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English III 4th Period

Ms. Feher

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Out

I always knew that I was different, and there would come a time that I would have to tell someone. However, I was scared for the reactions that would arise. It wasn't until I had reached sixth grade that I had learned what that "different" was. It was a weekend, and my best friend at the time was staying the night. It was that night, while I was looking at her sleeping on the air mattress we shared, I knew. I liked girls. At the time, I didn't see this as an issue. I thought, "well, I still like guys," and this made it way easier to hide what many others were against. As years passed, it was simple. I dated a few guys, no one even thought to question it, except myself. I wasn't happy in my relationships though, but I just assumed it was just who I was with and went on. But soon I realized that I probably shouldn't feel this way while in a relationship, and it wasn't just "who I was with". Boys didn't seem to make me happy. I then came to the realization that I might not like boys at all.

Once I entered eighth grade, everything changed. I had found myself hanging out with a completely different group of individuals. To my surprise, I didn't have to put on an act for anyone this time. I could finally be myself; and, as it turns out, most of these newly found

friends, were just like me. Time went on, and I started to let down my guard around them. Then, the thought crossed my mind, "I can do this." The next day, somehow, sexuality became the talked about topic. I decided that this was my opening, my opportunity; therefore, I took it. I went about it saying, "Hey, I have something to tell you guys that's relevant to what we are currently talking about." and I told them. This had proved to be easier than I had initially thought. That part was simple. Now came preparing for the hardest part of all, my parents.

Don't get me wrong, my parents are both very open-minded and accepting people, but I'm not quite sure if they'd feel the same with it being their own child. I was so scared. Rejection, getting kicked out, being disowned, these were all things that ran through my mind like reoccurring nightmares I just couldn't get rid of. Though some of these thoughts were unrealistic, they made counting down the days until I had prepared to tell them so much harder. Then, came the day I dreaded so much. I had both my parents and sister sit on our living room couch and I was sitting the opposite of them as I struggled to get my words out. At first, they looked very concerned by seeing my anxious appearance. I followed with, "OK, so, I have something kind of important to tell you." "I, I don't like boys, I like girls." with confusion and visible relief, they said, "That's it?" This was a bit alarming, but I just responded, as calm as possible, "yeah?" I did it, and they all still seemed to love me just as much as before. Then came a wave of relief and tears as my worries had just all been washed away. They then came and hugged me, "Why are you crying?"

Everything seemed to go exactly back to normal. It had felt as if a huge weight had been lifted from my shoulders. The only difference, I was truly happy. I didn't have to pretend anymore.