

Lily Elizabeth Esperigel-Luniarte

Hi it's me,

My name is Lily and my story is quite a complicated one if I must say. I was born in France but all I remember is a coastline from my blurry past of my time there. I was quite young so there is not much I remember sadly but there are a few memories I still have in my mind. I remember going to the beach with my mother... she had been calling my name to come out from the water so I could eat my lunch with her.

My mother was a beautiful lady, she was very well mannered, always greeted her friends kindly and even with her amount of wealth she still treated everyone equally. I wanted to be like my mother she was amazing, and I saw so much in her that I wanted to be. My mother was French, born in Paris and brought to a quieter area by her family because of reasons that I'm not so sure about. She met my father who was British in 2001 and they fell in love and had me if you could call it that. I don't think it was love, maybe it had been once, but they fought, even Infront of me and I think that's what led to their divorce. I still wonder to this day if it was because of me that they fell out of love.

My father decided to go back to England after the divorce, he didn't say goodbye to me, I don't remember much. I was small so I hardly remember anything. My mother never spoke of him after that day, never even said a word. She had changed greatly and even started distancing from me herself. I began to feel isolated by my own mother who I loved and adored, gone were the days of her taking me to sunny beaches and speaking to me openly. She became very closed and eventually I rarely ever saw her. I was sent to a numerous amount of boarding schools in Spain, Italy, Hong Kong and then I eventually ended up in one in the USA which I'm still currently at. I have a few friends there, I'm not that open to them though. I lied about who I was partly, about my past to possibly make them like me. I also never opened up to them because I didn't know if my stay there was going to be permanent, it never was.

I had been previously pulled out of my French school because my mother had stated for unknown reasons that I needed to go abroad to study. It didn't make sense, she always loved me going to the school I was at. I had amazing friends, an amazing life in France, but no she had decided to do this to me. Possibly because she did not want my presence anymore, and that's why she sent me away. I never really knew why my mother had started to hate me, was it because I was partly my father? That had been wondering on my mind for five years now. I was 10 when my father left and now, I was 15 years of age and still confused of why my parents hated each other so badly. I never got to visit my father; I didn't know where he was. All I knew was that he went back to England and I haven't spoken to him since. No letters, no calls, no birthday cards and not even an apology for leaving his own daughter who he seemed to love so much.

Since then I have always been a little bit sceptic when it comes to the word "love" as I'm not sure if people really mean it. In my view I can't stay too attached to the people or places around me because everything is temporary. That might sound a little sad, but I'm used to it, so really it has no effect on me, except the occasional cry in my school room at half past midnight. As a 15-year-old girl you would probably think I'd be a little more mature with the way I think and I am but, it's not as easy as you might think. Being isolated from one of your parents and not being able to see the other is quite a challenge, I wouldn't call it trauma but what I would call it is neglect. And it's not like I can speak up about it anyway. If I did my mother would probably lie and get all sweet when the child services came around and then she'd hate me even more.

As I said my story is very complicated, but you're reading this right? I'm surprised anyone would be even remotely interested in reading what I have to say. Most of the people I go to school with don't really listen. I'm a smart person but I can't show that because if I did then I'd surely get called a nerd for it. I wear these uniforms that are quite tight and it makes me feel exposed and uncomfortable. The boarding school I go to is for boys and girls so it's quite chaotic socially as you can imagine, with girls talking about their boy crushes and sneaking out with them at night. It actually makes me feel kind of gross and I've never been that kind of person strangely. I never talked about boys, never even dreamed about having my first kiss with a blonde-haired boy like all the other girls did. It often made me curious why I didn't and sometimes it made me a little sick even though I don't know why.

I was usually that girl that sat among others to seem less alone. To seem more normal, I guess. To forget about my past and maybe escape into someone else's circle and let them drown you in perfect information that takes your mind off the pain of your life, while also making it painful that you don't have that kind life, and possibly never will. The accents that most of the students had were American as it was a school set in America so of course it would have more American accents than European accents. People used to give me questionable looks whenever I spoke because of my accent, it was a strange one at that. Because of all the countries I had gone to school in, I guess my accent had slowly drifted from French and started sounding like a combination of them all. I never forgot my mother tongue though; French was my main language and that was that. No questions asked. Sometimes I'd start

speaking French to myself, just to make sure I still knew it fluently, catching a few stares while doing so, as I shared a room with three other girls.

