The Flashback by Diana 5/18 CAC

When I was a little girl, I lived in El Salvador. My Grandma taught me right from wrong. My Grandpa taught me life skills I would use in the future. When my Grandma went with the angels, my Mom and I moved to America in hopes for a new beginning. When my Mom was pregnant with my little Sister, my Step-Dad took advantage of that moment and started molesting me and hurting me.

Two years later, my Mom found out. My Mom gave him a second chance. He kept hurting me, and molesting me. One year later, (Me, my Mom, and my Sister) went to my Aunt’s house in Georgia because my Mom found out that “we were doing stuff to each other.” (Me and my Step-Dad). I thought my Mom would leave my Step-Dad for good, but my Mom and Aunt made it seem like it was my fault. After three days, my Mom called my Step-Dad. My Mom told me to stop doing “those things” with my Step-Dad. I was enraged to think that my Mom would blame me for his actions.

Two years later, came another bundle of joy, my little Brother. I was happy, but that same year, my Mom found out again. And again, she framed me. At that time, I wanted to die more than ever. I know my Mom thought of me as a prostitute, but she let me stay. I told my Mom everything my Step-Dad was doing to me, she somewhat believed me, but she left it that.

            I wasn’t giving up. One morning my Step-Dad came into my room, and started groping me. He said that he was going to die soon and needed “this” and “that” from my body. I told my Mom, and she confronted my Step-Dad. But he told her a lie, that I was a prostitute and a whore. I got out a knife and was about to cut my wrist and cut myself. When I saw my siblings, I felt ashamed. I was reminded that they were still young, and that they needed me. My little Sister was young, but she knew that what I was about to do was wrong.

            My little Sister grabbed my hand and so did my little Brother. Dropping the knife, I ran, ran as fast as I could. But I came back home. My Mom acted like she was worried, and my Step-Dad was nowhere to be seen. The next morning, I got ready for school, hoping for a peaceful and calm school day. That quickly changed, when I was going back home from school. When I saw my Step-Dad’s truck, fear ran through me like a river and all I could think about was him hurting me. As I went closer to see if my Mom was in the truck, I didn’t see her. I rode my bike quickly back home to see my Mom.

            I told my Mom what happened again. She didn’t give my Step-Dad a second chance, but because my Step-Dad wanted the cowardly way out, he tried to commit suicide. I went to my room and started crying and laughing. I was confused and hurt. My Mom and I stopped him, but part of me wanted him to die and the other part of me wanted him to see the burden he caused his family.

            That night my Mom and Step-Dad were going to McDonald’s, so I was left alone. Being alone helped me collect my train of thoughts. I was debating whether to die or not. Part of me really wanted to die because of the life I went through. As I was debating whether to kill myself or not, there was a knock on my door. The police had come. I guess my Step-Dad saw the police car parked on our driveway, so he drove towards the park. Instead of my family coming home, only my Mom and my siblings came. My Mom told me that my Step-Dad fled. So, we explained to the Police Officer everything that happened during those seven years. Two days later, the Case Manager came and took me to Youth Haven.

            Five days later, my Case Manager took me to the Children’s Advocacy Center. When I was there, they performed a Medical Exam and interview. After I told them what happened, all the memories came flooding back and I was desperate to end my depression. The Children’s Advocacy Center then sent me to SalusCare. When I was at SalusCare I called my Mom and she told me that they took my siblings away from her. At that point in time, I felt so numb and empty. Then my other Case Manager, told me that I wasn’t allowed to see or speak to my Mom. Heartbroken, I had to go back to Youth Haven. While I was there, I felt frustrated and angry at the world; I was then transferred to Younity House and began to feel more comfortable.

            My overall Conclusion is that I’m still at Younity House, and I feel less stressed-out and more comfortable and happy. Though I had my ups and downs living there, some of the Staff helped me a lot. Now my Case Manager is working towards reunifying me and my Mom. I’ve learned to cope with my depression and to not judge people for what they appear to be, or for what you see them to be. I’ve learned a new generation of “the teens”. I also learned to live a year with out my Mom. My future hope is to become an Astronomer, and to be a CEO. My dream is to live a happy life with my Mom and siblings. I am thankful for still breathing, and for making the decision to choose life over death. I am also thankful to have seen my siblings grow up and to see the sunshine on their faces whenever they saw me and my Mom.