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ENG1101

Unit 1: Education Narrative Essay

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### My Favorite Hobby

Ever since I was little I was never good at communicating. I mean I could speak just fine, both English and Spanish in my home. I wasn't much of a speaker, that's something my parents would say a lot. That I don't speak much and keep to myself, which is completely normal. That doesn't mean I'm not okay or anything, but I knew that I didn't want to continue that pattern for the rest of my school life. It didn't help much that in elementary school I didn't have the fondest of friends. They weren't the best or brightest thinking back on it. I believe this played a big part in my life, because I didn't stick up for myself a lot of the time. I thought that anyone that wanted to be friends with me was it, even if they were cruel and mean, I stuck to them. Looking back to this part of my life I'm not proud of the people I surrounded myself with. My friends consisted of mean girls that picked on other people just for fun. And it doesn't sound as bad right now, but it's something not everyone would understand. Because I was unable to express and speak for myself I let this happen. And I wish that I was able to change this then because it made me dislike those years. I believed this was going to be how my school life would always be like. That's when I started middle school and I started to actually notice this pattern.

I enjoyed English class a lot. It was my favorite subject throughout all my school years, and I don't mean to brag, but I was in English honors for my junior and senior year of high school. But in middle school I realized that it was my favorite subject, or the class I most looked forward to. My seventh grade teacher, Mr. Wasylik, was an amazing teacher. He was very cool and his teaching style was interesting compared to my other seventh grade teachers. He noticed I was a quiet kid but he pointed out that I was particularly interested in the writing assignments. I remember this is when I started writing out my feelings in those writings, almost subconsciously. I would write down little stories and characters that represented me and how I felt at the time. It was like I was writing about myself from a different point of view. Each time a different story, different character, but it was myself. I noticed that when I went home I would go straight to my writing homework. I would listen to music and write down whatever I wanted and it made me happy. It started to be my favorite pastime, those writing assignments from my seventh grade teacher.

Since middle school was a harsh time for me, and I'm sure for a lot of other people, I started to write. This became one of my habits and coping mechanisms, since I was unable to communicate my feelings towards anyone. If I was having a hard time at home, I would write that down. If I was starting a new friendship, I would write down everything that I liked about

them. If I was happy about something I would write that down. I would write down everything with many details and many more unnecessary details. I think I had a harsh time in middle school because I was growing up. These years are the years where you should be a kid and have fun. I was very confused as to who I was, and who I wanted to be. That's why I would write a lot. I realize that if I have so much to write, then I should be able to communicate that with whoever I want. People that I want to be in my life for a very long time. People that I'm able to trust.

I met my best friends in middle school. We became closer all throughout high school. And I'm sure it's corny for some, but they truly are very important people in my life that I want to keep in my life for a long time. We've all known each other in middle school and we'd talk a lot but things changed in high school. Since the four of us felt uncomfortable with the start of freshman year, we decided to keep each other company. We had classes together and would spend lunch together. That was my favorite time of day, lunch time, when I can have girls talk and laugh until our next class. It felt like lunchtime would pass by very quickly. We would share little things, the things we liked and disliked, what was going on in our lives, important details. Then we'd share things that made us feel closer. I remember my friend Lizbeth told me she felt like we were very close and that she was glad to have someone who understands how it feels to be able to be herself. I finally felt safe to be able to become that kind of person that isn't shy to be themselves too. And I could feel that all four of them felt that exact same.

I felt like I finally understood what it means to have great friends with whom I'm not afraid to communicate all my thoughts and feelings to. I didn't think it was possible for me to get out of my comfort zone of speaking out like that. They made me believe that it's okay to be able to speak out whatever I'm feeling, or to stick up for myself. They felt the same at times, which made me feel not so alone. Because of that I was able to get through those school years with a different mindset. I felt like I grew as a person. And even though I still write down whenever I want to, I know that I'm capable of communicating that out loud if I want to. And that's something I didn't think I would be able to do ever. I know that I still have a lot more learning to do with myself, but I know it's going to be alright as long as I keep that mindset up.