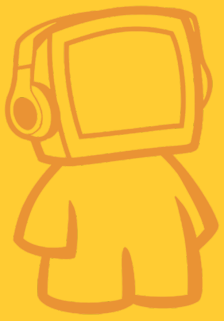


A year had passed since her mother's death and, somehow, throughout her grieving process, she had survived the temptation to join her in heaven. Samantha had not only managed to scrape funds together to finish school due to her mother's last wish, but had landed herself a business project with a CEO in Chile.

It was this that had led her to take the biggest risk of her life and leave everyone she knew behind, to start anew in Chile. This was at least a risk she made for herself, and not for someone else. Things had finally started going in the direction she wanted it to.

Samantha brought herself back to the present, wiped the tears from her cheeks and closed the glossy door behind her.





GOOD TO GO

MEDIA

