

Chapter 1

Where do I begin ? Oh yeah I should probably tell you my name , my looks and all that crap , for starters my name is Casen Baker ,if you guessed I'm white because of my name then you are right , yes I am a male , an ordinary looking one too . Have hazel eyes , dark brown hair , AM WHITE , wear ordinary clothes and have an ordinary height for a guy , 5'9. I am now 23 ,and I've been through .

I should probably start telling you my sad soft stories of when I was a kid and when I was a young adult , but we will get to that when I start bragging about the good things that happened in my life .

All you should know right now is that I'm still alive and I'm okay ., I'm not so great but I'm okay .

Chapter 2

I was born in Los Angeles , California , with two of my "parents " that raised me until I was 9 . Before I was 9 my "parents " would always show me love and affection , protect me , take me to places that made me feel like my life was interesting , feed me and talk to me as a regular human being .

My father as a great person . He was funny , he had energy , and was smart . I would play games with him , he would help me on my homework , even though he wasn't rich he always tried giving me gifts , I've been wanting for long times . Like when I was seven , my dad gave me my very own skateboard that I've been asking for months.

After that he would take me to a skatepark by my house and he would watch me skate and I would fall but he would help me out and he would tried to ride a skateboard but he would fail more than me .

My mother on the other hand was as well the same . As a regular mom she showed more love . She would wake me up to go to school , pick my outfits to make me look handsome , and make me breakfast . She always would tell me every night before I went to bed that 'no matter what happens to you I will still support you , you are one of a kind a kind , you are important , you are smart ,you are not a mistake , you are loved . "

My parents had me at a young age , my mother and my father were good looking people when they met in high school . They started dating when they were in 10th graders . My dad was a cool dude , a lot of people knew him because he was friends with different types like jocks , gangsters , and even nerds . My mom was the type of good girl she did well in school unlike my dad , she used to play piano and was good player and was also a cheerleader .

My father's name was Cameron Baker and my mother's was Katy Jane . They started to talk in this party there friends invited them to and hooked up there . My mother was into him because he would always made her laugh and cheer her up , plus he was good looking so that's also why she mainly was with him because if he was ugly I do not think she would have wanted to have a baby with him . They had some things in common but not much . My mother was just more of that preppy life she had a nice family , nice grades , liked pop , country , and RnB , my father liked rock-n-roll and rap only , he hated country but who doesn't ? Oh yeah hillybillyś and weirdos . But unlike my father , my grandma died when my father was just 5 from breast cancer and my grandpa died when he went he was a

freshman in high school, he died from lung cancer. My grandpa was always working so he did not really talk to his father that much. But yeah you can say their lifestyle was really different maybe my mom was mostly with him because she just felt sorry for him.

Everyday after they liked each other they would always have time for each other, my father took my mother on dates even if he did not have money, he still managed to take my mother out and make her feel special, loved, and like he did not just want her just for the sex.

I feel my father changed my mom, she was just a normal teen but when she met him she was more spending time with him than paying attention to her other friends or even her piano and dancing in cheer. My mother's parents did not like my father and wanted her to break up with Cameron before they get more serious but too late they had me on their 1st anniversary. They were still in high school my mother had to stop going to school to take care of me because she couldn't find anyone to take care of me while she was being in school plus we needed money for me. So she dropped out of school, my father finally started to realize he needed to act mature now. My father went to school still to graduate.

My parents got married after my father became a construction worker and my mother became a waitress at a fancy restaurant. We lived in a large house that was a good thing but not a pretty neighborhood but at least I had a roof on top of my head.

There was one day, when my father messed it up. He hated his job and hated his boss because he was just a stubborn person. He only did that job for the money not because he enjoyed it. Maybe if we actually did jobs that made us want to really do it and not care so much of how much we get paid, we would probably have more dads and moms coming home not acting so grumpy and not acting like there 20 years older.

He went to work, and was tired of his boss and told him off and quit.

My mother got so angry at him for doing that and they got in an argument. When I listened to their argument, my father sounded like a 13 year old boy arguing with his mom complaining on how his work sucked. After that my dad went out of the house and drove off in the middle of the night.

He was gone for days, my mom would call him, no answer. She didn't speak to him in weeks. I was upset I missed my father. But one day he came back a new person. My mother was still mad at him because we both didn't know where he went or if he was still alive. He told us that he just went to visit an old friend from high school.

My mother was worried because she didn't know how she was going to make it being the only one working to pay off all the bills and not have extra money left but my father told my mother that his old friend had a job to offer him. He told us it was drug dealing that he would work whatever time he could at night or afternoon and that it pays good money.

My mother couldn't believe it and didn't want to talk to him.

"Are you crazy?" My mother said.

"What's wrong with it it's a job right? And pays good, I'm going to do what I want no matter what you say."

"I can't believe you I don't want you to take that serious, do you understand how I feel ? I feel like I am meeting a new person I've never met before ."

My father not caring still took the chance .He would come home sometimes and sometimes not .Sometimes random people came asking for him . He would also be smoking or sniffing around the house . My mother when she caught him she would leave the house and go stay with my grandpa .

