This is a story of a girl.

Depression: a condition of general emotional dejection and withdrawal; sadness greater and more prolonged than that warranted by any objective [reason](http://dictionary.reference.com/browse/reason).

I wasn’t born this way.

I wasn’t affected by a traumatic event.

I wasn’t abused or neglected as a child.

I was, I am, just a normal girl.

A normal girl broken into a million pieces.

*I was raised in a Mormon family. No, not the kind of Mormon where there are six wives and we all live on a commune. The kind where we go to church every Sunday and eat our dinners together at the table and go to youth group religiously. I always went to church even when my family didn’t. I went to seminary in high school. I did everything I was told, never rebelled, did everything the church said. Yet, I never understood why I didn’t feel the same way as the others. Why couldn’t I have this deep faith like everyone else? What was I doing wrong? Who was this “god” and why didn’t I believe in him?*

September 9th, 2009< maybe? Entry 1

The beginning

The time has come- I need to know one way or another.

It is now or never.

I don’t want it to come down to this but I’m desperate to know the truth

I’m desperate for answers.

I wonder if it goes the wrong way…

Will I be able to live within the others?

I hope this will bring a new light

I hope I can find something to float on

So I can keep from going under

Keep from being lost

But I’m not ready.

I’m not ready for it to hit me.

I feel like it is something I need though

This feeling of helplessness, lifelessness

I’m ready for it to be filled with a soul.

This emptiness has overtaken me for too long.

But I’m not sure this is a wound that can be healed.

It shouldn’t feel so forced

So unnatural.

If for all eternity I have been born within the realms of above.

Maybe it will come

Give it time

Maybe it won’t.

Maybe I’m doomed to a life of

Eternal damnation.

A life of being born

Then dying.

Being controlled by your thoughts and feelings

That come far from the heart

Let alone the soul

My soul is lost

Buried

Buried as deep as it will go

But now out of reach

I hope

My soul may be in darkness

But my heart is warm

My feelings are soft.

Who am I?

Will I ever really know?

How do I really feel?

Do I even really have feelings?

Or are they stolen?

Stolen from someone else’s

Are my deepest feelings that are my own?

Going to cause my immortal darkness?

I’m going under

Fast

Can I hold my breath?

When thoughts such as these come to mind

Why does sadness

Confusion

Frustration

Overwhelm me.

I am not able to understand the feeling that dwells in me

But then again

Misunderstanding has a frequent feeling

People.

I don’t understand why

Why when I feel happy

They say something is wrong

It’s not okay to be different.

But I know I’m different.

That is something I understand

Completely.

When I think about the one thing that brings most people comfort

Why must my feelings of comfort

Be strangled at the source?

Choking me

Bringing tears to my eyes.

Why?

**Entry 2**

If these thoughts aren’t told to someone

Or something

I’m afraid my other thoughts will be fogged and clouded

Forever.

I’m afraid my heart cannot be healed

It feels worse than broken

If that is possible

It is broken

And eating away at my invisible soul.

**Entry 3**

Boy problems have never been an issue for me. I refuse to let myself become close to someone that has a time limit on it. Looking at everyone else, I know I’m not just being dramatic. I don’t want to be an item of someone’s I don’t want to be used for one thing. I know I’m not ready for it. I’m not ready to sign up for a timer that is capable of hurting me even more; I am also not willing to openly hurt another person. But I know I have to do what is best for me, even if that is just an excuse. Nobody else deserves to put up with a soulless girl who won’t even put out. I would be good for nothing so what’s the point?

**Entry 4**

You would think that time is the one thing that would sink something in. but how much time? 3 months is not that long, or is it? I never thought that I would be qualified for free lunches, or a full ride scholarship, because I’m poor. It’s not something I like to think about. I prefer to pretend it’s not happening.

**Entry 5**

I act like too many things are not happening

I pretend I don’t care.

I pretend that my empty soul is not eating away at me.

Time will catch up one day

I will only admit to myself.

