

Here I am, looking through the window of my new apartment in Miami, Florida, wondering about the future, what this is all about. However, this view hasn't always looked like this, I can still recall my bedroom in front of the darkest of the seas, the Atlantic Ocean, the one who was my traveling companion for so many years. Fifteen to be precise.

I was born to my parents as a second child somewhere in 1999. Those were good times for everyone in Spain, immigration was an issue, but thanks to that everything was working pretty well, even for my family. We were living in the city center in Tenerife, Canary islands, both of my parents were working and my sister, Jessica, was already in second grade. She still describes me that moment as the day when a small baby with a very big head broke into the family, and everything changed for good.

It didn't take long for us to move to the coast. As I mentioned before, the sea was dark blue, and the water was freezing cold, even in the warmest summer day. Despite that, my father never ceased until I learned to swim and stay confident in the water, and I was just 3 years old by then. My family tell stories about how I learned to dive the 25m long even before reading or writing fluently. Once thing led to the other and few years later, already on my second year of primary school, I joined the sailing team of Club de Mar Radazul.

I began sailing in the Optimist class, which is a little boat for beginners. In this environment I grew up surrounded by other children, who as well as I did, devoted most of my free time struggling between keeping up at school and wind shifts there where they took me. It is widely known that sailors have to make many personal efforts to reach a competitive level in major regattas, while at the same time respecting our educational commitments, not to mention the very little free time left we have to enjoy with our friends during weekends or even summer.

During this period of my childhood, I learned very important lessons. The one that life doesn't always come too easy, especially when dealing with 6 training hours per day, no matter what the weather looks like, if you felt ill this morning or if you have finals next week. The one with friends, those who come to be your family during so many hours of joy and dedication. Those who you meet at an important regatta and become part of your sailing world. Most of them were from the very regions of Spain, but also from Ireland, Germany, Norway, and all America. This is when you realize people are not distinguished by where they come from, but where they are going to. Last but not least, I learned for the first time in my life that you cannot settle down. If you want to achieve something big, you have to move on.

This was when my teenage years begun, and when I changed my boat to a bigger one, Laser. Everything was brand new for me, the technique, the competitions, even the rules, but it was not very different at all at the same time. I needed to adapt to increasingly difficult situations, but I knew how to deal with it. During these years of sailing, I broadened my horizons and expanded my experience. I began to take the practice very seriously, joining a lot of national and international Regattas, and a wide variety of championships, including the Europeans where I finished 9th. Results like these, helped me gain confidence and keep pushing forward to make further improvements. Nevertheless, this was not always the case, and sometimes I had to pull myself together after not being able to reach what I expected. Thanks

to all the experience on my back, I always found the way to make it through the day. This pathway led me to who I am today.

The year was 2015 and my family decided to move to United States for a better life. By this moment, I had already spent the 4 previous months in a British high school, learning fluent English and most important, collecting experiences from a very different society. So making a new move could only mean better chances.

It has already been almost two years in this country, and I already feel myself part of it. High school has meant most of my integration in this society, but I have to acknowledge that practicing sailing takes me home wherever I go. It has shaped my personality in ways I could have never imagined, and this has made me a better person.