

I sat in my room silently crying to myself. Curled up at the end of my bed, my mind keeps screaming out how much of a disappointment I am to everyone in my life. I look down at my three lines. Holding the cold exacto knife in my right hand, I made sure to go over them one last time. I have always struggled with depression. When I was in elementary school, I was extremely self conscious; I struggled with binge eating, and was bullied by my “friend group”. I worried about what everybody thought of me, letting it consume me in middle school. I started to have harmful thoughts in 6th grade. My whole middle school experience was filled with self deprecation and worrying that led me down a path of self destruction. I let people push me around, and I felt as though I was worthless. When I signed up for the Boulder County Youth Corps, the summer of my freshman year, my attitude shifted a little and I started to see good things about myself. Because of the BCYC, the beginning of my freshman year was great! I had tons of friends, I was feeling better, and my self destructive patterns started to fade away. I felt safe. Then, all in the same month, I had a friend try to commit suicide, my mom was working full time while getting her masters and raising three kids, my dad was falling into a chemical depression working full nights with no sleep, I was taken advantage of by a boy, and some of friends started to think that I wasn’t good enough anymore. I felt so completely defeated by everything and everyone that I decided to leave Longmont High, and transfer to Skyline High School. I only had one friend and I was back to being extremely self destructive. I finally got through sophomore year, with a few more friends then I had at the start, and I got officially diagnosed with depression. Then came my junior year. The first semester was fine. Second semester, I had a major family crisis that mainly involved me and made our family dynamic temporarily shatter. I felt like I failed my family, my friends, and myself. I couldn’t bear to look

at myself, and I didn't want anyone to see me. I decided that enough was enough. I was going to kill myself. I still remember standing in front of my bathroom mirror with a bottle of pills contemplating whether or not I should actually follow through. I have a few scars, but those now remind me about how much I can get through. After everything that I've been through, I finally decided that I want to become a tattoo artist. I thought of the harsh lines I decided to add to myself, and how I can now encourage people to let me make beautiful lines on their skin instead. I think that have had a lot of events happen in my life that have made me question myself. I have had many obstacles that affected me mentally, and physically. I have learned from these events, and I've learned how to accept help. I've learned how to push through, I have learned to appreciate myself more than I do, and most importantly, I've learned how to thrive.