Being empty is a lonely feeling

Yet, I feel so burdened

So heavy

Often…I feel my only solution is to go away

Forever

Just so I wouldn’t have to think anymore

I’d rather be lifeless then what I feel now

I always tell myself to think

Think of the future

5 years from now

How good things could be.

That always buys me time.

And then the guilt comes for thinking like that

There are people living happily in worse

I should feel grateful

But the cons always outweigh the pros

Life is way too short

Why make it even shorter?

**Entry 6**

Looking in a mirror

A simple object has become my worst enemy

A small glance

At myself

Wrenches my insides

I know I have zero self-esteem

But I also know I need to live with it

Accept my flaws

One big, giant walking flaw

Doomed to outer darkness

I put up a front

I know it shields them

I am a good pretender.

This person who they see is someone I don’t recognize

But is someone I’ve grown to hate

I have no idea who that someone is

Does anybody really know?

Who they are?

If they do…What’s their secret?

I try not to think about anything

It never works

I try making things up inside my head

As if imp someone else

It sometimes works

Thinking about these things chokes me

Strangles me.

Strangles the emotion out of me

Or rather

Cages it inside me.

Clawing at the jail cell bars.

It better get used to its’ prison

It’s sentenced for life.

**Entry 7**

I have come to a definite conclusion. I know it’s wrong, but it’s what I feel. I wanted to believe in it for so long, but I just couldn’t bring myself to gain the testimony that was expected of me, and I probably never will. It brings peace to me, actually. To finally have made my decision one way or another, but it also stirs up new different things inside of me. I feel like I am just another person on this huge earth. Because that is all I really am. I matter to a few select people, but my existence raises no feelings for people that are not immediately close to me. I realized that from Ben’s death. Ben’s suicide to be more precise. The only feelings I get when I think about it is shock and guilt. Shock because it was someone I knew well at one time, and guilt for not feeling something more. I tried to feel sad for the situation, sorry, remorse-that is how I’m supposed to feel, right? I feel nothing. That is where the guilt comes in. the guilt brings more sadness then ben’s actual death. For that, I am sorrowful, sorrowful for my black soul. Black because it is empty space where a soul is supposed to be.

*Me and Reesie became best friends within the first few months of me moving to a new school. We were inseparable. Our sophomore year, she began dating a boy, Kent, who became my best friend as well. Us three never went anywhere without each other. Those two were my life. I lived vicariously through her and Kent and What Reesie felt, I felt. I gave everything I could in being her friend because that’s just who I am. All or nothing. It’s difficult to divide yourself in half, though. It was hard for her to be a good best friend and a good girlfriend at the same time. I usually got the lesser half.*

**Entry 8**

The guilt comes in again. Reesie and Kent were told on. An emotional roller coaster for everyone. I felt confused, angry, confused, and empty. I knew I was supposed to feel the way she felt-and I did in the beginning. But then everything worked out okay in the end and I became angry. Not angry when I was supposed to be happy for them, but angry because forgiveness was so easily dealt out and I was supposed to change my mind set in an instant. Nate shouldn’t have been forgiven that easily and either should have Deidra. You weren’t supposed to make excuses for everyone-even if it was the right thing to do. Angry again after being confused because I subsided my confusion and my thoughts became aligned with hers again. I didn’t realize until now, she cannot be consoled of worry no matter how hard you try because your efforts are cut down bringing another emotion to the already full mixing pot.

**Entry 9**

**… (Some writing has been removed for unknown reasons)**

For time will only tell. Only one more year before fantasy becomes reality. I let myself get reeled in. but only for a moment, because only do I know that dreams do not come true, especially when dealing with an empty, broken girl. Nobody could over love me enough to accept that I cannot return the love to you. That is why I never get close enough to let you see inside my eyes. I only lead you on. You and others so I can drop you and your hear stories below so I can hear the shatter when the glass break it. I is unintentional, it’s the real me inside coming out, daring you to take a step past. No one survives. I doubt anyone ever will. Quite a shame because there is part of me tearing my insides up trying to find the soul that is buried beneath fear and webs of lies. That part knows there is something more. That part speaks my conscience, even forming the words that seem to slip outside.

