**Bio Data**

Full Name : Nicky Putra Pradana

Age : 19

Marital Status : Unmarried

Date of Birth : 27 June 1996

Place of Birth : Jakarta, Indonesia

Work Status : College Student

Campus : Brawijaya University

Address : APT. Mediterranean Palace Twr. B Lt. 5D/AC

Kemayoran

City : Central Jakarta

Province : DKI Jakarta

**Physical Condition**

Hair Colour : Black

Eye Colour : Dark Brown

Skin Colour : Pale Brown

Height : 1.75 m

Weight : 72.5 kg

Foot Length : 0.34 m

**Size Fitting**

Shoe : 43

Torso : L

Leg : 163

**Medical Condition**

Blood Type : A

**3 Most Favourite**

Movies : Iron Man, Transformers, Avatar

Music : Classical, Pop, Rock

Foods : Fried Rice, Noodles, Pecel

Drinks : Coca Cola, Strawberry Juice, Chocolate Milkshake

Hobbies : Gaming, Reading, Travelling

Sports : Mountaineering, Skateboarding, Swimming

Games : PC - Call of Duty, Board Game - Monopoly, Reality - Intellect

Tuesday, 28th July 2015

8:40 PM

PC – Home (Malang)

Short Biography

I am going to write my life story that would hopefully motivate others to continue living their hard lives and pursuing their goals so as to grasp a bright future.

Today I am about to continue writing my journal which I left off since April 2015. I am just going to shortly note down some highlights of big events that I still remember. After leaving Korea, I arrived in Jakarta and stayed at my friend’s house (Afif) for 4 days before flying off to Malang. I had some documents to take care of. My driving license and motorbike registrations. Next I flew to Malang. I still remember being dropped off at the airport by Afif’s parents. I will always remember their hospitality and kindness during my stay as a guest. I spent the next couple of months, that is from the beginning of April until the end of May, studying my ass off for the college entrance exam that I was going to take in the 2nd week of June (9). I spent day in and day out just studying and studying. It was a boring moment, yet one that which I will always remember. Why? Had I not forced myself to stop crying and moaning about those difficult times and moved on with it and carry out my studies which I left off for 9 months, I think I would have failed again and regretfully remorse it for another year or even worse. Those 3 months I spent studying roughly from 7 in the morning until 8 o’clock in evening were really priceless. I have to admit, I was dead tired and I had no one to support myself. I started a new life in a new environment with no friends. Even so, I had to be one of the lucky ones to be able to return back to a subtle and simple life living together with my grandparents. They were indeed my precious gems that substituted my parents’ absence. I was happy and glad to be with them.

As the daily routines cycled along for as long as 2 months, I began to hit a toll on it. Boringness was the most dominant feeling. Waking up at 5 o’clock in the morning and getting myself ready for Inten took roughly half an hour. (My cycle was: WAKE UP – SOLAT SUBUH – EAT BREAKFAST – LEAVE FOR INTEN – STUDY UNTIL NOON – 1 HOUR BREAK – STUDY UNTIL 6 IN THE EVENING – SHORT PRAYER BREAK – STUDY AGAIN UNTIL 8). However, rather than deeply dwelling into this senseless feeling, I stepped myself up and continued to struggle. I kept on thinking about my parents and friends who had always supported me with sincerity. I knew they were counting on me. One figure that I could never replace and kept on thinking about was my father. He is, until this moment, my man of steel. My drive comes from him. My inspiration to continue this life and carry on with the struggles. Then there was also the role, which played as important as the former, my mother. My mother was my guardian angel. Although, distance now separated a son from his mother, yet her presence was always there in my heart. Yet above all, one source of inspiration was always there no matter when, where and what I was doing. He is God the Almighty (ALLAH). I am a highly religious person, so when times got me down so bad, I knew that peace was not hard to find. All I had to do was return back to Him and prostrate and ask for His guidance and help. I will always remember those times when I felt so lost and alone, when I didn’t know what to do and where to go, when I didn’t know how to get myself up and escape the confusion. These were dark times. Yet enlightenment was always present there for those who don’t break apart even when life pushed them to the edge of a cliff. I will always remember and pass down my hardship stories to my relatives, friends, and next generation children to give them inspiration. I will remember fighting my own self, whipping my ass off to run that extra mile, in this sense I meant to continue one set of problem solving and continue reading and studying. All this paid off in the end. Now I am enjoying the fruits of my first biggest success. My first stepping stone to great success. This is just another beginning. Another start to reflect upon myself and correct my attitudes towards success.

