



Unit 5: likes and dislikes.



MEDAC

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**Essay. 250 words about the day I felt free for the
first time.**

I was supposed to talk about something I really like or dislike. But I feel that the most honest way to approach this essay is to share my first summer holiday far from home with friends. I remember it like it was yesterday, although it happened two years ago. On a Tuesday in the second week of August 2023, I received a message from my best friend, Juanmi, asking how much money I had. I wondered what he meant by that question.

The situation was like this: I have a group of five friends. One of them was actually away on vacation at a country house, leaving the rest of us home, bored to death. After replying to Juanmi, I was added to a group chat where he and another friend, Oscar, were already discussing a plan. Juanmi suggested we go to Mojacar for two nights for a very low price, and I instantly agreed. I love traveling, I love the beach more than anything, and if there's anything I love more than the beach, it's going out with my friends. They've been there for me in my lowest moments, and they mean the world to me.

Of course, things weren't that easy. Oscar dropped out because he didn't have enough money. So, it was just Juanmi and me with this improvised plan—or so we thought. We decided not to tell Damaris because we didn't want her to feel left out if the plan didn't work out. Once everything was paid for, we just needed to pass the car's inspection to start our drive straight to Mojacar. And that's exactly what happened. Oscar managed to come along for free, thing I hated but didn't complained, and when we finally told Damaris, she was hyped. We ended up staying three days in the apartment, where we faced a broken AC that kept Damaris up all night, among other adventures.

But my point is that during that trip, I was ready to share my deepest secret with the people I cared about most in the world. The day we arrived, we decided where everyone would sleep (I hated my spot) and then got ready to test out the beach, which was right in front of our apartment at the end of a run down apartment. I had packed some extra-special clothes for the occasion. While everyone was getting into their swimsuits, I took a little longer because I had brought my first bikini. I remember my heart beating so fast as I finally changed and slowly made my way to the beach.

My life was changing so quickly, and I didn't know how to express my feelings or my inner contradictions. I like girls, so I didn't understand why I felt so strongly about becoming one. But sometimes, the world itself is one big question. That sunset, my friends were already swimming, shouting at me to join them in the water, but I refused. Then, when they stopped looking, I undressed, ran, and jumped into the water. My friends smiled at me, and we all started splashing each other and playing in the waves. That day, I felt like I was reborn, and a long and challenging path was laid out in front of me.