



Early 2007, May



Would you like to answer the question for the class?



Do you know the median of twenty-four and forty-eight?

No, sir. I don't know.

Uhhh...

Rub Rub

That's okay, you can skip it.



She can't do simple division, now she can't do median?

Ha Ha!

Shh! She'll hear!

You think she's just retarded?



Why can't she be in Speical Ed if she's so stupid?

Ha Ha!

She doesn't look retarded, I suppose.



Clench

Well she wears sweatshirts all the time, don't dumb kids wear baggy clothes?

She is fat!



It's hot, but she is too embarrassed to show her gut.

How lame. She should stop eating.



Stop eating and learn something, Jeez!

Yes, exactly!

Gulp



Piiiiing



Have a good day!

She pretends she never hears their whispers, but they ring like a siren in her ears... continuously echoing.

Everyday she hears people talk about her, teasing and giggling, and everyday no one stops them... Not even the teachers.

The day is almost over...





Her locker is usually filled with paper and trash. She never puts things in her locker, but she picks it up without a fuss...





She always comes to class early before the bell to avoid them in the hallways. She liked the three minutes of peace.

But today, out of her usual routine, she went to the restroom...



Miss, my stomach hurts a little. Will it be okay if I came to class a couple minutes late? I'll get to work when I come back.

Sure, dear. Take your time!

Because today, she had to cry in private.



I can't take it...



It hurts so much...

This thirteen-year old girl struggles with math; she was born with Autism, a mental disability that affects the brain.

She has tried to explain it to them, but it comes off as a unknown excuse.

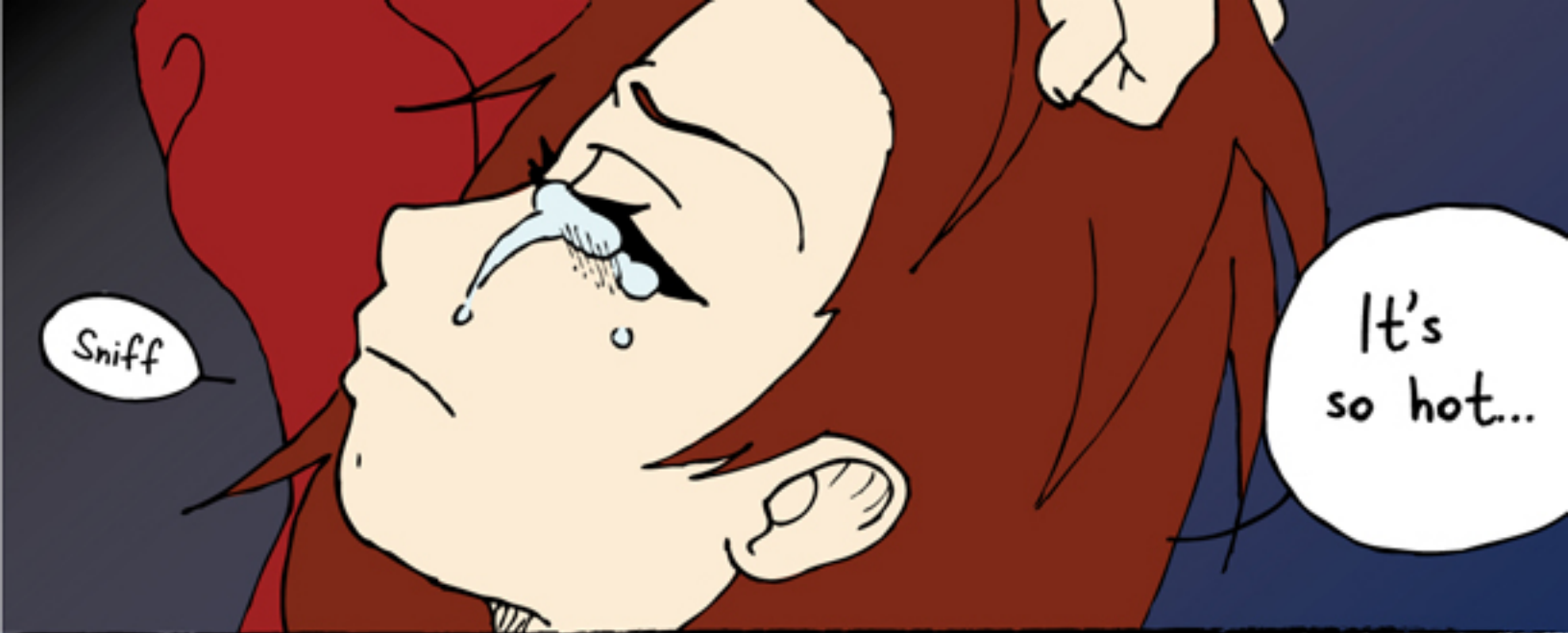


She struggles to communicate with people, unable to make sense or conclude that she is over-reacting.

