

## National Coming Out Day

I was never ready for this day but the time has come so here we go. Most of the people that know me “know me” and those who don't here you guys go.

Let's start off by how I found out. I was in the fourth grade when I started falling in love and most people thought that that was too early in life but it's never too early for anything. As I was starting to like people I realized that I was falling in love with guys more than girls. So I started to Google things I realized what my sexuality was and that was gay. Because I came from a place where many people in the LGBT+ community weren't accepted, I was really terrified of telling people that I like boys. So throughout fourth grade I started to become very quiet not knowing that later on I would become depressed and start to injure myself and it became almost a daily thing I would do. One of my fellow classmates/friend realized that I had cut marks on my thighs because of the depression and he asked me why and I told him a cat scratched me (as a lie).

Once Summer started I decided to “date” a girl and so I told everyone so that wouldn't know my secret. As more and more people started to find out that I was dating this girl people starting to become more and more suspicious on if we were actually together because I would only hold her hand for a second and there would be NO kissing because that didn't feel right to me. So as weeks go by we started to drift apart and it came to that point where she and her friends came up to me and asked me if everything is okay and knowing me I hate being under pressure and being scared of coming up to someone and having one on one that I started to cry of being under pressure that I came out to tell them that I liked boys. At this point I was scared and the girl I dated was embarrassed because her friends told people and those people started making fun of her for dating a gay guy.

Fast forwarding to seventh grade, the cutting has stopped, depression was gone and the fear was slowly fading away. As months went by more people started to get there suspicions because I sent out “gay vibes”. I wasn't dating/talking to anyone and I would always act very feminine wherever I went. It came to that point where I was tired of everybody thinking I was single that I came out as BiSexual. People started to talk to me and saying such positive things that life was getting easier as I got older. Eighth grade was super easy for me because many people started to become more nice and helpful with me. And then High School comes around. When I walked in through the high school doors I was like “OMG I'M GOING TO DIE”. The people who were my Jr.High friends became my enemies people I never talked to started to talk to me and people became more accepting and life got better for me. Time went by and there was a club that became known named GSA (Gay Straight Alliance). That was basically a club that I could finally be myself in. I met new friends and people who understood me because we were all going through the same thing. I started to become more open about my sexuality that I started telling a few people the I was Gay.

Once Sophomore year came around half of the school knew. Junior year came around and everyone in the school knew and it's also the year I had my first boyfriend. His name was TJ and we lived in different towns but we would always text each other none stop. Our relationship got to the point where I would always leave every weekend to his place and I would stay the entire weekend with him. I would always make up a random lie every week telling my

parents that a friend of mine invited me to Chicago or the mall or any random place far away. SORRY MOM. There was a point where my mom had enough of me leaving the house every week, so my and TJ would never have time to see each other. Our relationship started to fade away and got to the point where we broke up. I got really depressed again and started to go on a dating app to talk to more guys about life and stuff.

Senior year rolled around and that's when I decided that I wanted to tell me family. Since almost everyone knew I was gay I decided why not tell my family. Not very long ago I uploaded a post ( Khloe's First Prom) that my cousin texted me saying "I know you're gay. I read you blog and I love you and I knew you have been gay since we were kids and we accept you don't be afraid to come out". Not knowing what to do I replied with "I'm not ready" and just thinking what if my parents disown me and going to shun me out from the family and kick me out. So to this point in time I have not told my parents and If they are reading this.....

Mom I just want to let you know that I love you and that I'm still your hijo and nothing will ever change me. I love you momma and I hope you can accept me for who I am because you are my bestfriend, my queen and the one I could count on. I hope you understand that I will always be the little boy you gave life to and the kid you raised to be a great man he is today. Te amo con todo mi corazón Mami