

“Coming Back”

By Hope Embers

I don't remember when I left; I don't know how it all started. All I know is one day I woke up and everything was black. It was as if someone had locked me in a box. I couldn't move or breathe or think. I wasn't dead, but I was barely there. I hurt all the time. Someone else had taken over my body; she was destroying it, and I couldn't say anything about it, I was too weak. She was created by the man I wanted so badly to make happy. I think it started when I began to give up the strong will I was so well known for. Whatever he asked of me I gave him, because I loved him so much. It didn't matter if I disagreed with him, because I wanted nothing more than to make him happy. The next thing I knew this person he created was running my life. She had no self esteem, no self respect, she gave up caring. I had to set back helplessly as the body I belonged to was bruised and beaten by this man, because she wouldn't let me out. Then one day after he'd hurt my body for the last time an angel came and offered to help me. At first the girl he created said no, but somehow I found the strength to put my strong will back into action. From way down inside I screamed yes. The other girl then also had to say yes. It's been a long hard journey, but I've finally laid the other girl to rest, just in time too, because if I hadn't, my family would have been laying me to rest for good.