**Entry 10**

I wish I could find if I was really someone.

If I really did have a soul inside

I used to.

I used to feel happy…it even seeps out sometimes.

But now I feel like no one.

I don’t believe I was put here for a reason.

That might be the reason why

Why I feel so empty inside.

There are emotions

Tidal waves

I’m always ready to cry

But I can’t seem to shed any tears.

**Entry 11**

I will never be who I want to be

My hear will never be full

Always knowing I’ll have to live my life

As me

Always knowing I’ll have to live a full life

Before I lay my head down to rest

Six feet under

Hopefully the day will be far away

There is that lingering hope

If only I could grasp on to the rope

**Entry 12**

Constantly-that feeling where there is a boulder stuck in your throat-the one that forces tears out your eyes-that one-it won’t ever go away.

I want it gone

I want it gone so badly.

I want to be happy

I want to be worth something

I know it will never really go away

I know I could never really be truly happy as myself

This person vie become

I know I will always be worthless

On the upside, the feeling that burdened me for so long, the one that forced me to make a critical decision .that decision brings me peace. That is the only thing I’m sure about. The only thing that doesn’t cause me frustration. But at the same time, that decision is so lonely. I do not even think about it now-it’s as if it’s just nonexistent. It is much better this way. I have other feelings that overwhelm me and force me in a stage of depression- a mindset that feels so heavy-but feels so familiar

I wonder if they ever get tired of it-of me always being there. I would. I can tell she is. He doesn’t seem to care. He doesn’t seem to care much about anything. She could care less whether I was there or not. My one and only friend-to her she only pretend. Why should I let her treat me the way she does-why? Because she and him are all I have. My life raft. Becoming unstable. Someone has poked too many holes. She feels as if she is way above me in everything-but why? Will I always be just a little sister to everyone? I keep my head high above the float mostly because I can’t risk the possibility of sinking alone. Even if its hanging on to something that isn’t hanging on to you.

Nobody asked me to prom.

Nobody bothered to care.

She pretended. I know she would have rather me not go. I should have stayed home. Avoided obnoxious glares.

I don’t think I will try out. She will treat me like crap just like she does now. This is why I don’t have a boyfriend. I’m not good enough-or something like that. Its fine-I don’t want one-doesn’t ever want to fall in love-they just want to chip the ice of my soul so that they can get a closer look. Find an easier way to destroy.

I didn’t not date Markus, Oscar, and Casey because I didn’t want a boyfriend. I didn’t because I was scared. I couldn’t tell you why. I know absolutely nothing about myself. My thoughts or my feelings. How can people be so sure about themselves-about who they are and what they want. It seems impossible. I do not think I am something that can be discovered. I cannot find out who I am because I am nobody. I am just a girl who is lost and confused in this big battle of a journey they call life. I do not get it-I never will. I really should give up trying to understand. I can’t though. I wanted to date all of them-but I didn’t want to be another girl-I didn’t want to risk getting hurt over nothing-that’s why I hate to hurt them first.

Is it possible to ever really feel “whole”- or is this feeling going to never go away? A hole in my soul-maybe it’s just missing altogether…then again there is no such thing as a “Soul.” We are all just soulless creatures walking the face of this cruel planet. I wish I could get on a spaceship and fly away forever until I reach an alternate universe. Looking back, that decision that cause me angst-the decision-the only one that brings me peace, well, like I already said-it brings me no more angst but is the only thing in my life I feel secure about. Now I just feel so…empty. Or many I just feel so consumed as if at any moment I could incinerate into a billion pieces.

I’ve spent so much time searching yet so much time failing to do so. Seventeen years. I know almost nothing about who I am-I do know that I will never know. I wish I could-but I don’t think it’s possible. Dogs, cats, dinosaurs, they do not go searching for who they are-that would be ridiculous…we aren’t any different. I am more confused with life than ever.

I hate school; I wish I could just fail so I wouldn’t have to try anymore. Even if I were to get straight A’s it would never be good enough. Nothing I do will ever be good enough for anyone-and it’s too late to change anything now-i'm stuck inside a soulless girl who doesn’t really exist.

