

Dear Agent,

I'm writing to seek representation for my first fantasy novel, Nevaeh, Nevaeh, of 2,600,000 words. Do not let this number give you pain. All books have been parted around 50,000 words.

I am Marcel Ray Duriez age 29, have *written a series*, seeking representation, holding the place as the new "Longest Novel" in the world, passing "Remembrance of Things Past".

Nevaeh contains exactly 13,342,069 characters (each letter counts as one character. Spaces are also counted, as one character each). 10,821,810 characters without spaces, 2,549,295 words, and 2,520,259 white spaces. Pages estimated with Nevaeh Novel in print at this time, 17,439. Paragraphs, 75,636. Duriez authored the first volume of his 74-volume masterpiece from 2012 to 2020.

Nevaeh- the thoughtful look of a young girl, facing pain as she bares her soul.

Nevaeh is a narrative in 'fantastical' magical realism that has a diverse cast, self-determination, mind, body, confidence, growth, plus mortality. Confident that you would be encouraged, in reading more in this multi-perceptive novel. A timeline involving storybooks tales of her thinking she is a fallen angel. Mixing the past remembrances of time. Dark magical purgatory-like an underworld of the afterlife.

Nevaeh's enemies, the four Amsel sisters will try to destroy her though-out all the books, as evil angels. Nevaeh has a hex of losing everyone she has loved- after her death as punishment. Nevaeh May Natalie was born in 1996, browbeaten by teachers, students delegated to be mental, nevertheless denoted to be brilliant. She was an outcast due to the human trafficking she was placed into at the age of four. Petite, ninety-five pounds having a high-pitched voice, despises school, furthermore her hometown.

I am a Novelist, illustrator of fiction, a supporter of helping youth with starting to read, and finding a voice. Ending human trafficking, in schools communities, and townships. End slur or slander to life, labeling with stigma, human identifications misunderstandings, give your voice's to youth. A disability dropping out of school or life is not a story's end that should be tolerated.

SYNOPSIS

The book opens with, Nevaeh is a 14-year-old girl living in Pennsylvania at the start of this story around the 2000s. On the darkest day of her human life, she commits suicide. Not the end of her life, but the start of supernatural life; and is remembered as the girl who existed. In her diaries as the world's longest novel.

She feels that death is a way out of the pain. Leading into an afterlife story of becoming a fallen angel. She's lost in her mind and the minds of others in this new afterlife.

Nevaeh the girl who endured the assembly of evil fallen angels who are fastened on destroying her. Nevaeh decides to put her personal life out and face death as the unknown.

Her classmates bully until she hangs from a tree outside her home looking into the eyes of the fallen angel.

Remembering the human tracking of yesterday and the behavior of a foster guardian self-absorbed in her fights with life by loathing Nevaeh for being alive, to the point of mental delusions.

Nevaeh was an outcast; due to the human trafficking, she was placed into at the age of 4. As she comes to grips with her destiny as the girl who existed.

Her involvement with Chiaz, her high school sweetheart grows tense, over her sister's interfering. She holds onto a teddy bear, feeling safe, thumb-sucker, and sad to be regressed in mentalities, to 2nd grade.

Nevaeh fancies Lily, before marriage as a sweetheart. Eight siblings, she remembers only by being lost in her memory moreover the remembered of times past, notwithstanding feels alone.

Meanwhile, she meets a mysterious girlfriend named Maiara Chenoa, Jaylynn Naztherth was born, the daughter of Nevaeh and Chiaz. Suicide death within her high school, losing a baby within her body.

Lily Anderson the girlfriend and undiscovered sibling in particular gloom regarding the world of being in houses of horrors moreover a town of hate. Nevaeh's twin sister, known for her pigtail's kids pulling them in class, and being too shy and soft-spoken. Mr. Anderson, take the part of dad. Is dating Nevaeh on and off as a gay girl.

Chiaz had a daughter with Nevaeh. The sentimental romantic boy- to man, coal mining to sustain his blossoming family. She has become the deity of her world and the goddess

of her castle and the enchanting land helps other girls pass away being the angel of death, into a world of purgatory of the equation as the wizardry world.

The Amsel's

Adriane, satanic, manipulating and brainwashes prey.

Sarah died by being placed in washing machines.

Alissa, has authority, control, and influence, in the society's ranking of a rheostat in the high school, having mom, dad, and grandpop behind every move of taking over.

Alissa, is a senior head cheerleader, A refusal to bow down to her authority, she does everything in her power, to make your life miserable; is constantly smothering Chiaz Naztherth, with her crazed oversexed clingy on Nevaeh's lover.

Ava, the takeover of all wicked, has a crush on Nevaeh, the fourteen-year-old curving object of desire.

Mother, Leah, worked for an orphanage as a harmful caregiver and her kids after Nevaeh's dad passed away.

Hope, who lost her son Benjamin in the World Trade Center on 9/11, took over the part of the mother for Nevaeh.

Grandpa Amsel had one daughter with Masel Amsel.

wartime Vietnam, town cop, human sex trafficker.

Masel, the owner of a sanitarium with a graveyard destroys children within the orphanage as the caretaker and trafficker of trust by the brainwashed town.

Titus, the stepdad, to Naddalin, in the afterlife.

Kristen's grandchild of Nevaeh becomes the new target she is kidnapped- and the hex is passed down running away she fights in the U.S. Marine Corps.

Karly Barnes, the girl with blue hair, a legacy of being nothing more than an internet nudist and cam girl. A secret life on a chat room self-love video site the loser in school is popular.

The kids in this story are broken mentally, emotionally psychologically, and spiritually and naked, the evenly Nevaeh went mad an ID tag-ring- hanging the privets as do all in the orphanage.

Noah and Rallie and Sam and friends set off on one last adventure to lay the princess's ghost to rest- the ghost of a girl who will not rest until the bone-china doll is buried in her unfilled grave.

Liv- and Maddie are the best friends, Jenny was the number one in Karly's life, Jenny's death by masturbating too much and feeling guilty about Karly's death.

In the town's old middle school now, and if there is a ghostly haunting, an adventure turns into a larger-than-life voyage.

Haven, was a boy changing into a girl thus transgender, placed into alternative education, over sexual identities.

She is held back in school, has a hard time fitting in until she meets three triplets.

Naddalin, an unknown sister, to Nevaeh misunderstand is a young girl who finds the link to the past, is a train that she succumbs to resorting, in all ways; that is just as possessed as she is by it.

The train takes over her body, mind, and soul, as she starts at fallen schooling in the world made by Nevaeh Skoufyceol Wizardry school for girls.

A hidden railway to a new world of good versus evil where all the girls that have passed too young go too before their reasoned; to their new projects to linger within other minds. A steam train enchants the neighborhood.

She has newfound confidence to stick up for herself, going as far as dating the most beautiful girl at the wizard school, and even as a mysteriously restored train 13 thoroughly and terrifyingly consumes every aspect of Naddalin life.

Marcella is a girl that is locked in a room made to write a novel; Anna Kindrick is kidnapped by the same man named Stephen King who claims to be her biggest fan.

Naddalin is Nevaeh lost to purgatory, all crystal balls hold a life's past.

Nevaeh becomes a deity of her world, letting go of past demons. Naddalin is now on her own- lost in the body of an Earthy girl named Melisa they find a love for each other, and trust over everything else when she is made the chosen one.

Melisa- the younger in the fight a modern-day holocaust.

Marcella had to find a new home on a planet, Earth was taken over by bots' impressions, the sun extinguished, all books were burnt.

Marry goes to interview the young entrepreneur, the inexperienced, innocent Marry is startled to comprehend she wants this man. The couple embarks on a daring, fervently corporeal affair.

A dystopian world the world's darkest enemy has returned, sacrificing love for freedom out essences of life to remain, curses, dark spells, and magic, memories- and minds withering.

The mission, Nevaeh and Naddalin have gone through countless lives and fought off the world's darkest enemies, so they could be together- and that they are, should they be, and keep humanity alive.

Zoey, a romance writer's legacy of a humble man who falls in love with a young girl, after moving to the U.S of A for Italy, Zoey touched my lives including the writers- with her scrapbook- that became timeless.

Softball team our young girls coming together for a summer to make life-lasting memories.

Martrace 'Hope' She finds a home with a teacher. In 1921- she was let in the back of the 1918 Buick and was forgotten, a gifted girl forced to put up with a crude, distant father and mother, the evil principal at her school is a terrifyingly strict bully. She realizes the power of books; she begins to defend her friends from the wrath of her unkind parents.

Bryana passed away from cancer at age of ten.

Savannah- A mermaid princess living in secret on land- on what was once Earth.

I am currently not working due to coved19, and this is my first novel. I look forward to writing further novels in the series.

I enclose the first three chapters and a synopsis. I hope you like what you see and look forward to hearing from you.

Yours,

Marcel Ray Duriez

Book: 1

A Book of Choices

Interval section 1

'Walking the Halls'

Preface: Have a voice:

'The power behind words and voices is substantial to life! I dedicated this book to all of you readers before you even read it, to understand- the book of misunderstandings for the misunderstood. To have a voice, when you were made not have one or told not to have one. Maybe if you are like me, trying to get your voice back this is the story you need. Nonetheless, let us not fail to remember all the voices, which will never speak again, for being rejected and misunderstood.'

'Yes, be that voice with this book, this book is for you, to speak up, and be heard.'

'Why?'

'So, there are no more lost and forgotten voices of life. This book is a stepping stone to abolish bullying altogether, along with your help; we can take that step forward, and forget about the past!'

'At this time, I would like you all to take a moment of silence, to remember someone, that is no longer with us. So, they are not forgotten.'

Preface:

'To understand, you must read between the lines of a story just like mine. My wronging if you do not read this book, is you'll find out fast that life is going to suck, and then you make the discovery, that you are going to die alone, and the hex- I have will now be on you.'

'At least that is what I thought; I thought I read, my story before it was written, and this note was the last thing that I was going to write. However, I never realized that there was so much more to life, which I did not appreciate. I came near a stone's throw away from the end. Yet I got additional unplanned lifespans. Yet, was the second chance what I needed?'

'Nevertheless, there were things that I concerned my mind with, which was not substantial to my existence.'

'If anything- learn from me. Try to do the virtuous things I did and not the mistakes I made. Though it is up to you to decide what was good or bad, it is what you feel and believe is morally right in your mind.'

'Yeah- I never really put any thought into what was going to happen to me someday, and the others that are part of my surroundings.'

'However, life goes on, and the existence of what was stands for nothing but- a memory of what you can and cannot have. If you are someone like me, but all I ever wanted was someone that appreciates me. They say life is free or is it. Do I want it- No- not really!'

'The existence of life...!' 'Is what I do not want to have anymore. There must be a way out of all this misery that I live in today? 'They say dying is easy, as well as lasting, and living is difficult and uncertain.' While- I am going to find out!'

'I guess life is all about what you want, need, and love.'

'Likewise, existing in life comes down to what you cannot have in it.'

'All I have to say is don't let anyone or anything pin you down, and make you less than whom you are. Always be whom you were meant to be, regardless of what they say... because who in the hell are they!'

'My story- is somewhat graphic at times, just like looking into a black and white photo of the past in a scrapbook. All the color in it washes away over time, one way or another. Besides all that is left is still frames that keep on fading, and distorting.'

'On the morning I was scheduled to die, I saw my life as if I had lived it to its whole. Oh, the captivating angel beamed lovingly as she roamed forward help me hang myself, a part of me felt death, and other parts of my mind, body, and soul felt as if it would never dye.'

Chapter: 1

First Visions of Emotions

(The very next day)

'I am enduring will standing alone bare and yes, I am completely naked to the world outside. So, unprotected by the atmosphere above and around me, so unlike- the day, I was born into this hellish world.'

'My life was not always like this! Still as of now, I stand trembling on top of this cruel land, which I call my hereditary land or my hometown.'

'Some still call me by my name, and that is 'Nevaeh May Natalie.'

'Some of the others, like the kids I go to school with in this land, have other titles for me.'

'However, you can identify me by the name of 'Nevaeh.' That is if you want to.'

'I do not think that even matters to you, my name is... it has been replaced and it is not significant anymore. Nor does my name matter to anyone out there for miles around. At least that is the way it seems to me, standing here now as I see the bus come to take me there.'

'Names or not said to me, 'I feel alone!' I whispered to myself.'

'It is like I am living a dream. I didn't think my nightmare of orgasmic, tragic, and drizzling emotions pouring in my mind would last this long.'

('Class, faces, names, done.')

'It like a thunderstorm pounding in my brain, as it is today outside. I have come home from yet another day of hell that would be called- school to you.'

'I don't even go into the house until I have this restricting schoolgirl uniform torn off my body. I feel like my skin is crawling with bugs when it is on my figure.'

(Outside in the fields, next to the tracks)

'It's the middle- September and I am standing in the rain. It is so cold, so lonely, and so loveless! Additionally, this is not usual for me, I am always bare around my house, I have my reason you'll see.'

'The rain has been falling on me like knives ever since the moment, I got off the yellow bus.'

'A thunderbolt clattered, more resonant than anything ever heard previously.'

'All the rain is matting my long brown hair on me as it lies on my backside longer than most girls. Yet I am okay with that at last, I am free.'

(I have freedom)

'To a point! I still feel so trapped by all of them.'

'Ten or twenty minutes have now passed; I am still in the same very spot. Just letting water follow me down. I'm drenched!'

'I can feel the wetness as it lingers in my hair for a while, so unforgivably soaking my body even more as if sinking within me washing me clean.'

'Counting my sanctions, I feel satisfied in a way when I do feel it dropping offends my hair, as if 'God' is still in control of my life, even if I was sent to and damned to hell.'

'Like it is wiping away everything that happened to me today, away from the day of the past too.'

'The wetness is still running down the small of my back thirty minutes must have passed, and it is like my mind is off.'

'Currently, it follows the center point on my back. Then down in-between my petite butt cheeks. Water and bloodstream off my butt to the ground near the heels of my feet. I can feel as if that part of me is washed clean from the day that I had to go through.'

'Some of this shower is cascading off my little face, and it slowly collects on my little boobs, where it beads up and separates into two different watercourses down to my belly button.'

'I eyeball this, as it goes all the way down the front of me. It trickles down on me, to where it turns the color of light pink off my 'Girly Parts.' As they would never be the same.'

'Almost like a waterfall gushing in-between my legs at this moment at this time. Kissing, loving, and creasing me like, as my mud-covered toes, as I sink them in the dirt. My legs are so weakly holding me upright, after standing so long.'

'Ultimately, the pounding rains get more powerful. Making me fall to the ground with a soft thud, now covered by the clay. Where I will remain until I feel that I can get up and over what has transpired from the day of hell I had and what has happened to me. That's if I can, like if I can accept this all, as I look down at me. I feel the dropping rain is weeping for me, like 'God's tears, even after this I still believe in.'

'The pain triples within me also like the thoughts all at the same time, I start rolling around, like a pig in mud. I have the sensation like I have been ripped in two parts in my centered hips and vagina.'

'However, it is like it is all pounding down on me at once. I look, up to the sky, lying on my backside. It jostles me, the thought of what it is that I want to do... with myself to escape.'

'Even with all this rain. I feel that my vagina will surely never feel the same, or like it's clean again. It's all because of them!'

'No!' I scream.