But these actions that these people do towards her...



They tear her apart on the inside, and she doesn't know why they do this to her.



Sniff

It's
so hot...



She wears baggy
clothes to hide
'the gut'...
She has also
stopped eating.

She now weighs under
one-hundred pounds.
She always feels gross.



...



There...
is a pain...

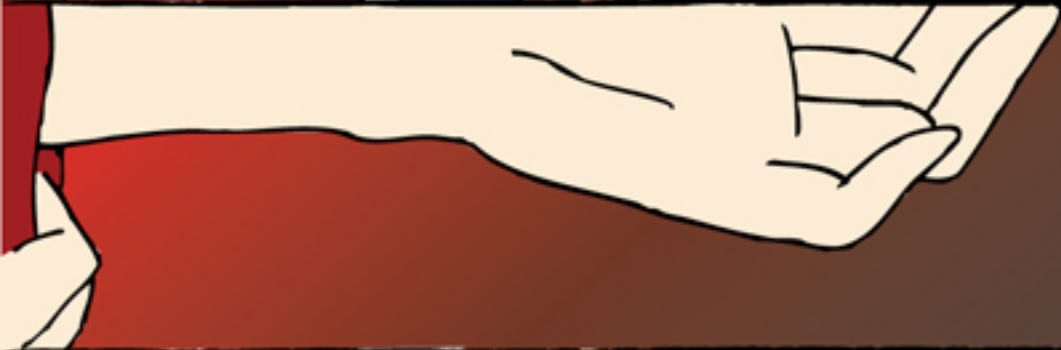
In my arms
and legs...



But...



There is
NOTHING
there.



It still hurts,
like parts of my
body are on fire!

The stress
built up inside
her internal
body, creating
constant pain.



touch

I can't
handle the pain...

Maybe...

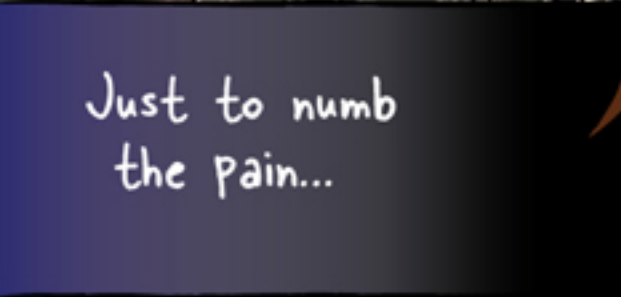


Maybe I can...

I can scratch it away, like a bug on my shoulder.



It's not cutting... just once.



Just to numb the pain...



Just one time. So I won't cry.



Then I'll go back to class...



And SMILE!



I read your assignment on your biggest event of your life...

Late 2011, November


It's very well written... about your family struggles, and your thoughts.



But I think there is... a gap

You are one of my best students. I'm worried that there is something bothering you, as a friend, not a teacher.





I have also noticed that you're more tired and quiet.

I want you to know that I care.

Sir... can I ask you a favor?

Sure, what's up?

Can you never tell anyone, not even my parents, about this? Please...


I don't want... to get in trouble.

Of course.


Sir... I have been hurting myself for five years.

No one knows about this.


Five years I have tried to get help from my teachers and they... didn't do much. I had nowhere else to go.




A few times,
both middle school
and high school, I
have been cornered
and sexually
harrassed.
No one helped me.
No adults!



I told them,
I really
did try...




But they
only let
them off
with a
warning!




I mean, I wasn't
raped, but they wouldn't
stop touching me. When
I screamed.



