

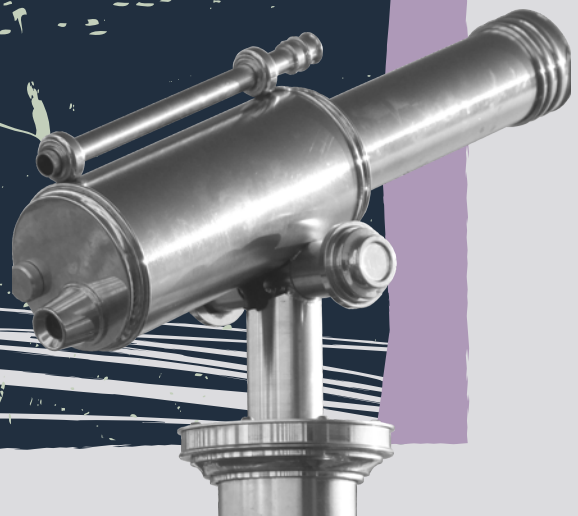


# AUTOBIOGRAPHY



LIFE STORIES

DIANA  
MARTÍN



I do not usually fear blank pages, I just start writing. That is probably among the nº1 things to get to know me: I **write** a lot, not always in the traditional way (books, stories, journaling). I express my feelings through writing when I can't manage them. I **tweet**. I make dozens of lists in my **notes app**:

- o Shopping lists and recipes
- o Things-to-do before/after...
- o Self-care ideas and inspirational quotes by myself for myself
- o Future plans and trips + nostalgic memories and texts
- o Present ideas for my loved ones
- o Tattoos wishlists
- o Games and bets for late, tipsy nights with friends
- o Emotional texts, some of them pouring love and appreciation and others riddled with anxiety, usually written at the end of the year
- o Random "public transport" or "driving" thoughts
- o Lyrics and photos
- o Habits and routines I want to implement
- o Passwords I forget
- o Diary entries: sort of "venting", disorganized texts

I write **letters** to show people how much and why I love them.

Even so, I am not used to describe myself.

I do not feel the typical schematic list helps: my name is Diana; I was born in Valencia (Spain) 20 years ago. I study Tourism and Business Administration.

What else? Does that even matter? I didn't choose my name, or my place of birth and I definitely chose my degree, but I did the night before without any conviction.



*Sometimes I feel I do not own  
certain parts of myself*



I studied at a German high school in my town, which was certainly my decision: to leave my school and friends (I was lucky to keep some of them) and dive into the unknown. I was terrified, but I trusted my **intuition**.

Now I am grateful for taking that opportunity, not only because languages will guarantee a better job for me. I love money just like everyone does, it helps you achieve the finer things in life, but that isn't the point. As stupid as it sounds, the point is going on vacation and understanding what locals are saying on the street, without them knowing that I know.

Since I'm aware of my existence, I've always sought to find my core **identity**. I took **personality quizzes**. I **read**. I looked incessantly for passions and hobbies: I tried out sports (tennis, swimming) and later music (saxophone, school band, choir). I started to learn philosophy, psychology basics.

Then I stopped looking within myself and turned towards the outer world. I aimed to study a useful degree and devote my knowledge to others. I travelled because I felt **I did not know anything** about the world or life either.





In the meantime, I was no longer a child. My aspirations shifted to fitting in and being cool. I wasn't. I finally accepted not to be the popular type, and the best years in my life arrived. I did every "teen" plan (and mess) together with my old and new friend groups. I became a **social butterfly** within them. I was genuinely happy sharing my time with these people, though deep down I still didn't know who I was and that made me insecure and anxious.

High school came to an end, and between exams and parties I had no time (I procrastinated the sitting-down-and-reflecting moment until it was too late) to decide what I would study at university. I didn't even consider alternatives because this was the effortless, socially accepted, "everyone is going to do this so you should too" path.