'The rainwater can only wash away somewhat of what they have done to me. Never all of it... never- ever! It cannot wash away all my fears that I have. They have sucked my bean above the hole! Tugged on the hood, until I thought they would bite it off me completely. That is why I'm bleeding! Nevertheless, the school would not do anything about this, over I was the one that started it all; as the instigator.'

'They rubbed and touched me in all the places, yet this one the most. They ripped my black hole wide open, with their hateful fingernails and slashing teeth.'

'I cannot run away from them. They always find me! Always, I have nowhere to run or to hide!'

'I cannot stop them from fingering, stabbing, and sucking on me! My nipples are raw! They beat me up for enjoyment. Pledging with 'God' saying this has to stop. Yet it goes on every school day.'

'I must get away from them. I need to getaway! ('I just need to okay!') It is like these visions of what my life's existence about comes and goes away from me.' I see my life before I live it out in its entirety.'

'Sometimes, it's like I am black, I am not biased, bigoted, discriminatory, prejudiced, antiblack, and racist, let's get that clear; yet this is the category, I was placed in, as a girl owned by man, that think I should never do anything more than be something like a worker in a field, as a slave to pay back my debts to be who I am to them in their hate.'

'The air that is around me now, is making my slit labia skin hurt with burn and sting. Burning hotter than a flame, before snuffed out! I know how a candle feels, struggling not to be blown out by the rushing air, or being snuffed out.'

'It's like they have a new addiction and that is the hole in my body that makes me a lady.'

'Just if you are wondering, I put my teddy in my backpack right after getting off the bus, after getting hazed by having him. after all, he is very significant to me.'

'I walk over to my bookbag, and see him down in their look at me, and find my one pink notebook. I open it to that one page I penned, the one that I have dogeared. 'There it is!' I say as I rip it out, it recollects the day.'

'The paper is jagged and wet, but I have an adieu note in my hand. I made it earlier in school, at lunch, when I was sitting alone; on this wrinkled up pink notebook paper. The black ink is running like a watercolor all over all my trembling, quivering, shivering, and childlike penmanship handwriting. All it has on it are all words that need to be said, about my existence in life, not living! Decidedly not.'

'They're all there the notes the things, places, events, and even smalls, maybe spelled incorrectly, but there regardless, all have gone in this book of life I call- Sh-h as if making the most long-spun book in the world, with all my pages, are thick; all pasted, shoved and slammed

together, furthermore mismatched, yet all has been said, in my enchanting written long run-ons of memories, the way I fancy to remember.'

'I believe that like I am existing, not living! I have that down, as the first line of this page; next to all the doodles.'

'It is as if I have all these flashbacks, to the point it haunts me. Even at the strangest times, my mind drifts off, to dreamlike places.'

'It is all because of them!' I thought to myself, as I saw the note, and read it back to myself under my breath.'

'I have every right to be annoyed, feel disturbed, and scared. Why not record everything in a story, and hope not to sound too crazy, yet a little is okay.'

'Look at me! Now and close your eyes tightly. My mind is like- 'Yes, no, maybe...'
and what do you believe, and think? Yes, I have contradicted myself I care too much what you think of me as if damaged, by words, and wicked hands.'

'Now can you see me?' I believe, like, I can still see all of them, in the past and now, and maybe even you are judging me now.'

'I was never more like some of you: popular, accessible, attractive, and stylish and loved. Oppositely maybe you're like me, which fits into everything that category is- or oppositely is not.'

(I scream)

'Do you see my teardrops, that splash out of my blue eyes? Do you see everything I do? Do you see my brown hair that covers them and hides my true emotions in class? Do you even care? Do you feel what I felt right now? Can you feel my hurting insides? Nope, no one can feel that unless they exist!'

'Have you ever had to feel just like I do? Can you see my makeup mixing with my teardrops, as it all falls to the ground like my emotions, passions, and caring? If not you're just as heartless as them!'

'No one is born condemning another soul because of the sensuality of or skin or their background or their faith, it just seems that everything in my life is like trickling down my body, and away from me in every way imaginable.'

'As a result, the only thing I can do is get up and raise my hands to the heavens in the rain. While shouting the question- 'Why did you let this happen to me?'

'I hear that small voice in my head again it's a small whisper saying: 'End it! End it! As I was looking into the glow of the light of the envisioned angel of death.'

'I have nothing but my split thoughts rushing in my head. Like a screaming bolt of lightning cracking in the sky above me.'

'Hum, should I just end it all?' I mean I'm only fourteen years old. Though there is not one person around here for me. Not one which is going to miss me at all.'

'I proceeded to that gloomy conclusion a long time ago. I would not be remembered. Would anyone remember me? Would anyone care? I should end it all right now?'

'I reminisce about me clutching my uniform, and how I would achieve my departure. The same awful uniform that I tugged, unsnapped, and ripped off myself, an hour ago, I see it over there like it's staring me down with a glint of evil.'

'Calling out as it's lying in the mud. I crawl over on my hands and knees, grabbing my minor skirt away from the button-down top, pulling the tie out of the collar. To do what must be fulfilled obeyed.'

'Holding the tie in my small hands. I pause and glance at my fingernails, which are painted lime green with pink straps, knowing this would be the last time I will.'

"Curse them all!" I say, will make the undone dark blue tie into a noose, looping, twisting, and coiling it through itself making it snugger around my neck.'

'Notwithstanding that pain is nothing like what they put me through. Just like chivalry is dead, just like everything I do is mainly felonies attached, by trying to live.'

'Notwithstanding that pain is nothing like what they put me through. Just like chivalry is dead, just like everything I do is mainly felonies attached, by trying to live.'

'Nevertheless, if I was truly blessed by the holy water, from 'God,' then I am taking all the excrements that are in 'God' flush, with this rain shower as of this moment; as if it is only dumping on me.'

'At most inconsiderable with aforementioned, it's accomplished and finished speedy.'

'Forgetting, I also remember regarding that last fall, that I would relish my legacy, never thinking it would be my writing that would stand the test of time.'

'I have the belt and the tie around my collar attached to the angel oak tree, next to the swing the rope from the childhood swing.'

'Now with my eye one twitching, I hang above the girl by three feet. Death has found me.'

"Oh yes!" Ha, it would be my peace, tranquility at last, yet still, I did not know where I was going.'

'Certainly, I don't desire to hang myself, but at the same time, I did, the angel was right, after all, she knew me, and I loved her more than life, yes a girl.'

'The voices in my head are going away and the light is more vibrant.'

'I did not have a choice at duration, as if someone was thinking for me? Oh assuredly, I dangle!'

'The drawing of the monarch butterfly, the pointed star, the hand over my face, and my one blue eye in the tri, now litter the ground in my notes and drawings.'

'Yes, the ultra-freedom of tree branches above me, the hinging of the foliage, the sun cascading until night, to the shooting stars to the following daybreak.'

'This ancient tree is next to the rundown house, next to the tracks! The home of loneliness and it feels as empty inside as I did, yet it is not empty at all.'

Exceptional, I look here the next day, when I am found, some asked 'why?' And with 'she's too young.'

'Yet, it was good riddance in mocking me with a stigma, 'to have one less retard with disabilities on the streets, that we someday have to pay for with tax money that would molest our children, or creep on them, like a stocker, over not knowing better.'

'Nothing lost,' said the town, looking at me, along with 'just an unwanted expense, and waste of life and time; she was doing nothing but taking away from some child that wants to learn in their education.'

'All she wanted to be more attention, the sick freak.'

'I wanted to show them what hate looks like! And this is it, I did this mainly so that everyone from my school of hell, and ass hole of a town can see me up here in the tree naked and hanging, after all, I got the idea from them.'

'Dope out and kill yourself.' Their true words, not mine.'

'That way everyone, even here would be able to see me, with their own eyes.'

'One grave would not change a society's mentality of mind; I would be another left-behind.' Furthermore, like an art piece, they can see the wounds that they did to me; if they did not care maybe the outside world would out of this three-mile radius, from where I am at.'

Realizing all the gashes, which they gave me over time, and the ones, I give myself because of them. They all can look at me like this just art, and see it all, just like this, I see it every day when I look at my reflection anyways. They all can think- about what they have done to me.'

'However, I do not think they would care, and they didn't. Yet the world that would be another story, if they did see me hanging there bare, lifeless, and limp; this story would not have been said as a teen voice of hope.'

'I thought at that point, that I dyed at fourteen as a virgin, said, I know, yet that may not be true. When I was sure, by the girls bragging to me always, they were solely made women around and near the time they all turned the age of twelve.'

'As a girl, you are letting out part of your body to a boy, and most young men don't get this, and trusting them of letting you start the gift of life.'

'Remember you do not need to get knocked up at any age, you girls have contraceptives, as they did.'

'You have to lie there spread, to make a baby; even I know that. Yet that is why we have a marriage, before getting it on, a commitment of you being your daddy possession still virgin with his name until you now have given to a man for 25 dollars to only now be taking your new loves last name and his hard loving, as he claims you as his possession, yet he should keep you for all that understanding.'

'They have no emotions for me in their pea-brained minds, to feel anything. I ask- can you grasp me like a hug; can you feel me, as I feel now? Can you get the impression of me hanging there, all by myself, have you been there? I am so lonesome and afraid!'

'I wanted to be like them, to be plagued pretty and guilty in the ah of such surrender.'

'You know, I do feel as if I would be better off being dead! Don't you think so too? I know you do. How did I let things get so out of hand? Or did I? Is this all meant to be? Really... I don't know?'

'I just do not know what to believe anymore. I swung through the air and plunged as I jumped off the branch. I arranged it right!'

'Simply, like I planned this, as it was said. One way or another, I never come to my senses. I never got loose from the noose, on my tree next to my child-like swing. I know that I was dead and everything, yet something happened to me like the day rewound, to that moment, of the big fall, of me falling. Yet this time, I slipped out of the tie, and fall hard to the ground below, as if I was, I was still yet not alive the day of the attempted suicide.'

'That is when, I walked into the home as if I would have like any other day, with my head down, going to take a bath and get ready for supper, with guardian Hope. Plus went up to the steps up to my room dripping wet my braindead mind puzzled.'

'My sweet brown shaggy teddy bear was the only thing I grabbed covering my body from dinner, then I went into my room. My pink nighty top on my bed from the night before. Truly, I did not care about my nakedness anymore; after all, I am wild, continuous, unbroken, and untamed.'

'Moderate retardation books,' said Hope when she picked them up under her breath, showing them back into the unzipped backpack.

'I feel so weird, like never before; I sat stark naked in my bed soaking wet, rocking hoping for nightfall to come. to see if the next day I would have to go to school.'

'How? I don't know. Just like fast-forwarding it will only dawn another day. That's going to repeat all the hell ones more, I'm just sure of that.'

'Previously this is my question, I asked myself, as I am laying in my bed holding onto my teddy bear far too tightly. 'Is it me who is the problem, or the ones that are all around me?''

I answer myself- 'I know that there is not one person on this planet, who truly cares if I am even here or not.' Oh, 'God' - 'Why does my life have to be like this?'

'I do not think I can take any more of living in this town or going to this school!'

Part: 2

'The PEOPLE, SCHOOL, EVERYONE, and EVERYTHING is so FAKE AND GAY.'

'I shrieked, at the top of my voice fingers outspread and frozen in fear, unlike ever before in my young life; being the gentle, sweet, and shy girl that I am.'

'Besides always too timid to have a voice, to stand up for me, and forced not to, by masters.'

Amidst my thoughts racing ridiculously, 'I feel that it is all just another way for the 'SOCIETY' to make me feel inferior, they think, they are so 'SUPERIOR' to me, and who I am to them.'

'Nonetheless, every day of my life, I have felt like I have been drowning in a pool, with weights attached to my ankles.'

'Like, of course, there is no way for me to escape the chains that are holding me down.'

'The one and only person, that holds the key to my freedom: WILL NEVER LET ME GO! It's like there is within me, and has been deep inside me!'

'I now live in this small dull town for too damn long. It is an UNSYMPATHETIC, obscure, lonely, totally depressed, and depressing place, for any teenage girl to be, most definitely if you're a girl like me.'

'All these streets surrounding me are covered with filth, and born in the hills of middle western Pennsylvania mentalities of slow-talking and deep heritages, and beliefs, that don't operate me as a soul lost and lingering within the streets and halls.'

'My old town was ultimately left behind when the municipality neighboring made the alterations to the main roads; just to save five minutes of commuting, through this countryside village. Now my town sits on one side of that highway.'

'Just like a dead carcass to the rest of the world, which rushes by. What is sullen about this is that it is a historic town, with some immeasurable old monuments, and landmarks.'

'However, the others I see downright neglect what is here, just like me, it seems. Other than me, no one cares. Yet I care about all the little things.'

'I am so attached to all these trivial things as if they are a part of me. It disheartens me to see anything go away from me.'

'It's a community where the litter blows and bisects the road, like the tumble-wheats of the yore of times past.'

'Furthermore, if you do not look where you are going, you will fall in our trip, in one of the many potholes or heaved up bumps in the pavement, or have an evacuated structure masonry descending on your head.'

'Merely one foolproof way of simplifying the appearance of this ghost town.'

'There are still some reminders of the glory days when you glance around.'

'Like the town clock, that is evaporated black that has chipped enamel; it seems that it is always missing a few light bulbs.'

'The timepiece only has time pointing hands on the one side, and it nevermore shows the right time of day.'

'The same can be assumed for the neon signs on the mom-and-pop shops, which flicker at night as if they're in agonizing PAIN.'

'Why? To me is a question that is asked frequently.'

'It is all over negligence!'

'I get the sense and feeling most of the time, as they must prepare when looking around here at night.'

'The streetlamps do not all work, as they should. The glass in them is cracked.'

'The parking meters are always jammed, or just completely broken off their posts altogether.'

'The same can be said, for the town sign that titles this area. It is not even here anymore, as it should be now moved to the town square or shortage of a park.'

'The town is nameless, yet not it lost their valid names, but the post is all that is left behind. Yet, I call this town- 'McAnulty' or 'The Land of Many Steeples,' as I like to call it.'

'Simply look around from a high place, you'll see why.'

'The red brick roads have been covered over yet not all, along with the tram tracks underneath.'

'Now covered over with lumpy tar patches. I think it stripped away the beauty of the postcard former boom town.'

'Don't you think so?'

'I mean just look at the plywood that is covering over the windows of: 'The Bayard Hotel.' It seems like every other building is falling around me, and made into a parking lot, ran over and pressed down and forgotten to time.'

'No one cares, that it is happening. Yes, falling apart just like me!'

'Yeah, I have no postcard envy- about this place, yet was once a postcard town!'

'Sometimes, I walk along the railroad tracks. Which goes throughout this land, which truly has been forgotten about. Back to my home 'The Dwelling of Lost and Lonely Dreams,' as I call yet others would call this the estate, of my caretaker.'

'This is one of the places that consume me every moment of every day when I am not sitting in the hellhole- alias I give to going to high school.'

'Yes, that is what I call the establishment, the hellhole! Here in this rural town, I sometimes do not think there is intelligent life, most are red-nick, gypsy trach, brainwashed farm-like simpleton's, that forget they fall off a boat too to be here, locked in redwing- catholic purgatories nevertheless still thinking their good Christians and people, blasting their guns into Outerspace, and showing flags of demanding hate and selecting foes, when you are the bad one, for think you can't be anything more than the same shade of gray, into Outerspace when you are the bad one.'

