

"Problems of My Adolescence"

In the unreal world of television, teenagers are carefree, smart, funny, wisecracking, secure kids. This, however, isn't how I recall my teenage years because as a teen, I suffered. Every day, I battled the terrible physical, family, and social troubles of adolescence.

For starters I had to deal with demoralizing **physical** problems. For example, I suffered from terrible **acne**. Kids would call me names like "pizza face" or "crater face," and whenever there was an event like picture day or a dance, I always felt like a red polka-dotted alien. Also, I was fifty pounds **overweight**. Whenever I got onto the bus or walked into class, kids would make pig squeals, and later that day, I would rush home and soak my pillow from a stream of tears. As a result of my **physical** problems, I suffered tremendously from low self-esteem.

In addition, I felt compelled to fight my **family**. For illustration, my little eight-year-old **brother** Eddie turned into my enemy. He used to barge into my room, listen to my phone conversations, read my secret letters, and use any of this information against me to get me into trouble with mom and dad. Moreover, my **parents**, too, were enemies. They wouldn't let me stay out late, wear the clothes I wanted to wear, or hang around the friends I liked. I got revenge on my **family** by being miserable, uncooperative, and sarcastic at home.

Worst of all, I had to face the **social** traumas of being a teenager. For instance, on the few occasions when I had a real **date**, it was horrible! Not only did I embarrassingly have to bring my brother Eddie along, but also, I never knew what to say during conversation, and those awkward moments of silence would make me feel so uncomfortable. Furthermore, **dances** were stressful events. No one ever asked me to dance, so I would end up sitting at a table by myself the entire night wondering if my two left feet were just that obvious. Because of these **social** disasters, I stopped going out and became a hermit.

In closing, I'm glad I'm not a teenager anymore. I would never want to feel so **unattractive**, **disrespected**, and **insecure** again. I'll gladly accept the crow's feet and stomach bulge of adulthood in exchange for a little peace of mind.