

## **This I Believe**

*Mallory - East Syracuse, New York*

*Entered on June 12, 2005*

It hurts. It isn't back or leg pain. It hurts to get out of bed each morning and face the world. It's a burning in my chest that escapes to blister my esophagus. Anger. On November 17, 2004, it was anger that almost got the best of me.

Since I was ten I have hated waking up and facing the world. While I watch my friends disrespect their mothers in front of me, I came to a conclusion: You have to lose something to appreciate what you have. At ten years old I lost the only person that ever protected me. I was angry that she died, angry with her for being so selfish to die and leave me here alone. Years later I realized that in many ways she still protects me.

Twenty-four painkillers. I can't calculate how much rum I swallowed, but it was enough to burn. The last thing I thought wasn't how much I hoped everyone would miss me or how many people would be at my funeral. It was how much better off everyone would be without me. I thought everyone was going to thank me someday for this. They didn't thank me. All they did was hug me and tell me they love me when I came home from the hospital. They thought I had almost lost my life, but that wasn't it; I lost my will to live.

It still hurts. I still feel the burning every morning when I wake up. I have to try and roll myself out of my bed to fight every honest fact that I don't want to face. I never told them that I lost my will to live, just like I have never told them that they are now the only reason I exist now. They give me the strength to wake up again when I know I don't want to. They believe in me to keep going when I don't think I can take one more step. I never told them that it was not my wanting to live, but it was my mom telling me that I had to. It was just one more time when she gave me no choice but for me to let her protect me. Mom was long gone but her love still lived on, forcing me to live with it.

You have to lose something you think you need to appreciate what you had all along. It is when you are searching for what is gone that you find what really matters. I did not pay attention to my friends' and family's love until I needed it because I had run out of my own reasons to wake up. I appreciate the support and the strength every friend or family member has given me because each one of them is part of why I am here today. I finally found my reasons for living while for so long I was searching for my selfish motive to stop.