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ENGL 1000 Writing Studies 1 Literacy Autobiography Contest

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## 2nd Place Essay - ENGL 100 Literacy Autobiography Contest - 2017

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## Cover Page

Myiesha Boyce

Professor White

Honors English 1000 Writing Studies 1

Essay: The process for this essay was a hectic one. I did a lot to make this paper almost perfect. At first when I turned in my first draft I remember it was extremely to lengthy, I remember my professor telling me that it was very emotional, and hard to read. I remember workshopping this essay with my fellow classmates, they said the same thing in which it was very emotional. I didn't know exactly how to feel because it was emotional writing it, and it wasn't something I wanted to really talk about. When I did the second revision, my professor suggested that I add certain stuff (sensory detail) and take out certain parts that didn't hold much significance in hopes that it would shorten the essay and draw the reader in more, but without stripping the story away. So, I went back and tried to add what she suggested and take out what she felt I did not need. I came back and she still had hopes I could make this paper even better. She stayed with me, helped me express what I was trying to say in a more sophisticated way than "I was hurt", she wanted me to expand my vocabulary. My professor did not think that it had a hard time connecting to an audience, and she made it clear that it didn't get any easier to read my paper... but she helped me put the pieces together. I believe it was my third time when she finally told me

that I had my content together, and I could submit it. I ran my content through us in-class tutor, and she gave me some feedback on how I could emphasize some key points in my paper such as the “journal”. It was great getting two aspects on this paper, one from a professor stand point and one from a student with higher knowledge of English.

Myiesha Boyce

Honors English 1000 Writing Studies 1

Professor White

October 2<sup>nd</sup>, 2016

### Tears within the lines

I was 8 years old, petite and timid. I saw everyone around me so tall and proud. I saw something in everyone I didn't see in myself. I was skinny, ugly, and my hair was never done. I was never good enough for the other kids to want to play with... who was I? I was nothing, at least that was what I was told. I never predicted that what would take place in my life, would change my outlook on life. I could never forget the red journal, and Julian.

I came from a neighborhood that was very much distant. The neighbors didn't get involved with anyone but their families. The teachers did their jobs and went home. No one was close, no one listened. It was always sunny in my neighborhood, but the sun did not always shine for everyone.

From as early as I can remember I felt unwanted, unloved, and confused. I wanted so much as a kiss, maybe even a hug... I desired for the things I saw the other families give their children on television. I cried often because I wanted to know why my life differed so much from everyone else's, why my friends got hugs and I got reprimands? Why did all my friends get new clothes and I had hand me downs as my siblings got new clothes at request? I just needed anything to make me feel complete again. My first choice was suicide.

I would come home from a long day of school, and my father would be waiting for me with a belt and pliers in hand. The details are too gruesome to want to discuss, so I'll let you feel what I felt. Imagine a warm-blooded hand snatch you up off the ground, as you realize that your lungs can't catch up to your mouth and you lose breath, choking on the cold air in the room as the stare is silent. Imagine your eyes swelling with tears as the anticipation of what's about to happen to you persists. Imagine piercing red eyes staring you down while you're still in the air, and warm salty tears start to fall out your eyes. Imagine now the other hand that has now gotten a grip on the brown leather belt .... I felt every drop of blood leave my body and every bruise arise. I felt every cry for help just too desperate to be ignored, but it seemed to penetrate no ears. I felt my face hit the cold hard floor as my mind went blank and my heart skipped a beat.

That's what ultimate pain feels like, as someone is standing over you with these red piercing eyes and a smile to match. That was the devil and I was his pawn, in a game I didn't want to play but I was forced to be a part of. I absolutely had to find a way out, that was suicide. I knew that this was the only way to be loved, because I felt that ultimately people only love you when you're gone. I wanted those people to feel the pain I felt, as they would hold my lifeless, cold, hard body... they would know how it feels to feel guilty and confused about something they were a part of. I imagined myself standing over them in the afterlife, screaming "THIS IS WHAT YOU GET." I wanted them to be talked about and shun as the neighbors would know their dirty ways of how I was treated. How I was abused, how I was broken. I even thought about leaving a note, stained with my tears and blood, or maybe not leaving a note at all and letting them wonder and feel chastened all their lives.

