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Who Said It Was Gonna Be Happy?

There’s people walking by, saying hi, smiling, going about their day, looking nothing but happy, but not her. No, there’s not one day that goes by that she doesn’t want to just give up, walk out of her dreadful life, live this place she calls home. Get on a plane a go somewhere where she can start a new, “I want to just go to another country and start a new life. No one will know who I am, no one will be able to judge me for my past!” she tells her best friend this. They joke and laugh at the thought of leaving their home state, but she knows she’s not joking; she knows that if she had the money and a plan she would leave and not return for a long time. This place she calls home hasn’t been called home in years.

Five years, five years is when she recalls starting to feel this way. She wasn’t always this way. She used to love waking up early in the mornings, before her parents and siblings, before her alarm. Just the thought of going to school would put the biggest smile on her face. Until that day, the day she was told her mom was going to another town. “What?! No, she can’t leave! How can she leave? I need her, what about me? Who’s going to be there for me?” she thinks to herself as her and her three other siblings hear this news. But she sits there in silence and just fakes a smile for the first time. For the first time in her life she can’t tell her parents what she is thinking, that she doesn’t want her mom to leave, for she still needs her and that growing up without a mom will suck. For the first time ever, she starts to lose faith in what she thought was a going to be a great life. Her parents tell her that she has two older sisters that will be there when she needs them and that mom is only a phone call and 45 minutes away. That means nothing too her, it wouldn’t be the same as if her mom was right there in the house. Her sisters, yes it’s true that she did have two older sisters, but one was there only to be a friend, but couldn’t really trust with anything secret, and the other, well she was more selfish and self conceded then anyone, so that left no one in the family to turn to when something came up. She loved her family don’t get her wrong, but she needed a mom and with her gone, it was her against the world, and that is nothing something a fifteen year old should have to go through. All she felt like she had in the world was herself, friends and school. This is when she truly felt alone, as if she was just a number to her family, just the third child who has no saying in the world.

Two years has past and she still feels alone, with her mom gone she had one to tell that getting feeling for a guy will suck. All she had was her so call friends. They didn’t know any better they were all going though the same thing. The hormones, the emotions, all of it were too much for a seventeen year old to understand by herself. The one person in her family that could trust was her oldest sister, but she knew that her sister didn’t care about her and her stupid boy problems. Fuck, she wouldn’t give a shit if her younger sister was on fire. Couldn’t tell her dad for her dad was going through a tough time, having to deal with bills and rising 4 kids on he’s own. So what did she do, she kept it in. She learned that if it wasn’t life or death then her family didn’t need to know. But that night in April was when she realized that she was never going to be the same again. She never felt so empty…she didn’t get it, it was a stupid boy. No it was much more; she could feel the hole where her heart should be and it was all because she put all her trust and love into someone who just played her. She lost her best friend and who she thought was the love her life all within the same year, this was more than she could handle and it just pushed her deeper into depression.

Ever since that year, she never felt the same and nothing seemed to be going right, from love relationships and friendships to family issues. Her mom was still in school, her dad still trying to keep the family running, her sisters were now out of the house and it was just her dad, younger brother and herself. She didn’t feel like she had a family anymore, and when it came to friends she literally had one that she could trust with everything. But even with that one true and only friend she still had that lonely and empty feeling. The world was just being a totally bitch and just wouldn’t let her have the happiness that she needed and deserved. While everyone was moving on in life and getting the happiness she wanted, she felt stuck in time, time that was going too fast and not slowing down for her.

Next thing she knew, it was 2015 and she was on her way to graduating and filling out college applications. The only place she wanted to go was to the University of Nebraska-Lincoln, not too far from home and but just far enough that she could finally get away from the pain and the loneliness. So she applied and just to be safe she applied to the local community college, after applying she could finally breathe for a little, she was shooting for her dreams ongoing to an out of state school. She knew she wasn’t good enough to get into UNL but that didn’t stop her, she applied and now she had to wait. She did get accepted into the community college, but she knew that was going to happen to her anyway. Months went by and she didn’t hear anything from UNL, and just like that she gave up hope. Life was kicking her down again and she just felt like giving up on life. But then after a horrible week or school and work she gets an email… Congratulations! You have been admitted for admissions at UNL! Go Huskers! This email had made her whole week. She’s never been so happy that it bright her to tears. This was her chance to get out, and start a new life and forget the past and finally seeker out what will make her happy.

She did it, she’s finally getting out. This is her chance the one she’s been waiting for all her life (or the last four years). She couldn’t believe it, she was on her way to her dream school, a school not too far from home but just far enough, she’s wanted a chance to get out of that town and now she got. But nothing could prepare her for the three months of hell. She thought she knew what hell was back at her home town, but compared to UNL she felt like home was heaven. The first week of the semester was fine and good. But then as the days and months went on she was more miserable and worthless than ever before. Everyday waking up knowing that she had no friends, knowing that she was going to eat alone again was just taking a toll on her. She’s never been one to just go out and say hi to a random stranger, she knew that had to change but she didn’t feel like anyone would connect with her. Everyday waking up not having anyone to talk to, she just wanted life to end. She thought that it was the way out she was already dead inside, so why not be dead in reality. “No one will miss you! You are a piece of shit that no one will miss or even care about if you just disappeared.” She heard this every time she looked in the mirror, every time she had a moment alone with her thoughts. There was days that even music couldn’t drown out her horrible deathly thoughts. She had no one to talk to about this to; her best friend was miles away going through some personal issue herself. The one guy she could trust with everything and anything was in another state living his life and not able to communicate that often. Her family was too busy caring for her “suicidal” brother that if she tried to talk to her dad, he would give her the whole “God loves you and has a plan for you” speech, and her mom was too busy caring for some guy who isn’t even part of the family and would somehow turn the conversation around and her daughter feel guilty for having these thoughts, and her sister would just tell her to knock it off and stop being like the other sister. No, her family was not the best to talk to about this topic with she would be called a drama queen or that she was over reacting or even selfish. But she knew that she wasn’t any of that, or at least try not to be, but she knew that she couldn’t let these thoughts get to her. So she finished her first semester at UNL poorly but she finished, and transferred to her home state university.

So here she is, back in her home state, which was not only hard on her but her father too it a bit rough as well. This is defiantly not what she had in mind; all she wanted to do in life was make someone in her family proud. Her life was not suppose to be like this, not this depressing and pathetic. She’s young and suppose to be living life, breaking hearts, not getting broken and wanting life to end. But being back home she’s realizes it’s not as bad. She has at least one friend who will be there for her. She also realizes that she is a bit happier being back home. Yeah, she has days where she can’t stop laughing and loving life, but she still has days where she ending life would seem much more satisfying than living. But being back home she knew that there was at least one person who she could lean on, have that connection of friendship she wanted. She tries not to duel on the past, she has learned from the past and now when she gets up, and looks in the mirror she sees a young woman with a little hope on making the day better.