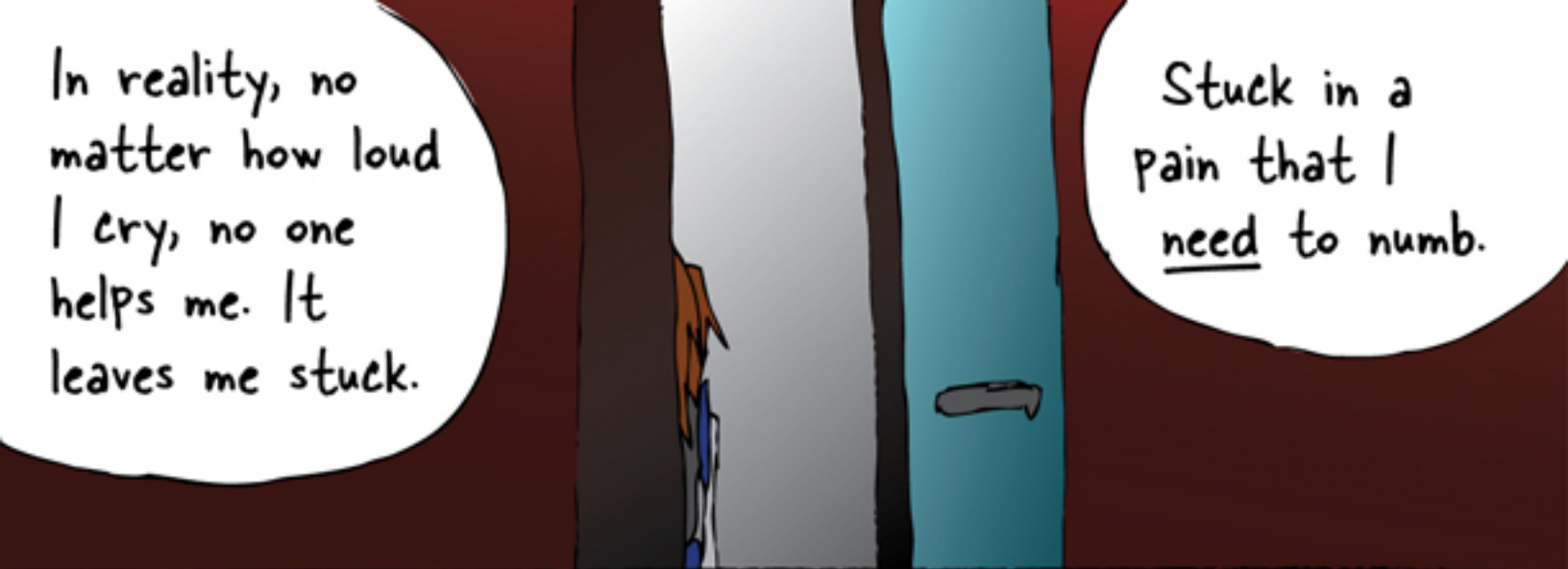
It hurt
being
turned
down
by an
adult!



I hate depending
on my parents.
They are stressed
enough with the
divorce.



My other relatives
left me in the
ditch. I haven't
seen them in three
years now.



In reality, no matter how loud I cry, no one helps me. It leaves me stuck.

Stuck in a pain that I need to numb.

The pain of being different...

And being hurt with something I was born with!

I can't change what I am. So does that mean...

Society can look down on me? And hurt me?

Am I not human because I'm different?!

Height is 5 feet and 2 inches.

Weight is 95 pounds - underweight.

Two weeks later, she was enrolled into a hospital after a nervous breakdown at home. The teacher kept his word.

Self injury on arms, ribs, stomach, hips and thighs. Sorry, dear, my hands are cold.

It's okay.

Cause of injury: fingernails and wall.

Her secret that she kept hidden for five years was now unveiled.

How often do you sleep at night?

Four hours at most.

How often do you eat?

One meal, at least.




Alright, I'm going to take your picture now, okay?

Okay.


She was diagnosed with:

- Depression
- Isolation
- Lack of Sleep and food
- Self Injury
- Anxiety

She will spend two months in treatment.




Please stand over here.



Teen bullying and teen suicide has increased the charts in the world of humanity.

And the rates of silent or ignored victims continue to grow as well in any harrassment.



The judgement of differences between one another is more fierce and violent than ever before.