When my father didn't see me for a couple days he would visit me when I was living at my grandpas take me out and buy me more stuff since he had more extra money. Since I was a little kid that made me happy just getting toys and junk food but now as I think about it I should have thrown all the stuff he gave me in the trash and told him to get a real job . I still had love for the man ,I wanted a dad figure still around my life .

One day I told him when he would play games with me at the park I asked "Do you still love mom ?"

"Of course I do " my father said

"Then why is mommy mad , and not with you ?"

" Couples go through a lot son " he said .

" But why are you not making mom happy and making her sad than happy if you love here ?"

" Let me tell you something maybe I might make smart choices , but I love your mom it's just right now I can't love her because I'm just trying to love myself so I can be happy and make your mom happy too , love yourself first before you go loving others because if you don't love yourself who will ?"

My father had a good point when I first heard that but also just sounded so selfish at the same time .

At this time I was scared in my life . Not just my dad was changing , my mom was changing . She was more aggressive with me then loving . She would hit me so much when I wouldn't do chores right or when I do a little mistake .

I was 9 and terrified of my parents , my mom was someone I couldn't be around much .

One day when I was helping her carry groceries out the car I was holding a big bag with food and when I was walking I tripped and made the food fall out and broke the eggs that were in there and my mom saw and she grabbed my hair all the way to the house and threw me in the bathroom locked me in there and Yelled out " You should have never been born , I should have never met your father none of this would have ever happened to me thanks to both you guys my life sucks !!"

" Mommy let me out I'm scared !" " Mommy" I cried several times but no answer .

I was crying in the bathroom tub sitting , in the dark telling myself while crying "I'm sorry "

I wish I was never born either....

Chapter 3

When I finally turned 10 my fathers and mothers "love" for each other went away and my mother was still the most cold-hearted person found another guy she met at her job . The guy was more rich and good-looking .

She wanted a divorce and my father was fine with it . My mother was going to move to New York with new man . She bends down to me holding my arms looking at me " Do you want to go with me ? You could live with me ?"

I smiled and was going to say yes but then she told me the deal was I was never going to see my father,that was the deal .

My smile went away , in back of her was a picture of me and my father when I was 6 , I looked at it and told her " No mommy , I can't go " I said . My father was crazy but I didn't see myself never seeing him until I turned into an adult plus my mother's new man was a jerk to kids .

The first time I was with him and my mom we were at his house and I slept the night there and he didn't let me sleep on the bed or couch , I had to sleep on the hard floor . The man was a bastard and my mother was turning into one so that's why she didn't mind if he was being rude to me . She cared more about falling in love with someone new then loving her own son .

She looked down and walked away and turned around and told me " I feel sorry for you " and she left .

I cried now more every night thinking how could she just leave me ? I thought if she did love me why was it so easy for her to leave ? Why would she even consider a guy that was a jerk over and trying to live her and stay with her son ?? I don't know what love is and I don't think anybody will ever show me what real love is . I was already thinking that at such a young age , I had no hope , no faith that something better was going to happen I had so much more to live but what do was there to live for when there was no help to save me . I was so young and didn't care about anything after those long nights of being hurt .

That just shows how people put their needs instead of other people's needs first no matter if it will hurt another .

My father was making good money still in drug business. He would even talk to people in the cartel that's how he would get more money by knowing people who had more power in the business to help him get more in his pocket . He bought a new up to date Mercedes Benz . I lived with him still , even in the same house with the same memories. He tired to be a dad figure sometimes but that would go away when he went out partying and hooking up with new women , that satisfied him more . I was seeing I my everyday life ; Drugs , money , and women . Sometimes when my father didn't want me to see that , he would tell me to stay in my room and not come out . I would seek out the window and go to my friends Jack's house because his house was more family like , his mom would even feed me unlike my father .But sometimes when he was mad at me he would send me to the basement and lock it so I wouldn't again see all the crap he was doing . I never really told anyone what was happening because I didn't want anybody to find out my sucky life ,I didn't want anybody feeling sorry for me .

I even tried some of the drugs when my dad wasn't around . When I was 12 I tried marijuana, it made my lungs burn I would laugh like a dumbass and feel good stupid , I liked the feeling .

The only time I wouldn't be around drugs was I would would visit my grandpa or go skating with my friends I love skating the friends I made while I skated at the park and I forgot how bad my life was that's why I wasn't doing so much drugs because I was occupied.

But when I was 14 I broke my leg and couldn't skate and couldn't even try any other sport to do on my free time . My grandpa also died from lung cancer so I couldn't visit him like old times . He actually became a dad to me every time I would see him I couldn't stand my father's ways , I would go to him . As I was getting older my father still took drugs and got more aggressive and got more mad at the world. I had to be around the house when my leg was broken , my house was becoming a trap house . I hated it .

One day I got so bored I told one of my friends to come over , Jack . We've each known each other since I was 5 . We always went to the same school . He was a little crazier than me but I got used to him . I don't understand why he was more crazier than me when he had a normal life .

He was aware my father was a drug dealer and when we were playing video games in my house he said "Hey you think your dad has some coke around the house ?"

I would cringe when they referred Cameron as "dad" , " yeah why ?"

