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Homeless Awareness Month Essay Contest

Written In Pen...

Everyday I wish I would die... but then I get to thinking and slowly realize... my life is precious. My life is bigger than any world or meal you can try to super size. I feel that no one is around to help me carry on but that's how it should be. No one should be spoiled and no one should have things waiting for them on hand and foot, but they do. While others get it rough, living out of bathrooms and sleeping in hallways, others are sipping champagne but claim... they're doing something for the world. Just because were not in a poor country doesn't mean we aren't poor. Faking half your life trying to be something you're not, but for what? To try to get something in return that will be faker than life... it is depressing because everyone claims they're different when really, they're not.

When I wake up the first thing I do is blink, and then I cry. I cry because God is keeping me in this world. I have no mother and I don't own a father, no. More like he doesn't own me because he scolds me for being me. I'm sixteen, I'm homeless and I get reminded of it constantly. All my life I've fought because I claimed to be something I'm not. I got abused just because my grandfathers' wife didn't like me. Not allowed outside or out my room, missing meals just because others hold grudges, missing out on my childhood because others have problems. But why pick me? Why beat me? Because I'm

the weak one. I'm the gay one. I'm the one that has good grades, but shouldn't that be a good thing? I'm the one no one talks about...so they claim.

One day I went to school and my guidance counselor called me down, and when I got there, it was two police man and three social workers waiting. I looked in the doorway and turned straight around. I didn't even know why they were there but just the fact of the matter scared me. My little sister went to school and told Crime Victims Center that my step-grandmother was going to kill me. She told them things I hid and things I never even knew she knew. She saved me because I was too scared to save myself. Everyday I thank her for it, but also I hate her for it. I loved my family although they beat me, and I loved my friends although they never believed me. The police came and took me out the house in February 2008. I sat in the police station for hours trying to keep my eyes open praying someone would answer their phone, but they didn't. I was told to look up my father's address and number by name but I had no name. I had no idea what his name could've been and I didn't want to think about it. When I found it I cried because I was scared but they made me go see him. The police officer told me it would be temporary but it became permanent. No one came to get me and no one came to visit me. My family abandoned me.

As of today, my fathers name is Geoff and he's a crack head and I hate him. I hate him because it's no ones fault but his own and he won't change his ways. Just because I hate him doesn't mean I don't love him because I do. It hurts badly because it's like he doesn't see me. He is a mechanic, and he has money to buy drugs, but not to buy me lunch. He has money for his crack buddies but no money for a coat, or no time to apply

for job but time to get high. He doesn't realize that everything he does affects the whole family. What will happen when my grandmother dies? Who will take care of my sister? Who'll give her the love she needs and wants? My father can barely take care of himself so how will he take care of others? No one thinks that far ahead.

But, you know family doesn't want you around when it's two days before Christmas and they tell you on the 26th you'll be shipped to Missouri, to live with your uncle who you haven't seen in years and you have no choice but to go. I'm still a child so I have to abide by my father's rules. They promise that you can come home if you don't like it but somehow everyone loses contact. So, in the back of your head you're screaming "Screw you!" Has that ever happened to you?

When it didn't work out living with my Uncle, I chose to leave his house rather than be miserable. That's what happened to me. I slept outside, sold drugs, man I even tried selling myself because I need the money. So, my ex-best friend became my only friend and her family took me in, putting my whole life on the line.

Now, it's October and it's four months since I've seen my uncle and if it wasn't for my friend, I'd be homeless. But, to me homeless doesn't mean you don't have a home. It's when you have one place to go and have no choices, can't make decisions and you feel like you hear no voices. When you feel you have to get high everyday to take the pain away and you'll do anything for money...but you're also stranded thirty hours away from your real family. When you can't be a kid or go to the movies or get your drivers licenses. Move into a new house with your new family because no one knows the truth and social security to me is considered stupid, and birth certificates just can't be found.

And every time you try to register for school someone handcuffs you like you're an animal when really all you want is education. While others laugh about your situation, in the back of your head you want to start an altercation, crying because you feel you have no hope. I cry because others watch me struggle and they see me fight but still no one cares.

So, when I wrote this essay I was skeptical that just maybe my writing wouldn't be good enough. My friends told me to just write from my heart and to say what was real and never hold back... and that's what I did. I took my journal and made it into a story, a story that needs to be heard. A story that gives me pride and says who I am, a story written in pen...quote after quote after quote.