'Why do I think this? I lived it!'

'Will because the only thoughts that go on in their minds are who is going out with whom, or media, evidence more signs.

'And the simple questions of- With. Who? What. When. And Were. Including with whom, of what is 'sucking' or 'freaking.'

'In my age group, it seems all they want to know is if they are dating, faking, or taken. Like, sucking face, sucking off, sucking on, sucking it, sucking at it, freaked up, freaked off, freaking up or even up freaked.'

'As well as if, they are gay, straight or whom they're making a baby- without making the baby, with some boy, they never know. for some this is okay and others not.'

'I like to say that this sweet old town has become more like a wild habitation over time of animals.'

'Where the guy's faces look as if smashed by a frying pan and have not made caveman standards, a place- where the libido is the only part of the brain that is not dead. 'Where the dresses, toilettes go up, the pants, panties go down, and everything goes in the HOLE.'

'You know what I mean right? You can't have a girlfriend or your gay, where you can't talk to a boy or you're laying him, or taking him away, or have a friend or a buddy over paranoia.'

'Where seeing someone your age is harassment, and you'll never- ever know them, or its stocking, and touching a hand is now statutory rape.'

'It is an inhabitant or natural selection; everyone knows your name or your slur replacing it.'

'However, they all do not even care if you exist in life at all. 'Turley, I have my coffin color chosen now.'

'It's occupant's main concerns in their existence of life are the status updates, they are getting from everyone they think they know, on their cell phones, laptops, and other networking connections.'

'All these kids have to contend one way or another. It is like the most important part of their day- surely it is. As for me, I thought I could care less about what other people SAY, DO, and THINK.'

'That I am my person... that does her own thing to get agents the normal, yet I was never-ever normal.'

'I will not let any devices roll my life.'

'That this is the problem with my generation. Like they have their heads up their ASS as if it is a top hat, and they cannot see what is going on around them.'

(I wanted so hard to be just like them.)

'Nevertheless, they are not seeing what they need to see.'

'Stop being so naive about what is going on all around you!'

(I understand this now, I didn't them.)

Here are some things I see on weekdays in my week. These days consist of me having to ride on these disgusting yellow school buses, with their STICKY FLOORS and RIPPED UP SEATS while having everyone; staring at me with simple smiles on his or her faces, the bus is transporting all of us to the hellhole of a school.'

'Oh my, I have to endure this every day, other than Saturday and Sunday.'

'This is my existence in life?'

'It is all repetition constantly.'

~*~

'It is, Saturday, I am in my room like most of the day I am working around the house helping out, what I can.'

'Then it ends...'

'Sunday, it is going to church- not loving the idea, yet I demanded to go, homework; shower earlier than on other days, and off to bed early at 8 P.M.'

'Like the day before it ends.'

'About that time every night, that is when I put on my favorite pink nighty, which I remove when I am under my cozy bed covers and comforter.'

'Always making sure, I am with my teddy bear and naturally, I am safe from all of them at least until morning comes.'

(Daybreak Monday morning)

'The lights flash on the bus, and I swear the faces are pressed agents, the windows looking at me as if I am gifted and soon to be bleeding offering to the bullies.'

'Then when on the school bus, I sit and watch these poor innocent kids like me, as they are harassed myself included in it all, yes picked on constantly; as if they are reigning towers over us like the four sisters that live up the way from me, we are their victims on the bus and at school.'

'They smash our faces into the crud-covered floor until the words no longer hurt.'

'With the higher authority bus drivers and teachers of trust are doing nothing to STOP what is going on with us, most of the time they're just as corrupt. Yet it is mostly me that is in the line of their rage.'

'They are the higher authority, in this case, the bus driver, she chooses to look away! Then after the fact, at school, they ask these feeble-minded questions.'

'What did you do?'

-And-

'Why are you there then?'

-And-

'Leave them strictly alone.'

'No explanations on my part stand, they already know- I was the bad girl.' This is said, with a hand in my little face; like do not speak.

'Why should it matter... what we did or did not do when we did nothing wrong?'

'No one is guiltless.'

'If there is BLOOD, and my tears, and the teddy bear that makes me feel safe, and pencils and books falling onto the floor it really should not matter either way.'

'Am I right- I think so? Then again, I have the development of a girl that is seven years of age, so they say.'

'You know I believe, most of the time, I along with some others we do not do anything to provoke the persistent bullying; in which we all tolerate.'

'It is just so upsetting to me; knowing that I cannot do anything to stop what is going on, and all I can do is squeeze my teddy bear in a strong hugging embrace.'

'Why? Because- If I would help them or even try to help myself... then, like I would have to endure more things that they do even more than I do already.'

'I have enough shit to deal with; I do not need it anymore. I just keep silent. Furthermore- 'What can I do?' You know, I have come to the realization there is nothing I can do.'

'Exceptionally if you are a girl or miss just like me.'

'I do not have the ranking or the power to do what most would be able to do.'

'Do you comprehend what I am telling you or no? I have come to believe that if you comfort others you get nothing but grief, depression, sadness, anxiety, and pain.'

'Sorrowfully, I have discovered this one thing the hard way!'

'Like most lessons in my life, not always by choice either.'

'Don't me not forget to mention, if you help or try to care about someone that is bullied that is way down on the crap list, you help then you are going down with him or her like the 'Titanic' you know the ship hitting an iceberg thing, and you know that you do not have a lifeboat or a way out, once you start going down with it.'

'I am observantly at the lowest point, you see. I am so low, down on the list, that in the ranking levels of notoriety, I will never receive back up. It is all part of life's vicious circle of suffering, agony, misery, and torment.'

'That makes them feel more attractive, stylish, fashionable, and popular, and satisfied in their life, I presume. I do try to find within everyone peace all the things that make them all of those things.'

'I try to love them for who they are, and not what they are.'

'I do, I care about every person.'

'I do try, but what has it gotten me... other than a broken heart.'

(At school just like every day or any day)

'At school, all these days, I have to sit in this hellhole! Where the only Independence, freedom, emancipation, and privilege I have would be the color, shade, and intensity, pattern, of my socks and the color, tone, and brightness of my fingernails.'

'I feel, and I am just like a uniformed little robot, overreacting at times, or like someone that has Dementia lost in bewilderment.'

'I have to sit here and do as they tell me to do. I cannot bloody stand this!'

'I want to uproot my long HAIR OUT, more than I do over tensions, strains, and struggles, with my fingers, while I am twirling it with my left hand; and tapping my fingers with the other as I fidget.'

'At the same time, out of anxiety biting on my fingernails on the right hand at times when not tapping the seconds away. All at the same time I am, being isolated in a 'STORAGE CLOSET' that they call a classroom for most of the day.'

'I ask why?'

'Why do I need to listen to all this mindlessness, and nonsense, rubbish, garbage, stupidity, and foolishness that WILL NOT have any purpose in my life at all!'

'Aw-gr! my hand's clinch.'

'My God, why?'

'This what I said, under my breath, it is a master's stroke proficiency of wonder to you that I am not retarded, backward, slow, special needs, yet you think that is so don't you.'

'Those that have said, being a high school freshman, are supposed to be the most fabulous, likewise most prominent years of your life. like, you know what they are wrong and unwise!'

'Being a fourteen-year-old girl, you have your ranking, your status, as a place in society, community, and culture.'

'For instance, you have your 'Preps, Jocks, and Nerds, Horny Bandies,' as you do in any school in the 'United States of America' what is so intriguing about me is that I do not seem to fit into any of these categories, or my I do and it did not seize me to mind?'

'I hypothesize that I am not snobby and stuck up enough to be in the preppy girl's group ever, or that stupid; yet not judging.'

'Um like, I know that shaking my ass along with pom-poms is just not my thing.'

'Neither do they want me to be around them doing all that, as I would? Not to say that I have not tried out to no avail.'

'Then there are these boys like alpha male chauvinistic pigs in a habitation of their own, lolling their loins, to all the damsels that will gaze, slang would call them 'Jocks' they are just a grouping of boys that have no life, other than sweaty stinky sports; and playing with balls others and their own.'

All they do is try to get with many different girls every night, and play patty cake in the day, like most in school do, instead of studying. 'You know what I mean, and I think you do.' 'That is GROSS... yes, is it not?'

(Your reply here, I'll wait.)

I well sit here incapacitated, damaged, and undermined in a catatonic state, as I am said to do by kids and teachers alike in class and at the school.'

'Nonetheless, I respect myself more than that, but it is getting harder to regardless. If that is what it takes to be popular, I do not want it.'

'These types of guys just are not worthy of me I suppose, yet I can help but wonder what it would be like to be under one, as all these girls have, and brag to me about experiencing, mocking, and rubbing it into my face.'

'The other girls can have them all they want, and you know they do, and I don't.'

'I miss out on it all!'

'Then lastly, 'Nerds and Horny Bandies;' a tragic and pathetic group of creatures that are so misunderstood. Yet still, higher up than me.'

'Really through no fault of their own there just horndog creeps. Most of the time, it is just the way they all are- like being gay, and not what they choose to be. Just like most of us out there, I get it.'

'You know I am not even on that list either, maybe it is over asexuality I have.'

'As for me- and my category, I would have to say that I am in the 'Rejected classification- or as I like to say equals (=) part of the (LGBT) lesbian, gay, bisexual, and transgender (often used to encompass any sexual orientations or gender identities that do not correspond to heterosexual norms.) I am misunderstood,' 'Reject, know to me as and (=)' ...and over is what they call 'SPED.' (Special Education) without needing to be it is all over not having a voice as being a child, and as a child I am overruled.'

1. 'One who attends special education classes.'
2. 'The special education program.'
3. 'An insult used when someone does something stupid.'
4. 'She is a sped.'
5. 'Nevaeh you are such a sped.'
6. 'No one will date you or give you a job you're sped, and braindead.'

(You got it, don't run away, I have more to say.)

'Still, I do not want anybody's pity, yet I am not going to get it anyways.'

'I just want RESPECT!'

'That is just something I cannot have been in this unwanted grouping. Being in this rejected category is not always pleasant as you can see. I have learned to adapt and overcome life's many difficulties up to now at least.'

'I have learned that some people can do harmful and heinous things to others, yet they prosper. Then someone like me has to SUFFER through it all.'

'It eats at you over time, 'people are fake anger and frustration will eat at you like cancer. Until it kills you, or they do within you!'

'When I look back at everything in my past, the whole image comes into focus.'

'Yet this is the way I want to see this, over I believe.'

'I believe that revenge is not the answer, everyone gets a turn to face justice. It is just a matter of time.'

'They, kids, educators, and physicians, will get there. Those who speak tales will pay profoundly for their slanderous phrasing, I will make sure of that.'

'All the individuals who talk crap behind your back and put on a front for others. they think they are deceiving you, yet I know who they are.'

'Then again, you know what they have been saying. They may be fooling everyone, yet they're not fooling me.'

'I have been living under their false rumors all my life, it has been questionable just why I have.'

'Simply never this serious; in the past, I have triumphantly prospered, in having pieces of information held in my little brain on my part helping myself for the most part, in understanding the hex on my life.'

'I have not done anything to any person; I just really want to help people and to get to know them, that's all.' Yet I do not think that is happening anytime soon.'

'Although I can't have friends, others won't let me.'

'I know who they are that stop me from having a life, as well as I, know all the lies that they have been saying about me.'

'Although I know something that everyone else doesn't know in this town. Individuals like them are pathetic for destroying innocent lives like mine.'

'Those people need to get lives of their own! Why so that girls like me can have ours.'

'The entireties that are saying this slander needs to stop and think about their actions before they write or communicate lies.'

'Just remember you think it is thrilling now, but you will have consequences to face before it is all said and done.'

'That everything you do may come back and haunt you forever!'

Chapter: 2

Natural Life

'Call me 'Ms. Natalie.'

'I was born into this insignificant little town on a warm summer's day in 1995, so the story would go on what I know.'

Nevertheless, I thought, what more picture-perfect way for me to start my story about me, than with the beginnings of my life. I am no one special just made to be for all the wrong reasons. Don't understand you will.'

'I kind of remember being ripped out into the realities of the world, with my fingernails tearing gashes into my mother's birthing walls like a wild cat's claws. Naturally, I guess, from the day of conception, my goal was to see the light; I was always rushing towards the enlightenment from day one.'

'It is amusing, how when you are being pushed out of the womb. You go for wisdom, and you see the world for the first time; the information is slowly tunneling in front of you. Yet all your life you wish that you were back in there, not knowing.'

'Just to think that a small opening is what starts all forms of creation in life, and what the sisters want from me. Most around here know that I am their target, and Ava wants me, Lily is the only thing that is the only good about life. No- to them, it is not about the life that comes from this; it is just getting a thrill.'

'It is more like the thrill of just doing it and doing it. I am sure that is fun, and that too, but I want something more to come of it all. I want to love and feel the love!'

'Meanwhile, when I was being born, I do recall seeing all these faces, and it like I was there from other views of perspective for the first time, and that was when I made the bond with my father. The first time he held me in his arms. I could see it, yet was it all just more lies? Everything about my life was lies.'

'He cut my umbilical cord, and that was the promise that will never die.'

'I was his girl forever, he said. What intrigues me is when you die you see the same light. If you are like me, then you are wishing that you would see that light for the last time.'

'I was a premature baby, a plan to be, yet that was not why I was where I was in school; there was nothing wrong with my brain. No trauma to my mind, body, and spirit.'

'While she was carrying me inside of her, it would be a wonder. if they were not right, that something would be wrong. My mother smoked three packs of cigarettes a day and was on drugs, more drugs than they think, I should be on, like a happy pill of Ritalin or off the street like my profile would suggest, as others in my classes are of childish aesthetics.'

'While she was carrying me inside of her, she was not considering me. I can see how stereotypes could happen, my mother was third-class white trash, and my dad was second-class wealthy.'

'I hope that I kick her in there, so hard that one of her boobs would have smacked her in the face. For being irresponsible that is why. I am a very loving girl; however, she would have deserved that! As far as my mother goes, she did nothing but give childbirth to me.'

'Of course, I was the product of two people that were not married. They were not truly in love. I guess I was in an accident, which just happened one night in a random sex session in some random place. My mother always had a way of getting what she wanted.'

'My parents lived together, but they were never truly happy together. The makeups after the fighting are what kept their union going for them.'

'A relationship of lust only, not love, and they surely were not in love with one another. I would say that they were just friends with benefits. It was an unplanned event that just seemed to come to pass.'

'Nonetheless, my parents were pleasantly surprised to find out that I was a baby girl and their first child together when they went for an ultrasound.'

'Mainly since they thought that they were being, so careful every time they did it, guess not! I still have my birth card with my little footprints on it.'

'Sure, they were a young couple; my mother was fifteen the first time she got pregnant with my step-sister and somewhat older with the others.'

'My dad was thirty years of age when he first hooked up with my mother.'

'My mom's name is Leah, she looks like me yet, I am fairer skin toned than she is; I am just country white or so they say that in a way that is backward to me. I guess it is just what is in my blood, just part of my inheritance, which I got.'

'The one good thing, I got is her eyes, they are the same as mine, and her hair long and the same shade of color as mine too. Yet I have my dad's personality, thankfully, and his big loving smile, which seemed to sparkle down at me.'