I knew that night that no more would I be hurt, no more would I endure another hateful word or another distasteful slap. NO! I was sent to my room, and I sat in the dark, I had to do

what I had to do. I crept in the bathroom late one cold December day, with a 3-inch kitchen knife. I was ready.

I sat against the cold bathroom wall with my wrist propped on my leg, I took the knife and started to cry again, I cried out to the only God I knew, in hopes that he would have the answers. I asked “Why me lord?” but I no longer cared. As I sat there with only seconds to spare... I heard the small patter of feet come down the stairs. I knew those little feet anywhere, my little sister, and what could she possibly want? Go away! She crept inside the bathroom and asked in her small dainty 4-year-old voice “What are you doing?” I told her to simply go away. She stared at me and even at 4 I guess she could analyze this situation. She said “Fine if you do it, I guess no one loves me, and I’ll have to do it too” I couldn’t let that happen.... She was all I had that mattered, that’s the only thing that saved me that night. I got up and rolled down my sleeve, she looked at me with the most satisfying smile I’ve ever seen her give and walked away. I don’t think I have ever seen her smile quite like that ever again.

The next morning, I went to school, and my friend Julian who was one of my closest friends gave me a book that was red and had velvet material as the covering. He told me he had extra and he just didn’t want to see me sad. It was as if he could read all my pain that was inside my body. He said “I know you haven’t been feeling too good, here write about it.” The book was more like a journal with a sort of an oriental style to it. It was made with real velvet and a silk yellow bookmark. I sat there with this amazingly beautiful book, in absolute amazement of its glory, it was simply that beautiful. I originally wanted to say thanks, but I couldn’t choke up the words to say that. So, I took it and walked away to my seat in class, he never begged for a thank you or anything. The following week, I found out he moved to Texas and we haven’t spoken since those last days of his school year, but I will never forget what he had done for me. I

went home and did exactly what he said. I took this journal, opened it up, and got confused. I didn't know what to write, or even how to depict my emotions on paper, but somehow, they just poured out like rain. I cried so hard the first time, like the paper was taking my strength.

I remember the first thing I wrote in this journal, it will stick with me forever. I wrote "Dear journal, where do I start. I remember crying because I couldn't force the words on the paper. I was choked up, and my mouth got dry. I wrote from that very first day, like it was a paper. I put a heading and I put my current emotion and then I started writing. I told the diary that I was sad and I needed someone to talk too. The journal served as a therapist, the words spilled across the paper as I sat there and really started letting my heart guide my pen. I remember writing about all the bad things that happened to me. I remember the first journal entry had to be about 5 pages long. I remember sitting at night trying to write to my journal, in the dim moonlight. If I didn't get caught writing... I knew I could keep this forever. Every time I wrote in that journal, I cried.

These were sad and triumphant tears, something for me and only me.... I felt liberated, I felt anew. I can't lie and say I didn't struggle with this idea of making myself vulnerable on paper, but I didn't let it stop me. I knew within these sheets of paper I could be me, I didn't have to hide, I didn't have to lie to anyone. I felt like no matter what physical actions were bestowed upon me, they could not snatch what satisfaction I felt when my pen married the paper. I knew no matter what there would always be more paper and more ink and my more ideas with more of my own feelings. No one could take that ever.

I know even though I may not be experiencing the same pain as I was at 8, I know now how to free those evil demons. Writing freed my emotions from being more on my shirt and more into my paper. I know that it doesn't matter who knows my story, who I tell, they can't take it

from me. They can't take the personal conquest of true freedom from me. These were my stories, yes, they may have been painful but I was battling these pains, I was now into the pleasure of freeing my mind and soul of evils that once bound me. I am changed, writing changed me.