I wish I wish I wish I wish for anything other than this. Reesie is my best friend in this whole word and I wouldn’t trade it for anything-I have a feeling she would trade me for just about anything. She will figure it out one day that she could do a million times better. She could have a friend that has an existent soul. The worst thing is-If I was to ever leave, nothing good would be said about me. And there is nothing I can do about it.

***My dad hated with a fiery passion-Reesie’s mom. He had a good reason; I mean she was the town gossip and spread rumors and lies all around. But, because of this hatred, it soon developed into something more. I wasn’t allowed to hang out with Reesie, I wasn’t allowed at her house, she wasn’t allowed at mine. I was told I had to dump my best friend. I understood why he didn’t like Ronnie, but what I didn’t understand is why he would take away the most important thing in my life. These months without Reesie, without any friends at all-were heart breaking. For this, I still hold resentment towards my father.***

She finally figured it out. I knew it would come someday. But why now? Anytime but now.

4 years. Who cares? I guess I do. I hope she does too.

I honestly am emotionless. I have no idea what to feel. I don’t know how i’m going to do it. Ill manage-I’ll have to-but this whole “life” thing-I suck at it. Why am I so bad at it? I was I was a cat or a bird or I wish I could grow wings and fly away. Far far away.

I honestly have no idea what im going to do. I really feel like I am in a dream-a bad dream and I can’t wake up. I want to wake up so bad. I want things to go back to how they were.

I do not like being depressed. That’s what I am. As hard I try to paint a smile on my face, it is still fake. Temporary.

I don’t want to think about it. But why put off something that is going to hit you square in the face tomorrow.

At least now I understand.

But there is a difference.

I was there.

She wasn’t left alone.

Like I was.

Like I am.

That feeling-that something is caught in my throat choking down my tears fighting them back. It consumes me. Why cry about the inevitable. It will do me no good-it will only send me deeper and deeper towards the hard rocky bottom. I skimmed the bottom surface Friday-I touched it with the tips of my fingers. The darkness luring me in. now I can’t even talk. I have to hold it all inside.

Do they actually expect me to do that? I try and I will try some more but I just don’t have my heart in it.

I would be so much easier if they just didn’t care.

It would be so much easier to them… but im glad they care. I don’t know what would happen if they didn’t.

I DON’T WANT TO FEEL SAD.

I am piggy from lord of the flies-I have so much to say but It doesn’t matter because no one will listen.

I just wish my brain could turn off for 5 seconds. Give me a break. I wish a lot of things though. The thing about my wishes-they can’t come true.

I wish I was pretty

I wish I was smart

I wish I was tall

I wish I mattered

I wish I wasn’t so lost

I wish I believed I god

I wish I had more compassion

I wish that someone thought about me at night

I wish I was better

I wish I was a better friend

I wish I didn’t miss her so much

I wish people respected me

I wish I was talented

I wish I could be happy

I wish my throat would unclench

I wish I could cry it all out

I wish I kept my room clean

I wish I wansn’t scared

I wish I could stay in bed

I wish someone would notice me

I wish I could tell someon how I feel

I wish I could admit how serious this is

I wish I wasn’t sad

I wish I wasn’t depressed

I wish I could be myself

I wish I knew who myself was

I wish he would’ve called

I wish I could be someone else for a day, a week, a year, forever.

I wish I didn’t give up on everything I began.

I wish heaven was real

I wish that I could take it all back

I wish my heart and empty soul wouldn’t engage in war

I wish I didn’t care

I wish I could find peace within myself.somehow.

Of course I know the ok days wouldn’t last for long. They ahvent been great-but nothing has set me that bad off to where my throat had to tie itself in a knot. Its as if part of my brain has been on vacation or sleeping and its suddenly woke up and said “you didn’t think I forgot about you did I”

I don’t know what to do.

I don’t have enough strength to be weak.

