

Throughout my middle and high school years, I had developed an abrasive attitude that completely went against the type of person that I wanted to be or portray. As bad as I wanted to detour from it and be who I wanted to be, I felt stuck. It was hard for me to become close to people or expunge my feelings because the abrasiveness in me felt like "What's the point?" It was a struggle, an identity crisis. I felt that people did not care about me, but in actuality, I was pushing everyone away; I wasn't letting anyone in. So, bottled up my feelings and kept them to myself. I tried writing about them, but soon lost interest.