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The Truth Is

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The Truth Is

Alejandra Valdez

They say I'm too emotional.
They say I am a hopeless romantic.
They say I am self-centered because I am a Leo.
They say I am loud.
They say I'm too scared for change.
They say I will burn out quickly in my career.
They say people will forget me in a year.
They say I am "mixed" or Indian

The Truth is...

I am emotional because I care.
I am a hopeless romantic because I believe in the goodness of people.
I am self-centered because I need to take care of myself.
I am loud because that's how we speak in my home.
I may be scared of change, but I did move 12 hours away from my home.
Burnout does not stop me; I will figure it out.
Some may forget me, and many will remember me.
My skin color does not define who I am.
I am whoever I want to be.
I, and only I, am the author of my own story.

REFLECTION

When I found out we were going to do freewrites every class period I was excited. Personally, I try my best to write in my journal once a month. Being able to write whatever came to my mind every Tuesday and Thursday was a game changer. In a way I felt pressured, I kept wondering what other people were writing about and whether I was answering the prompt correctly. However, as the semester continued I didn't have to think much, I was able to write the whole fifteen minutes non-stop. What

surprised me the most was writing about things I've never wrote about before. I guess these thoughts were just in the back of my head waiting to be written down despite the years that have passed. I would describe my writing style to be disorganized. I sometimes have so much to say and when I write I tend to jump between different topics or ideas. I'd rather have it all written down and then go back and organize my thoughts than worry about the flow first.

For a long time I found it easier to write down my thoughts than say them out loud to someone. When I write down what I am feeling or experiencing, I feel that there is no judgment or criticism, a feeling I like. I did, however, like that we had the option to share our freewrites with our classmates or just keep them to ourselves. The times I did share my freewrites it was liberating, sharing gave me courage and I appreciated the safe space in our classroom. Sometimes I was nervous sharing because I'd write about serious issues that I don't usually share with people.

Later in the semester, we turned in three of our best freewrites. At that moment, I realized we are all writers waiting for our story to be heard. I enjoyed reading other people's freewrites because each one was unique. The ones I turned in were mainly about my family and myself. One of them I was hesitant about mainly because I don't want my parents to ever read it. Sometimes you write things that can hurt people and I certainly do not want to do that to my parents. I still decided to turn it in because I felt it was important and had a big impact in my life. I'm still deciding whether I'm going to publish one of my freewrites and I kind of have an idea which one to choose.

Walking into our Chican@/Latin@ Lives class, I was prepared to learn more about our history and culture. What I didn't know was that I was going to feel like a true writer at the end of the semester. The class wasn't about grammar and proper writing but about writing with no limits nor restrictions. We read many greats books in class and now have an opportunity to be published, an opportunity many people do not have. I've enjoyed getting out of my comfort zone and learning what I am capable of achieving.