**2010-start of freshman year in college**

**september**

*Growing up, my house had what we called “ The homework chair.” I sat in this chair once. My brother sat here his whole life. If our grades were not adequate, we were required to sit in this chair from the time we got home, until the time we went to bed. This went on until we had proof from our teacher that our grade had gone up. Needless to say, grades were VERY important in my family.*

*I graduated high school with a perfect GPA. In my parents eyes, I was perfect. I was constantly reminded how perfect I was, and how important grades were. I had dreams to become a doctor, go pre-med. I don’t know if I actually wanted to be a doctor, all I knew is that a doctor was the best you can get. All I knew is that if I was a doctor my parents would be proud of me. When I started failing my first bio class, I started questioning who I was, if not perfect?*

I’m nervous they are going to judge me-they have no idea though I did quit it would be my own fault being judged-id rather them not say anything.

Is it normal to look in the mirror and what you see makes you burst into tears?

I thought I was going to be okay. I felt amazing just living in the moment but somehow I knew It was only temporary. Everything is. I thought I had climbed out of the deep dark hole-only to be pulled back in. I can still see the surface for now-sooner or later the light will get dimmer and the words will fade. That moment scares me. Just because ive seen it so recently and I thought I had escaped. I thought seeing someone would help and it did. But what now? I realize I bring all this upon myself-I make these thoughts inside my head-but only because there is no one else to clear my mind. I will survive for now. I will simply exist. I won’t think about how I’m questioning the one solid thing in my life. The one solid decision I made. I don’t want to think about it-thinking about it makes me regretful but I don’t once question whether I am wrong or right. It just makes sense I regret posing as somebody. But don’t we all pose in some way? I do it because who i really am or what I believe or don’t believe is to hard for people to handle. The wouldn’t accept me.

Did I honestly think that would fade some of the darkness away? being a quitter is a short-term solution. Sure, relief flooded me-for an instant. I’m disappointed in myself. Now it’s too late. Guilt-yes she says that’s the big D talking. I have to disagree. I don’t suffer from depression clinically-I’m just honest with myself. The difference is-I feel sad because of the realization I’ve come to, not because enough endorphins reach my brain. Enough do-I just know putting them to use needs to wait for more appropriate times when being hapy is a necessity. I don’t feel suicidal because I hate life and oh poor me. I just don’t care to live somewhere where I know I am just a specimen on a planet called Earth. I’m a tiny person. I realize that it wouldn’t matter one way or another. I’m not going to be judged by an almighty god. But because I know the years I have-are all I have-I want to use them. I want to see the world. I would rather that than try to get a career or have a family-a marriage that won’t likely last because they never do. They don’t because we were not meant to marry-to be dedicated to one person for your entire life. We are not ducks. I just don’t know anymore. I just don’t know.

*I was eighteen years old when I kissed my first boy. Joshua Austin. The bishop’s son. It sucked. I cried for two days. Not because it was that bad of a kiss, but because I felt like a piece of my innocence was gone. I know, it is just a kiss, but to me it was something more. Something big. Looking back now, it seems ridiculous, but that was the moment when I knew I wasn’t a little girl anymore.*

**October**

I’m so mad at myself. It kind of feels like lst time-except without the crying straight for 2 days. It feels like I broke a promise to someone but more like one to myself. Failure is a heavy weight. It felt as if I was trapped inside myself-like I could think clearly but all the wrong things would come out of my mouth. I didn’t like that feeling like I don’t know what I’m doing even though I think I do. It’s like I hear everybody around me talking and shouting and I am just invisible lying on the floor. I do everything I do because of them, for them and then for me second. Every action I take I ask what about them what would they say what would they think> disappointment from them is next heaviest to failure. Their hopes are so high for me-but I cant reach up to them no matter how hard I try-but I could build ladders-but yet I instead cut down every branch on my way.

**november**

I don’t understand…anything.

I don’t understand the point sometimes. I hate how my thoughts are plagued by darkness. I can feel myself slipping yet I feel nothing at all. I feel so numb- all the feeling has gone to my chest. Making it hard to breathe…It’s like they think in order to be “depressed” I should never want to get out of bed-be like always sad. Well maybe you do. I guess I’m not-maybe I just have moments of pure insanity. I’m not crazy