

Hanna Jo Heil

English 3 6th Period

Ms. Feher

3 October 2019

I hope this is all a dream

Why is life so hard at the age of 14? When I was 14 it felt like my life was crashing down around me. But it wasn't always like that.

It all started around July 2017. My papa started acting abnormally unusual. He started getting moody and violent with my nana. That summer was the first time I ever heard a curse word come out of his mouth. It was probably the first clue I got that a lot of things were going to change with him.

Later on in October of that year we ended up going to Gatlinburg as a small trip. It was me, mom, nana, and papa that went. The whole time we were there things were rough between my nana and papa. One of the nights we were there all that me and my mom was able to hear is him yelling at my nana in the next room. It just broke my heart knowing my nana was being treated like that by him; but I didn't know exactly what to do about it except to sit there and listen to the yelling coming through the walls. For the rest of the time we were up there he mostly just stayed in their hotel room and never really came out.

From November 2017 till about February 2018 everything just exulcerated. He started calling my nana his "b*ch" and his "n*gger" and started spitting in her face while I was sitting there watching his every move. I sat there and saw it all. I watched and I did nothing about any

of it. Because what could I have done? I was too scared to say anything about let alone intervene. I was just hoping every time I saw those things going on that it was a nightmare and that I will wake up soon, but I never did.

On the 21st of March 2018 was when my whole world just came tumbling down around me. My mom picked me up to take me to church like any normal Wednesday night, but I knew something was different about this night, but I didn't know exactly what. I layed back in the passenger seat as I normally do, but it just didn't feel right that day. Halfway to church my mom turns down the radio and says, "I have something I need to talk to you about with nana and papa". My first initial thought was that she was going say one of them died or something along those lines, but what she said next hurt me more than I though was possible at the time. I answered her with a quiet "yes?". My heart raced as I waited for her response. She finally said, "your nana came home early today from taking care of grandmother, and when she pulled into the driveway there was a U-Haul truck halfway full. She went inside the house and there was his daughter Kim and his sister Sherley helping him pack his things, and they told nana that he is filing for a divorce." At that moment I felt like my heart dropped in my chest and shattered into a million pieces and all I could hear at the time was Burning House by Cam on the radio. It felt like my eyes just suddenly became rain clouds and the rain was my tears, big salty tears that wouldn't stop falling from my eyes.

On May 14th of 2018 I started therapy at Cedars Counseling in Murfreesboro. My first few sessions weren't my favorite thing, because all I did was cry for the whole hour I was there. I just couldn't even think of my papa without wanting to burst out in tears. It got to the point to where it affected me enough that I stopped eating for a month and a half and when I tried to eat all I did was throw it right back up. Just the smell of food sometimes made me sick. But I started missing

a lot of school just because of how my emotions were affecting me so badly. In the month and a half I wasn't eating I went from 115 lb to 93 lb.

In June of 2018 my therapist diagnosed me with social anxiety and depression. She proscribed me pills and they didn't help at all no matter the dosage. So she had me take CBD oil every day and it helped me a lot better than the pills ever did. But because my anxiety was so bad she recommended me to get an ESA or an emotional support animal, so in that November I got my ESA Poopsie to help me out. She has been a mess, but she has helped better than anything ever proscribed to me by a doctor.

In August of 2019 my therapist re-diagnosed me with severe social anxiety and PTSD. The times of the day affects me the most because it reminds me of things I would do with my papa when he was still around. But he's not anymore so what do I do now? I try my best to get through every day. I really do. I try my hardest to put on a fake smile and pretend to be happy every day. But all I can do when I get home is break down into tears from feeling rejected. I just sit and cry and question "why the h*ll am I still here? What is there to stay for?"