" Well let's do some then "

I've tried other drugs but not coke and heroine . My father didn't want to try any drugs though and would beat me up I did try his drugs . I didn't understand how it was okay for him to do drugs but not me ? So I said , "wait right here"

I knew where he put the drugs , he put it his closet . I got the cocaine put it on the table in my room .

Jack's face lit up "Heck ya!"

Jack was already sniffing the coke .

It's like he already tried it before . I was having second thoughts of not doing it , I know I shouldn't do thisbut I'll still do it anyways . Just like my "parents" they still did stuff they shouldn't have still did it anyways.

The rush it had going through me was new . I never felt such a an energy going through me for a couple hours was amazing !

I really enjoyed coke . After that I would do coke at my friends house and when my dad was out like always I would do it . I was addicted and didn't how I was going to stop . I thought about coke more than women .

The girls I would hook up with when I was 15 , I would smash some girls I met at school , and parties .I don't want to tell you a number , you can just think of a number .

After that tell them do coke with me I sometimes didn't want to do it by myself . Sometimes wanted to see girls like me too because again I'm a mistake and I'm a mistake in everyone's life .

I did have small relationships but end because they already were talking about kids and our "future " , not that was bad , I just wanted something temporary , I didn't want to waste any girls time if they didn't have the same thought I had . I was looking for just temporary girls and girls that wanted temporary , we did not waste each other's time .

One time a girl told me she" loved me " because I made her feel special for a couple months , and yeah there was times where I felt like I could be with this girl more but I just did not want to fall in love so I just told her " You don't love me , you just love the fact of a relationship " she got upset and never talked to me again . I kinda felt bad but she will find someone who's better than me . I'm no good

. I was not that type a girl parents would have been proud that I am dating their daughter , I just was not ready, plus I do not get why people want to fall in love so young ? It is a waste of youth in my opinion spending time on a person while you are young , like come on look at my parents ? Fell in love young and when they grew up , they realize how dumb they were . Well they still do not fully realize how dumb they are but a little bit they do know .

But anyways again , I didn't really took girls serious I just saw them as something to benefit out of . You may say I'm a bad guy for thinking that but you gals made yourself to blame for guys thinking like that. Girls now don't even know how to value themselves . With one complement you give them or with one date they give it up that easy .Girls always fall for the wrong guy because the right guy is the most borest , the wrong guy knows how to talk to girls and the right guy is the . They're like Hometown buffet you can all you want , for the cheap . I know I sound like a jerk but if girls don't care about having sex until marriage then why not take them serious since they don't want to commit on waiting .

Chapter 4

Things got more worse . My father would come home crossfaded and try to fight me . I would hit him back and sometimes he would leave a black eye on me . I hated his guts , he got on my nerves , I sometimes felt like killing him in his sleep and taking his money . But that wouldn't be such a good idea cause then I would be in jail for a long time and what's the point about that ?

One time my dad came to room one night and would hit my face with his knuckles to wake me and make him food . There was also another time where I was staying at my friends house for a couple of weeks and he went out to find me and when he found me he hit me and told me " Go back home and start cleaning that house ain't going to clean it's self " .

After that I would go out at night looking for more trouble . I would go to parties and in every party I've gone to I have beaten up dudes who would try and tell me stuff or just look at me funny . I would beat the hell out of them . Sometimes I would have there face bleeding and my friends would have to jump in and try to stop me before I'll kill anyone .

In school I would be rude to teachers,never turned in my work on time ,sometimes would not do,the only time I would work is when I googled my answers or copied from a partner,teachers really looked down on me and there was one trying to help me but still stacked on half my other subjects.I just did not want to be there I would have dropped out but my father promised me if I dropped out he would beat me up and put me on the streets but the good thing that he told me if I finish high school he gets to buy me a house far away from him.So that is why I put some effort just not enough.

I was going insane , especially when I was on the coke , I really didn't have anyone to help me stop .

I would even try to sell drugs to , my father barely gave me money for clothes and I didn't want to be the bum looking one out of all my good dressed friends because they had normal parents . I started to sell some xanax . Nobody really my age was selling them , I knew fellas selling something else like

weed or crystal meth but I really wanted money now too . Growing up in the ghetto begin white and broke was sad.Like you who except me to be living in the hills all nice but no.Growing up were there was immigrant folks and blacks folks is where I was staying which was nothing wrong because why be racist it's dumb.But I was growing up and seeing more and more that made me want to steal more and get money more because that mainly happened.

Even one time when I was 14 I was walking with Jack and a couple other homies,there liquor store and I did not have money but my friends said they were going to grab some stuff.As I saw them they were stealing candy and chips they did not have money either and I was just standing there looking at them hid it in there pants."What are you doing just standing there?"my other friend named John said while he stuck a snickers bar down his pants.

"Im good"

"You scared to steal or something"some random kid that tagged along with us that was annoying told.

"He is not scared,he is not scared of anything" Jack replied for me.

"Well if he's not scared I dare you to steal a beer"

I looked back where the liquor was and since he tested me I felt like doing it just even more."No biggie"I replied.

"Well we will be outside waiting for you then"Mike said my other friend.

