

Myself day that i
moved in. when she



**ASSIGN
BUSTER**

Myself as a writer. I dont consider myself a very good writer. I write when I am made to or when I have something that I need to say that I cant just tell someone. I keep a diary. Usually my diary is just a record of what I have done that day. Its not so much about my feelings.

I dont really like talking about my feelings, usually because most of the time I am confused about what exactly I am feeling. I tend to keep the feelings that I do have to myself, to protect myself from getting hurt. I didnt have that many close friends in high school. I always was just kind of there. I was no one important. Everyone seems to have his or her place in this world of high school and it seemed that my place was on the outside that I didnt fit into this puzzle.

I think that that experiences in high school pretty much defines much of my life. It definitely affects my writing. You are supposed to find security in high school, but those four years leave me feeling pretty empty and alone. I have very little self-esteem and am constantly feeling not good enough. These are the feelings that I have hid from the world. I cant let people see the pain inside of me for fear that I will be even less accepted than I am now. I think a lot of my feelings of aloneness and semi-depression come from losing a few friends of mine who used to be really close to me. You learn to trust people, and when they leave and they are no longer there for you than their being in your life could cause more harm than good.

I had a different best friend almost every year during my childhood. I met my best friend when I was 3. I moved into a new house and met Crista the first day that I moved in. When she was in fourth grade her family decided to

move. During this time, she had been the main person that I hung out with, so this was a huge change for me. So I spent basically a year and a half with very few friends. I moved to a new school half way through sixth grade.

I didn't ever find a real place there. I met my best friend Stacey when I first moved to my new middle school. We stayed friends throughout middle school, but she had a lot of family problems and she ended up moving away and I didn't even know she was leaving until after she was gone. In a time like middle school for something like that to happen is awful. I got depressed after that happened and I remember just locking myself in my room and just crying.

I thought that things would never get better. When I started my high school, I found my current best friend, Marie. We are still friends to this day; she just left for college at George Mason.

So once again I'm not with my best friend. I'm not trying to make my life all depressing because it hasn't been all bad. And I realize that people have had things a lot worse happen to them, in their lives, and I should be thankful for what I have. But no matter what I have I just never seem truly happy. I always have this front up, and it seems like everything is going great, but deep inside, I'm falling apart. This comes out in my writing, and I think that writing is a good release from all of this.

I always try to do my best when it comes to my class work and my writing, but I know that my writing isn't the best by any means. I always find it important to do the best job that I can do, on school work and also in life. I think

that a lot of what got me through writing papers in middle and high school was my mom.

She was so great about reading over and correcting my papers. She stayed up many nights