

My Story

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Coming to America



- My Parents and I lived in a small country called Nepal, and we were housed in a even smaller camp.
- It was both a good and a bad childhood. I had the freedom to Play and sing and dance as much as I wanted to, but I was bullied as well.
- My Parents heard about a program that lets you come to the US and they jumped at the opportunity. They knew that coming to the US would mean better education for their children and better opportunities.

Coming to America



- First to come to America we had to go through various vetting process. Then they had to give us shots. I was really proud of getting shots because I didn't cry, unlike my other cousins.
- Next we had to go to Kathmandu. We stayed in Kathmandu for 7 days.
- Finally we left Nepal.

In America



- In America I started my schooling as a 2nd grader. Things were hard because I couldn't understand the language. Things were easy because the teachers were super nice.
- My personal hell begin in 3rd grade. A bunch of girls bullied me and I could not defend myself because I couldn't speak English. I also had super low grades in school and I felt so insecure about everything. It was like walking against the current of a rushing river. I used to be a very talkative child but I stopped talking.
- My personal hell ended in 4th grade. There was a teacher who saw I was being bullied and did something about! I will forever be thankful to that teacher.

Now

- It has been 9 years since I came to America and my confidence has risen. I hope to become a co-captain of my tennis team and eventually earn a Phd in neuropsychology. I had to walk a long way to get here and still have to walk miles to get there.