

I am Carmelita, I am 15 years old. I have no clue how I'm still here today. I made it though, still battling some struggles. My childhood was hell and back, I never had any support and someone who understood all my pain. At school I was bullied threw out elementary because of my clothes I wear and because of my weight. Mother never had money to support the house so she would go to the food bank. In the fifth grade I was removed from my mom's custody because she failed to obey the laws and still had my step father around when I had a restraining order against him, because I was raped and abused by him. No one believed me. He would hit me and be super mean to me too. My mother didn't believe me and I can see it in her eyes, she still doesn't. It hurts me because I feel like I took away her future to be with him. I got tired of keeping a secret. When I was foster I was raped again because I couldn't say no, I was frightened it was a nightmare. I cut various times and attempted suicide 7 times. My childhood was revoked from me, and no one was there to support me. I went back to mom and when I hit middle school, I didn't care no more. I was craving attention, love and friends. Never got it, so I became a person who destroyed me. I fell into drugs methamphetamine and marijuana. Started ditching,

failing and putting my life in danger. My so called friend basically self-trafficked me because I would get convinced and really wanted to say no. I hate what I was doing, because it's considered a prostitute. People would call me it and it would hurt. But there was never money, only drugs, running the streets from 2am to 6am, never went home and ran away. I got chlamydia and didn't find out till way later when I went to the halls for the first time. I had no love for myself. I would always recall when my mother told me she told me once she never wanted me and she would of gave me away but no one wanted me. Still recalling when she would still talk to the man who hurt me. I would always drink my thoughts away and would run in front of cars too. I didn't seem important. I just wanted real love, real friends. I never had love for myself, I was a Fein for love. A year ago I got in an abusive relationship got chocked out, slammed to the walls it was what I was used to, so I ended up forgiving. I would cry my nights away, I was confused and a lost child. People always took my kindness for weakness. My friends would always use me, but I didn't mind because I got used to it and I thought I would never have friends because no one liked me. I didn't know who to trust, every time I was hurt who was there? Me, starring in

the mirror wondering when it's all going to be over. My depression was bad, ended up in the halls twice. I was smoking my life away, my methamphetamine level was at 8,000 and my marijuana was at 500 something so I was sent to rehab placement my last court date. This is a short story of who I was. Now I'm in here working on my relationship with my mother. My sister, my mom, Stephania, Lachon and God is all I need. I learned how to stay sober and I'm learning how to love myself. One day my book will be done and inspire girls in the world with my story. I forgave all the people who hurt me. I'm done with drugs, and hurting myself. I go to church every Saturday and thank God for what I've been blessed with. I am not alone. I learned when you get pushed to the ground, you got to stand back up. I got good grades now, sober, and got a relationship with God. Life will have obstacles, everyone can overcome them. Fight for what you believe in, and follow your dreams. Enjoy life because it can be gone in a flash. No one wants you to do better than them don't let them bring you down too.