So they went out and I trying to look at the old dude in the registry to see if he was looking he was not,he was looking at a newspaper.So I quickly opened the frig and put a big 40 ounce in my backpack quietly and saw he was not looking still and was walking toward the door but before I went to grab the door the old man told me "Hey whats in your backpack kid?"

I did not know what to do so I ran out and so did all my other friends did too they all jumped on there skateboards and the old man in the back screaming"Don't you come back to this store again or else kids!

We all laughed and then we all went to walk around being adventures.We would just do our thing stay out late and drink some of the beer and we would come back home late and as nothing ever happened but after that it was a habit but with other liquor stores.

It was so easy getting xanax , I told my neighbor that was really cool dude that was in his early 30s living on his own that I had panic attacks and my father is always out so he can really get me them since they were not over the counter , he acted liked my dad just so I can get the good xanax pills . He actually acted more like my dad his name was " Juan "he was a mexican dude that was not born in Mexico and barely talked any english but could understand .

I actually did get people around finding during school after school just didn't let my father find out .

I would get new clothes and my father asked me where did I get that " My friends didn't want their clothes anymore , so they gave it to me " I told him .

There was a night I won't forget , I was out at my friends house at night , my friend Eddie told all of us to go mob at night , it was 1 am and all we were doing was playing video games and smoking weed , it got boring because we did that all day so we thought why not let's go walking around town .

My friends and I tagged places , my friends were bad at tagging some were just tagging penis tagging but my friend Danny drew some good tagging that you see on the highways of LA . We also ding dong ditched people's houses because why not and stole people's bikes to ride them around .

The thing we did that made that night go bad was we went where there was gangsterhood neighborhood . They were outside awake too not in pj's blasting music sitting around drinking beer .One guy that was wearing a bright red shirt came up to us walking we didn't walk away because we didn't want to act like we were afraid of them .

" What you doing on this side of town ?" He was black , tall and buff .

" Nothing we are just fun out here mobbin " One of my friends said .

" So who's that teenage guy selling xanax ?"

" Me " I said without sounding afraid .

He grabbed me and started beating the crap out of me , I couldn't fight back his hits were so hard . I was on the ground weeping .

He grabbed my hair and pulled it close to my face .

" I'm the only one who can sell xans around here boy , don't be trying to be something you're not , If I hear anybody getting xans from you , I'm coming to get you and your dad with my gang you hear me " Threw my head on the ground my friends were helping me up and we got out of there .

That one night where I actually was thinking . I told myself I was failing school , i was failing on respecting women ,I was failing with already my health , I was just failing in life . I didn't like how I was becoming I couldn't sleep at nights.Sometimes I would have some terrible sleep paralysis where I would see black shadows attacking me,sometimes they whispered things in my ear.One time I saw a black shadow with red eyes really tall could not even stand up and It just scared me because It was just looking at and saying things that I did not understand but it kept getting taller and taller but once I tried to move myself my arms and legs and rose it was gone. I did not know what they were saying but I knew they only came to scare me and to bring evil in my life.It was every month I would get them. It wasn't like a one time thing,sometimes i did not want to go to sleep I did not even enjoy going sleeping because of the thought of being attacked and distributed.Ghost and demons try to even make me hate myself more.I really hated living.

Everyday I would feel alone,yeah I had people around me but they did not make me feel like I was really cared for.I was the type to make every friend I knew happy,I would tell them how there feeling and how's life but sometimes I would cry by myself.Why? Because at the end of the day nobody in returned did the same. No one asked me how I was doing,nobody really cared for me,nobody really wanted to know the real me.I even told myself if I die who would really miss me?Who would really wish I was still alive?Would they start caring for me when I am gone?These thoughts were killing me. No one really loved me,and I guess that is what I am missing,the feeling of being loved.I do not know what love really is but I thought to myself it must be a nice feeling to find real love.I know I sound like a 16

year old girl that's being a drama queen yeah whatever, but that's how I felt and I was not happy like always.

I just wanted a life where it was different, better. I missed when you are little and you don't know anything, I feel like those days are the most best days in your life.

Before I was going to turn 17 in a couple months I one day I actually told myself to stop the drugs and go out and have fun without it. I did, I talked to my skate pals I still had talked to while I stopped skating. They were goofy people but still a lot of them were fun to be around them.

I got back on track on skating. I would skate everyday to get better I would kickflip stairs like back then, grind ledges and just enjoyed it by myself it felt like old times when I was a kid. I missed the feeling but the only thing that is missing was not having parents that cared about me.

I actually was clean. I decided to call Jack to just see what he was up to. Haven't seen him since last party I went to 2 months ago.

"Hey Jack"

"Oh hey Casen"

"Haven't seen you around, what you been doing in life?"

"I know, I've been out hanging out with Jen but we broke up bored now I have barely anyone to hang out with most of my time but hey I went to Florida, there was hot ladies too bad I wasn't single when I went there"

"I bet there was hot ladies, plus you're not slick with girls that's why Jen left you"

"Bro I am she cheated on me that's why we broke up"

"Wow that sucks you okay?"

