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Ciy'Jarah Williams

Draft about something

My childhood wasn't all sunshine and rainbows. Mom was homeless with my older sister and brother and I. I went to foster care three times. Each time was when I was elementary school. I have very little memory of the events. I remember being with a Hispanic family. They had other children but I was scared and too shy to say anything. I only "talked" to the father. I just pointed to things that I wanted. I didn't speak so they thought I was a mute. The mother didn't like me. I never knew why. They took me to Knox berry farm a week before I left the house and bought me this purple bear that had a gem for a belly button. I had these white boots with fluff balls and the shoe laces with a little heel.

These are the memories I have. I remember going to a lady's house and she believe in God alot. She scared me. Then I finally found the rest of my siblings after switching from the hispanic family to a lonely church lady to a drug addicts house. The drug addicts house was dark and only had a table with two couches. The table had a bowl of old dum dums in it. That's all i remember. Last school year i almost got taken away again. I have a strong past most people don't know about. Writing helps me through all this. Writing lets me tell my truth. My story. It helps me realize what i've been through and then it helps me be able to explain to others.

Writing is my escape from many things. It helps me with my depression, stress, and just random thoughts in my mind. Being able to get everything out on paper is like how some artist write songs about what they go through. The only low i have about writing is the writing bump i have on my middle finger. It hurts if i write for along time. Writing is like money I have to have it in order for me to get somewhere in life. There are many reason why other people write. Many reasons why I write. To be happy, and clear my mind to help others. My writing journey hasn't been an easy one. I struggled because of my writing disorder called dyslexia. Constantly erasing words because of it. The words with B's and D's in it i would mix up so then the B's would be D's and vis versa. It was much more difficult when I was younger but up from middle school and now I've been able to maintain it. That stopped me from loving writing when I was younger. Middle school I had trouble starting essays with strong topics. What I mean by strong topics are topics I didn't have alot of knowledge about. Writing a thesis statement is still hard with certain topics.

Drafts weren't really required at the school I went to. The when I came to High Tech High in eighth grade the first time we had critique was a bad time for me. I don't like when people read my stuff because of how personal it can be. Having someone read about my feelings and opinions then telling me to change everything was something I was not interested in doing. I didn't know how to take in critique. After ninth grade i learned how to appreciate critique and not hate it. I felt that all you needed was a first draft because everytime I turned in a first draft from fifth grade to seventh grade my teachers always gave me an A or b on my essays. But who's going to hurt a kids feelings? Now days in high school I realize I love to write. I realized how

much it means to someone if you write instead of text someone how you feel. My second mom got a six page paper on just my thoughts and she cried. As soon as I seen her cry I knew that my right can impact someone alot. It helped me notice that my words have power and I can use that power to tell people my story. My truth and my past. Writing made me the person I am today. But if you ever think your first draft of something is amazing remember "The first draft of something is shit" Ernest hemingway.

Ciy'Jarah Debranique Williams