

Amanda Galindo

Indira Hood-Esparza

TPW Draft #3

October 22, 2018

I like to view myself as the most independent person I know, I strive to accomplish this sense of power everyday even without realizing. I've always been on top of what I wanted to do. I mean, I decided on my life long career in the 7th grade, I got my license and a job as soon as I turned 16 and I insist on fixing any problem in my life with just myself no matter the magnitude. Although I feel as though I'm not doing nearly as much as I should. Nothing can bother me more than relying on other people. Honesty at this point in my life I feel like I'm better off without my family. As being one that prides myself on being independent and self sufficient, I must always show strength and always at least look like I have my shit together. I really care about what people think of me, I hate to say it but I really care about how they interpret me. I would rather make people believe that I'm strong and capable of anything, but I'm really not. I carry this mindset throughout almost anything in my life, that in order to succeed in life I must accomplish everything myself and only myself.

My parents divorced when I was three years old. Which I'm more than happy happened.

Although I don't have a single memory of my parents happily together, or even my entire family happily together. All I know are the very biased and brutal stories they tell me in spite of each other. My very first memory was asking my soon to be divorced dad when he was finally going to leave. Even as a young child I must have sensed the tension in my house. Now the only relationship my mom and dad have with each other are their fights over the phone or the words they say to each other through me. The one thing my family has taught me is exactly how I don't want to end up. Stuck in one place raising children and dealing with not only my own

struggles and problems, but theirs as well.

I see characteristics of both of my parents throughout my personality, almost as if it they were passed down to me when I was born. I see a reflection of my parents relationships on my personal life and most importantly my outlook on life. I like to think that this has made me wise, especially for my age, and I believe I have a pretty strong head on my shoulders. More so from my mom I gained my independence, my strong will and perseverance. Along with those characteristics I always got her tendency to push away my emotions or struggles by adding more onto my plate to distract myself. My mom is a very busy and hard working woman and she definitely always love to talk about this. My job is the perfect fuel to this. After my 5-11 shifts I have about 2 hours of homework to do on average so typically I don't have too much time to sleep. Although I love the sense of accomplishment I get from this.

Throughout my entire life I've always viewed that talking about my emotions would make me vulnerable. I do not like to feel vulnerable. I don't like to feel weak or that I have to depend on anyone. Without question everytime I do end up have a deep personal talk with someone, even my closest friends as I was away I can't help but say "Why the hell did I just do that. I'm a fucking idiot" I have instant regret and I can't avoid it. I think that showing your deep emotions or perspective to someone would just put you at more risk of getting yourself hurt. I see a connection to my mom's past experiences. Throughout my mom's 20 year marriage to my dad, not only did she face verbal and physical abuse throughout her married years, she also faced unfaithfulness. My father cheated on my mom over 30 times. Why would I ever put myself at risk of this? At risk of throwing my fucking life away. Just to spend the rest of my life raising children and having to deal with the man who caused this. Not until just recently did I make a connection of this specific time in my mother's life to myself and my deep fears of life. I fear that I will waste my time on someone. I just don't think it would be possible for me to see what g

ood could come out of it. The only thing a relationship will do for me is waste my time. I suppose commitment would be one of my greatest fears. I'm not sure if I would ever understand the appeal of committing every ounce of your energy into just one person. Just to have all of this emotional exposure wasted or used against you. In the end I have found that every guy is the same, some so basic that they seem different from the rest at first. Therefore over the years of me being a teenage girl I've gained the ability to never allow myself to get attached to any specific person or if i do then i'll take of running. I never thought that my parents divorce would have ever have had an affect on me, and more so on how I make my decisions. How could something I can't even remember have such an affect on me? More so this fault is within me, why am I letting my parent life influence mine?

I feel as though Im 100% confident in myself. Not necessarily in the vanity aspect but myself as a person. I look deep inside myself and I feel comfortable just to be by myself. To just go places and have fun by myself. Just to sit in complete silence and be one with myself. I love myself!