"Not really"

"Hey let's hang out bro I'll cheer you up you don't need her anyways"

"Heck ya I'm down tonight I'm free"

My father was watching some dumb football game "I'm headed out with Jack"

"Okay like I care go have fun with your boyfriend then"

I didn't say anything I'm used to him saying irrelevant crap.

We went out to eat, we also went to go see scary movies in the theater. Went to the mall tried to see how many phone numbers we could get, of course I got more since I know how to talk to girls and I was kinda better looking. After we were in his car just blasting some old raps like Snoop Dog, Bone Thugs-n-Harmony, 2Pac - etc. around town. Then later Jack pulled up in parking lot that was alone.

"What are we doing here?" Confused if he was going to kill me or rape me.

He took out something from his pocket that was wrapped.

"What the hell Jack!"

"What's the matter?"

He had cocaine with him and wanted to sniff it with me.

"I can't do it"

"What? Why? You never said no before why now?"

"Because I don't need it anymore"

"What do you mean you don't need it ?"

" I said I don't need it , my life is fine without it "

He looked at me strange " How can you say that ? After what you been through ?plus your life is still not that great "

" I'm doing good I don't need this to make me happy "

" Look I care about you Casen , and I know you still arguing with your dad when I came back , you're not fine you always look sad even if you try to hide it , I noticed that when I saw you , I'm saying just sniff some and you'll have another smile on your face, Remember that feel you get ? C'mon don't tell me you don't need it , it will make you feel 10 times happy remember that "

" I remembered " I wasn't going to lie I missed doing coke as I think about it , the hyped I would get and more motivated I was when it rushed through me . Plus I haven't got catch sniffing so I'm good .

"Fine I'll do it give me a dollar to roll it ."

I took one line ,again had that feeling on how I first sniffed coke then took another line and a third line , Jake had so much coke "Where did you get all this coke ?"

" It's called knowing people who can get it , don't worry I didn't buy from your dad plus he wouldn't sell it to me "

I was already hyped Jack put another line " Here have this last line "

I took the rolled dollar and without thinking I probably was already good with 3 lines but I still did another line cause why not let me keep the boost longer .

After that I blacked out Before you know it I was in the hospital. I had an overdose great. I could have died , but maybe I should have died .

My father walked in looking at me a mad expression on his face .

"What the hell were you thinking ?"

" I was working on dying "

"You sound stupid look just cause I do drugs doesn't mean you can do drugs , I'm older "

" First of all of you didn't want me to try them in the first place you should have not brought them around me , second of all I don't care what you say , just like you don't care what I say , Why is it okay for adults to make mistakes , but not teens , don't tell me what the hell was I thinking , you should tell yourself that !"

I yelled that and the nurses stopped and looked in my room , my father just turned around and just left just like my mother .

Jack later visited me after all that crap, he told me he was sorry and brought me Chinese food cause he knew it was my favorite .

" So what did your dad say when he saw you ?"

" He just came at me like an ass and I came back at him too with my reply , plus he's not a dad ."

" Wow sounds like a lovely talk "

" You know what I wonder ? I wonder why it's okay for people to treat you like crap and when you treat them back with it , they get offended and ask why you treat them like crap ?"

" No clue , people are just easily offended these days now ."

I was in the hospital for the whole day . A couple of my other friends visited me and stayed longer than my father did to visit me . "Hey crackhead how's it going ?" some of my friends told me when they visited me . After I got out of the hospital , I got in the car with my father .

" You're going to live with your aunt Lacey in San Fran . "

"What ! , Why ?" I couldn't believe this crap .

" You need to not be around me anymore , and I don't want to hear that you don't want to go because you're going , your aunt Lacey is going to drive up here and take you "

"Wow thanks for kicking me out , thanks ass whoole "

" Hey I want you to shut up before I stop this car and beat you up before you leave "

I just shut up and told myself that it's a good thing I'm finally leaving this piece of crap "dad" . I didn't want to see him ever again .

Went home packed all my stuff , I was really sad how I was going to live in a house I haven't been to in years and how I really wasn't going to know anybody there , I called everyone I was friends with told them I was leaving , they asked me if I was ever coming back " I do not know, probably never "

Chapter 5

I woke up the next morning ready . I saw outside my window my aunt's car was already here . She looked like the guy version of my father just more skinny , had makeup and more hair . She went inside the house greeted me with a smile she sounded so nice and calm , I felt bad now , I didn't want to live with her and give her any trouble .

My aunt talked to my father if he was sure he was okay and was okay if I lived with her , he said " I'm great just let him live with you , I can't be around him for awhile I still need to get my life together ever since Katy left , I've felt more insane than ever , maybe I can get my life together but I just don't want him to see me right now "

I wasn't in the room where they were talking in but I heard from afar , It felt like my father missed my mother , I didn't even know that , I didn't even think he even cared about her anymore.

"Casen are you ready to leave ?"

"I'm ready " I didn't say goodbye to my father , I just got in her car , she turned on the radio playing some rock bands from the 60's and 70's singing along while we were driving , I didn't really listen to any rock bands I would just listen to rap because it reminds me of my mother she loved that type of genre .Aunt Lacey would talk to me and ask me questions about school , dislikes and likes . I felt comfortable around here , I felt like I could talk to her maybe living with her wouldn't be bad .