I'm not a huge fan of America, the accents, the people. Now don't get me wrong I'm not being racist towards Americans; it's just I guess I prefer the previous countries I had gone to school in. But maybe that's because in Italy or Spain they don't allow people to carry guns without a license. I'm actually the smartest person in my maths class believe it or not, luckily there's no girls that pick up on "nerds" in my class, so I don't have to worry about being found out. I've always dreamed about going to school in England, but my mother doesn't allow it because of my father being there. I think that's a little unfair as it's not like I would go to see a man who abandoned me at the age of 10 and hasn't contacted me since of his whereabouts. But I guess it makes my mother feel better that I don't have any contact with him even though it's clear she still despises me and wants nothing to do with me.

I only go back home on certain months; summer is one of them, but my mother still chooses to isolate from me when I get there. It makes me laugh I guess thinking she's having the time of her life while I'm not there and then when I get back home, she avoids me at all costs. It used to make me sad but as I have mentioned, I am used to it now. I don't really have any relatives or so I know about. My mother was an only child and my grandparents died before I was born. As far as I know on my fathers' side, I did have grandparents, but I had never seen them or met them before. I was also an only child, so sometimes as I was growing up it was increasingly hard fighting the aloneness that I felt inside of me. But I had friends growing up, I went to a nice school in Saint-Jean-de-Luz, which was a small fishing town on the southwest of France. It was a beautiful place and I loved it. I loved going to school there and being able to socialise with people who spoke my main language.

I made some good friends there; I actually met a girl called Célia, she was amazing, always listened to me and helped me with my problems whenever I felt alone. I remember one time a boy called Victor had pushed me off one of the play swings during recess and Célia slapped him right in front of everyone. He hadn't done anything back and instead had walked away in shame. Célia had always been there and that was the main point, and I think the hard part was having to leave her. I remember the date exactly, 22nd February 2015. It was extremely hard as you could probably imagine. It had been an awful day weather wise, and I remember standing near the car that was ready to take me to the airport so I could fly to my very first boarding school in Spain. I had actually been crying as I saw Célia walk up to me, also with tears in her eyes. We had both been 10 years of age at the time so this was a massive thing for us as we'd promised we would stay best friends forever, and this whole thing seemed to jeopardise all of that. We'd looked at each other for around 2 minutes not saying any words, as our eyes did most of the talking and then she'd hugged me. It wasn't like any normal hug I had experienced while being friends with her, it was an emotional hug that felt so different to all the others we had shared in the past. I still remember her scent and the way she always smelled like roses. I had known that this might be our last goodbye, but I hadn't fully processed it until I was in the car and waving at her from the backseat, she had been waving back, slow and steady like, looking like she was still fighting back the tears as my car drove away. I guess the feeling only kicked in fully when I was halfway to the airport. That I would possibly never see my best friend ever again...

It still pains me now that I might never see her again. Even though it's been what, 5 years? And I've encountered probably over 10000 new faces and that would probably make a few people forget their past and who they once knew. But that never happened to me, I never forgot Célia. She will always be imprinted in my mind, the memories, the joy, and the laughter we shared even as the young children that we were. I sometimes wonder how she is doing but it's not like I could contact her in any way, I don't know if she has a phone or any other form of communication. But I don't think I could message her anyway; it might be too painful for the both of us, by both of us, I mean mostly me. You also might be thinking that maybe I could see her when I go back home during the summer? Well that's not even possible. She supposedly moved to another country 5 months after I left home for the schooling, and I can't say I found out in the best way as I didn't. I'd had a smile on my face that I was finally seeing my best friend again after all those months. But it turned out she was gone. Her parents had apparently found a new job abroad and she had gone. My mother told me that, so I'd had my doubts at first, but when I ran to her house it was empty and everything had gone. Not even that ornament that her grandmother had kept outside for "good luck" was to be seen. I cried that night, alone of course as my mother had been isolating from me. I still hadn't been used to that either so that on top of everything had almost made me break.

