

I come from a place of tough love. I come from a place where I'm constantly told that hard work and persistence is what is going to make my future bright. I am from a place where showing emotion was not a bad thing but was never common. I am from a place where stress is kept inside so the people around you won't worry. I am from a place where we laugh and sing and hug. I am from a place full of love. I am and will always be that chubby little girl with the missing teeth that would run around singing songs she didn't know the words to. I am a girl that worries for everyone. I am the type of person that feels ecstatic with being able to put a smile on someone's face. I bite my nails when I am nervous or do not know what to do. I like to look my best because I don't want to be falsely judged for the way I appear. I act like no matter what grade I get it won't affect me even when I know that when I get a grade lower than a B on a test that was not easy for me, I crumble inside. I love simple little things because to me they seem the most important. I love how no person is the same because that means that every person, in their own little way, is special. I love when my dad is in a really good mood because then we get to make jokes and I get to see his smile. I love when my mom holds my hand and tells me how fast I'm growing up. I love when my sister belts a song while we are driving down the street and we can't stop getting the lyrics mixed up. I love when my little brother lets me hug him and when he smiles his really big smile. I love when me and my best friends are laughing so hard our sides hurt and tears fill our eyes. I love seeing the people I love happy, more than anything else in the world. I love how music can always seem to match my mood. I love how memories fade but the emotion behind them don't. I love the summer because sunlight seems magical to me. I love laying in grass and looking at the sky. I love my big curly hair that I got from my mom. I love the sarcasm that seems to ooze out of me that I inherited from my sister. I love that my love for books has stayed with me for so long. I love the gentle reminders that I am pretty that I get from my friends. I am proud of how people find me charismatic. I am proud that my voice is loud and full of passion. I am proud that I have enough confidence where if something matters to me, I speak up. I am proud that I can make people laugh. I am proud of my ability to spark up a random conversation out of any topic just because of my pure hatred of awkward silence. I am proud to be who I am. I do not have a story yet. I am too young and full of utter confusion to have a true meaningful story. This is not a story but this is a portion of me, a portion of who I am right now at this moment.