

WRITING

Albin C.

by Albin C., Age 18,
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TYPE

MEMOIR
NARRATIVE

GENRE

GRADE 12

“Even when this kid was warring internally, he found himself pushing himself ahead through the things he loves.”

It all begins with a young kid, a kid who didn't care about problems, a kid who used to be happy just with a simple life. That kid would soon find out that life wasn't as easy as he thought it would be; his dream life wasn't much of a dream, after all. Even when this kid was warring internally, he found himself pushing himself ahead through the things he loves.

Life moved fast for me at 14. It felt as if the next two years flashed before my eyes. So much happened in so little time, I didn't have time to process it. I went from planning to graduate high school with my friends to leaving the Dominican Republic in two months. I was exposed to Boston, a new place with lively people, and everything I'd ever dreamed of. As I was landing, I reminisced about all of the conversations about having my family together, no

longer half in D.R. and the other half in Boston.

After some time, it was like a civil war in the house. The family arguments contradicted what everyone said about finally being reunited after 12 years, the union that would come out of the bond rekindled. All of this hadn't affected me until I moved to my grandma's house. I became hot-headed, lashing out easily and trying to isolate myself from everyone. Even though I was putting on the biggest smile of my life, it was all just to hide the sadness and anger that was consuming me. I never intended to turn into this person, but I was alone. I needed help, and I found it in places that I first considered to be trivial.

Therapy was the biggest help to me. Before I started therapy, I thought, "Nah, they think I'm crazy. That's for weak people. I don't need that." Looking back on it, the weak one was me. It takes a lot for me to talk about my feelings. Therapy helped me manage my anger and the output of the way I felt. It taught me to trust people, deal with them, and be able to understand them. Most importantly, therapy gave me a sense of unity with who "I" am. It all came to an end when my therapist needed to move away, and there I was again, alone. However, this time I had a spark of hope.

Trying to find new ways to cope with my emotions, I returned to a childhood passion: music. Through this, I found writing, something that was buried in my past. An artist by the name of J. Cole and his albums "4 Your Eyez Only" and "Cole World: Sideline

Story” inspired me to write again. Through this artist’s albums’ powerful writing style and clever lines, I journeyed through what writing and interpretation look like. During this time, I found Teens In Print’s winter programming, which gave me the chance to meet people with similar interests as me, the most notable being writing. Even beyond writing, a lot of people I talked to in the program were nice and different from anybody else I’ve ever met. I was introduced to inspiring personalities. One person in particular was my program director. She was Latina, like I was, with a similar interest in writing. She helped me get into the program and understand its foundation. I aspired to be in her position one day. TiP was and is one of the most enjoyable experiences to do. It introduced me to the idea of meeting new people and building communities and personal relationships with people who were different from me.

After entering a process of self-reflection, therapy, music, and writing, wherever I go or whoever I see, I’m Albin. Regardless of what happened in my past, I move forward with my head high and continue toward my goals in journalism.