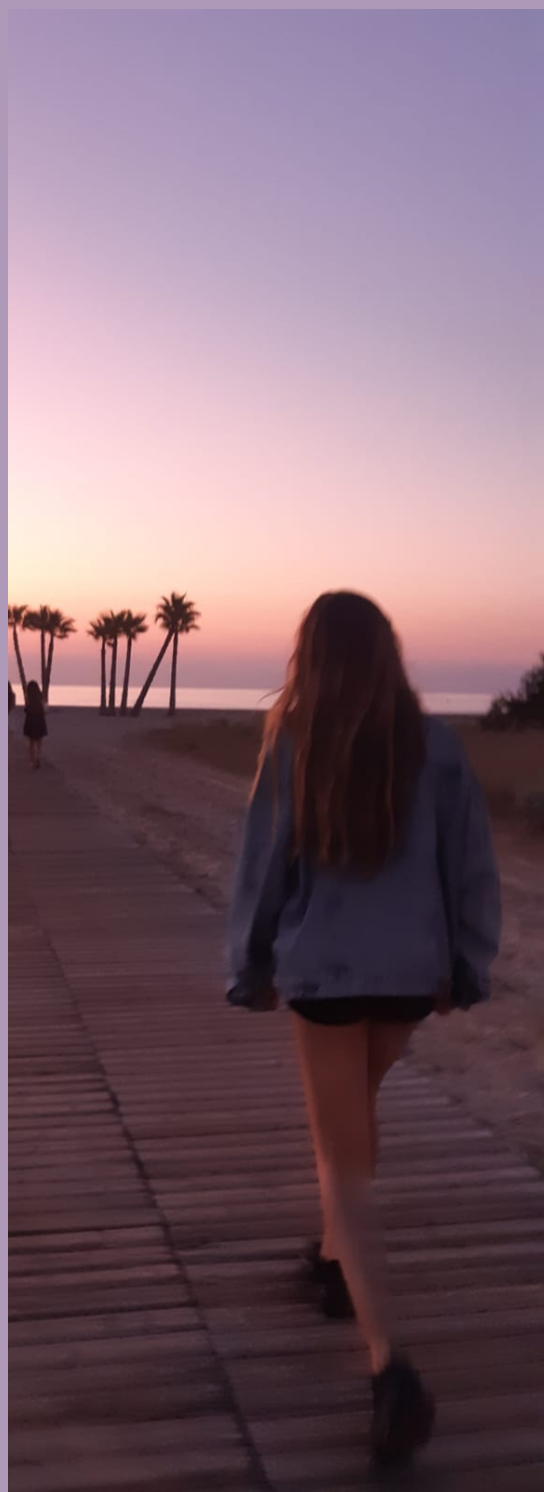
It's not that I just picked out something randomly. I certainly enjoyed travelling and languages (= tourism). I was passionate about the economy and corporate culture, too (= business management). I even desired to become an entrepreneur or freelancer; I still secretly do. Nevertheless, I refused to miss on other knowledge areas. I wanted to explore all of them. I struggled a lot with the fact that choosing one meant renouncing to the others.

- "Should I go to university in Germany?" – joined the chat in my internal confusion.





*I embraced myself and my choices again, I made peace with the past and forgave.*



Above all, I thanked the people that had stayed, and I welcomed the new ones. I found joy in daily **delights**: weather in my city, the seaside, “patatas bravas”, sunshine, coffee, olives, early mornings laying on the grass or late evenings sitting in bar’s terraces. I fell in love with the small things.

I planned for bigger things, too: for example, this Erasmus stay, although I didn’t choose Brussels directly (I like to believe Brussels chose me).

I am **curious and open** to what life has to offer. I miss my family, friends and city but I know it’s for the best. I might still not know what makes me “me” (this may be the reason you feel you don’t clearly know me either), but I own my thoughts, feelings, and experiences, and I am learning and living through the confusion.

This “autobiographic” text may be blurry and messy, but it tells the **raw truth**, so I feel this is it.

