

## My Story

I know I'm "Hyper", it's my coping mechanism. It's the only one that works for a long period of time. It is the only way I can keep the thoughts of my past pushed down deep enough that I barely feel it. When I'm calm and not surrounded by certain people that I love and they care about me sometimes it even takes someone to say you're safe no one can hurt you. The main thought that comes to my mind is when I was 2 and I was getting raped by my uncle. People say that you remember every second of your traumas, well it's true. Because I was two and I remember everything. I remember when I was three telling my mom what was happening to me and she didn't believe me, and it didn't stop it went on for another year. I kept wanting to speak up again, but I felt like it would be the same as the time before when my mom wouldn't believe me. I was so scared of Zach, he threatened to hurt my cat, I was a little kid, Stripes meant everything to me at the time I didn't want anything to happen to him, but the abuse from Zach was too much he didn't always hurt me. He'd try and make up for it by getting me things, but it became too much even for me it came to the point where he stopped raping me, he just touched me, but for some reason that felt even worse it made me feel hideous. It happened everyday for months! It felt like I could never get out of that HELL!! He hurt me and he scared me. He still scares me and this fear makes me feel like I'll never be good enough, that I'll never be loved. Because I'm so broken because of the HELL my biological family put me through. I gave up on trying to tell my mom. I ended up trying to tell Grandma Nancy and she blew me off, then one weekend, I was at Grandma Marie's and I told her and Papa Dave everything that happened over that two year span, and they both cried. Grandma never drove, so she called an ambulance to come get us. It was my first time riding in an ambulance, but little did I know I'd have to ride in one at least 100 more times but that day the paramedics just kept asking me questions like, How old are you sweetheart? I answered four in my whisper voice because, believe it or not, I was shy until all this shit happened to me. He asked other questions like: What's your favorite color, your favorite animal, but there's a specific question that stumped him. He asked me what's your favorite book that mommy's ever read to you? and my answer to him was mommy's never read to me, I read to myself. I remember him looking at my Grandma, she shook her head and he started to tear up. At the time, I thought he was sad and I tried to ask him if he was okay and he said he was, and he gave me a smile, but now I realize he wasn't sad more like empathetic, because a child should have a mommy who's there for her kids, but my mom was always too high to pay attention to her mistake of a child. When we finally made it to the hospital and I was finally settled in, I kept asking, "Where's daddy why isn't he here Grandma where's daddy?" And of course he was in jail again. He wasn't there for me again. By the time my mom and dad both showed up, I was asleep but I woke up to them screaming in the hallway. I remember my dad screaming that I wasn't supposed to be born and my mom screamed it was his fault that I was born in the

first place. Grandma Marie noticed I was awake staring at the door crying and she jumped up and went out into the hallway screaming at them because I heard the whole thing. That was the day my dad walked up to me and said that I was a mistake, and that he never wanted a daughter, that he wished I was a boy because he'd always wanted a son. My grandma kicked him out of my room, she was tired of their shit. I didn't want to be around anyone that was in the hospital so I asked for Papa Dave because he was always my favorite. He didn't scare me, I was never afraid to talk around him, he made sure I didn't act shy. He learned how to do magic tricks to make me laugh, he tried to make sure I was always smiling. I spent a week with them, then I got moved from foster home to foster home, but no one wanted a child that never talked, cried 24/7, screamed in their sleep, and hid when someone tried to talk to them. So I got moved home to home until they ran out of places to put me so they asked me and I wanted to live with Papa Dave, but Grandma said no because they couldn't afford it so then I asked for Aunt Jessica so I lived with her until I was able to go back home. When they said I could go home I was 6; they made my mom promise that she'd keep Zach away from me, but she didn't. He never touched me like that again, but I was always scared that he would try and hurt me. He did, he tried to drown me in Aunt Debbie's indoor pool. He stopped as soon as he heard someone coming, everyone just thought that I was just having trouble trying to swim and that's where my main fear of drowning/swimming came from. I still sometimes have trouble when I'm swimming because I might have a flashback or an anxiety/panic attack. I have flashbacks more than I'd like to admit, and I've become quite good at hiding the fact that I had one and it made me upset, because when I have one, I just put on a smile and act like everything is okay. Only certain people can tell when I'm upset because of my flashbacks but the list of people is so small pretty much no one knows that I just want to hide from everything. The list of people that can help me is so limited because everyone leaves me no matter what I try to do to make them stay. I don't know what I do to make everyone leave me. Am I really that bad of a person that no one wants to be around me. After I was home for about a month it got really bad for me because mom was still using drugs and so was her boyfriend. By this time Zaiden was already born and I loved him so much he was so cute and that's when I had to start worrying because my daily life at home was horrible I was wearing so much makeup because my body was covered in bruises and cuts because my mom didn't protect me from her boyfriends abuse. They were always so high that they forgot to feed me half the time. I was practically raising Zaiden he was 2 when I moved home and I was only home again for about 2 years before getting taken away again. This time it was a lot worse I had something to lose and I knew what was going on because I was around 8 I think but for sure I was in 3rd grade. They took my brother from me and I blame everything that happened this time on myself. I'm the one who called OCY on my mom. I called because Papa Sam called my dad yelling at him then my dad mentioned Zach and what he did and Papa said well he didn't learn the first time because he's doing it to