'She was the fifth teen at the time she had me. They even had to stop her labor. Since I wanted to pop out too soon, yet I did anyway. Mom is a smaller woman, so I would say I was cumbersome for her at her last stages, yeah- I guess that is why I am smaller maybe. I would have to say that, I brought them together, mom and dad; if only for a little while at least.'

'On the day of my birth, my mother looked into my eyes and said, 'she is just like a piece of heaven.' Therefore, at that moment, that is how I became 'Nevaeh' heaven spelled backward. My dad said yes-a a heavenly baby let's, spell it in reverse, and that can be her first name.'

'My mom said- weakly while trying to draw in a breath, through her nose; after being worn out from pushing. While I was placed on her chest, I was clamped down on her, drinking the ever so needed milk from her nipple, I needed to get the much-needed nourishment from her breast milk because I was so frail! At the same time, she said- yes- yes, she whispered.'

'That is completely fine with me, I like that name for her. Look at her go- 'Isn't she cute,' said- my dad, 'Yes' said my mom, and 'cute is the word for her.'

'So, having a unique name, everybody seems to know you. Besides, know where you are from, and they think, that they know what you are all about; from who your parents are and where they live.'

'Names are just one of those things that I have learned to deal with throughout my life.' I am not saying that I do not enjoy my name- I do.'

'However, my name is kind of a motto for my whole life. It seems that everything I have done has been a struggle and has been all ass-backward. I have always taken one step forward and taken ten steps backward.'

'Consequently, that has been my existence at the starting of my life too, and that set the tone for most of my life up to this point, as you could have assumed.'

'My mother was an unemployed person around that time, who cared more about her social life, than anything else in her life at that time. It was not long after me coming home everything fell apart.'

'Yes, that included me too. Although, at this time, she had everybody fold thinking that she was the 'IDEAL' young mother. She had children from her previous engagements to men whom she did not truly love.'

'They all just used her, and they knew that she had to put up with their shit because she had no means of establishment in her life. I predict she was addicted to their ways of life.'

'My mom only had an eighth-grade education, seven more than what I have now as a freshman; I guess you do not need to have a diploma just to know how to reproduce.'

'You just have to lay there; it does not take much effort at all. That kind of work in my mother's eyes was the ideal job that fit her criteria. She knew how to do it well. Besides, some kids do not let me forget about it either. I cannot choose my mother- what can I say?'

'My father's name is Ray Jay; he decided to take my mom off the crud-covered streets in 1994. He treated her like a little princess. I mean anything this girl wanted he would get it for her if he could.'

'That was one fatal mistake he made. Then again, on the other hand, I would not be here, if it would not have been for these events that took place. So maybe it was meant to be, or maybe things would have been so different without me? I guess it is worth thinking about.'

'Daddy is remembered for his unique sense of style, and expression in his joking personality. He was always wearing cowboy boots, and leather jackets, along with having silver chains hanging from his blue jeans.'

'He always had long hair for the duration of his life. I can still envision in my mind what he looked like when I was a baby and a young toddler. I SO WISH, he was with me.'

'However, he passed away a long time ago. Nevertheless, it is as if I can still see his brown eyes looking down at me even though I was young at the time.'

'He was the one, the only one- that truly treasured me. I was his pride and joy- his little girl, and he made sure everyone knew it. Yet I was- ripped away from his clutching hands.'

'I somewhat remember that night he was mysteriously gone away from my life forever. Yet it is faint in the depths, and cobwebs in the back of my mind.'

As always, everything is covered up instead of having an investigation. They rolled his death and early end as a suicide. To them, it is all the same, just another dead person, decomposing on the bathroom floor.'

'My only question is how can someone that is right-handed pull the trigger of the pistol, with his left hand? How can the clumsy hand manage to do that, when their skills are on the other hand?'

'It had to be murder it was either my mother or my grandmother from her side, whom I never met! That is what I believe- yet not what the kids on the bus scream in my ears though. That everything I think is a tale of my brain damage.'

'They like to rub it in, that he is gone, and how he did it. I think I know who committed the crime, and I think you do too? I believe that he will not be her last victim either.'

'From what I know about the blood splatter on the walls, it clearly shows that somebody smashed his head into the bathtub. I was told that his skull was cracked. Furthermore, his eyelids were forced wide open, which gives the impression that he was in shock, and I think if you were holding a gun to your head, you would close your eyes.'

'The outcome of all of this was not a result of him falling naturally to the floor. With an intentional effort, here, there was too much momentum to it than just one last drop. The bullet was fired, by someone like my mother or my grandmother; I was sure of this!'

'You know it would have been hard for him to run because he was using walking canes at that time.'

'That was all a result of being crippled in a classic bike motorcycle accident, which happened sometime before I was born.'

'His last breath on earth was the beginnings of me living a silent life of misery.'

'Nonetheless, this was also mine too, at my death in less than five minutes, when we embraced for the first time; just past the gates to the beyond in the mixed the mists of soft clouds, yet come to find out, I would not be there long before, I would lose him again when I would learn what it means to fall.'

'Without having a father to comfort me, I had no one to stand up for me. Just like that, just like the same way the coroner took him away, he was gone!'

'All I have left is to look at is a gray stone in the graveyard, which calls out to me sometimes. Some nights in the past I would go and walk in the cemetery to see the stone looking

at me, yet it is cold and does not say much. It does not tell any stories; of who he was to anyone or me when it's my time, and all I got was five minutes.'

'Somehow, I feel closer to him being over his plot.'

'My mother Leah took advantage of all situations, as she knew that it would benefit her life. That was just the way it remained for her.'

'She was also the product of an unwed family. She was treated very carelessly as a child, locked in dog cages when bad, or so my faint memory recalls, an odd living hell with strange love.'

'Her father was known around town for being very loving, thinking he was still a cop for the town. Nonetheless, he was a molester, and really, I should already know this, has not remembered anything since the 'Vietnam War,' where all I get is a montage of baby-killing 1960's songs playing in my mind of 'Eve of Destruction,' and 'Running Through the Jungle;'

'Anyways, he was an affectionate person, he was always kissing, caressing, feeling, rubbing, stroking, licking, fingering, touching, and teasing, her and her sisters inappropriately.'

'This can mess a person up mentally, or so I accept as true, and they say I should know.'

'Like why, I still go to bed and fall asleep sucking my thumb, as I always did, all bunched up with teddy, and my blankie; like I always did and still do.'

'Besides that, is why I believe she could not love anybody? Why do you ask? She doesn't love herself, because of shame inside.'

'Her innocence was stripped away at a young age. Thus, she felt she had to give it all away to any man, in any way she could; just to make up for what they lost.'

'Her mother whom in my mind, I have not yet met, used to slap her around and was verbally and psychologically abusive to her. Saying things like she was nothing but a piece of shit to her; that she deserved everything that her father would do to her at night.'

'My assumption is that is why she treated me the same way, and all the mind direction, I have had could never take that away.'

'When you grow up in that kind of environment, that is what you know- and it becomes almost instinct to you.'

'I believe that all children are like a clay form, you mold them into what you want them to be and become.'

'I think!'

'Therefore, no wonder that is how she turned out everything is linked to responsibility.'

'I think!'

'You can either pass or fail!' Thus- 'I think that someone can only take so much before they crack. It is sad because generally, the persons that they turn on are the ones that cared about them the most.'

'My father was a well-liked man who cared about everyone, even individuals that he did not know, yet my mother not so much, or so my memories would hold.'

'Daddy tried to be the most trustworthy person that he could be. He was murdered without explanation they found his body; on the bathroom floor of my first home, somebody went and put a bullet through his left temple; on a cold night in December of 1996.'

'As I said, I was only a year old, and I lost the first person in my life that truly cared about me. The case to this present day is still undetermined in what indeed happened.'

'However, as I said, I feel that I know who committed this crime all at the hands of the mummy; and I know that this is why my life turned out the way it did thanks to her. There is only one person to blame for all this hatred, (HER,) for the torment, torture, and pain.'

'The person that- deceived us all, the mother, and my granny! After my father's death, my mother decided to skip town with me in her care.'

'I remember this one night. I would not say that I had what most would call an ideal situation of being raised. I was tossed into the environments of turmoil.'

'A dark gloomy situation, where you end up in ghetto-style homes with illegal actions, and situations that were just part of the everyday surroundings. This was part of my unordinary life at that time.'

'I remember one housing situation in particular in my childhood. It was a stormy night, and I was- locked into a dark bedroom in the house. I watched the lightning streak across the sky from the broken window-pane in which I was starting.'

'Like seeing all these raindrops going down the window panes like lonely teardrops, reminded me of my every emotion at that time, and times when I am sad. With lightning, it brightened my room for split instants.'

'Until I saw a silhouetted figure, it was my mother walking into the room, as she did many times or one of her crazed boyfriends of the night.'

'She threw me on the musky sheets of my bed and began strapping me down. I was stripped of any forms of dignity naked stark every night for a couple of years, as she was as a child.'

'She would always say, 'Be a good little girl.' 'Because your mother loves you.' All those nights, she was having guests over; I remember I could hear the headboard knocking on

my wall saying, 'suck me,' and would that rhyme, all night long. Yes, along with the sounds of her gagging, on all that too, if you must know.'

'I recall that one night she and he was so drunk and high in their minds, they did it in my room, cowgirl style I remember. Funny, yet said, and cheap, when you think about it, isn't it?'

'Anyways she did not want a child disturbing her from her arrangements and jobs that she did, that is why she dumped me up on things to knock me out. Yes, it is safe to say my mother was just like Casey Anthony's mom.'

'Thus, this was her solution to her little problem with me. Locking me into total isolation with no lights in closets, in my room, in the basement, in the attic, or outside chained, like a dog with all having no comforting sounds, with only the thoughts in my three-year-old mind to console me, as I ate from a dog dish.'

'This must have gotten around my teachers doing the same things.'

'I to this day remember being in that dark room, stripped down to my bed. I could not move, because of the ropes holding me down. In addition to the fact, even if I was able to escape that darkness of that room.'

'There was always a soda can between the doorknob, and frame, which would fall onto the floor; when the knob would be turned.'

'Consequently, they would know that I was escaping. If I was caught fleeing the room, I had to face the wrath of my mother's boyfriends, and there were many. All of them twisted in the head in their ways, and what they would do to us.'

'I remember one of my mother's boyfriends was named Rick Chino; he had issues and other things. He was abusive to all that were around his presence.'

'I recollect this one time in my memory. The boy, my mother's son did not do much of anything just being a free-spirited child as most five-year-olds are.'

'This kid had the worst punishment that I have ever witnessed in my life. I was not able to do anything to stop all of this from happening.'

'I evoke this as if it was yesterday. Devein, he was hanging their undresses upside down in his closet tied by his ankles he was house whipped, with his belt. He is screaming, with nobody to help him as mom placed his pissed underwear on his mouth until he passed out from the blood rushing to his head, saying to 'suck it, bedwetter.'

'Secondly, that was the time he hung around at my place... they chopped him up like all the others; they made a coffin as I watched, just like the others and I wondered if I would end up like the others.'

'I remember them saying most tauntingly... I could be next.'

'This could be you, Nevaeh!' Said, my mother.

'You think we like doing this?' The boyfriends.

'You're just bad kids!' Said the Grandmother, and Grandpa agreed. Grandpa calls Grandmother Big Muma, we kid all just called her 'Grand-bow.'

'All the evil faces hazed in my mind like if expunged.'

'The wooden handmade coffin, only about 3 feet long if that, was made crudely as they drained his blood by slashing his feet and hanging him from the children's swing set that was at the far end of the extensive field of gothic tombstones.'

'The swings were never used, the kids never outside, to play, the yards never used by us kids of over 200 orphans' kids, give or take they come and go fast.'

'The home, I call the '1890's Mountain House,' is large with many sprawling rooms, strange, eerie, hanging heavy air of death feeling; most of the home is dilapidated and can't even be used any longer, as it should be condemned, as you would go through the floor, or there would be more of an abundance of children, furthermore, the count of them would be much higher, I am sure.'

'An orphan, as I always felt like one, just like one of them made to be the same, as I observed, still having heartbeats the blood of nude children as it ran down the bodies, as if no longer wanted by them to live, as they made shallow graves for kids ages five up to fourteen years of age, at the grandma's property, where she has the orphanage the home for unwanted children, it was made known to me know as the 'Children Cemetery,' the land, and the home the, 'House of Horrors.'

'Where there are only crosses and tombstones marking the place of 1,000 children, if not more, with no name just identification numbers; just like mine, nonetheless this was the last time I saw that boy also in my life. I ask does anyone deserve that kind of punishment just for being a child?'

'Notwithstanding meriting death sentences, was the last quarrel; where the grown-ups would win.'

'Nevertheless, there was not a thing I could do. I had to sit back and watch as these children were being terrorized and slowly losing their lives all stripped-down bodies in my mind haunt, so many died by Saturday morning, after the killings, they would be lined up, next to the holes in the ground.'

'Just like the rejected unwanted, I ask the questions.'

- 'I ask would you marry or mate with a retard?'

(Yes or No)

- 'Would you work with a retard?'

(Yes or No)

- 'Would he be a retard?'

(Yes or No)

- 'Would you have kids with a retard, like when you grasp you would have retired youngsters?'

(Yes or No)

- 'Would you give a job to that retard?'

(Yes or No)

- 'Would you be-friend a retard?'

'Think the word 'RETARD' is offensive in a book to be called it every day at school by teachers and kids alike.'

'NO, to all, neither would I, over a misunderstanding, or believing the worst, so why-live, with the existence of being known as nothing more than that, yet I am just in denial they reply to me repeatedly day in and day out.'

'For being this, a retard, I was now the same as the rejected my mom and her family thought were wastes of life.'

'One of my Mother's forms of punishment was to insert a broken light bulb into a floor lamp and shock my step-siblings and our bare-skinned asses until we would beg for mercy. Or smack our butt's until we could not sit down the next day.'

'What we did that was so troubling to her is still now surmised.'

'Young girls ages five up to fourteen, they are screaming, crying, screeching, and shrieking, and peeing themselves, in anguish, sadness, grief, and anxiety, as she was shouting at all them including me.'

'See what I have to do to you-little whore,' as I saw all the girls in their room bed chambers in their beds. 'Your smart-ass c*nts wh*re's.'

'One girl was in a restraint jacket in now for a week without a bath or to go pee, for not consuming all her rations on her tray.'

'Do you see, Nevaeh there is more intelligent than you, are or will ever be, this should be you, yet I have to do this to them over having you!'

'My mother would abuse all the young sweet and innocent girls in the orphanage nightly, as she did her shift, for \$1.44 an hour for her mother, and I was there to see to build the said creature.'

'This is why, I am a drug dealer too, said, my teachers over my demographic in my small town, or simple-minded ways, even my 'Teacher Support Teacher' would say the same in her notebook of recording my every blink in the needs classroom, yet I still ask if she would like to whip my vagina after, I pee over I am not able on my own.'

'This is why kids take guns and spray for fame, yet I am not violent.'

'This is why kids are taking rifles and spraying for fame, they have nothing to lose, yet I am not violent, and I have seen too much of that in my life.'

'Yet the kids that do this are mad, crazy, and insane for being nothing more than retards, that are wastes of time and life in the schools, or a town, yet take my amendments away too, I never had them, being the rejected misunderstood child.'