Later I was thinking in my head about what my father said earlier today , if he really wanted to change or if he feels like he needs to change but won't . I don't know my head didn't want to think about it if he does good , and if he doesn't good , I don't care .

" You okay " My aunt asked .

" You don't seem good , you look kinda down "

" No , I just look like this a lot "

" I remember the last time you visited you were more talkative and had a smile on your face most of the time "

" Yeah you grow up and become more anti - social and life is just crap "

" Listen whatever happens you don't make a big deal out of it , just look how many people suffer everyday and those people who suffer everyday still go on in life and live there life not let it break them and there more happy by doing that "

She was right , but I'm just not happy , neither am I sad anymore , I just don't feel anything anymore .

We arrived at her house , I met my cousins Isac, Kim and my uncle Rob . Isac was my age 17 , and Kim was 13 .

" Hey cousin long time no see " He gave me a hand-shake and bro hug at the same time .

I didn't really like him when we were kids , he would bully me and make me do things for him , and if I didn't he would tell my mom I was doing something bad , I would get in trouble . But now it seems different he is tall , dark - brown hair , and looks like a jock - party type guy . He plays football and gets good grades I saw when I walked up stairs the pictures of him playing and a copy of his grades hanged up .

I went in his room,it looked proper , it was clean big , it looked like a room in a t.v show .

" It's cool that you are living here , you can sleep on my bed couch , you can watch my t.v and playstation if you want but can I ask why you are living here ?"

" Me and my father aren't getting along , so he called your mom to ask if I could live here and she was okay with it "

" You'll like it here , hey you skate ?"

He saw my board with my belongings , " Yeah when I was little I started , I do it just for fun "

" Do you think you can make a living off that ?"

" I always dreamed about it , I would be nice but that's actually hard "

" I know friends who skate too and we have a skate park couple blocks away "

I was glad hearing about that , how knowing my aunt , my cousin were good people already and that there's a skate park not that far , not so bad of a day .

" I'm going to a party tonight , you should come with me so you know people here before you enroll here "

We went to the party , it didn't seem like the one's where I lived , they were crazy , and violent and too many drunk people around but this one just seemed relaxed , everybody drank a little , talked and danced .

Isac introduced me to people , I made friends they seemed mellow . But there was one person who caught my eye . She was blonde , green-eyed , had big lips and a was in good shape , she looked like a model . She was sitting next to her friend who was sitting on some guys lap . She was classy , she wore a tight dress that wasn't making her look like a hore but it made her look like she was on a fancy date .

I was so nervous to go talk to her , I've never felt like this before it was new to me ! But I couldn't not say hi and not introduce myself . So I just tried to do my move . I sat down not right next to her but a few spaces away so she wouldn't be creeped out of me .

" Hi " I try to do a hot looking smirk .

She looked at me I melted , " Hi " she even had a low-soft voice . I was already going blank I didn't even know how to talk to her , I should have thought of what to say to her , what ? what am I becoming ? I just stayed calmed I got this .

" What's your name ?"

" Julia what's yours ?"

" Casen , how old are you ?"

" I'm 17 , hey Jackie Imma go home already "

" It's only 11?"

" Yeah I know I'm tired "

She got up and said bye . Wow so much for a conversation.

Chapter 6

On Monday I started my senior year at Downtown High School , it was a nice school , looked clean , I walked around new faces , pretty faces , ugly faces , young and old faces . Isn't it weird that there's billions of people in the world and we surround ourself with the same types of people every day ? At my old old school I knew most people so it was more comfortable to walk around school . The first day I hanged out with Isaac and his friends , they were all jocks , and looked like there parents gave them everything .

I had photography last period because I didn't have any other elective I wanted to do . I entered the class and I saw her,that Julia chick !

There was a seat behind her so I saw right behind her . I don't know if she would remember my name but I tapped her shoulder and whispered " Hey" smiling like a dumbass .

" Hi" and she just turned back around and began talking to her friend . I literally wanted to tell her off for just dissing me and not wanting to talk to me and tell her " Bi**h I was talking to you " but had to keep my temper before I get kicked out of this school .I just decided to try and talk to her again " You probably don't remember me but I'm that guy from the party Casen remember ?"

" Yeah I remember you " and just turned again back around .

I just left her alone the rest of the period .

It was over school so I decided to head over to the skate park they had around here . When I met it look gnarly , the one back home that I lived by was not as good as this one , they did have good parks in LA but in the nice side of towns which was far from me .

Anyways, I arrived it and when I entered the place I saw this boy that looked a little younger than me sitting on top of his board , taking a break smoking a cig . When I rode by him he threw his cig on the

ground right when I came across .Do I look like a trash can to be throwing crap at me ?? I stopped and turned to him " Hey what's your problem ??!"

" No , there is not a problem but there seems to be a problem with you since I see you're the one getting mad right now "

I just rode off not trying to cause a fight already with some dumb little boy , I'm at least going to try and make it here cause if I don't I'll probably will be living in the streets or even worse live with my mother .

