

Who am I?

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I still have problems answering that question. One day, I read that we have many “selves” inside us. When I think about it, I notice that I have so many paths, so many different thoughts, so many ways to see life that I get kind of confused. I am not saying that I am a liar or that I have problems regarding my personality. Rather, when I reflect about myself, I realize that I have evolved so much. Yet, at the same time, I am still so connected to my inner “child” self that I do not know how to define myself. The only way I can explain it is by talking about some experiences and how my life perceptions changed according to those experiences.

I have been hit several times in my life that I dare say that I became a rough person. I trusted a lot of people who hurt me, so I became a skeptical person. Sometimes, I am so lonely that I became an incredibly affectionate and tender person. Does that make sense? Rough and tender? Skeptical and affectionate? I am pretty sure it also has to do with my zodiacal sign too. However, I consider myself a dual person like a summary of opposites, a living dichotomy. For that reason, I have frequent inner struggles with all my “selves”. This perception is related to my spirit as a human being; it is so unstable and fragile, so diverse and contradictory. I barely know if I have more hidden “selves”. Every day, I am learning about how to find a balance, but I often find out I am deeper than I thought, and I must be careful. As René, the lead singer of Calle 13 said, “*cuando mis neuronas corren hasta yo mismo me asusto* [when my neurons run, even I get scared].”

Nevertheless, everything in my life is not about confusion. As I mentioned, I am a dual person, and I have another way of seeing life that has to do with my purpose and the process. I rather not mention my awful past in detail, so I will talk about my evolution from my high school years until now.



In high school I was an average girl at that time. The only thing I was really good at was English, much like my other classmates in the School of Languages. Therefore, I decided to major in Foreign Languages. When I entered the university, I was so excited to think that this environment of learning would help me improve a lot. On the contrary, I started to feel frustrated because everything seemed so boring to me, and I did not like the content of the course. Thus, I started to skip class, and I became lazy and mediocre. I think because life likes to turn you around, I was kicked out of the program. This was my first academic and personal downfall. I was so angry and hurt because I knew lazier people than me were still in the program. How was it possible that I, being so good at English, got kicked out of the university?

I had to come back again because my parents did not need to know what had happened. So, I lied at home, and secretly, I joined the Modern Languages program at the same university. Fortunately, I came across the most important and influential person in my whole life, the person who saved me. If that person had not appeared in my life, I probably would not be here writing about it. I admit I was very immature. I did not know the importance of that person at first because she was the teacher who managed one of the courses I failed before I was removed from the program. As you can imagine, I hated the fact that I had to start over again; it was not easy for me. However, the things that happened after that were the most interesting moments I had ever lived. The teacher knew me from the Foreign Languages program, and I had this awkward feeling that I needed to prove myself. I wanted to show her I was not laid-back girl who was kicked out, the mediocre one. I needed to demonstrate that the perceptions she had of me were a mistake. Hence, I started to my best all the time, even though, I was in a lower semester. I wanted to prove to her and myself that the school had made a mistake in kicking me out of the Foreign Languages program.

At the beginning, it was extremely complicated. It was not because of the classes or the coursework, but I had to start again from the very first semester. Most of the teachers knew me from Foreign Languages, so it was embarrassing to have to explain what had happened. Furthermore, I felt so uncomfortable because all my classmates were in the typical “freshmen” mood of excitement. In a kind of way, this was so weird for me because I was going through an awful time. I felt out of place, and I think I still feel it sometimes. Notwithstanding, the ones who supported me were not the ones who I supposed would; instead, they were my teachers. I felt understood because they had the maturity to comprehend that sometimes it is necessary to get hit

by a situation. As they had plenty of experience in teaching and life, they made me feel that I was not the only one with these experiences. They encouraged me to be the best in what I think is important to me. I think the most important thing that they told me was that having good grades or going slower than the others did not affect my knowledge of who I am as a person. The only thing that matters is that I felt good with the things that I did. As long as I was passionate, the rest would flow.

Regarding my first and unforgettable semester, the teacher that I mentioned before was extremely demanding. The next time around, I had to be more responsible even when the topics were easy. Every time I felt observed or judged, I also felt afraid and nervous that I would get kicked out again. My academic life became a very serious thing for me. She demanded the best from me all the time, and I needed to meet her expectations. After a certain time, I had the opportunity to talk to her. I remember the exact words that she said, “that’s what I really wanted, to boost your talent, because you are talented. I’m so proud of you, and I’m glad that you have learned from your experience. You can count on me.” After that, we talked for hours. We laughed, and from that moment, I consider that my life changed. Since then, she has been supporting and guiding me not only in my academic life, but also in my personal one as well. I am in-debt to her. Every day, I thank the experience that I lived and the people that surrounded me. Currently, she is my mentor and the reason I firmly decide to become a teacher. I have had the opportunity to meet other teachers, who have also helped me. This program is my new home because at the heart of it lies its teachers, who have become my family.

Nowadays, I am in my eighth semester. I am responsible, passionate, and committed to myself, my knowledge, and my program. I want to keep studying at the same university and travel around the world to keep improving in an integral way. However, I always want to come back and become a teacher in this program. I would like to share with those who have re-shaped me into the person I am now. I am also certain that I want to be a teacher because I want to help others as my teachers have helped me. I learnt that teachers have one of the greatest powers of all of humanity, the power to change someone’s life.

