

Last hours in Hyderabad

I'm leaving in two hours. Wow! Time does fly. I still feel like I just got here, like I just finished unpacking, and now I have to start packing again.

India has been a wonderful experience, this mystical country has fascinated me more than I ever thought possible, and I have enjoyed my months here enormously. Sure, I've had some rough experiences –who hasn't? - Like the one in the Mumbai airport. But when you weight the good against the bad, the positive side is, without doubt, much heavier.

I came to India mainly for 2 reasons:

1. India is one of those countries that I had ALWAYS wanted to go to. And although you can always go for a holiday and spend a few days there, to actually live in the country for a couple of months is the only way to truly absorb this ancient culture. So when I saw the opportunity to do an exchanger here, I took it.
2. It was a personal challenge. I had lived in Mexico for 5 years and in Taiwan for one a half years, but going to India meant being in a totally unknown country, by myself, where I knew no one. In both the other countries, I somehow knew people, family or friends that I could always reach out to: but to India I was coming on my own –without wanting to sound dramatic- to survive. And I loved the experience. I truly feel that after living here, I can live anywhere.

The best part about traveling is not the places you get to go to (although it is certainly an important part) but the people you meet... because in the end, that's what is all about, right? The people. The memories we carry along are almost never of landscapes and monuments, but of the moments you spent there and the people you were with: it is them, who build those moments of happiness you will never forget.

And that is what I value the most about this experience: the incredible people I met.

Starting with the 3 girls I shared an apartment with: Harneet Chawla, Sakshi Malhotra, and Bhavneet Kaur. Each one of them different, but all with a huge heart, always willing to help, listen and guide me in this country. I shared 3 months with them, and 2 of them have just left for their homes... I, I already miss them. This apartment without them feels weird, there is no noise, no fuss.



I met girls and boys from whom I learned a lot! I don't want to say that education at ISB (India) is better than the one at NCCU (Taiwan), but I will say that if I had to re-live this part of my life, I'd choose to do my MBA at ISB. Not only did the professors at ISB know exactly –most of the time- what they were talking about, but the students shared experiences and opinions that I rarely heard at NCCU. These kids, even before they graduated from ISB, had been hired to work for companies such as: Google, Apple, Microsoft, IBM, McKinsey, Ernst & Young ... and the list goes on! I really had a chance to meet the best of the best, la crème de la crème –brain wise- of India.



Now, don't think that they were just some random, geeky nerds. No. They went to class, did their projects, studied when they had to... but they also partied, and partied hard. There was always a party going on at ISB. When you celebrate everyone's birthday, and there are over 500 students, it's easy to have a birthday party every night. The last party they had, last Friday, went on until 9 am. I woke up at that time, and the music was still playing.



I also met interesting boys and girls doing their exchange in India. Just like me. A girl, who at 26, had already patented a product in the USA. Another one who, having studied Art History, had worked for an important museum in New York, and then in Rome doing some kind of art translation.... Oh, and as if that was not enough, she also had an amazing voice and wanted to be a singer.



Kids who lived and traveled to other countries, as if they were moving from Managua to Masaya (Nicaragua): a German who worked for 3 years in the USA, was doing his MBA in the Netherlands and was now as an exchange in India. An American girl that did her undergrad in Canada, was doing her Masters in Barcelona, and was planning on moving to London to work. An Italian guy studying in Switzerland, and moving to Germany next to seek a job. And these are only a few examples.



I thought I'd feel a heavy weight in my heart when I left, but no. I'm ready. I still have some time in Taiwan, and then back home to my beloved Nicaragua.