

Hope

Hi, My name is Emma and this is my story and how one thing could have changed my fate. It's been years since I have last spoken of this but I think your soul needs to here my story. I used to live in the hills of Tennessee on a small farm and went to the only school for miles which happened to be a private school. I was a content child with a small group of friends all in the sixth grade, we were all so close, until that fateful day a year later that made my world collapse. My dad had found a good job opportunity in Kentucky, but that meant I had to move, I had to leave the only life I knew.

The flood of relief I had felt was as if someone had opened a dam, we had just moved and I found out I would be living in a barn just like my old home! Then the dam was closed again and all that adrenaline rushed back as soon as I found out I would be going to a public school. When that fateful day finally came, lets just say, I was a wreck.

I wanted to pretend I was sick knowing I was terrible at lying. So after getting dragged out bed I got ready. When I got there and walked into the classroom everyone and I mean everyone stared and whispered and I felt myself shrink down until I just vanished. The teacher had this ridiculous class tradition where everyone had to stand up and stay their name and birthday so we could try and make friends I guess, (I honestly have no idea why the teacher made us do that). Let me just say that when you are in seventh or eighth grade, that is the absolute worst time to make friends. After everyone said their name and birthday it was my turn. I then said my name Emma and then my birthday, 6-6-06. That moment was a huge mistake and when everyone's eyes widened and the torchering whispers began. I wondered what they were saying which I later found out that they were gossiping and saying stuff like the devil sent her to kill us. Everyone avoided me for almost the entire day. Toward the end of the day they started calling me names like freak or a favorite of theirs devil child. I personally was a child that hoped and always looked for the bright side of things. In this situation I found no bright side and wish I had just lied.

Flash forward a year or so and I am in eighth grade with tons of nicknames and absolutely zero friends. I always told myself when a new kid comes in I will try and become their friend before they heard the rumors. Every time a new kid came it was as if they already knew how everyone felt about me and they were with the rest of the class before I could even say hello. It was as if I were labeled ‘warning, devil child, stay away unless you want to go to hell’’. I eventually just gave up on making friends. That was the first time I had ever given up completely on something. After that I gave up on everything and I cut myself countless times. I suddenly always wanted to die, even if I just made a simple mistake I would hate myself after that. I always told myself if I just make my death quick everything would be fine and I wouldn't be miserable after that. The only thing that stopped me from doing that earlier was the one thing I ever thought about. What if they were right? What if I was a devil child and even if I was a good person, would I still go to hell because of my birthday. One day after being called so many names and now physically being bullied, I just gave up. I didn't care if I went to heaven or hell. What I did after that shocked everyone including myself. If I was in 3rd grade or so, I could never see myself doing something like that. I tied a rope on the fan on the ceiling of my room

and I tied that rope to my neck. The last thing I remembered was jumping off my bed. From then on it all went dark.

After what had seemed an eternity I saw something. I saw my corpse and I knew I was neither in heaven nor hell I was lost, I was a lost soul. The only way I knew I could go somewhere else without feeling lost was if I found out what I needed to do before I ended my life and have a mortal do it for me. (with me guiding them of course)

I tried for months but I couldn't find out what I needed to do much less find a mortal to do it. That was the moment I decided to stay a lost soul, The moment I decided being lost is better than being in death's hands. So that I had something to do I helped other lost souls so they could find eternal rest, and centuries later that is still what I believe I needed to do for my entire life. I enjoy my time of being a lost soul much more than my mortal life. Who knows? Perhaps one day we'll meet, even if it is not your choice.

Julia P.
7th grade