

ME

Magazine

MY LIFE

MY VOICE

JAYLEN

ENGLISH  
BAND ?????

ALL ABOUT ME  
MY LIFE MY VOICE

By Jaylen Taylor



Image: Howard Alumni and Actor Chadwick Boseman May 12th in Washington D.C. (Bill O'Leary/The Washington Post)

## INTRODUCTION

Dear Reader(s),

I am a 14-year-old teenager from West Philadelphia. I was raised and still am by my father, Robert Taylor, my stepmother Ameera Taylor, and my mother, Betty Taylor. I am African American with dark brown eyes and black and red/orange hair. My three passions are fashion

I'm a basketball player and I love different languages. In this article made by me, I will be  
conveying to you my life. In the course of my magazine I published a column from one of my  
best college friends (interview) I hope to become an alumna from Howard University  
System University in Washington State. My hobbies are things that I do in my free time consist  
of singing, dancing, playing football, reading, and writing. I have been singing since  
kindergarten in my elementary, and I have been dancing since 1st grade. When I'm not busy,  
I play basketball or football. I hope to be in the WNBA. I did it once with basketball a little  
bit which was fun but ended in April. I've been playing and practicing ever since. I want  
to be on the Lakers like Candace Parker one day. I started self-teaching myself Spanish two  
years ago and decided to multi-task it with Japanese, and Korean.

## My Passion; Basketball

Hello! My name is Jaylen Taylor. My passion since April of 2021 was playing basketball. My first game was terrible. At the time, I was confused about what I was doing I knew not when I was playing defense or offense. In terms of how the game was going I had no confidence whatsoever. At the time, I had only been practicing one every week or two for about a month. So you can only imagine how terrible I was; when it came to knowing how to play the actual game. After that game, I gained motivation to be better and do better. I wanted to feel like I was the best, so I could be the best. I wanted to make my family proud and my dad proud most of all. It wasn't just one of those things that I would think about. I was outside no matter the weather; rainy, sunny, cloudy, cold, or hot. I have played and practiced at colleges, schools, courts, and parks. In front of my dad's house, we have a court, so I play there every week and weekend. After every session, I sat outside and I would look down into my hands or in the clouds with music blasting in my ears from my AirPods. Mostly, thinking about how I plan to be better and where I plan to go with this in life. When I first developed a passion for basketball I would be downstairs with my dad watching highlights from the WNBA. That was when I discovered Candace Parker. At that moment, I only just thought she was just another professional. That same night I ended up researching a lot about her which is something I had never done. I never wanted to "research" people with the same passion as me because it was irrelevant to me at the time. I have always been a very active person. When I was seven, I ran track for about a year or two while doing gymnastics, but my problem was I could never stick to it. I was never so interested in a sport to the point where I wanted to be devoted to it so much. I did do football when I was in elementary for 2-3 years in school only. I wanted to make my dad proud; which was part of what influenced me to push myself, but that can only go for so long. I wanted this for me. I wanted to be the best of the best to ever play basketball. That is what influenced me so much to play harder, even though I often get a lot of disappointing comments and hate on how I play and why I play where I play. I think that what really matters is my happiness and my growth in the sport. I learned so much about basketball within a year and although I'm starting late I want to do this because I love basketball. I want to make it with basketball, and that means I have to put in the work to get there on my own.

## An Educational Moment

One moment in my education history that shaped me was probably in my general math class. I was in third grade and often called "smart" by everyone around me, including my parents, family, friends, and teachers. I had no problem doing difficult assignments as I never thought it was hard for me. I don't remember how ever happened at this moment in time exactly. Probably because I'm 14 now and back then I was only 8, and a lot of different things have happened in my life since that point in time. I remember that it was pretty late at night I was rechecking my homework for math class. But it was a division problem that I just could not get and it became very frustrating as I felt like all I could see was a blur from enraged incisions or in other words angry tears. I remember that back then I didn't have a good sense of self-control so I would scribble all over my paper whenever I couldn't do something wrong or when I got frustrated with homework. This day was one of those days and what made it worse was that I had been struggling with this new concept all week. I remember that night at 6 pm; after I got picked up from my aftercare at school and taken home I was studying and doing homework when I checked that division problem for a third time and saw I got it wrong. It was at this moment the first time I felt like a failure at something I was best at. I just sat there with tears coming down my eyes. Little sniffing sounds could be heard from a few feet away. My dad asked me what was wrong without looking, and I replied. "I'm fine," scribbling all over my paper before ripping it up and shoving the pieces into my bookbag. The next morning I forgot all about it until it was time to turn it in. I told my teacher all about what happened the night except the part about me crying. That day while everyone else was eating I was held back from eating to have a conversation with my homeroom and math teacher about the issue concerning my self-control. She told me I'm not perfect, and neither is anyone else in the class. I have to study like everyone else and work 10 times harder to achieve any goals I want like anyone else does, and take deep breaths when I get frustrated. I overcame this by learning how to control my self-control. I don't exactly remember how I did it, but I assume music was a big part because I get very stressed out without it now, and I've been that way for a while now.

## **A Fresh Poetic Goodbye From Me To You**

What I want you to understand from me is that I am just like you right now. Teenagers still trying to find themselves in a world that doesn't care for anyone. I have dreams just like you. Dreams and passions, but we have to work towards our goals because a lot of people don't want to see us succeed. I'm just another lost soul in a cruel world trying to make it. When I look into the stars at night I always think about what I would tell 5-year-old me who would just climb anything and go outside not caring how she looked. Those careless days will soon come to an end and everything will make sense soon but for now, we have to work hard for us. The sun will shine another day.

*note for the ones who care*

*if you've read this all the way through just know you aren't truly alone.*

*all the same.*

*Taylor*

*September 11th 2:22 2022*

