



# A Part Of My Life

Hi, my name is Layla. And among the many possibilities of stories to tell, I decided to write one about myself. When we think about writing about a book, we tend to invent fictional stories that are very interesting, but real life can also be fascinating. The events that happen every day, full of mysteries, truths, lies, and curiosities, are as deep as those that we see in the movies and fiction books.

Well, I am currently 17 years old, and I am living the best period of my life, even though I am willing to change some aspects of my life because modifications are natural and make part of the process of life. Moreover, they occur every day naturally, whether we like it or not, it's just to observe that the world is always changing. Some things had been gone forever, while others will happen totally differently in the future.

My story started with the birthday of a beautiful child, very desired by Carla, her mother, that knew she was pregnant without even needing to do exams to be sure. And this child was me.

There were many celebrations due to this news, even though my mother was very young, and had not got married. And her mother was also cheerful to know that she would have a granddaughter since she was already at the end of her life. But unfortunately, she had been diagnosed with cancer, and the disease had achieved a very advanced point.

And unluckily, I was born three months after the death of my grandmother. However, I know that my arrival in the world became a reason for much enlightenment concerning my mother, who had just lost her mom since losing a mother is not easy for anyone in the world.

I was born chubby and pretty, the most beautiful baby that some of my relatives have ever seen, but at that time, my mother said that she wanted a daughter with a darker skin tone than hers and started appointing faults on a newborn child.

Because of this, some years later, I used to feel guilty for the death of my grandmother. I cried a lot when I thought about it, and for some misinformation, I ended up thinking that my grandmother had died on the day of my birthday because of me.

And this did not cooperate at all with my mind healthy. Although this confusing information was clarified some years ago, when I was 13 years old, while I was talking to my mother and her aunt, it had already helped to build my personality.

In addition, I grew up having a sheepish personality. I did not know who I really was, I just knew what others wanted me to be, so I felt pressed with the false necessity of being the exemplary person my family said I should be. And this persisted until the age of 14 when I became depressed. My mother took me to a psychiatrist, but I continued with my depressive syndrome.

