

# Serenity Melendrez

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## Life in Series

Like many others in my generation, I've struggled with the everyday hardships of life and school. I've woken up still exhausted from the day before and end up slumping my face into my patterned pillow-case just to catch a few more Zs. My skin has broken out with red dots of acne from my stress levels being higher than an old man's blood pressure. Some nights I'd have to give myself a pep talk to keep positive and encourage myself to keep working hard in school. Through all of this, through all the challenges I've faced, I have never given up.

My freshman year of high school was probably one of the most confusing times of my life. A whole new world had opened up to fourteen year old me. While it was very exciting, it was also confusing and frightening. That October, I had my first official boyfriend. He was friendly as could be, but he too was still figuring out high school. This boyfriend of mine, without my knowledge, was still speaking with his ex-girlfriend in a not so friend-like way. Of course, I discovered the news rather quickly and broke off the relationship. I was heart broken, but not truly hard broken, that being something I'd unearth later in high school. After this relationship had ended, I began to spiral down into one of the worst depressions I'd ever experienced. I spiralled down so quickly, not because of this boy, but because it was just the last twig to snap before the water rushed past the dam.

The second semester of freshman year had formed from an aching feeling in my chest. I attended school and worked while listening to music in every class I was allowed to. When coming home, I'd get my chores done before slipping away into my bedroom to draw or get onto social media. When night arrived, that's when my demons of depression truly came out. They taunted me in the bathroom, telling me if I harmed my flesh I'd feel better. I'd feel alive, not so numb. Out of weakness, I listened to them and harmed myself; Not every night, but at least once a week. After a while, the demons almost seemed like friends. They told me I didn't need to harm myself after a while because I had released all my depression. That news made me rather 'happy'. Little did I know, five days after my fifteenth, I'd attempt to commit suicide. Twenty-four hours later, I was admitted into the Emergency Room with my mind zoning out. I

was the living definition of a zombie. When getting my blood sampled and tested, I was in and out of consciousness for an amount of time I'm still not sure of to this day. When waking, my hearing was fuzzy from the half bottle of aspirin I had forced down my throat, making out what people were saying was quite the trial. Not to mention the throbbing in my skull. The doctor told my mother she didn't know how I was still functioning, or how none of my organs had failed or at least been damaged. "She's lucky." That's what she said, shame I can't remember her name. Three days later I was admitted into a psych hospital a few hours away from my home. Four days after that, I was sent back home with my mother.

After that life was just daisies and rainbows, right? Wrong. Very wrong. I still struggle with the same stresses as everyone else does everyday. But am I more appreciative of the life I have? Every. Single. Day. Not a day passes by where I don't thank God for saving me from myself, for showing me how bad it can truly become in this lifetime. Through my depression, I never gave up. Even when I thought I had- my body refused to let me go out in such a way. Since then, I've worked hard to keep myself physically and mentally healthy.

And that is one chapter in my life I have fully covered from one page to another. After that, many other chapters. With the chapters continuing to this day.