'I do not have freedom of my speech anywhere, or I am shipped out to retard school, our go to the orphaned, I know I could never have weapons, yet don't need too, yet I can't defend myself either, or I am wrong, I don't feel safe as a walking target.'

'Nothing more than the fifth amendment is what I can do, as I stand there as the bad girl sucking your thumb, to take slander and a label, where you only have one advocate to always be nothing more than the deviant.'

'Cruel and unusual punishments are my life, and taking my money, and giving to some that could give a crap about my life. Excessive fines and bail also are my life.'

'That you all are nothing to me, but a waste of life to me.' Oh, yes one moment she loved us, and the next minute she wanted to thump us.'

'She would even put a mousetrap on my finger, and not come into the room until I would stop crying.'

'I can still feel the broken glass, and the currents are running through the filament of the light bulb on my butt crack, as it was touching my body.'

'Yet we all had to watch, as each of our siblings and these other girls was- tortured one by one, we did not have a choice.'

'How could I forget the most common method of punishment I received from her, was the beating with a garden-hoe.'

'I ask what kind of sick, twisted mind even thinks of this kind of torture; and abuse for their children and one's you look after?'

'Furthermore, this is what goes on behind closed doors. You can, believe me, I was there, yet it was- left to be unknown, and if it was known, it was not spoken by the society

around us. I do not think the others on the outside knew we were on the inside looking out after all the home was 5,000 yards back, 1,500 feet from any road around out of the minds of others.'

'Things got so ailing in our isolation from human life that she brought in a wheelbarrow as a replacement for a restroom.'

'We were fed rations and I was now living with these girls in the same room and not bathed for weeks at a time.'

'What has happened in the dwellings- that were linked together on 'Misery Mountain' will be left to be forgotten about I guess forever?'

'One of my siblings was named Sarah and she was shaken to death.'

'Sarah was hurled into one of the industrial 50 pounds 1950's Milnor washing machines, with full soap and hot wash cycles and that is what killed her, not by one of us kids as they would say, by our Mother, and Gramma and Grandpa giggled, like xenophobe demented children when the wash was over.'

'I can still hear the screaming for help, yet no one did this was her punishment for being a bad girl, and if you would help, like you would face the same fate.'

'This was the true shaking to death, that was not reported, I was there and saw this happen, I would know it was true, yet who would believe me.'

'I can still see all the washers lined up in a line in the basement of the orphanage, next to the washrooms for all girls, to mass shower 100 at a time, all running around bare for a bath as water jets splashed upon the young naked pubescent bodies that were acting out in the only freedom to play.'

'Truly she was older than me, she is currently buried up on the west end of the remembrance mountain in the graveyard, in 'The Land of Many Steeples.' With all... the others!'

'Sarah, like all the others, does not even have a grave marker because no one cares. Yet mother is free to do as she pleases, with no punishment or consequences for her to receive over grandpa being the head and the only cop of the town, running his little mafia; making others fear him, his word is law in the town of indecencies.'

'We did not even realize what she had done to all of us until I was much older. One by one we would have all been gone like Sarah, last name unknown, and if things would have remained that way for me; I would not be reading my story now, I am sure of this.'

'What happened to the other is also unknown to me? So not, having a stable home, and being in different locations led to the upset of my life. During this time, there was a battle for my custody.'

'The powers at being thought it was best to have a new parent, so, at that time, I was going back and forth between mother Leah and a guardian named Hope.'

'I remember times where I mislaid my lunch on the ground at my feet, when Hope Natalie- Black had to give me back, into the harsh hands of my mother from week to week.'

'This was an exhausting experience at such a young age.'

'What did you feed her?' Mother asked questionably.

'Good meals.' Said Hope.

'She just hates you that is all' She said back.

'That is why she did that she gets upset when she is around you! I am going to take her away; you just wait and see.' Said Hope.

'During this time, I was very malnourished and needed a caretaker. It was through the kindness of this one person I survived, and started, a new beginning, a new chapter in my book of life! that was nothing more than a hush of don't say that out loud.'

(My child custody fight in court)

'It was thirty painful months more until that all ended, and I was next to death. I was most likely going to die if I did not get away from my mom completely, and there were only 10 girls left at the orphanage. Where it was closed down forever around 2010.'

'My mother did not care if I lived or died; Nonetheless, Hope took me under her wing and embraced me as if I was one of her children, yet she was still not the most loving. I remember court after court all my life, it was a long-drawn-out process, to say the least yet that existing as a girl like me.'

'I would love to have this boy named Chiaz Naztherth just part me, with our hips so tight together I would not stop squeezing down for an hour or more, in being taken.'

'I would love to be able to put my finger up to his face and say I'm your wife, and he is all mine, if an argument, I would win.'

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Chapter: 3

Observations

'Do you remember those first days when you started going to school at the age of five? Kindergarten you meet and interact with the new individuals that have never been in your life before.'

'The joy and happiness of being in someone's life are so extraordinary. However, as you learn anything as time goes by things will change. Because you will slowly lose contact with

those around you, this is inevitable, or maybe that only happens to me. I don't know. I call these days the 'Macarena' days... so do you remember, that I guess the better question is- do you want to?'

'Oh, and I irrevocably got home with Hope, to stay. Yet I still had many of those sleepless nights, so I started keeping my mind occupied with my rhyming words.'

'Like this one, 'worries surrounding you will try to annoy. If you have hope and joy, fear will always try to destroy you. Positive thoughts, I will have to deploy.'

'At that time, I did not know that it could be called poetry, really at that time, I could not spell either. Yet, that was why I was doing this. I have many notebooks of poems from age five and up, by the time, I was ten I had all the home library shelves in the home full of my manuscripts, that you are now reading as this long-published story, you know just cut and paste clip pages of hand-penned writing all my thoughts together, and you have my memoir.'

'Anyways, what can I say you got to love the 1990's! That dance was so easy; we little kids would do it repeatedly. Yes, I remember doing that! Anyways at that time together we were learning the alphabet, it seemed like such an extraordinary task at that time. Our friendships grew, as they should. Nevertheless, nothing ever lasts in my life; there is always someone there to take my happiness away.'

'At this time, I did not know why, as the years went by, I slowly discovered it was all because of lies, from the past, that I penned down to remember what I have forgotten, as the years went on; even my psychiatrist did not know I had these books breaking a world recorded in writing, 'The Longest Novel.'

'They were only seen after my transition, yet I saw what could have been, and even now I have more to add to this never-ending story, nevertheless, back then, I was too young and

innocent to realize that anybody could be so heinous. As far as love goes, I am the type of girl that wants to have a courtship, not a bump and grind in the night, I was in love with the thoughts of love and it was taking over my mind.'

'Like marriage is everything to me, I dream about, as most girls do since back in the days when I was little, dreaming of having that white dress.'

'Additionally, I know that is never going to happen for me either, it was my mind at that moment not clear, yet always forbidden and still is.'

'Why, and how? Why is everything so grim? 'Yet If my crush would ask me, right now, I would say yes!'

'I have and had daydreamed, sheepishly in my mind, I fantasized about him proposing to me.'

'I would love to fall into his arms and say take me, and he would kiss me all over! Yet, I would say, never-ever leave me; do not leave me at any phase of life again; you're mine!'

'I am seducible, maybe? I do not know, I will let you know, if I think that could be happening, that would be a first.'

'Yes, I assume if he makes you giggle. Kisses your forehead, and says he is sorry about nothing he has done wrong, tries, holds your hand. Works hard for you, and attempts to understand everything about you, then it is my belief he is quite perfect to me. That is all I ask for, what more could I want?'

'Yeah, if I tried to seduce someone, that I like, yet it was nothing more than a trip to the school's office, to have displaying actions take place.'

'A girl like me, like a boy, I swear the sister's clan, would rip my tongue out and shove it up to my ass, or there's. I do not need black and blue eyes, butt, and arms.'

'Nevertheless, I do not like to be the one that is involuntarily made into doing their favors for them. Yet they make me do what they all need and want. I must take what they give me. Yes, have it all gone down, then carry the shame all day in the back of my head, I choke on life day in and day out, from being so rattled.' 'Yes, they beat me up, and I must beat them too, in other ways!'

'This is my question, why is it that there is always someone's nose up your ass?'

'I do not want someone to act all nice, and friendly to me if it is not genuine.'

'Stop wasting my time!'

'Oh, because to me, the time is a rhyme, just another nickel, and dime; we are just moving on down the line. Furthermore, I know that everything is going to be fine. There will be no more wasted time of mine. All the walls, like flaming skyscrapers in my life, shall crumble to dust. With a newfound lust, they will all burn themselves out, with their many moments of doubt. I have to think about this.'

(The Tower Tarot Card Meaning: Upright. Symbolism: Disaster, upheaval, sudden change, revelation. Interpretation: It stands for the shock and insecurity you experience in realizing, that your previous notions about a particular situation are wrong.)

~*~

'Hello, I am Chiaz Naztherth.'

'True, I see her every day as she walks down the school corridors here at the school.'

'She is being Nevaeh?'

'Yes.' He spoke.

'I am thinking that she is the most amazing girl, which I have ever seen in my life.'

'Just like a modern-day 'Romeo and Juliet' story, I am sure she has kept all my notes, that have to be anonymous, to add to her story; that she has only told me about to append to the story of her life.'

'I know that it is impossible for me to ever be able to date her, because of her past and what others think, and her situation would kill my reputation.'

'Most girls are complicated, whiny, and have a bad attitude.'

'Despite this, there is something about her, something mysterious.'

'Although, there is something about her that I, as well as most of my friends, do not understand her, and her ways she goes about herself.'

'I know this because I love her, I have had those moments myself that make me wonder and scratch my head why I do. Still, there is something genuine and different about her, that I call love, it is like she is more real to me than anyone else.'

'She does not put on any false errors. She is who she is, and she is proud of it, and she does not let anyone change what she deems, believes, or does.'

'She is a true definition of a girl, which I could be happy to be around all the time.'

'Nevaeh death was already ruled that night after the hanging, she was dead from an exception, and found in her room, yet she sprang back to life.'

'Never did I think, I would be in a sanatorium looking at this girl like this, as the only one that cares, in Nevaeh's room, not even Hope was here, she did not care to see her like this, on giving up.'

'Yet, I would not believe that she was dead, nor did I think she was alive, she was immortal; yet the more prominent question is what kind of immortal.'

'If only she knew before, she tried to terminate her life, that it was me, the writer of the notes.'

'Then maybe it was my wish that she would still be alive, that she would come back to me, that I would always be there if it would if I could change my ways and not care what others think, I could spend my days with her, and give up on all of them.'

'That is only if it was let to be. Why is everyone so defensive, shielding, watchful, and suspicious?

'It has become acknowledged and distinguished to me, that unless you are a complete douchebag phony; you cannot get a physical, true, and caring girlfriend in this town.'

'Nevaeh Natalie!'

'She is such an influence in my life.'

'Nevertheless, I know that she and I could never be together. Since there are situations that one hateful wicked grandmother has created for her.'

'Why are some people so pathetic? Why don't they get lives of their own?'

'Why do they take life away?'

'Why do they have to sit on using all networks, and conjure up lies?'

'They create rumors, which are not true, just to make them feel more superior? To the point that they make the lies real and they become true in the school halls and the town for that person.'

'This is disturbing, or is it an ailment; that these people have? Either way, it needs to be terminated, it is just too easy for someone to say that they are somebody, of trust or not.'

'Then destroy someone's reputation; completely, totally, and entirely.'

'Oh, she is like the gasoline that lights my match on fire, and only she has the right moisture to extinguish it out.'

'I guess she fills me up with hopes and desires, and dreams. Let's not forget about the compassion she makes me feel as I dream about her in class, at home everywhere, and even now looking down at her. I think about her nonstop!'

'I have completely fallen for her. Everything she does, everything she is, everything she says. She is the first thought in my mind in the morning, she is the last thought I have before, I fall asleep at night.'

'She is almost every thought in between that I have! I know it's not going to be a walk in the park for us, I know that.' 'Yet, I believe, and I rely on someday, we would have a walk to remember if we could be together.'

'I want to be in the notebook that she has with her all the time! I like to show my sweetheart that I care by putting notes that I stuff into her locker, between classes.'

'However, I cannot put my name to the notes, or they would kill me for being her friend, or have my mom's job, or take me away with children in youth, even have mob hits on me and my loved ones.'

'Neveah is bad news, like known to be the school walking STI, or you die, or have a reputation death.'

'One day, I made her a friendship bracelet that is pink and white. I placed it in there when her locker door was open.'

'She can't have a lock for her locker, for being in her needs programming, it would be an endangerment to others, over her being bad news; nevertheless, all others can.'

'Hence she is searched at any instant by any academic teacher at any given moment, for whatever they want to speculate is the need too; of all her possessions and patted down in frisking by the school principal and officer.'

'Yet she did not see me do this, know I would be threatened, intimidated, browbeaten, terrorized and coerced if everybody knew.'

'So, now she where's that bracelet on her little wrist every day; so maybe she knows it was me that made it for her?'

'I like to make her handcrafted gifts. Although in my hometown that is harassment and stalking, with the independent laws of crazy around here.'

'All made by the one and only pig cop in the same family line, that runs the entire thing, even the town mayor is Masel Amsel.'

'Furthermore, she runs the one town Sheriff's department, the full Town Council is underneath her, that was also rigged to her liking in the voting poll, true if you have the wealth you can have your way into anything, and the rest are peasants begging for the leftovers if they feel ever so generous. Consequently, everyone fears her, yet I don't.'

'Oh, to be a red wing radical, if you're not republican or catholic you're wrong, it's nothing more than mind-diddling.'

'Small gifts, I know that she loves those kinds of things; as do I.'

'I think it's good to make it look like she has a friend, only in secret shame.'

'My God the horror stories coming from the orphanage were the kids were like eating the corn back out of their shit, and I believe that is true.'

'Little does she know that I want to be her boyfriend; from this day on even if they kill me for loving another!'

'The sisters and the evil grandmother, they can't stop love, can they?'

'I know, it is going to be extremely challenging. yet I am going to have to work at this every day, and so will she if I want this to work for us, we can do this!'

'My life ceasing in notoriety that is okay with me. I want her. I want all of her, forever; and never let go of her ever.'

'Sure, if she only knew how much those little moments with her mattered to me, she would know it was me all along that was in love with her, and none of this would have happened!'

'We could fill each other up on the porches and surrounding grounds like all the others, if we had the chance, I would love to, do not get me wrong; yet dating anyone in this town is controlled by Masel.'

'However, I am not like all my friends that bow to this woman of power over their moms and dads, and friends say so.'

'I am not like all my friends that just one thing from a girl, I want more, I want it all, just say that I am more grown-up.'

'Yes, like, there is more here than just young stupid lust, at this moment looking down her next to lifeless.' 'It is something deeper that engulfs down on you, to the point you do not know what you are going to do.'

'Because, you feel that your head is going to explode; it will make your brain numb, and your appendages go senseless.'

'This and that is what this girl does to me, every time, I see her walking past me. She does not look left or right she is always looking down.'

'Carefully she moves along, and I can see her, with colorful pink socks with bows on them.'

'Thinking in my memories, her socks as I was saying are placed ever so cutely in her schoolgirl black polished leather shoes.'