**SUNDAY, 1 August 2015**

Today is the start of a new month. Today I feel absolutely bored. I want to point out a lesson that I learnt long ago. Happiness really lasts for a short period of time. My suffering lasted for almost a year before my failures finally paid off. Recently, I was accepted in Brawijaya University on the 9th of July 2015 and that sudden surge of adrenaline came down through my spines as I was thrilled by the excitement of finally being accepted in university. However that happiness did not last longer than a day. It faded away. The pain lasted for a year. However that happiness only lasted for less than a week. I also thought that the money I earned from my father could make me happy. So I got myself a new custom-built computer with high specs. I ran some big games on it such as Call of Duty, Battlefield, Need for Speed, and Crysis 3. For the first week I seemed to have enjoyed playing all those games simultaneously at once, but then boredom began to struck my feelings.

**The Road Less Travelled**

**Life is difficult.**

This is a great truth, one of the greatest truths. It is a great truth because once we truly see this truth, we transcend it. Once we truly know that life is difficult – once we truly understand and accept it – then life is no longer difficult. Because once it is accepted, the fact that life is difficult no longer matters.

Most do not fully see this truth that life is difficult. Instead they moan more or less **incessantly** [i.e. ceaselessly, continuously, relentlessly, unremittingly, persistently], noisily or **subtly** [i.e. delicately, faintly, slyly, cunningly], about the enormity of their problems, their burdens, and their difficulties as if life were generally easy, as if life *should* be easy. They voice their belief, noisily or subtly, that their difficulties represent a unique kind of affliction that should not be and that has somehow been especially visited upon them, or else upon their families, their tribe, their class, their nation, their race or even their species, and not upon others. I know about this moaning because i have done my share.

Life is a series of problems. Do we want to moan about them or solve them? Do we want to teach our children to solve them?

**Discipline is the basic set of tools we require to solve life’s problems. Without discipline we can solve nothing**. With only some discipline we can solve only some problems. With total discipline we can solve all problems.

**What makes life difficult is that the process of confronting and solving problems is a painful one**. Problems, depending upon their nature, **evoke** [i.e. call/bring to mind, remind] in us frustration or grief or sadness or loneliness or guilt or regret or anger or fear or anxiety or anguish or despair. These are uncomfortable feelings, often very uncomfortable, often as painful as any kind of physical pain, sometimes equalling the very worst kind of physical pain. Indeed, it is *because* of the pain that events or conflicts engender in us all that we call them problems. And since life poses an endless series of problems, life is always difficult and is full of pain as well as joy.

**Yet it is in this whole process of meeting and solving problems that life has its meaning**. Problems are the cutting edge that distinguishes between success and failures. Problems call forth our courage and our wisdom, indeed, they create our courage and our wisdom. It is only because of problems that we grow mentally and spiritually. When we desire to encourage the growth of the human spirit, we challenge and encourage the growth of the human spirit, we challenge and encourage the human capacity to solve problems for our children to solve. It is through the pain of confronting and resolving problems that we learn. As Benjamin Franklin said, “**Those that hurt, instruct**.” **It is for this reason that wise people learn not to dread, but actually to welcome problems and actually to welcome the pain of problems**.

Most of us are not so wise. Fearing the pain involved, almost all of us, to a greater or lesser degree, attempt to avoid problems. We procrastinate, hoping that they will go away. We ignore them, forget them, pretend they do not exist. We even take drugs to assist us in ignoring them, so that by deadening ourselves to the pain we can forget the problems that cause the pain. We attempt to skirt around problems rather than meet them head on. We attempt to get out of them rather than suffer through them.

Therefore let us **inculcate** [i.e. inspire, encourage] ourselves and in our children the means of achieving mental and spiritual health, by this I mean let us teach ourselves and our children the necessity for suffering and the value thereof, the need to face problems directly and to experience the pain involved. I have stated that discipline is the basic set of tools we require to solve life’s problems. It will become clear that these tools are techniques of suffering, means by which we experience the pain of problems in such a way as to work them through and solve them successfully, learning and growing in the process. When we teach ourselves and our children discipline, we are teaching them and ourselves how to suffer and also how to grow.

**Delaying of gratification, acceptance of responsibility, dedication to truth, and balancing**.

As will be evident, these are not complex tools whose application demands extensive training. To the contrary, they are simple tools, and almost all children are adept in their use by the age of ten. Yet presidents and kings will often forget to use them, to their own downfall. The problems lies not in the **complexity** of these tools but in the **will** to use them. For they are tools with which pain is confronted rather than avoided, and if one seeks to avoid legitimate suffering, then one will avoid the use of these tools. Therefore, after analyzing each of these tools. We shall in the next section examine the will to use them, which is love.