

Title: Living With from Living Without

Hey, folks! I'm glad to see you again on my "Not-Alone@Chris&Friends" blog! Celebrating the 1st Anniversary of my blog, I want to tell you a story – the story on how this page ever got started.

2024's a terrible year for me. I struggled a LOT with my S.3 studies and couldn't make a single friend. It's a strange feeling, you know, when you've tried your very best, and then you're awarded with THE 2nd LAST PLACE IN CLASS. My fellows are all elites, scoring high in exams, quizzes, and even speaking assessments, almost everything. The more I practiced on speaking to them, saying "Hi, I'm Chris, your neighbour. I'm weak at doing factorisations. Can you lend me a hand?" to the mirror, the more I stammered and scared others away. That's how a never-ending cycle formed. Bad academic performances and difficulties in social interactions caused a difference and isolation from other fellows, that isolation led my self confidence to plummet, my academic and communication abilities declined further, and the loop repeated itself. I asked myself, "Am I just born stupid or something?"

By now, you're probably anticipating a white angel (maybe in the disguise of a teacher or a social worker) that would resurrect me from the depths, right? Nah, the whole twist happened quite undramatically. One night, a postcard dropped off at my flat's mailbox. On top of it, there're words written in blue ink, "Postcrossing #UK-3457810 Dear Louis...." Followed by all kinds of stuff that doesn't matter to me. I knew nothing about the word "Postcrossing", and how should I deal with this strange postcard. The only thing that's certain is that the address was indeed mine.

Then I surfed the internet. But my English wasn't capable enough to understand all the words written on the website. So, I thought of the postcrossing club at our school. It's quite unpopular, this Postcrossing Club. With only ten members and three to four committee members having their general meeting in a small secondary one classroom, my visit's certainly a surprise for them (they ARE friendly and certainly not freaks, I assure you!) They explained the whole mechanism of Postcrossing in detail, from registering an account to receiving postcards. I was relieved when they solved the mystery by saying that it's just the carelessness of the sender in copying the wrong address from the system that caused the incident.

What happened next was quite spontaneous. They looked at me in awe like I was an endangered animal and promptly made the invitation into the club. I couldn't resist their enthusiasm and generosity. Though not intentionally made, I finally started to feel that I'm valued by others.

From that point on, I sensed a glimpse of light appeared before me.

The Discovery of My Position in the World

What I quickly found out was that Postcrossing isn't just about sending postcards randomly to a stranger you don't know. I received pictures of places that I'd never dreamt to know about, art pieces that I hadn't heard of, and captures of human culture that are outlandish and astounding. My English proficiency got a big uplift too. I wrote my best wishes for others in every postcard I fed to the post-box, waiting to make someone's day whom I hadn't known of. I shared the interesting postcards I received on the club's blog page – In English! Things're lifting for me and every day started to feel fresh and energising. Who could expect a game-changing occurrence that has empowered me to create meaning of living for myself and others around the world?

It was a postcard to Melbourne, Australia. I signed off with a P.S. underneath it, "No matter how you feel right now, remember there's always someone for you in places that you can never imagine." A few weeks later, a reply popped up on the Postcrossing web page. It ran, "...I saw your postcard just before I had to put the rope round my neck. Life is devastating, but alas! I shall live on. May blessings be upon you – your words have saved my life."

I was shocked by the message. I had saved someone's life just before it was too late! And that means there are thousands, or maybe millions of desperate people out there, waiting for a life-saving antidote to lift them from the depths, where I had been wandering in before! That is when I've made up my mind – I must do something for the mental and social health of others. Postcards will be the best medicine for those in need who we don't know. I must act at once.

In a flash, I advocated the club to create a "Mental Wellness for the World" movement, and everyone agreed. There were mass postcard exchanges, meditation and communication workshops, and more schoolmates got involved in the Postcrossing community. Appreciation and thankful messages flopped back to our club blog from all over the world, and even the Postcrossing administration body in Portugal emailed us and recognized our efforts! It was all hype, joy and warmth all around, leaving thousands of lives changed in its wake.

And guess what? To keep the message spreading across the globe, I opened a blog page online when the four-month movement ended last year. At first, it's only the club members and me who kept posting stuff, but as time went on, we had all sorts of people sharing their uplifting messages every month! From psychologists to firefighters to KOLs, in a year's time "Not-Alone@Chris&Friends" gradually became the popular sanctuary for hope and life you see today – a huge thanks to all those who gave their generous support!

It's no easy job, to be honest! Invitations, venue coordination, administrative work. Temptations of giving up was a norm. But something has really changed since then. I became a club committee member and collaborated with lots of people. I have become one of the initiators and promoters for changes that became reality. Think about that! You are truly influenced by and influential to the global community!

So, my dear folks, the moral behind my journey from having a life without caring for others in the society to a life with care, compassion and kindness is don't treat those people in need around you as irrelevant to you. You meet them every day. You see them suffering. And someday, YOU will be the one who's suffering and desperate. The lesson is so simple that I can conclude that in two sentences:

One, you are not alone. Be open to help from others and you will see change.

Two, lend your hand to others in need. It might be simpler than you think. Someone will always be there working beside you.

After all, this is what we call "social well-being". Being cared, care for others, and form a caring network within an integrated community, no matter the skin colour, nationality and gender. When these are achieved, peace and harmony is what follows. So why don't we take our steps forwards to achieving social well-being – starting today?

That's all for today, see you next week! Toodles!

Deadline: 2 March 2026

Declaration of Originality

I hereby declare that the blog entry is entirely my own work and has not been written using any AI (e.g., ChatGPT) or submitted in any form for another competition.

Chu Ho Wang, 5A07 (Your name, class & no.)

Chu Ho Wang (Your e-signature / simply your name)