'They are placed partway up her silky-smooth legs, which contrast harshly with her short tartan blue and black skirt.'

'That seems to bounce up just like her long brown hair, and they both seem to wave back as she treads forward.'

'The shoes she has on today have little bows on them near the toe part. All the girls here have black shoes, yet she just seems to make them look sweeter, because of her style, and expressive, yet hesitant why's that she demonstrates.'

'Yet unlike the other girls here, since she is so small, she has to tie her white button-down blouse, into a bow in the front, yet that matches her famish style.'

'She does that to her tops, mainly, because of the school where they could not get her any smaller top.'

'Therefore, she ties them just above her belly button. The not school code, yet she is allowed to do that, surprisingly.'

'Yet many girls do not follow the codes.'

'Neveah is modestly sexy, compared to what I see around me.'

'Her blue jacket just hangs on her, yet the school logo should be on her upper chest, yet on her, it is more at her mid-torso in the front.'

'Yet, it looks prettier on her than all the others. As well, her bow tie around her neck sits very differently on her too. Her bow tie is the school standard colors of navy blue and red. Yet her ribbons hang down so much lower on her, than her jacket and skirt, so unlike the others.'

'She looks down as if she is studying the ruby red and cerulean speckled floor tiles that she is walking on. Like she is counting every spot on them in her mind, or something like that; as if there is a sum to every one of them to add.'

'She is watching the surface as if she is making sure she does not get hit, preferentially trip practically dropping anything that she has with her.'

'Notwithstanding, everything she has, that she carries is smashed against her miniature figure. I mean everything she holds; it is like it is being bearhugged by her, it is near to her slightly below her chin, and on top of her chest most of the time.'

'One other thing that she always seems to have with her is a small handbag with 'Hello Kitty' on it.'

'Nevaeh even said she had spent time in a snack pit in the basement; at the home, they call the orphanage.'

'The grandmother would screech to the girls, 'whom that shed the blood, by persons shall her blood be shed, by being with the devil's kind.'

'Told here in this line of hand pended text, the grandmother's eyes were rolled back in her head holding a Bible, her white hair pulled back in a loose bun.'

'For the payment of sin is hell death, but the gift of 'God' is eternal life in Christ Jesus our Lord, you repaint for forgiveness child.' She said evilly.

'As she would drag Nevaeh to the basement of ghostly dungeons cells, the grandmother helped by tranced like stepchildren assisted by the small hands of her sisters, now

in the chambers with heavy steel doors covering the pits, one was opened and the snakes hissed in Nevaeh's you little gentle face, as they uncoiled, as Nevaeh was wholly pushed in the abyss by the other girls naked.'

'It goes on to say for months on end. She said she only was hearing the screams and cries from other girls, younger and older than she, in cells adjacent to heirs where there were just bar openings at the top, in salary confinements of sh-h.'

Mealtime Nevaeh would pop out head and protrude out the little hole of the door, where sister ladies would then be holding her head wedged with a nightstick to her neckline in the opening, to give her small bits of fruit and bread.'

'They would then push her in the room hard and spray her down with a fire hose, 400 psi for stinking up the cell with her pee-pee and poppy, just to be slammed back in the cold dimly lit room, with no running water, dripping and damp, needing love or something to hug.'

'That explains the teddy bear,' he solved in his mind.

'The grandmother is screaming, from the notes that I have.'

'The Lord shields all who love her, but all the mischievous he will destroy.'

'Along with saying, 'furthermore these will go away into an eternal trial, but the righteous into eternal life.'

'I wonder if that is true?'

'I read in her notebooks, that was stolen by me, and this is just book one, of many on the shives in Hope's home, were just a day before Nevaeh and I just had made a crime of my unsnapped paints, no time to protect, it or I was all up to her schoolgirl uniform skirt from the front, now sing her slight lust she was sliding down on me more than I was her, in high pinched groaning, of 'HO's with airy gasps,' her back agents all her works of many white spins covered

and homemade bound books, when the one I had felt to the floor, and I keep without her knowing after she ran off after she gushed, not mine saying 'you must go.'

'Yes, it is true she and I had standing quickie sex, the first time for us both ever, for all of two minutes and thirdly seconds to when the book cracked the wooden floor, before she ran into the next room after being called, and there was on tear rolling down from her eye, on to her pink flashy cheek.'

(Memories started to play in her mind.)

'The grandmother would say to her and others.'

'The soul who sins shall die.'

'The child shall not suffer for the evil of the father that made you in sin, nor the father suffers for the iniquity of the child.'

'The honor of the good shall be superimposed herself, and the sinfulness of the evil shall be superimposed herself.'

'The backtalk she gives was Nevaeh said, 'you would not god from the bad.'

'Do not be fooled child: 'God' is not mocked, for whatever one sows, that will also be realized.'

'She rambles on about many beatings and a butt spanking for an hour a day, where she would scream her surrendering.'

'The grandmother said to Nevaeh and another, the name was pended over with a blemish mark of ink, 'then desire when it has deemed supplies start to sin, and crime, when it is fully matured, yields forth death.'

'This brainwashing all was instilled in her mind from the little girl up, yet to them premonitions.'

'Consequently, just as immorality spread into the world through a child, and loss through sin, and so death spread to all children because all cursed.'

'It went on to say, that she remembered her saying, 'I remember getting all the beatings.'

'Notwithstanding we need all appear here the ruling seat of 'Christ,' so that everyone may obtain what is adequate for what she has made in the body, whether genuine or sinister.' Said, the Grandmother, and Mother.

'I believe, something here is not right about the daddy of the others, or there were no marriages, to make all these babies, Nevaeh being one of them, and it worked on the grandmother's mind to madness, yet to most, she is just as ordinary as any other in the town.'

'Observe, all souls are mine; the soul of the father as well as the soul of the child is mine, the soul who sins shall die; by the one that gives life to both.'

'It's the blood of a girl that makes a sin.' Said, Leah Amsel to the girls ages 10 and up.'

'I am sorry.' She would scream repeatedly.

'It's all said, in this book yet go to the cops about it, and Nevaeh is crazy, and so would I be too for thinking this was true.'

'Apologize, therefore, and turn again, that your sins may be blotted out, and kept locked away.'

'Despite, Nevaeh spoke the words to law enforcement the grandpa.'

'Everyone who makes a practice of sinning also practices lawlessness; sin is lawlessness.'

'You are no better than I, she said screaming and kicking.'

'Oh, child, do not fear those who kill the body but cannot kill the soul. Rather fear him who can destroy both soul and body and will go to hell. As I can, to you for being law.' He said back.

'Plus, if anyone's name was not found written in the book of life, he was thrown into the lake of fire.'

'Yet, here is the book of Nevaeh's life, she made, and I do not fear this at all, yet others would ask if it is witchcraft.'

'This is why I am here; I believe her.'

Anyway, think back to the last day, I saw here, like every day. I see the handbag, which is gray and pink with a white cat on it, and yes, the cat has a pink bow on it as well. It seems that it hangs off her one shoulder, I guess, it holds her pencils, she doesn't need to use it or says that she can't use it, furthermore holds all of the other girly things that she needs.'

'Of course, that is different from her too, than the other girls. She is everything that I like and wants to love!'

'Sometimes, she smiles modestly, she just rolls her eyes up, yet still keeps her face pointed downwards at me, yet her blue eyes capture the lights from above when she finally looks up at me.'

'Her beautiful reluctant eyes seem as if they get a wet glimmer in them when she sees me, yes, every time.'

'How I would love to hold her hand or carry her books for her, but I cannot.'

'It seems that she only looks up when she feels that she can; yet while still looking down at the floor while holding her books to her chest shyly.'

'As if her outdated books could shield her entirely from all of the others, that are in the hall with us.'

'Everyone seems to glare down at her.'

'All the same, she walks slowly yet swiftly clinging to those books as if she was invisible behind them. She would never be invisible to me, which is an impossibility.'

'Sometimes, she stops dead in her tracks to roll her eyes up at me, just for an instant, and then she is gone. She tries to mutter something, yet no words are coming out of her mouth.'

'It is just a small sound of panic, or sigh, why does it seem that she is holding her breath when she sees me?'

'That is okay, but why is it when she moves past me; it is like she is panting?'

'I know that I have butterflies, and my heart pounds so fast when I see her; I wonder if that is what she feels towards me, I wonder, like if I had more of her books if there would be something about me in them.'

'Yet she is always looking to the ground as if she has been browbeaten. That is what I have come to understand that she has had bad experiences. Which is what I think has happened.'

'I could make it alright if I could for her!'

Am I falling in love with her looking at her, and reading more about her? I hardly know her! Yet then again is this what you would call love?'

'Is this what we all come back for, and want more of, even if you cannot have them in your life?'

'All this is what I think of, what I have, and what I have missed out on, because of what is known about her in the halls, it all holds me back.'

'I have confidence in saying that she was or is browbeaten, she is like a lost puppy, which has been smacked on the snout too many times.'

'I think that is what happened here.'

'Oh, Nevaeh's she thinks that she is never going to be good enough. Yet she would be perfect for me. I do not think that she knows it is not her fault at all, the way she has to be, or acts.'

'She is and has become just an avatar of what someone else has created for her. I understand these people do not know her at all and what to get the best of someone to be mean and nasty.'

'They just see a fake identity of what someone has placed upon her. You just need to think about this.'

'It is like, one or maybe more people, that are jealous of her filter all her; decisions, all of her situations, and choices, and even her emotional state, in her life too.'

'Why I don't know, yet I have my suppositions?'

'I do believe that she is oblivious to the fact of what is going on around her.'

'Yet, 'It!' Is what is said about her- it all has to stay unspoken to her, yet we all know this. I know it, but I would not dare to say it to her.'

'I think it all is because of this one person, which has done nothing but slander her constantly.'

'All these unnecessary problems and torment she has to face in her everyday life. It is so unfair to her. She does not have much; I know her family life is not that decent.'

'Although, I would give everything I have, to make her happy we could make a family I know if my family would get to understand her, they would love her as I do.'

'I see her I wonder what she is all about, so mysterious, so unique, and so unlike all of us who are part of her surroundings.'

'Nevaeh seems timid and shy like I said, but she is approachable. She tries not to stand out yet does not blend in. I want to get to know her.'

'Then again, I know if I do, I will have to have the same turmoil and consequences as she does. What to do, what to do, think, and think, is all I do! It is one grouping who controls our situation.'

'What can I do? I have concluded that it is not meant to be until now.'

'Not getting to know her makes me very wretched. Still, the mystery of what can be is overwhelming my mind. Still, I am going along with my strategy of knowing this could end ineffectively. Still, I know that it would be impossible, nothing is hopeless.'

'However, it is also tempting, for the reasons of the love that I must find in my life, and not the stupid lust I have. All things can change, it is just a matter of time they have to.'

'One person cannot control someone's life eternally. Can they...?'

'I do not understand why this occurs. How did it become like this for her? I assume that it is just jealousy, maybe more.'

'Nevaeh is mysterious, attractive, and creative most other girls cannot even compare to her in my classes or this school. I believe her overall beauty and appearance are what draws me to her the most.'

'However, I just have to sit and look, as the days go by or and over. I cannot make a move at all, all because of one individual grasp. I see her in only one of my classes History, all she does is scribble in her notebook, in a daydream so it seems.'

'She sits in one of the desks in the middle of the room. What is different about this too is, I do not see her in too many of my other classes; like most of the other girls that, I see more of.'

'Most of her classes are not with mine. I have an idea as to why, yet I am not sure. Yeah, that would not surprise me in the least, if that is what she is classed as.'

'Before that class, I see her sitting in the lunchroom. As I am socializing with friends, she is sitting alone scribbling in her diary of day's events, or thoughts that were in her mind.'

'I sometimes wonder what her stories are all about. I am going to read them all, that she writes. I would love to no! Still, no one has time for her, no time to see her creative side or any sides.'

'No time to see her abilities, the society here chooses not to see them. Why is this, I ask?'

'Are we just blind or, do we choose not to see?'

'I ask this too, 'do the others make all these judgments for us? It makes me wonder.'

'Nevaeh's eyelashes could put you in a trance as she blinked there now fastened tightly. I should know they have done that with me, in that one class, where she is only with her grade.'

'She is so petite in her stature; she has it all! I am going to get into that skirt someday I hope, anyway I can. That is if she wants me as I want her so much.'

'She has those sweet pink lips that I want to kiss, which I know that could curl up my toes, oh yes, she is perfect!'

'She is the perfect girl, but the nights are so long. Time goes by and you are alone and have to drift apart. Where is she now, oh she is sitting there.'

'The perfect girl, I am thinking about you. It is not our fault it is the way it must be. I can see you there, you look so unhappy.'

'The perfect girl, do you need me? I am sitting here all, yet I feel alone too?'

'The perfect girl, I am thinking about you. I think of you every night, just want to hold you tight.'

'When the moment is right; when we are all alone at one another's sides on that special night.'

'I want to hold your hand all night. I want to kiss you until it breaks daylight.'

'Will you be my angel, you're going to be one, aren't you?'

'Why don't you come along with me? Let our relationships be free. You are so lovely, so I asked why you don't come along with me?'

(Holding her hand)

'I promise, if you hold on, I will treat you right; I will tuck you in every night. I will comfort you and make everything all right. I will cherish you forever; I would spend every moment of my life getting to know you better. If only we had a chance together.'

'Will you be my best friend? Will we last until the end? You have a smile that brightens my every day, which makes all the wrongdoings go away.'

'Your eyes showed me that you care. I know this by the way you adorably try not to stare. I would like to tell you how much I care.'

'How not being with you is not fair. I want you to know that I do care. Just remember that I will always be there. I will promise you that we will always be friends.'

'Now it is your decision; so, I hope that you see my newfound vision. Of what can and will be, because someday soon it will be you and me. That is if you decide to choose to be with me.'

'Yes, I am writing this down, while I am trying to eat the inedible food of the school lunch, in which I am trying to cram down my throat.'

'I see everyone staring at her as if they all could tear her face off and eat it. Yet all over again, I ask the question of why?'

'Yeah, I sit with an unfulfilled heart, thinking that life is so unfair. Listening to my mind as it spins like a tornado through Kansas.'

'Likewise, all the thoughts of what can and cannot be rushing like a racing bolt train through my brain. I have to be in love with her.'

'Oh, love, desire is a wicked game that we play.' She said here, in this line of the manuscript.'

(I was reading more and more.)

'Have you ever admired someone so much, yet you know that you cannot have her in your life? I have and it completely sucks. It is like living without them sucks the life out of you. Besides, it slowly kills you inside, until it shows on the outside, of how much you require them.'

'However, can she see my yearning, or not? Or is she yearning for me, I guess I may never know, yet there is a way I can. So, have you ever had to live with the emptiness of not having someone to talk to, that you want to get to know? I have, yet you cannot even have them as a friend, yet you see them occasionally, it is maddening.'

'I have broken in the Hopes, I know from notes that this room she never goes in there, it was thought by me where we can have moments to be alone and in lust, as we thought about

doing in notes of anonymously, or find other hidden passionate spots of meeting-up then she would have found out it was me, yet I never did over fear.'

'Anyways after leaving her for the night, I did not want to, yet I had to at 9 P.M, now in the home. I got into the unused living room with the library and it is all ambiguous and dusty, yet has writings, after the volume notebook pinned by Nevaeh herself.'