My older siblings have resentment towards my brother and I because we were raised with the finer things in life and they weren't. But I'm jealous of my siblings and I can admit that I'm jealous that they were able to be raised by two parents, although very much toxic it's still a family that I will never be able to experience. My dad killed the feeling of having a family. I'm jealous that they were with my grandma longer than I was, before she died. I'm mad at my grandma for getting skin cancer, Im upset that they didn't have to deal with my uncles suicide in the magnitude that I did and that they don't carry the haunting thoughts and images of the one that was my father figure when my dad wasn't even around. I'm so mad that uncle committed suicide, I'm mad at everyone for not knowing what he was ws going through, more so myself .Yet here I am, I still can't get over it. Why can't t I just get over it. I'm mad that my parents

raised siblings that don't connect with each other. I'm tired of desperately trying to be positive, just so i'm not like the rest of my family. I'm tired of not dealing with the bad things in my life.

I've finally reached a point where I can say this. But deep within myself I am so content with the person I am. This past summer was a strong period of self reflection for me. I reflected upon the person I had become and the people I surround myself with. I would just sit and seclude myself and just think within myself. I would push myself to sit in complete silence because I am the one person that will always be there for myself. My friends may last for a short while but forever is never guaranteed. My parents wont be here forever. My siblings won't be here forever. My friends won't be here forever. Im comfortable just within myself. To really test this, over the summer I really challenged myself to do something I love, just by myself. I absolutely love the beach, I often go with my good friends to spend time together, although I don't think we share the same intentions So I decided to go to the beach. It was a beautiful day and most importantly the last day of summer break. So I told my mom with strong pride in my voice that I was on a journey to spend my day at the beach, alone. My mom being so understanding gave me a crazy look and said what's his name? Soon enough I was heading out of the door with my trusted and familiar bag holding everything I could need, cash, a blanket, and a book/journal. I chose to do this as a form to truly push myself and test if I'm truly as independent as I think I am. As I drove along half an hours feeling so free and happy. I knew the moment was approaching. The moment where I would have to be alone in a place full of groups. As I walk from the parking lot to the sand I feel like eyes are on me, and I couldn't divert my attention anywhere so I continued. I feel judged even though no one probably gave a damn. I layed on the sand in the midst of all of the people. I just layed there enjoying the last remaining hours of my summer

break. The summer break that thing changed me and made me who I am. I was changed without even knowing, or even knowing what its from.

It's very hard for me to take my dad seriously. When he tries to punish me or scold me I can't be bothered and I feel the urge to laugh. I feel the absolute opposite with my mom. I am terrified when she yells at me, I feel like I have to really be careful with how I respond with her. Although I have to say that after my many years of getting in trouble, I have found strategies to get away with stuff. I don't have any strategies with my dad other than to sit through him taking and explaining for hours.

The relationship between my parents and I

Until recently did I truly realized just how much how I spend my time really affected me. I don't like to think that anything that happened can affect the type of person I am or exactly how I view myself. Just the past week this really struck, I had noticed that I had been working less and less hours per week. This deeply worried me, and was something that was on my mind throughout most of my days. Just like every Sunday I get my schedule for the following week and I noticed that I working two days, I couldn't help but reminisce the days where I would be working 5 busy days a week I went to my first shift of the week and then Sunday came, the only other day that I had worked

How can I succeed when I can't even keep or balance a part time job.

I realized that I so deeply relied on the validation I got from coming home at 11 and finishing my homework until 3. Its like Im addicted to feeling of feeling accomplished. The only way I feel accomplished is by stressing out. This was my unhealthy way of receiving my validation. The validation that I can't seem to find anywhere else. Therefore the less work I would do or the less

shifts I would have the worst I felt. Getting a call telling me my shift was cancelled I would feel like feel like the ultimate pain. I didn't even realize this until I was about to leave to work only to find out my shift was cancelled as I was walking out of the door. I felt like I was going to fall apart. I was furious, I was pissed at everyone and couldn't help but cry. I couldn't stand to be at my house so I walked out with tears in my eyes and sped off in my car. How could something like this affect me. Im typically a very at ease person. I never let my feelings get the best of me and I don't like to think anger is an emotion that I carry and I definitely take everything with a grain of salt. I've really worked on myself to get to this point. Just to see this metality slip was pretty disappointing to me. Once an episode of my emotions comes all emotions come out. I have to face the emotions of everything I want to change in my life in that moment.