I minded my own business after that little incident , I sucked at skating , I couldn't land any trick after not been active for a couple of years . It just got so boring skating , or doing anything else with my friends , all my friends just wanted to do was get high , drunk , or just go out to party that was our fun . It was fun sometimes wasn't going to lie .

After being in that park in a while that guy came back " Hey my man is David "

" Well Casen my name is why don't you butt off "

" Suit yourself then "

" Hey nevermind , David right ? well my name is Casen "

" Casen , well see you around then " then rode off and was a great skater after he stopped the conversation .

Later that day I went to my aunt's house and man how she had dinner ready when I got there . I really just ate stuff that you had to put in microwave or just went to fast food places when I was living with my father .

"Hey Casen would you like something to eat ?

I sat down at the dinner table and when I sit down I realize I haven't at a dinner table like a family for awhile . At the dinner table everyone was talking about there day and eating . I look at Isac , Kim , my aunt and my uncle , they all have each other to talk to , to eat with , and to live with . Sometimes I dream I had a big family or sometimes I had dreams of having a big family of my own but I tell myself nah it is not going to happen .

" So what do you want to do after high school ?" my uncle Rob asked .

" I do not know yet "

" You don't have any clue ? "

" No "

" Do you even plan on going to college ?"

" I mean I do not have money to go to college "

" Casen,you should find out soon before it is too late , and if you want to go to college we can help "

" Thank you but maybe not college but thanks for the offer " I thought about it why do they want to help me ? Why are they being nice ? It just felt weird how I come to this place and I find people who say they want to help me .

The next morning I was walking with Isac to school "So how do you like it here so far ? "

" I mean everything is going good so far "

" I didn't really get to know why did you end up living with us which doesn't mind me but I was just curious on how did your dad wanted you to live here ?"

There I go cringe again when I hear the word dad , "Cause he does not care about me , he wanted me to leave so he can do whatever he wants to do without me seeing anymore "

"Wow,intense but you know you are here and you are going to spend the time of your life here which will be better than living back with your old man "

Maybe he is right , but we will see if I change my mind .

I was walking in the halls on the way to my class and I saw that guy David walking towards me. He saw me but I acted like I never seen him before and so did he. It was like that for a couple of days.Until one day he came up to me while we were in break saying" Hey you want to come by my house after school? ,I'm not gay so you do not think I am trying to make a move on you"

"Sure then where is your house at?"

He gave me a paper saying his address, I took it and looked at it and then he just walked away. It was over school and I told Isac where I was going "David? I think that guy is weird he stays quiet to everywhere he goes ,hates on everyone ,and might be gay he might try to rape you"

"He said he was not but I should not go to his house "

"I would not but that is just me"

I just decided to walk to his house,if he is gay and tries to get at me,he going to get a punch to the face if he tries to be silly with me .I do not hate gay people,they are whatever I let them enjoy their life but I am not with being with a guy.

Before school ended I had english to go to, that class was so boring essays after essays about stupid topics that did not really matter to me. But today I actually changed my mind.Our teacher Mr.Mills changed the topic in class and asked us"to be or not be?" from Hamlet's poem.

"To live or not to live? Is life even worth living, is life just a big struggling and why should we live on this earth?Is one person's life even worth than another man ? What is after death? Are we afraid of death? " He asked a bunch of questions like these that me thinking if life even worth the struggle,why is it a big wonder where we go after death why does no one really know?I could have killed myself back then but why didn't ?I hate to be alive but am I really afraid of death?

I ended up walking a lot to his house but as I walked I realized he lived in a neighborhood that had big houses and big back yards , these look like some houses you can find in Hollywood . When I arrived to his house , it was the biggest one there , and had one foreign car that was probably his.I knocked his door "Hey I really didn't think you were really going to come in"

"So you are rich then?"

" My mother and father are, I am just here being normal,nobody from my school knows so don't go tell people at school that I am rich"

"What is wrong with people knowing?"

"I feel like people are just going to take advantage of me, people already take advantage of my mother and father and I just do not want the same for me , that is why I do not make a lot of friends because I

feel like every time they need something they are just going to use me for money so I am warning you to not tell anyone

"I understand why do you even go to public school then?"

"Because I just wanted to know how it feels to go to public school , I really did not like private school too much preppy kids around me, I can barely stand my parents that are really preppy"

He started showing me around his house and his backyard . It was cool it had a basketball court, a big pool, I could not believe his own mini skate park in his backyard. And then we went to his man cave he had that had three flat screen tvs hanging and pool table and old arcade games I was impressed ,

"You are living the life"

"I wouldn't say that'

"Why not ? I would love to live here "

"It sucks when you have no one to talk to,parents are always busy,never have time for you,it is like you do not exist,everywhere I go I feel like nobody even wants to see how I am doing some people do not even say hi to me, it just sucks also cause I do not even call this place home, my parents hate that I am not this or that is probably one of the reasons they probably feel like I do not exist, all they care about is money and working,and I do not understand why when they already have so much but they just want more because they do not know how to be satisfied on what they already"he sighs"Sorry said what is on my mind right now "

"You know what it is cool, it you feel that way then just let it out then I do not not have a good life either so we are even "

The rest of the night we played pool, I was actually beating him and then I went to my aunt's house went to bed and thought to myself I never met a lonely rich person before.