'Furthermore, I got the last book, I go right to the last chapter, that I was hoping was all about me, I could not take any more of not knowing, page after page if I was loving the hot lust of a 14-year-old, to this date, and I was in love.'

'She also talks about her diaphanous nighty and no underpants.'

'Then I read about the big stuffed teddy, that is light brown on the soft fizzy fair pink sheets of her twin bed, she wanted so badly, with the allowance money, that she used some pink rope on the bear she bought that is the same size as her, just to be like me as she was giving him a girl on top loving long hard and then slow, using a tan rubber him for soloing, like being me, as if me in her mind I was under her, and I was lost in lust, of wanting her in that way. and mad in moments of humming hugging and kissing, as it says here, in the text.'

'It was said that all she wanted was more attention, yet if that was true this would be the first time, she got that.'

'Have you ever had to go through life, without knowing what it is like to be in love; or no that no one cares if you're alive or not?'

(Yes or No)

'Have you ever gone through your life, not knowing what it would be like to hold someone's hand or kiss them on the lips, and know that you cannot?'

(Yes or No)

'If you say yes, then you are like a girl like Nevaeh. I kind of know what she is going through, and yet, no I don't.'

'Even the district attorney has been up to her butt about here doing this and that, that is not true said by the cries of the sisters, from what I gathered.'

'It is the same for me, yet different for us both.'

'The tower is the Grandmother and her Grandkids; the clan is what we call the group leaders of control, who will not leave me alone.'

'I bet she knows where I am now, it like she is in my head even this girl that belongs to the family line, like the grandmother and the grandchildren have the power to keep me dumb and in love with the girl of their choice yet still one of their granddaughters.'

'I will explain her name later, if I don't, just ask her about this, I am sure she would say she owns me.'

'Although you should already know that, it has to be one of the others, it is not loving she feels for me at all, it is to keep me away from Nevaeh.'

'While hopping back out the window of Nevaeh's home, as I was running back to my running truck down the lane, I saw eyes looking at me in the fields or so I thought, it was this girl that owns me as if sold by the Grandmother, as all of us are in this town.'

'Everything seems flawless when looking at her in my eyes, but everything changes and everything moves on because of the tower's words.'

'Her fetish for me is about as strong as mine for Nevaeh.'

~*~

Nevaeh- 'That boy!' She said, along with this, as she was waking up in her hospital bed, that she was in, of room number 114.'

'All I member about him being here is when he touched my face and said, 'you're the one.'"

'Look at this, I have all the candy, like, I could ever want.'

'I still attempt to talk to him, and yet the clan girls' whirl around me stopping me, one in my mind, and two face to face in confrontations of hardcore bullying; and I am thrown around like a rag doll.'

'We cannot be together as we would like to be, you see, I would love him if I could.'

'Those days were over a long time ago for me, to feel love.' 'So, have you ever been in love, like this? Have you ever been in love with someone that did not love you back or that cannot be of fear, or cannot love you because of who you are? I have, and it's frustrating.'

'Have you ever loved, and not got any love back from him, or them or anyone? If so, then you are like me now.'

'Have you ever had someone in your way, to what you know is right?'

'Have you ever had the pain of being heartbroken every time you try?'

'So, have you ever been threatened to stay away from when all you want to do is talk?'

'I do believe that it is all meant to be, he is my angel and I am his.'

'For some reason, and you feel, that you have the one in mind, that is right for you.'

'Simply, you cannot make it happen ever. If so, then you are like me.'

~*~

Chiaz- 'Yet, I know if I do this, I might lose all my friends. Yet, that is a chance, which I am thinking about making if I find a way.'

'Because she is all I would need! If you have lived a life like me, then you know that I have tried, and it has gotten me nowhere fast.'

'Additionally, if you are like me then you fall in love too fast. I have to stop doing this to myself.'

~*~

Nevaeh- 'I remember when I started to try not to love things.'

'I remember being the age of six, and seeing my father's lovely home, being demolished down to nothing. Nothing more than a big pile of rubble on the dusty ground.'

'All the memories are now gone, as the breeze blows, as the house crumbles to nothing but dust. I stood there while thinking about all the lost moments in time, which we could have had in our heads.'

'That never happened, and never can. They were all taken away, just like everyone and everything in my life, that I have loved.'

'I do not want to fall in love over the fear of love and loss, yet, I need the love from someone that understands me.' 'Why do I get so attached to what I cannot have?'

'I am frightened of love! All I have left is a picture of the home, with my dad holding me on the front porch. It was a cute little country house.'

'Nothing fancy, just a small one-story bungalow, with a pitched roof, and one dormer on the right side; and a lighting fixture on the chimney, that would glow softly at night.'

'The shaker-shingles were a creamy coffee color and the windows were trimmed white with blushing red shutters.'

'The porch was elevated with steps that went up, to a rosy door. I remember in the spring, there were flower boxes on the left and right side of the windowsills.'

'It was the nicest home, I lived in up to that point; this home did not need to be ripped down.'

'However, that is what people do these days, rip things apart, and leave empty spaces,' and gaping holes to feel. I mean just looking at all these photos spread about my bedroom floor, they are just snapshots lost in time.'

'They tell a story of a past that has been forgotten. However, they cannot replace the moments where you or they did not exist. I look back over them all, until I see this one, and reflect on it.'

'This photo is my first-grade class snapshot. I see the faces, yet I do not see the friendship. Where did it go? Why did it not last?'

'Besides, what do I do to fix the situation? It is just like, black-and-white faded into color, photographs of one another.'

'Moments of time and splendor, moments in which, I may or may not want to remember.'

'Moments that gray, as I get older.'

'Moments that once were in vivid color.'

'I remember being in my first-grade class, with the acquaintances, that I have met throughout the year. I recall not fitting in from a young age.'

'The other students would be learning their new lesson of the day, while as for me, I was off doing my own thing like always. Yet, I was made too, I always like being creative; I guess that goes along with being withdrawn from others.'

'However, I cannot help but wonder was it all a forced seclusion at work? Additionally, all children learn and do things differently.'

'If anything, I am almost certain that there is no one set standard, in which someone learns how to do something.'

'That there is no need for separation, just to gain an education. I did not know, those judgments were made for me back then, that they did without my admiration.'

'Let me not feel to mention that having somebody's thoughts being placed down upon me, without me being aware of that fact they were, was just to hold me back.'

'They all were just making my life more difficult for me at such an undeveloped age. That is what started all of this, snowballing downhill for me.'

'This all happens because of their lives. Without the whereabouts of me even knowing how significant this dark cloud, which is forming overhead, would be.'

'They followed me around as if I was a danger to others and myself, yet that is local law and school boards where the counties and courts are as one of being controlled by my Grandmother.'

'My Grandmother would like to tap me on the shoulder with her mahogany wood hand-carved walking stick that was electrically charged with the silver-plated flying lady angel on the top, with ruby eyes, she said 'I had another one of these' she pointed to the decorative piece, then she went on to say, 'yet it was stolen from in gold.'

'Just like my Grandpa would use his gold time-worn pocket watch to hypnotize me as it would swing across my face at any time he wanted, where they could do anything he wanted or anyone could do anything to me they wanted by command, as the slave, even now I have triggers to do by command.'

'You can gather that It is going to follow me everywhere, I go.'

'This is how the tower formed her stories about me.'

'I remember all my nights of being confused, as I lay on my bed frightened here in my home. I was and still, am always alarmed by all the evil in my life.'

'Sometimes, I put my pillow over my head. Yet, I can still envision all the faces playing back in slow motion.'

'Seeing all these faces looking at me, at the hellhole and even back, when I was with my mother.'

'I recall the school days repeatedly, from the past to this very day. I can see the water dripping from the asbestos-exposed ceiling tiles, onto the filth cover floors.'

'I can see all the locker doors slam, as I watched the water as it falls onto the floor from above me. This reminds me of my heart every time, I go to school.'

'When in school, I always wonder, what is going to be said about me?'

'Who is starting actions that will slander, labeling, attacking, belittling, defaming, maligning, and cursing my life?'

'It is just like lockers that are closed, will I ever know the combination? Will I ever be able to open it, so that I can see what lies within?'

'Will the contents ever be known to me? I recall walking up and down the many darkened hallways, that seems to lead to nowhere.'

'With their many fluorescent lights flickering on and off, they are suspended from the ceiling. The lone window at the end of the hallway is the only shining light of freedom.'

'Everyone and everything faded, to black and white to me. As if, I see them moving in slow motion as they lose their color, as they all swarm around me with their stingers out, I never know what is going to happen to me.'

'These days are forever etched in my mind. They all seem to find a way to crawl into my blood and play around like spiders in my brain.'

'They make my skin tickle from the inside out, just thinking about them. It is like they leach on me, that is why I feel so creepy-crawly in my uniform, and I cannot wait to get it all off me. I watch as nerds are stuffed into lockers.'

'The jocks are making out with random preppy cheerleaders, with their hands going all over one another, with their fingers going up and down and in their uniforms.'

'Yes, I just stand there at my locker, looking like I am trying to catch flies in my mouth.'

'Everyone is making out, yet not me, I just the good girl, that is to know to be dumb and forbidden too.'

'I recall one of them getting a swirly, and by that one, I mean me, flush! It is not that bad of a hairstyle, yet I just washed my hair last night and did some loose curls in it.'

'So, it did not need to be washed and styled in the toilet bowl, but okay. No, I do not mind at all looking like I have a unicorn spike on my head.'

'Most days, for me I am walking along carrying books that have no meaning. As I go up and down the numerous staircases between classes. Well watching the faces go by.'

'Yet, there are no relationships for me that I can rely on here in the school.'

'So, with me being so timid and shy, I do not make any pronounced movements. I just walk down the staircase minding my own business unlike everybody else. All the perverted boys are trying to look up my skirt like always.'

'They are making comments and saying stupid alternate things.'

'Like this one. 'Hey Nevaeh, so does the carpet match the drapes?''

'Nevaeh, because we know you do not have smooth hardwood floors?'

'Hey Nevaeh, 'spit or swallow?''

'I roll my eyes.'

When I overhear, 'We no girls like you don't know what it means to do either over you are retarded.'

'No, but I do trim my lines and as far as that goes, maybe, but I am not commenting on that one, to them! Then there are my favorite quotes, which they ask me yet not all of them as you could imagine.'

Some of them are asking- 'How is your Period?'

'Can you read the 'Cat in the Hat' yet?'

'Virgin,' they chant.

'Crazy girl,' they chant also.

'So, are you and your lesbian, going to scissors smack your p*ssies together tonight?'

'Sometimes, I think boys if you had the cramps, moodiness, drippy feelings, that I have you would flip out running down the hall saying, 'my dick' is bleeding.'

'Furthermore, repeatedly while screaming in pain doing just that! As well as, roll on the floor like a crybaby!' I giggle out loud.

'Then I could throw used girly things like pads with discharge on it, bloody tampons at your face like you do me; plus see how you like it, for a change!'

'This is another one asked by dumb girls and boys alike. 'So, have you not gone through puberty yet?''

'So, is that why your voice squeaks like that?' They ask me.

'Sometimes, I just say I don't know, maybe I have a lifetime supply of helium!'

'Furthermore, I guess my small boobs are just for show.'

'Dumb questions, yet there asked by them repeatedly.'

'Neveah, they say- 'Why does your voice sound like that. I say- 'I do not know, why does your face look like that!' I do not know why that concerns them.'

'Nevertheless, welcome to my High school, and the way they think and act around me. I think that you can get the picture.'

'Sometimes, I wonder if my kids or grandkids will have my voice, someday oh- hum.'

'However, listening to all this mindless chatter, it makes me wonder what is going on in their heads. 'I must be in hell.'

'Then, I hear the eerie sound of the bells ring out, they are calling me; yes, calling for me to go back to my total isolation.'

'I have been left behind, not allowed to shine. Will I ever have anything that I can call mine? Am I going to be fine? Please, someone, give me a sign. Should I not worry about being one-of-a-kind?'

'One class I detest, even though it gets me out of the entire separation, is a gym. The teacher is fond of staring at us while we are running our laps and doing our activities. She has even walked up to me while topless and said- 'you are developing quite nicely.'

'Okay- if you say so.'

'Miss. Stackawitz is one of those butch-looking women, that has boy shorts on at all times, or sweats. She likes her tight-fitting sports tops also. Yeah, that shows everything she's got- ewe- wah!'

'Nothing on her seems to be where it is meant to be. She has 1980's style glasses and a whistle that makes my ears ring.'

'Yet, I always try to be nice to her. She seems to act all sweet to your face, but talks to all the kids, and teachers about how you look in her class, and locker room.'

'The locker room smells of sweat and cheap perfume. I have to change out of my outfit and mess up my make-up and hair. While having all these girls, in there staring at me; yes- while I am standing there in my bra, panties, or less.'

'You know, I did not know that lacey, pink polka dots were so fascinating.' 'What are they staring at?'

'Hello, I am just a slightly naked girl standing here changing, nothing.'

'Yet the mindless chattering is going on all around me. "Talk about awkwardness!" In this private type of school, they can make us shower after Gym class.'

'Yet- I do not feel like being traumatized again, with all of them. However, I can still envision all of them looking at me there.'

'Why are all these shower heads all out in the open in this room? I have all the other girls circled me; all ten of these showerheads jet out from one central point, from the only support column, in the middle near the ceiling on the one pillar.'

'We ten girls- we are face-to-face, and front-to-front, with bare butts hanging out in the back. As we, all are in a circle with the sporting, spring, and smacking water drenching on us.'

'The mist does not cover my body entirely, and there is no towels insight. However, they all seem so perfect to me. Besides, of course, I am going to get touched in there by their soapy little fingers.'

'Yet they all laugh like it is fun to them. However, not to me, I guess it could be fun; if I was with someone I wanted to be rubbed upon.'

'Taking a shower, in my opinion, is a private, most spiritual cleansing of the body and mind, which should not be publicized in my opinion.'

'I believe that there is only one true alternative in my mind, and that is being with the one you love.'

'But then again, it needs to be candlelit, or at least that is what I think, for there is nothing like seeing the steam resonating off the water droplets, that fall upon the entwined torsos in a graceful shining of zenith; while having all the vaporizing, and steam helixing all around us, in passion and adornment.'

'Yes, that is the fantasy I get when showering. That is what I think of; I just put my mind there, to complete the shower in school too. I just pretend that the hands that are touching me are his hands, and not the girls fingering me.'

'In my mind, I picture the shower as the light of a dancing flame of a candle that shows true intimacy. Like having the silky slick shadow on me and the flame of my heart.'

'I guess within that moment; I would feel flawless. I know that you are not going to understand why I feel this way, as of now.'

'However, as you go through my story. It will all make sense, and this is the only time, I have to myself.' 'When I daydream like this, I am gone- go to another place it seems like I said, I do not hear what they say when I close my eyes, I just let them fade away.'

'Although, I can feel what they are doing to me, yet, I am in my fantasy with my eyes closed. Yet, I cannot help but look at them all too, and I see what is different about them when looking up at them and back down.'

'Every girl looks dissimilar, yet as for me, I still look like a little girl with a bit on top, and an inner one downward. I guess that's why the other girls try to pull the lips apart; yet, I do not want to break anything! Why do they want to do that anyway?'

'I asked the teacher and she said- 'You'll figure it out.' I said, okay?'

