

This write doesn't have to be read, listened to or talked about; it doesn't need to be publicly displayed who wrote it even, this write is the jumbles of words written by an author poured upon a page. This writing may be for someone who needs to hear that someone else can understand their pain or maybe for someone else to read so they can understand someone they care about. This writing can be laughed at, made fun of, or looked at by whoever views it. Isn't that the beautiful thing about writing? Someone can take it to heart, throw it to shreds or laugh at it except they don't know who wrote it hiding behind broken words and grammar. So as I said, take this write by whatever message you believe is meant to be heard, you're the reader and here I am just the author not telling you what to believe but letting you decide your perception of the text.

Remember being eight years old or maybe you don't remember those days, but at least the age of adolescence? In my days I can say I don't remember much, just the little things that linger with my heart that makes me feel a little bit of a child still. Or maybe you're reading this from a grade 6th view or younger and you're at the stage I was when I was your age, to be young again I'm jealous of you. When I look back to when I was young I can most definitely say some things will stay with me forever. When I was in elementary school we used to be the young love lookers (basically we didn't know what relationships were but we sure tried, well I didn't but others did). I remember we used to have these big beautiful spruce trees, they towered over our front of our school and whenever someone had a crush on someone and they wanted to make it "official" we would hold weddings at lunch gather whoever we could get, watch them exchange vows and give a peck on the cheek underneath the trees. I remember always being so jealous also because I never got to be the flower girl . I wanted someone to have a crush on me and marry me but it never worked out in my favor, maybe it will for you or maybe it's not like that anymore. I know I can remember the first time I had a crush. It was like kindergarten or something and I fell for a dreamboat but sadly nothing came to be...

When I hit the 3 or 4th grade I finally decided to stop hiding and fight my own battles of crushes. There was this boy and I remember I liked him a lot, so I decided to tell his girl best friend well... she wasn't too pleased to hear this and when she found out she admitted that she had a crush on him and told me he was all hers, let's just say I got chased to the bus by her and cried myself home. Now let me tell you that definitely wasn't the last heartbreak I was going to experience but I definitely thought it was. Not a very good happily ever after to my story but maybe yours went to plan. When I was in elementary school I had friends and was known to be a good girl. I went to class, dressed as any young adolescent should dress and always had the healthy snacks in my lunch (except sometimes I traded for the better ones). I can remember going to scholastic book fairs since kindergarten those were the best, I remember always being jealous of the other kids because they would get the cool cell phone erasers and stuff and all i would get was a novel book, and then everyone would use them in class and i would be the one stuck with a book. I don't know if you remember these books but dork diaries of a girl were one of my books, I used to always want a high school life like her even though hers didn't really go to plan and the boys in it were so dreamy, but unfortunately it went nothing like that but we will get to that later on. It's sad for me to look back and see how much I not only wish I could relive but how much I would change about me. I remember that when I was in elementary school I had a friend group. All of us girls were inseparable, except the one time we all planned to go into the talent show. We ended up doing it two years in a row, the first year didn't really go to plan.. We auditioned to sing the iCarly theme song in front of the whole school, now if you know iCarly i give you full praise because that was my childhood, back to the story we got in and the day we decided to perform in front of everyone, no one showed up and guess who ended up doing it in front of the whole school sounding like a weasel getting hit by a hammer and a seagull squawking at the same time.. Yep it was me who definitely got over the stage fright after that but also learned that i don't sing. Don't take this as a no to singing, it wasn't my talent but if you can sing, I encourage you to sing your heart out and just know I will be one person cheering you on, knowing you achieved your dreams. I had a good elementary life, it taught us how to be young, free spirited, and how to meet people and friends. I learned things that I know my kids can't learn because school is different now but if they could I would wish the world for that. The best memories were definitely in school and

the bad ones too but isn't that how life is? I remember gym class as well, that was the most fun we had. We had these little square scooters we used to roll around on being pulled by pool noodles until someone would bash into a wall or a person, or parachute day! Taking the full class and going underneath a parachute playing cat and mouse or making a big mushroom house, those memories I hope you can relate to me on. Those were the memories I can remember and cherish in heart, remembering the good times and the bad times combined. When I got to middle school or junior high as we called it things didn't get much easier, if you're reading this and you're still young or your in middle school I can say that the dreams of high school and growing up can be fun but it's not all rainbows and butterflies as we see in movies.

