

Disclaimer: names have been changed in stories to protect identities

The Voice

What are you doing you weirdo? A voice echoes inside her head. A little girl sits on the floor practicing her stretches confused. Are you really going to eat all that? A little girl goes back for a second serving of food lowering her head in shame. She isn't big; she tries to smile through the pain; she just wants to be happy. The little girl comes home excited because she got an A on her test. Hastily, she runs to show it off and again the voice is there. "That's nice" it replies, and it doesn't even bother looking.

The little girl grows up she's now in middle school. The smile is now fading. She is told to smile more but has no reason to. The little girl tries to make friends the voice in her head asking her that very question. "Why don't you have any friends? You can't just read all day". But the voice doesn't see that they all leave.

The little girl tries to find love. She begins to believe that she is unworthy of love. The little girl is heartbroken every time. As she grows older she finds her first real boyfriend. She is told that she's bad at everything; she's too clingy. The little girl is confused; she begins to think the voices are right. Still she searches for love, she has faith that someone must love her. The voice tells her otherwise.

The little girl is now in college. The little girl tries again. "I've found someone!" she excitedly exclaims. The voice disagrees, "colored men aren't good partners." it tells her. "You'll never be happy." It echoes. Discouraged she gives up the voice is right; it's always right she thinks to herself.

The little girl looks for a job her smile is finally gone. There is no happiness left inside. The little girl walks sullenly to work. Then a voice perks up, a voice she'd never heard before. This one was kinder it made her laugh again The little girl felt safe with this new voice it became her new best friend. This new voice wasn't leaving her like the others.

While the old voice continued to try to break her the new one was stronger. She stopped listening for she could only hear one thing : “you are loved”, the new voice told her and she knew it was true. The little girl smiled again and this time it wasn’t going away. That voice was her mother and the little girl was me and I will never listen to that voice again.

Kitty Kitty

Kitty kitty where are you? Kitty kitty I can’t find you. I look over here I look over there. Kitty kitty I can’t find you anywhere. Kitty kitty you have to be here. Kitty kitty you didn’t just disappear. Are you in here I wonder? Under mom’s bed having a slumber? The door was left open. Could you have run in here I’m hoping?

I’m a curious child don’t you know? Kitty’s my friend and I’m only eight years old. You left the door open recklessly. You should’ve been more careful if you didn’t want me to see. Under the bed kitty was not. The closet maybe let’s give it a shot. Open the door carefully to see. When all of a sudden it gets slammed on me. That’s odd I wonder. Maybe I should pull harder.

So that’s exactly what I do because I need to get through. I’m a curious child what else could I do? Harder and harder I pulled on that door. Tighter and tighter it became, I was sure. Something was pulling on the closet door. A person was in there I saw on the floor. I didn’t get to see a face. A hairy chest was all I could place.

Scared I run out of my room. Mommy mommy there’s someone in your bedroom. Mommy runs inside to take a peek. What I didn’t know was she was being a sneak. She told that man to go under the bed. So she could pull me in and say it was all in my head. There is no one here darling. No need to fret my baby you see. Too much to process for my little head. I began to claim that I saw the dead. I could see ghosts I thought. That story with me I brought.

Seeing ghosts was so cool and creepy. Maybe I could be a medium, maybe that was the life for me. My mommy couldn't see anything. My minds eye was going crazy. Kitty kitty if you didn't run. This could've all been undone. All because I was looking for my kitty. This was the beginning of lies and feeling crazy. Kitty kitty I love you. Kitty kitty you helped me uncover the truth.

Crazy

Crazy. "Am I crazy?," I wonder to myself. I could've sworn I just saw someone watching me. My mother tells me it's nothing and that doesn't put me at ease. I've seen this face three times in my life and it still gives me the creeps. Scared. I am scared to be alone. The creaking and coughing are coming from next door. I don't know how to feel so I come up with a reason. Silly me it's just Bobby visiting. Numb. I am finally numb to these creaking worries. Now they have become my ghost stories.

Crazy. Crazy is what my mom calls me. She tells me I'm just seeing things. Crazy is how I begin to feel. "It must be true," I think, "how can it be real". Lies. My mother's been telling me lies. The truth is now in front of my eyes. Jail. The ghost goes to jail. His name is Will and he's going to hell. Afraid. I'm afraid for my life. He's coming back soon I won't be alright. Hurt. He's going to hurt me, I'm sure. He doesn't have to hide anymore. Hide. I need to hide, I need to escape. Something might happen if I don't evade.

Crazy. I'm not crazy anymore. My mom hid a criminal next door. Crazy is what my mom tells me I am. She loves him; he's just a friend. Creep. This man is a creep. He's not a friend when he can peep. Run. I pack up and run. Any place is better than home when home is not fun. Mad. My mom is mad at me. She tells me not to fear he won't hurt me. How else am I supposed to feel mommy? When you were the one who made me feel crazy.

Anxiety

TW: Self harm

Anxiety is not fun don't you agree? So why do you make fun of me? I've told you things that are private. But you love drama so you cause me to stay quiet. You tell me to "stop, what's wrong with you"? What's wrong with me is him and you. I'm hurting myself don't you know? Telling me to stop doesn't make it go. Why can't you just treat me like a daughter I've done nothing wrong? Instead I feel like Cinderella and you're the evil step-mom.

You tell me, "Say hi to this other face". But when I do, he laughs and I feel like a disgrace. You ask me "what's wrong" again and I tell you. It's anxiety mom what do I do? "You can't have anxiety you're such a fool". But mom my anxiety is from you and sometimes school. I hurt myself to make it feel better. It's soothing I like it what's the matter.

So what's it to you if I pull out my hair. It's not like you two even care. You laugh about my problems behind closed doors. You've told all your friend when my problems aren't yours. I think you like embarrassing me. As I said before you're a drama queen. Anxiety can't be fixed by just saying so. Anxiety is fixed when you two are dead in a hole.

Depression

TW: Self harm

Depression is not fun for anyone experiencing. Depression is not the same for everyone you see. Depression for me is baggy clothes. Eating chocolate and a runny nose. It could also be me not eating. Hoping that soon I stop breathing. Depression is being curled up in a ball. It's sitting on my bed staring at the wall. It's not being able to see your friend. It's not being able to hold them because they are dead.

Depression is lying awake for hours wondering to yourself. It's thoughts of suicide or ways you could lose some health. Depression is dark circles under your eyes. But you don't wear makeup, so you have nothing to hide. Depression tells you that you're ugly. You're fat and you have acne. Depression looks at all your flaws. You're so disgusting; you have so many scars. Do you see the marks on your body? Do you really think you're worthy?

Everyone leaves you know it's true. You're annoying who could love you? Depression doesn't just go away. When you get hurt it comes out to play. It's so welcoming with those comforting arms. You could end your life no one would be harmed. It's hard to get out once you climb in. Would anyone really notice you were missing? Depression is not easy for me. Depression is Satan waiting you see.