'I am going too, and I did, that night outside when I got home from school. I never knew that could happen, and I did not break anything either!'

'Anyways, I also do not like being in the locker room, since there is no one I can trust.'

'Why do I feel this way you ask? Will even though students here are not allowed to have their cell phones during school hours. That does not stop them from snapping a photo of me while standing in my underwear or less or even in the shower.'

'Then posting it all... to their social networking sites. Nice- don't you think! These photos cannot be destroyed. It is on the web, and it is going to last for eternity, even if I do not want it to or not.'

'I cannot say that I was ready for my close-up!'

'Just remember someone's contribution to the internet can never be taken away.'

'I am on there in my pink polka-dotted glory and lathered wet pose forever.' While- at least now some of the boys in school, now have one of their questions answered.'

'I think of life this way; life is like a blade that cuts in all directions. Yet, I am like that one daisy flower that you and I have to turn away seldom.'

'Sometimes, I have to close myself to you, and all the surroundings around you, just drift away.'

'Then let that heavenly shower let me grow. Well hoping that someone's blade does not cut me away from my roots, so I blossom for you, so we can both be together in our divine destinies.'

'That is what I want for you and me. To blossom, while never getting detached from each other, never to be cut away, that is if I could fall in love again.'

'After gym class, I am completely drained, half-sick to my stomach, and then it is off to lunch.'

'The smell of the food makes me want to gag. With the main course being pizza, and the vegetables of tater tots, I think I will pass.'

'I look around the lunchroom; I see- Nathaniel LaMarsh picking his nose like always and rubbing boyish snot in his books, that others have to use for class.'

'So gross!' I say out loud.

'Jenny Valentino is sucking on a banana. Yet, she thinks I suck on glue sticks in the Sped room.'

'Jonathan Eisezn is trying to ram his religion into everyone's ears and going into convulsions. Even if the Bible is prevented in my school.'

'All they talk about in this would most fantastic fiction book is waking of d*ck's, and make others feel bad about being themselves. Shut up your being to load.' Said, Edward Gonzalez.

'I snickered so hard, I snorted at the thoughts of letting the sequence of through he said work in my mind.'

'Yet I am told 'The Catcher and the Rye,' is wrong for me to have, being a band to all in the school, and I can't read anyways, even so of what you think, the true message is just having the book in my possession or my hands time from time, and if you don't understand why you're a fool.'

'Just at that moment, I saw Ainge Campo is dumping her spoiled chocolate milk down another girl's blouse.'

'In addition to that, Paul Navis is feeling up his girlfriend- Hannah McGruben, which leads into her playing with him under the table.'

'She has her own found banana to unpeel. Yet no one sees that they only see me.'

'Yes, I am in hell.'

'Trauma and hypnosis have been my life, it all part of splitting my mind, therefore they think I act like a little child, just a color or a sound can make me do as they say, like a human-robot. I even think at times that I am an unpolished diamond.'

'I can stay up days on end, and think about long things to write that seems impossible, and have endless stamina, sometimes I feel like nothing more than a courier, and a byte comfort woman for my master and their picks for me to be with.'

'Just like a human-robot to disable looking, I have to be forced to use a computer to teach me reading and writing, as if cute by my masters, yet never really use one, yet when I do it is less than the ideal computer as if an enables robot fixing what they take away from me in programing like a computer robot of idiosyncratic ways back and forth.'

'Just like a sound or a scent can bring froth memories, only at that time, that is most like blackout of my mind until, having the sent or smell made to feel as if Attention Deficit Hyperactivity Disorder without really having this in moments of rapid eye movement, and higher sensitivities to all sights and sounds and even shadows.'

'In my first year of school the teachers were so loving, just to after having torchers at home and be locked away for hours at a time, in cages, testing to see my I.Q was done, and it was said I was highly gifted so my mind could be shattered by my teachers, kind then shock, and I wonder why, I cannot trust, yet the question is why?'

'My conscious mind took flight like the butterfly, and to expose this the end of a mind would come, I knew, within and the unconscious was wide open in a highly subjectable state I was trained to be Special Ed, or a nut, just a sick experiment of giving pain for enjoyment.'

'Take a brilliant mind and kill it, over you can't be brilliant in this town when all kids have to be the same. or that is what I want to think is why so it's not so sinister even though the devil was in the details even my dream is not my own.'

'I am so frightened, yet I would be crazy to say my mind is not my own.'

'Do you even believe me?'

'Just like the delusion now from being the experiments of your teachers.'

'The range of communication they say, about me as the made to be rejected, is now all published worldwide for the world to see, all the labeling of my life.'

'Plus, it is written in writing, using the logic of consciousness, over some made not to have one, yet they have a brain more than me.'

'What do you all think about Nevaeh? Inquired stealthily, on a website pull on Facebook.'

'Who in the hell is Nevaeh? Oh, is she that creeper girl?' said, Paul Navis, in a Facebook post.'

'Yeah, she freaks me, and my friends out.'

'This was said, by another in a footnote the following many awful comments.'

'She is crazy!' Said, Nathaniel LaMarsh.

'She is a stocker!' Said, Jenny Valentino.

'She has an STD! She is not the type of girl that I want to take home to my momma!' Said, Jonathan Eisezn.

'Isn't she like- bisexual? No- I wouldn't even go for that girl.' Said, Ainge campo.

'Isn't she- simpleminded!' Said, Hannah McGruben.

'Although, I am the one with a mind that is not valid.'

'I have read her reports by teachers and district and have informed all my students of the right to know about her (IEP) and her endangerment.

'I have given them the vocal statements and made online booklets of her 'Individualized Education Program' her documents. Moreover, so has everyone else that can get their hands on a copy.' Said Mr. DeVolcano.

'Mr. DeVolcano then went on to say, her IQ is below what is normal, it is at less than 55, which puts her in the extreme the disability categories; we have informed all the parents about Nevaeh, and all the parents their children; so, that their kids are not in any danger, from this damaged child of endangerment.'

'Also, if they're smart, they stay away, we make sure of that, by segregating her from all others, but her- like kind.' Said, Mr. DeVolcano.

Nevaeh- 'Even the teachers are in on this, yet why?'

'Yet, they would say to me that this is all just Epigenetic Memories.'

'I along with teachers, we think she needs an emotional sport also!'

'He went on to say, I think she needs help in every class too; she is a hold up for the others that want to learn. I think the girl needs help, in everything here at the school! I disagree with the guardian and Nevaeh; they do not believe she needs learning support accommodations!'

'Sad this protector's denial, the school staff and I think she does, and that too is the law, we have our experts that say so that we have hired at our expenses. It was either sign or find some other school for her to attend for the mental handicaps.' Said the highly regarded teacher.

'He went on to speak, you know, her reading level is second grade; she cannot write sentences, without having six ears in them. In my class, it is like her mind wanders. She does not want to be taught; she is a waste of time to us all here, that is why I lock her in the closet and say don't come out until class is over.'

'This boy has been my head for about six months, as a hard-minded lover. I wonder how he got in without them knowing; where I trusted him, yet should I? Conversely, is he being nice to just trick me, like all of them?'

'I thought over wanting to be in my memoranda, to see what it is like to be me.'

'They see everything of my body, at all times, like from my head down, all objects I see, and my lower body as if me, out of my eyes, as if my eyes are now cameras for them to see my everything.'

Nevaeh- 'As for me, I like to keep my ears and eyes open, and my mouth shut.'

'Yet, I am still taking for belligerent for having my thoughts at any moment, that my teachers read at any time they want in are in my body, hide in my mind, and play in my soul like a hidden possessed clown-like child, where you can't stop a thought, they take an action that will be acted out are what you're going to say.'

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'In the lunchroom and in the halls too. I see the Jocks are just being plain stupid, making inappropriate immature gestures.'

'I see all the faces staring at me once again. I see the preppy girls laughing hysterically about their superficial existence.'

'While they all speak loudly. I see the Nerds talking about, most likely about computer-related things. Plus, wrapping tape on their crossbars to fix their eyeglasses, after getting hit in the face repeatedly by the Jocks.'

'They also talk about the fact that they cannot find any girls that are willing to date them; yet, they kind of fade away in the background.'

'As for me Nevaeh, I just want the day to be over. I sit alone- Yet 'If you are by yourself you are in good company.' I feel everyone's emotions fall upon my body, like icy cold snowflakes that chill me internally.'

'After lunch, I go to history class, everyone in the class is half passed out from the boredom which they have to endure. However, it may be from the overwhelming amount of tater tots that they have eaten.'

'Either way, Mr. Mendocino is rambling on about the destruction and the overall horror of the Holocaust movement.'

'In his monotone voice, half the guys in the class have their hands under their desks playing with it and sending text messages that are extremely significant to their passionate person.'

'I just draw black and white sketches in my notebook! Like- 'You all just cannot wait until class is over.' I do not want to see that, nor have it next to me, or have what is leftover on me.'

'That is why I hate when some of the guys and some creepy girls in class touch my hair. On the other hand, just touch me in general; yeah, I just do not know where their hands have been.'

'I am not a germaphobe, yet I like to say clean in school, and only get down and dirty when I want to!'

'So, in my classes where I am still the outcast of being the same grouping of needs, Elizabeth Smith is twirling her hair.'

'Megan Davis is applying another layer of makeup.'

'Besides, to using one of those things to fix her lashes, John Jackson is pulling Lily Anderson's pigtails.'

'My dream love is sitting behind me. I am in one of my average classes with him, yet after this one, it's back to me being in the small room, where I sit for the rest of the day, with the rejects that are not wanted.'

'One of the girls in this class with me is Lily. She is a soft-spoken, shy sweetheart type of girl that has a warm loving personality. She can always find the good in any situation, which crosses her path.'

'Lily, she is peaceful and calm in her expressions, her hobbies include drawing, singing in her church's choir, and braiding her hair with ribbons that match her outfits.'

'She is one of the good girls; she is a lot like me in a way! I think I could say that she is a friend of mine, maybe more.'

'One Sped-er is- J. A Cowering he is shouting things like- 'I like tater tots!'

'Along with other profanity in his slow voice, while he is smacking himself in the chest, with his one hand.' 'Yet this is me, too right?'

'The poor kid requires his needs, (I don't,) yet regardless of the needs overall being thought to be the same puke to your masters, I am placed with highly retarded disabled kids, yet some like me are not that severe to extreme, yet they're all throw in the same room, meaning you

only have at the high second-grade education, do the others holding me back, I get what they think I can handle.'

'Yapper that is what they have me classed as also nothing more than a brain dead a chest tapper, and the kids and teachers reminded me every moment of every day that I am, and next to a child molester or not knowing better, like I have the understanding of that of a 5-year-old.'

'In rejecting classes like always, Lily is with me, she sits next to me most days. Along with Taylor Brown that is asleep snoring, with her lips parted while drilling a puddle on her desk.'

'Again, before passing out paraphrasing to the teacher that the first-grade childlike book, we need to read is fake and gay.'

'There are no windows, the doors are not even that of the same style for a classroom, this was nothing more an old mop closet, made into a classroom, no more than ten old still and wood desk linked together are lined in rows of 5 hold us trapped, the wheelchairs are off to the side, looking at us all cockeyed.'

'Your tooled to be your teacher's toilet in this program, just open up your mouth, so they can take a hot steamy long tard of crap in it, then again poopy in this room seems to be a theme, like self-playing with one's privates, or the child next to you privates.'

'The sounds and the light seem way too bright as if meant to be to chatter the fragile minds even more, in this basement hole of a room with no heat, and it smells of rat tards, and sofa, like in Granny's home with too many cats, along with black mold, the air is tight and stale, the walls mawkish with many years of kids whipping whatever on them and not being clean over no one cares about us, in the room of the insufficiency.'

'Joseph Shaw is tearing his textbooks into spitballs and blowing them on others and me.'

'Kassie Row is popping her gum tapping her pen, farting, asking dumb questions to the teacher that are sexual, and looking at me like she wants a piece of me, she knocks her books on the floor just so she can look up at me, and they, I not doing any of this bull sh*t, and I'm going to think about you as I go lefty, right now with my hand in my skirt.'

'Anxious to say she was using her right hand, even I know that, and so did the teacher who did not see a thing, only me.'

'Candy Sheldon she is cracking her knuckles and tapping her led pencil on her tabletop that she is carving bent over love depictions into.'

'I think, I even saw a paper airplane go by me, and the teacher did not even blink, as if his intelligence was wasted by tolerating the kid's childish enjoyment, that becoming nothing more than a babysits for the class, this is true unrelenting, of all that is grim, and an inexorable horror, that just suppressed and made to be pent up in the mind, never angry am I, just sorrowful, filling tragic, and grieving about the loss of time and memories.'

'Nevertheless, none of the teachers even care outside this room to think, I am more than a chest taper.'

'They all are getting paid the same amount of money if we students want to listen or not, and none of us want to learn they say anyway so they don't teach anything anymore to us.'

'These kids jokingly say, now, 'it's time to go back to the hating on others and conic masturbation,' it is all they can do in school.'

'That is just part of the teacher's existence in life, yet should I feel apologetic for them.'

'No, I think not.'

'Yet, this is some of what my existence in life is like here in the hellhole known as the High school also.'

'What do you all think about Nevaeh?'

'She Sped in the head!' Said, Elizabeth Smith.

'Yet he is in the same classes I am in.'

She is a pedophile! Said, Megan Davis.

'Yet he is in the same classes I am in, so you're one too.'

'She is the sweetest girl in the world!' Said, Lily Anderson.

'I understand why she said this.'

Taylor Brown- She is a waste of life! Just like all of us in this class.

'Don't even say her name around me I'll throw up!' Said, Joseph Shaw.

'I feel the same about you.'

'She is one nut job!' Said, Kassie Row.

(Next class the bell rings)

Miss. Stackawitz- the P.E teacher, 'I tell her to leave my class or just do it.'

'That girl can't even throw a softball, yet she tries to run away from everything.' I remember this one day in class the girls were playing Dodge-ball.' Said, Miss. Stackawitz.

Along with saying, 'She was giving me a hard time. She did not want to play along. As a result, I asked her why, and Nevaeh said quote-' 'I do not like balls in my face!' And all the girls laughed until they cried, and so did I, I mean come on, that was hilarious. Because it is so true, she can come out with them, without even knowing.'

(Next class away from the incapacitated)

Mr. Mendocino- is the History teacher, 'No comment, on that girl, it would take me too long to express how I feel about her.'

Then he went on to say, 'Previously, I often wonder why so many people were splattered, in the Holocaust, and yet someone like her is still walking free.' Said, Mr. Mendocino.

Along with stating, 'Nevaeh did not even get, 'Who was Hitler' right on my test.'

Then he said, 'she said quote- 'A bad guy, with a weird mustache.' I was not amused... she said I was not trying to be funny. I don't find this cute.'

He responded, 'Besides, she spelled that wrong too. The only thing she got right was her name, surprisingly she did that! 'Fail!' However, Nevaeh cried in class while watching the movie 'Schindler's List' so she got something out of it I would hope when she saw the girl in the red jacket, and also when the girl was wheeled away. She said, 'I know how she feels.'

'That disturbed me! Like really are you that illogical.'

Nevaeh- 'Do I take this for them being right, when all I can be is wrong even if right or wrong? Preferentially am I just in loser denial, of sucking hard at life, where I cannot win?'