

“What is in a name?” All I could hear was the laughter. I am in the middle of the attention. The attention that I wish would go away immediately. The air is colder on the hard concrete floor. Desperately hoping to get up, I was lying on this hard cold floor, but my broken collarbone resisted my intention. My classmates knocked me out, and I felt ashamed of myself. The anger was crawling up my throat to shout at them, and my body was boiling with irritation. I groaned in pain but tried to minimize the mourning sound to hide my vulnerability. My first week at my new school and a new odd country. I wondered on the floor, "where am I? What am I doing here? I do not want to be here, and I do not belong here."

"Kids, we have some announcement to make," my father gathered my lousy sister in the living room and me and lowered his tone of voice to indicate that something big was happening in our lives. My mother sat next to my father, and she constantly stared at both my sister and me, looking worried for some reason. I breathed deeply and waited for my father to speak, but he was reluctant to tell us the news immediately. "What is it? Dad, I mean, come on, what's the wait?" I was impatient and insisted he tell us right away. Finally, he looked at my mother's worried eyes and broke the news. "Your mother and I devoted our lives to our Lord, the God, and we are going to serve the people, not in our country. So, we ask you guys to move to a different country with us. Are you guys okay with that?" my dad announced and glanced at our facial reactions as he slowly broke the news. Being a young man who loves nothing but the airplane, I was just excited that I would be able to hop onto the aircraft. My sister looked worried, but scared that she would be left alone at home, she reluctantly agreed. "So, where are we going to?" I excitedly asked my father. "We are going to Zimbabwe," my dad replied. "Zim... where?" I was confused, and I knew that I had agreed to this adventure without even knowing the existence of my new home.

The journey took more than a day with four flight transfers and long waits at foreign airports. I was exhausted and tired. I was even more tired than I had no electricity and water during the daylight. There I was in a country that I did not know it existed a week ago. I was confused that everyone funnily looked at us, mocked and treated us like abnormal people. After all, living in Africa for an East Asian person was challenging.

I was only twelve years of age and had never been abroad before. Excited but had no clue what was on my future endeavors, I followed my parents, traveled over 15,000 kilometers across the earth, and landed in Zimbabwe's mystery country. The people in Zimbabwe looked at us in awe everywhere we went and every time we appeared in their presence. We were different from them, from the skin color to the staple food we enjoy cooking and eating. Because of this difference, my parents decided to follow God's calling. They abruptly quit all their duties in our home country and made a bold move to move to the land of hope, as we called it.

"Dongsuk," that was my real name and the only name until then.

"Mr. and Mrs. Lee, please consider the different name for your son. The boys at this school never encountered an East Asian colleague before, and with this name, he will have a horrible time here. So please, think of an 'appropriate name' for your son", the admission counselor advised my parents with a worrying face.

"Uhm... Do you think that is necessary?" my mother politely questioned the counselor.

"Yes, this is African boys' school; these boys have grown up with the apartheid foundations from their parents and grandparents. I am sure they have the same mentality for your boy, unfortunately", the counselor advised.

Having the minimum knowledge of the English language, I was just excited to get the iconic green blazer of one of the renowned private schools in the country and run around the gigantic

fields that the school had for its famous rugby and cricket teams. And then, my first day of school came.

A helpful hand reached to my vulnerable body after a while. But as soon as I reached out for the hand, the hand resisted me and knocked me again on the hard cold floor, leaving me in agonizing pain. "You don't belong here," he said.

This is my life story.