Out of body

Growing up with my mother and grandmother, I've never seen a difference in us*/ considering my grandmother is lighter than both me and my mother. It wasn't until 6th grade someone turned off the lights and asked "Where's Raegan?" in a mocking tone referring to my skin color, I didn't think much of it at first but I knew it hurt my feelings. Every day in middle school my skin color was a problem for some people, and I knew it wasn't racism because these kids were black, I didn't know what it was but I knew other black kids would call me a white girl for liking certain things or the way I would speak in class but I would never get it.

With my grandmother being an immigrate, my mother and her two brothers were the first generation to be born in the U.S there isn't much connection to African American culture, and I first noticed this when I went to school with other African American kids. Obviously, I grew up with some type of understanding of what African American culture was, but because I wasn't born into it there was some type of disconnect.

Black is beautiful is something my mom's mother always used to tell me, at most random times. I could be eating dinner and she'll say "Your black is beautiful" as if she tried to make me memorize it. Even though if I never got why she'd say that I never complained either because I knew black women were beautiful but it wasn't the same for others.

Entering middle school was difficult for me because everyone made it seem like it was the worst four years of their lives, and they weren't lying. In middle school, I didn't think there was a culture difference until multiple people pointed it out. "You talk like a white girl" "You're not black if you don't do this" etcetera, I felt like an outcast to my own race.

As a result, I started to speak more AAVE(African American Vernacular English) I was trying to change myself to fit in and be friends with people who used to judge me, I would change how I dress and the way I speak. At the time I didn't think much of it, it was when I was transitioning into high school I realized my mistake.

I'm 14, a freshmen in high school and I'm just now starting to feel like my own person, I don't feel the need to please people as much as I used to. Now that I'm in high school I want to be able to

express myself freely without being judged. Looking back I now I realize that I wasn't being my true self and I was focused on pleasing others. Overcoming this is hard and I still struggle with trying so hard not to fit in as much, hopefully during this journey throughout high school I'll be able to go back to my original self.