Zaiden and my dad got pissed and hung up on him. He told me and I got upset then I said I wanted to do something about it he suggested OCY but said I'd probably get taken away again. I said I didn't care that it was my fault this even happened I should've protected my baby brother and I didn't. I didn't do the most important job I'd ever have as a big sister is to make sure he was always safe and happy. He wasn't because Zach was hurting him and my mom's boyfriend was hurting both of us and I couldn't do anything about it, but when I tried Mom's boyfriend would get mad and hit me. Most of the time when I said something and he'd hit me he would forget about Zaiden. I used to love swimming so much more than I do now. From when I was born until the age of six you could always find me at my Aunt Debbie's indoor pool swimming they could never get me to get out of the pool I was an amazing swimmer. Then something happened to me when I was six my uncle the one who raped me he tried to drown me. I guess he didn't like me telling on him very much so after that I refused to get into any pool. In third grade when I got taken away again I started going to Royal Family Kids Camp. I loved going there so much I could be myself and I wasn't afraid of what people would think of me. A small girl who was still scared of being abandoned by the people she loved. Worried that no one would like a little girl who went through so much shit that she had to fake a smile at such a young age. Camp is where I first met Katrina now we still get to see each other even though we can't go to camp anymore. At Camp I got to do all the arts and crafts I wanted to do they even let me do them during swim time because I didn't want to go anywhere near the pool. Then my last year at camp I had Britney as my camp counselor she talked to me about my fear she didn't spout any of the it'll be okay or I understand crap. I feel like she knew I heard that from people so much that I hated it when I heard someone say it to me. But sure as hell three days into camp she had me in the shallow end of the pool. She taught me how to swim again. She even calmed me down when I had a panic attack in the pool. I still have a big fear of drowning, but it's not as bad as it used to be. My biggest fear is fear of abandonment because everyone leaves me eventually my biological family did it without a problem. A lot of my old friends did and Malachi will eventually if not because of me then because of someone else. Though it will most likely be me that drives him away. I don't do a very good job at keeping the people I love in my life. When Claire emailed Maddie saying she finally figured out how broken I was, but she has no clue about how broken I actually I am. I am a mess everything in my life always turns rotten I can't be happy for long periods of time. I still remember how scared I was to go home and have to fear if mom and he boyfriend were high again. I was so worried that I'd get hit. No one understands what's running through my head on a constant loop. This Saturday I kept thinking to myself just give up Amelia this isn't worth you aren't gonna be happy they are just going to give up on you just like everyone else has. They say now that they love you and they won't leave you. Just you wait until they read this then they'll look at you like you're a completely different person like the slightest thing will set me off and I'll be upset. Half the time I act like I'm weak so people will leave me alone. But I can take care of myself like I always have. They might not see it but I'm stronger than I

let on. I helped raise my brother and he turned out better than me which I don't find surprising. I'm scared that if I let certain people read this, especially the people I love and that I want to stay in my life. I'm scared he's going to look at me like I'm broken or just someone who needs to be fixed and after they try to fix me and can't they are going to run from me because I can't be fixed. All the stuff I've typed in this doesn't even cut close to everything that's happened to me I just can't say the other things because they were ten times worse than anything I wrote in this.