

# THE SAME AS YOU: A TEENAGE DIARY UNLOCKED

## Chapter 1

Being a teenager in to-days world doesn't seem that easy to me. Of course, when I talk to my older relatives they tell me that no-one ever found it easy being a teenager, not even them. I had thought that as the world became more open through the internet and reality TV shows that people would find it easier to cope and to talk more. But apparently that's not the case. And I should know being a teenager myself. Or at least I was when I started writing this account.

My story is a short one and came from me finding myself in an uncomfortable and awkward position. You see I failed my final year at school. Not through any fault of my own as I did try to succeed when I attended school. And that's the hub of the matter I didn't get the chance to go to school as much as I should have. Anyway, for the moment I digress and I think I should explain why I am writing this story.

Well, you see it was like this. My Grandma (Mom's mom) came up with the idea that I should write a short story on the stress and problems that I have just gone through. She said I was probably not alone and that other teenagers my age might have the same or similar problems whilst growing up. She thought that my story might perhaps help them deal with these problems or at least show them that they are not alone. Everybody's story is different but helping yourself is all the same so if you can find the strength to do it then try.

After all, I'm one of YOU and this is how MY story has gone so far.

I was born in England in 1994, growing up in an old Victorian house that was built before the two great wars. This place was my home and I found my life reasonably contented and happy. I grew up with all of my family around; my parents, my sister, cousins, grandparents and of course, aunts and uncles. During the year we would come together, to celebrate Christmas, Easter or Bonfire night. For those of you who don't know English history and about bonfire night it's where we burn a model of a fake Guy Fawkes on the top of a big fire. We also eat pie and mushy peas with some gorgeous HP sauce on top.

(Guy Fawkes tried to blow the English Parliament up on 5th November 1605, a long time ago and that is why every year we celebrate his capture.)

To go with the bonfire, we would light many different types of fireworks. Although many events brought the family together but it is Bonfire night that holds some of my favourite memories.

As I grew up and left primary school we moved closer to my aunts and I went to a different high school. The first friend I ever made there is still my friend to this day. Though I say this, remember that not all the friends you make in high school will be your friends in the future.

At the age of fourteen my family left England and came to live in Australia. I lost contact with many of my friends and of course, a lot of my extended family. I've been living in Australia for over 4 years now. This is probably when I first experienced any sign of unrest. The first year here I was so shy about making new friends and I also had trouble getting used to the fact that I had to call this new place home. At any age, but especially as a fourteen-year-old teenager, moving puts a big stress on one's life and moving country even more.

Having left all my friends in England, I came to realise that I am not really one for change. I am comfortable in my own zone, my own little world, so moving to Australia took me way beyond my normal boundaries. Moving to this new place I found myself having to go through the whole process of making new friends and for me this was very difficult; especially when they couldn't generally understand a word I was saying. Turned out you have to talk slower in Australia; my kind of slow was their kind of fast. And because of the different term times I had to work my way through grade nine again and then on through grade ten.

By the time 2009 came around I had been in Australia for nearly a year but I had managed to get some new friends. One girl in particular became my best friend. Unbeknown to me at that time our relationship would change but for the moment we were just girls hanging out together. Also during this time, I was growing and my body was changing.

One day my friends' older brother came to visit her and her other brother. There was a pool at her place so we all went swimming. We had a great time and we kept dunking the eldest brother Tim, for fun. Later that night we sat on the top bunk bed in my friend's room watching movies and Tim, who was aged twenty-two then, sat with us. Suddenly he began stroking my back; all the way from the line of my jeans up to the bottom of my bra. Being only 15 and not really street wise I was rather surprised and I found myself unsure how to handle the situation, so decided it was better to ignore what was happening. As nothing else happened I thought no more about it. But it did start me being aware of my feelings.

During this time life seemed to be flowing along fairly okay although I was still getting used to living 'down-under.' Eventually the family moved into our own house and my parents got different jobs. It seemed to me as though things were finally settling down and so was I.

About the beginning of 2010 I went with my friend up to Bundaberg otherwise known as Bundy to meet her dad, her dad's best friend and of course the brothers whom I already knew. At this time I had gone blonde and had straightened my hair which is normally very curly. When we went to say hi, Tim the elder brother didn't recognize me at first but eventually he realised who I was. As before we all hung out together that weekend, watching movies and talking; it was great fun. I was about sixteen then and still developing. During my stay and much to my surprise Tim actually kissed me; showing me a 'few things' too. I won't go into details but just let me say that if you're a young girl with an older guy please be careful. It can be very easy to make a guy think that you are leading him on when you aren't. Besides if things end up going too far it can turn out badly for you.

Learning to cope with emotional and sexual feelings is quite difficult for a young person. At this age the body is developing more and more and I found myself beginning to have feelings that in some respect were strange to me. Unfortunately, I wasn't sure what to do and could so easily have been led down the wrong path but lucky for me my friend's brother was a gentleman.

Over the next few months Tim and I kept in contact via text messages. I do believe that at some point we really thought ourselves to be in love. And looking back I believe in a way it was a sort of love but not a love that would have lasted or held us together. Too often young people follow their urges without judging the consequences. You only have to watch the TV or the news programs to hear of the large number of teenage pregnancies there are. As teenagers we don't realise that we can end up ruining our lives. The other thing is that teenagers can be pressured, especially by their peers or friends, into doing things they shouldn't do. The bravest action you can take is to stand up, say no and honour yourself.

Over these last few months I have made new friends and relationships and I have discovered other feelings. At that time though the feelings I was experiencing were new and in some respect a little frightening. And I didn't feel I had anyone to talk to about my emotions or the confusion of it all.

My younger sister had a boyfriend at that time named Kallum and we got to meet his family at his birthday party. We've been friends with them ever since. When Kallum and Ellie broke up Leighton, Kallum's older brother, who was thirteen, actually asked me out. At the time I thought it was really cute so I said yes even though I was sixteen. That shows how unsure I was about my feelings and if I'm honest how immature I was then. When he visited us we spent most of the time with one another often lying on my bed talking. It was also where we first kissed but that was all we did. Sometimes I wish I'd never finished with him because he was the one who treated me right; loving me for me with no added pressure. It was just perfect. You see sometimes age difference in a good relationship is irrelevant.

Anyway, I finally got myself a boyfriend from school. He was the only one out of my whole group that I found I was able to have a decent conversation with. After that I briefly skipped around boys as I needed to try and get things straight in my head. But then I met Jack.

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