Remembering all this kind of puts me in the position where I'm not sure how to feel. The past sort of makes me numb, I don't understand why but it just does. I guess another memory I remember that was quite a nice one was when I went to Germany on a school trip. This had been when I had been in that Italian boarding school and I had made some I could say, "slightly" nice friends. They let me room with them and I guess that's friendly enough in my eyes, but of course I wouldn't really get interested in their 24/7 conversations about boys and how good looking they were. I think I had been around 13 at the time when I went to this school so maybe that's why I was super grossed out with them, but who knows as I still felt the same at 15. But anyways, going back to the story I'd say it was 1 week into the trip and we all had to get in groups, as we were about to visit a museum. My "friends" had grabbed me along and said I could come with them. So, I guess I was thankful that I wasn't alone, wondering around a country and a town that I did not speak the language to.

We'd had to walk to the museum, but it wasn't far, so I didn't really mind. My friends were around me though, engrossed in their conversation of which boy was the hottest in the grade. I think I remember the "leader" of the group's name, Isabella, yes that's it, that was her name. She was just constantly looking at her phone and messaging her parents about what a "great time" she was having. I say that sarcastically because all she did was non-stop complain with everything that we did while we were there. If someone didn't do what she wanted she'd whine until they changed their mind, and trust me, they did every time because even I COULDN'T stand her whining.

I think when we got close to the museum her and a few other girls had spotted a cute German boy from another school, clearly visiting, and they'd gone to bother him. But believe me when I say this, from the look on his face he was not enjoying their company. I think I had been the only one from our group that actually looked around the museum and at all the art and the history, because I'm clearly quite "weird" like that as others would say. I think I kind of lost track of time because when I looked at my phone it said it was 10 minutes past the time I was supposed to be heading back. I'd kind of panicked and had took off for the elevator to the first floor. But the elevator had been taking too long so I'd made a rush to the staircase, but I probably should have slowed down and MAYBE looked where I was going because I crashed into someone just as I reached the last step. I don't really remember much but I remember the person I had crashed into was a girl. She looked around my age, she had quite long hair and green-greyish eyes. I kind of don't know why, maybe out of embarrassment, but my face had started to get really flushed and I had felt like my heart was going to stop. I thought the girl would have been mad at me for crashing into her but to my surprise she just started laughing. I got off her as fast as I could and straightened myself out. She got up herself and I felt even more flustered.

She had examined me for around 30 seconds and then had smiled and said something that I assumed was in German. I think she had noticed my confused expression as she suddenly started speaking in English. I was shocked and had still stood there for a few seconds while she continued to ask me questions. I think this had been a nervous reaction, but I'd tried to bolt past her, but my shoelaces had been untied and I had tripped and fell flat on my face. She'd laughed again, but it wasn't that mocking laugh, it was that kind and caring laugh that I hadn't heard in so long that had made me feel like I was going to pass out from shock. She'd held out her hand and I had taken it; she had pulled me up and smiled again. "Do you speak English?" she had said while still smiling. I had been thinking about speaking French to throw her off track and then run again as I tied my shoelace, but my mouth said something completely different. "Yes, I do." And then I'd heard my phone ringing and one of my "friends" names came up onto my screen, probably wondering where the hell I was. I'd taken one last look at the girl and smiled, I hadn't done that in a long time, so this was extremely weird, and then I'd ran not looking back. But I hadn't got her name...

I think remembering all this is weird. But the memory is a good one because the girl seemed so kind and caring, she had a smile like an angel and her voice was soothing and gentle. I wish I had gotten her number at the time because maybe then I could have continued my short conversation with her, and maybe just maybe I could have made a real friend, something that I hadn't had for years. But sadly, I hadn't and the next day we had to leave back to Italy, so I never saw that girl again. The good memories do stay with me, they can be sad, but they can also be happy. I think one of my main wishes would be for everything bad to of not happened, for my mother and father not to of split, for me to of not lost my best friend and for my mother to not isolate from me any longer. I could say I was angry with the life I had, but what use would that do? It wouldn't solve any problems; it also wouldn't make my life perfect like it once was. I mean I'm not religious, nor do I believe in fate, but maybe some things have to happen for a reason. I mean I'm not saying my parents had to divorce for something great to happen because that's probably not right at all. I'm just saying that maybe the bad things have to happen for you to experience and know what the good things feel like.

