

It's Just My.... Thing

Finally, I've started to gain my confidence back.

When I used to write articles, I always struggled because I thought whatever I wrote would be worthless. Honestly, I felt I wasn't a good writer.

This summer, I was asked to write a story for my school newspaper. I came up with several pitches at first, but none of them worked out. I lacked content, and my ideas kept getting rejected. That's when I started to lose hope of ever becoming a journalist—and it even began to affect my daily life.

I stopped feeling like talking to anyone. You could say I was depressed. But deep down, there was a voice telling me not to give up, because I couldn't imagine myself doing anything other than becoming a journalist.

Finally, I found a pitch I believed in and decided to work on it. I talked to event organizers, interviewed participants, and gathered as much information as I could. When it came time to write, I told myself: "What can possibly go wrong? Just write the way you do—be original."

My fingers moved across the keyboard like I was playing a piano. I enjoyed every moment of writing that story, focusing only on the content and its meaning. After finishing, I read it over and over until I was sure it was ready. Then, I sent it to my editors.

The next day, I received a reply. My story was good but needed grammar fixes. It came back to me several times for minor corrections. But by the end of June, my first news story was officially published: "Show Your Pride – Virtually", celebrating Pride Month.

When I saw it published, my reaction was simply, "Wow." I know I'm still a learner. I make mistakes, and sometimes I feel low. But no matter what, there's always one thought that keeps me going:

"This is my thing."

