

The expressing message from the picture pulled my emotions, thoughts, and ineffable reflections on my life too. My life came to halt when I had first gone to the United States to attend a military academy. With no prior knowledge of English, I did not understand what others were saying, what they were yelling for, or exactly what was expected of me. A thirteen-year-old South Korean immigrant was left by himself in an abyss. But every time I felt lost and confused, the picture of an Afghan Girl came to my mind, and the American Flag, which I had to salute every morning, seemed to match its story. The two elements, the picture and the flag, came together in my own life and helped me to stand stark through the struggle I faced in the new country.