

The Way I Feel
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There have been many nights when I've thought about it. I'm still not sure of the answer; I guess that's because I'm all mixed up between what my mom and some of my aunts say, and what the kids say.

My mother has so often said "you have plenty of time to 'like' boys," or she says: "you have a long life before you." Sometimes I guess she may be right, but it just doesn't satisfy me, because I have these feelings now and what other people say – even mothers – doesn't change those feelings.

I like Jimmy. The kids say that's love – I don't know! My mother, I'm sure, knows that I think about him, but it wasn't until last night that she mentioned anything about it. That's why I'm writing this. She told me I'll feel a lot differently about things when I get older. She said that she knows how I feel because she had the same feelings – about boys and things – when she was my age. But she said that she also knows how she felt when she was "over that stage." That's what she said I was in – a stage.

Last night when I thought about it, I guess I knew in a way what she meant – I know I feel a lot differently than when I was only ten or eleven years old—and that was only five years ago. But what I'm trying to say is that how I will feel in the years to come doesn't change anything until I reach that time. When I was ten, I didn't know that I would feel like I do today. Why can't my mother understand that! I was so angry when she told me that I was only in a stage – I thought that I almost hated her at that moment. I must never let her see my diary 'because I wrote it – I simply had to write it. How could she just say that? How could she, in a few words, destroy what I feel?

I know that some of my girlfriends have the same problem. My girlfriend Jean, she's been my best friend since back in eighth grade – her mother really watches every move she makes. She told Jean that she can't date anyone for another year. I would not even mind if my mother said that – which she hasn't, but it is when she tells me that my feelings somehow don't count! That's what really gets me! Even if my feelings aren't the same as hers, they are important – the most important thing to me.

Jean told me that she thinks she even "loves" George. I told Jean that I love Jimmy too, but I'm afraid to say that to anyone else except her. I told my mother that Jean "loves" George and she said that it is not really "love", that we didn't understand what love was, that we were too young to understand it.

Now you see why I'm confused. How am I supposed to feel? Well, I know Jean knows – and Jimmy. But what do my mother's words mean? What is this feeling that I have? Is it wrong? Don't I understand myself? I wish someone would help me – or explain to me – or just "understand."

Well, I'll see Jimmy tomorrow in school. I sure hope nobody reads my diary! Maybe I'll tell Jayen about my feelings and then – just maybe – someone will write to me.