I remember being in grade six, I went through a pretty bad year of trying to find new friends especially being put in a new school, it wasn't easy putting myself out there and I can say I didn't have just one friend, I tried to be friendly to everyone but i wasn't popular and I wasn't fully liked because i was nerdy. It doesn't get easier, especially being an adult, we lose our friends from high school, life and we meet new people, but I can say don't lose hope because this world is filled with a billion people and there's friends to meet out there. In grade six I met people and I thought they were my rock and my world, my lifeline until I realized they weren't bringing my lifeline up but instead cutting it and giving me a different one. I'll get into this more down the line but I can say that these people may have made me happy and gave me friends but in the end I lost someone who I will never be able to get back, yes i needed to grow up but I wasn't changed for the better. I learnt a lot in grade six, not as much as my high school and college years but I learned how to be a popular girl. Looking back now I can say I wish I never did. If you're reading this and you really want to know what it's like to truly be the definition people may call as "popular" I'll tell you, because I wish I knew what it was before I involved myself in it. As a girl who never was liked I can say it came with benefits but the downsides overruled by far. People finally knew me and who I was. I could walk down the hall and people would smile at me and say my name and hi. I was invited to do things at lunch and got to hang out with the cool kids. I met "boys" and they actually talked to me. I know it all sounds wonderful but did I say I was also made fun of on a daily basis? Not everyone will always like you and that's okay, people may have their own opinions but I was made fun of and called names and all it did was drag me down as an individual at the same time I was being dragged up. I lost someone that sadly I will never be able to get back. I started to slowly lose myself and go downhill when I was in grade 6...

Finishing elementary school was easy, I met people, enjoyed my years as an adolescent and then eventually moved onto high school, which I can say didn't get much easier for me. I went to high school and in the beginning I didn't know what I was getting myself into until it was too late to go back. If you've experienced high school your year could have been better or worse than mine, and I can say I didn't have it as bad as most but I can say if I could I wish I could change it. I went to a brand new high school, mixed with people I knew and also people I didn't. My first year of high school wasn't terrible, I had my same friends as grade 6 and we were still inseparable and everything wasn't too bad. When I got to grade 10 everything started to go downhill, grades started to slip because I was in the wrong crowd, with the wrong people and doing the wrong things. I started to become more "popular" and one of the cool girls in school, wearing slutty crop tops every day and short tops (let me just say yes some people thought it was "hot" but most classified me as a skank and a slut so it wasn't honestly very worth it). I started to think I was gaining so much in life especially with boys starting to like "me" but then I realized it wasn't me they were liking at all they were liking someone I was pretending to be, someone who I was not. The rest of my high school did not get any easier. I got into a bad place after my twelfth grade and lost myself again. Surrounded myself with parties and bad people that made me into someone I wasn't. After I had months of struggling from a broken heart and going on a rampage of losing self-identity I came to the realization that I had to change. I don't know why you're reading this but if you ever have felt depressed or suicidal I know how it feels, I went through it every day for months standing on the edge of a bridge looking down at the ground but every time I turned away. I don't know what stopped me, maybe it was me or maybe it was something much more. There wasn't much that helped me get through these hard times, I tried so many counselors, keeping my feelings inside me, but the one thing that seemed to help control the pain

was writing. The letting go of yourself, having a pen hit the top of a page and ranting all your emotions, pain, feelings onto a page that isn't just within your heart. Not putting your emotions on someone else to make them hurt but instead a page that has no feelings, thoughts, emotions, and can't say anything back but give you a safe place that you need. I'm not the smartest person in the world, trust me I'm the farthest from that but I have experienced things that have taught me lessons, pain, hurt, and to heal. As much as it wasn't pleasant learning to heal, and expiring pain, I can now give my advice, my story, to others so they don't feel alone and to know that whatever hurts isn't permanent. I can't pour all my heart into one writing, it's a beginning point, an intro to me, to my story, to my ways I healed and to help someone on the same path.