Chapter 7

I was photography class and saw Julia I told Isaac for help to get way on talking to her last night .It was weird asking a guy on advice like that because I never did but he told me to pass her notes during class like old school and to see if she wants to go eat after school .I thought that was lame but I just tried.

In the note I put "Why do you ignore me?I am trying to figure out that?"

I put the note on top of her desk when I went to by seat. I saw her reading it, wrote on it and passed it back to me.

"I know you just want to mess around with me I can tell"

I say that I was shocked,it was all true but I wrote back"Look it may look like that but what if I am trying to get to know you and treat you good"

"Then I would give you chance"

"Would you give me a chance?"

"No."

"Common,after school we can go eat some lunch or something and if you do not want to find out anything about me after that then I will leave you alone at least you know I am no good for sure "

"Okay deal after school at James Coffee Shop meet me there"

I was no good,but maybe I could change and I could be different and treat her better than the other girls I was with. But that is a maybe,I am not sure.

I later arrived at the Coffee shop she told me to met her at,she was already there ordering her drink then I sat by her and she asked me"Did you always live in San Francisco?"

"No,I just started living here I use to live Los Angeles"

"Do you miss it over there"

"Yeah,kinda, not really just miss some things about living over there"

Then we just talked about me how she wanted to know more about me how old I am,what I like to do,and then she asked why did I end up living here and I did tell her somewhat the truth I just said I was having trouble with my dad back home and my aunt said it was okay to live with her.

"I am already tired talking about me I want to know more about you"

"Okay like?"

"What's your favorite color?"

She just laughs "Are you serious?"

"Sorry I am not really good talking to pretty girls"

"Oh common you look like that type that knows how to talk to girls"

"But what if I'm not? "

"Then you have proved me wrong"

"Well since I finally got you to talk to me as I think about it,tell me somethings I do not know about you, tell me anything,I want to get to know you,I will listen"

"Already have proven me wrong,well I am 17 I grew up here,I never gone anywhere That is not California state,but I do plan to travel,a lot of people want to travel just for fun but I mainly want to travel to see what other countries are like and help out,I like to take pictures with my Canon I've been interested in taking pictures for a while now,and I do not like liars,or untrustworthy people, oh and I do not like onions yuck but that should tell you somewhat about me"

"Wow that is really interesting,I have only been to Las vegas but that was only when I was little but that would be cool to visit places that are dangerous"

Then everything went with the flow of the conversation,she talked more about her and I listen and respond it ended well.She had to leave later"I have to go,it was nice talking to you though Casen"

"It was nice talking to you too Amy,you want to hang out again?"

"Sure,I'll tell you when when I see you in school"

I went back to my aunts to tell Isaac that I finally got to talk to Julia.

"Wow she is finally opening up to you"

"Yeah I just told her straight just give me a chance and she did"

"So you want to fall in love with her or??"

"I don't know,I kind of just want to get to know her more and see where things go but I'm not sure about falling in love"

"Why not?Someone broke your heart and now you don't want to give Julia more than just a friend?"

"Not that,I'm the one breaker girls"

"So you want to us here then,I see"

"I mean not like that"

"Well seems like that,but you know that is on,she is pretty but I wouldn't want to mess with her"

"Why not? "

"Because she is a sweet girl,I have known her for years now and what she has been through,she doesn't deserve that,you should get to know a lot of girls you know I know a lot of pretty girls here that are easy"

In my head"She has been through alot"what does that mean?She also has a messed up life like me?or worse?

The next day I went to David's house,no one was there again his parents were not there.We were playing basketball in his backyard for a bit and then came inside to get some water.When I came to his house I was looking at pictures his family had hanged up.I saw a family portrait with all serious faces and saw two other kids in the picture."Hey who are they?"

"Oh that is my brother and my sister"

"Yes,but they do not live here anymore because start after highschool they sent them to expensive Universities they did not even want to go too out of California and barely come to visit"

"What are they doing in a University?"

"My parents sent them there so they can do there careers they want them to do,my brother is in Harvard to become a lawyer,and my sister is in Princeton University to become a Physicist but sadly that was not what they wanted to do after high school"

"Those are high paying jobs though,what did they want to be? "

"My brother wanted to become a author but my dad thought that was stupid and my sister wanted to be a vet because she loved animals so much but my parents said that does not make as much money as a Physicist and they are going to do the same to me but I do not know where there going to send me which cant wait to start living a life I did not ask for when I grow up"

"To make you feel better,I do even know what I'm going to do after school,Im probably going to end up a bum and die"

He laughed and said"Well at least that was your choice to be that,me have no choice"

I felt sorry for this guy being with a rich family that controlled everything"You know what live your life before they live yours,tell you what come to a party tonight me and my cousin and his friends are going you need to get out there"

"I do not know I don't really go to parties"

"Well today can be your day,plus your not a bad looking guy so that means you can find yourself a chick there"

I did not invite him to get crazy but to see other people and get out there before he grows up.