I've never really described myself; I mean I've described my personality probably but possibly not my appearance. I'm average height, I have blue eyes, long brown hair and my style can be quite girly. Now I don't think I'm really that attractive, but I have had a few boys give me occasional glances sometimes, but that just makes me feel sicker because I don't like them. I've never ever been interested in any boys that give me glances. I've never even blushed at one compliment that I've received from one, I just don't feel it I guess, and I don't understand why. I guess I'll just keep classing it as that I'm too young and that's maybe why I don't feel any attraction to one. I mean I don't know if this is strange but once when I was getting changed for sports class, I looked at a girl and thought she was really pretty. Weird right? I guess maybe because there's just not a perfect boy in my school and that's why I don't think any of them are attractive in any way. I remember actually talking to Célia about my strange thing with not liking any boys, she had laughed and told me that we were just young and that we weren't meant to love yet. I mean I did agree with her theory, but now with me being 15 and not having any attraction to any males I come across is slightly concerning. I've even tried to make myself like the boys in my school, I've tried looking at them, listening to them talk and even searching up "hot boys" to try and feel any attraction to. But no. It just felt disgusting and uncomfortable which yes, for me being a 15-year-old was very worrying.

I have to wake up at exactly 6:30 am every morning when I'm at boarding school. I could say that it sucks as most teenagers would say with being woken up at that time but honestly, I was used to it. I'd always had strict timings from when I was a child so honestly, I had been raised like that and it wasn't an issue for me. I think most teenagers would try and stay past the lights out time but as soon as my head hit the pillow, I was asleep. I think I am a deep sleeper though, so I have to set a silent alarm on my phone that vibrates

to tell me when to wake up. It has to be a vibration though, or I could wake up the others in my room and trust me that's the last thing I want to do.

I don't know if this is just me and my weird way of thinking but, have you ever felt like you're slightly alone even though there are many people around you? Well that's me a lot of the time. Surrounded by more than 100 people constantly, but never feeling like I really fit in or belong with that group of people. Maybe it's because of my neglect and that's why I feel like this often, but I guess I'll never be too sure. I mean I never used to feel like this when I was younger, maybe because I was around people that actually made me feel happy and everything was different. When I was 8 years of age I'd wake up, have a huge smile on my face and then I'd run to breakfast. Then after breakfast I'd meet up with Célia and we'd run through fields as the sun shone down on us before we ran to school, and we were always late by a few minutes, but the teachers never minded.

Me and Célia always sat next to each other in class, we'd constantly laugh and giggle and play pranks on the others in the class. I remember when she put chewing gum on a boy called Alexandre's chair, he was super grossed out and wouldn't stop screaming until the teacher came over to guide him to somewhere else to sit. I don't think he ever realised it was Célia and always gave me dirty looks after that day, it wasn't like I cared anyway as he had never been really that nice to me, so he deserved it. I also remember when Célia came over to my house to sleep over on Fridays and we'd talk about how we both were, and which one did the best prank that week. It was nice having Célia there with me, it gave me company and made me feel less alone. Now, well, I'm used to it, but I still miss her badly. I miss her hugs, her kind eyes and the way she had that special ability to always make me feel better whenever I was sad. I don't think I ever deserved her kindness honestly; she was perfect in every single way.

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Sometimes I wonder if she even remembers me, it's been so long, and I just wouldn't be surprised if she had completely forgotten my existence. But even I knew that she would never be able to forget me entirely as I would never be able to either. It's foolish for me to probably be writing this as Célia will probably never read this and understand how special she was to me, and how amazing she made my life turn out to be.

I guess there is a lot of things that I could talk about with my past, but I'm not here to bore whoever is reading this with my whole life story as I'm sure you would agree that I have slightly 'overshared.' But then again, it's not like anyone would ever bother to read a 6-page rant written by a fifteen-year-old who can barely control her own thoughts. Maybe if I considered it in a different way, I'm just writing to myself. I'm writing about how much my life basically sucks and I have little to no friends because of having to move schools constantly. I have lost literally everyone that ever meant something to me, all because of my selfish mother. I'll always wonder what she has against me. Sometimes I think that maybe she would be happier if I were gone. But I can't have those thoughts...I block everything out for a reason because I know if I don't then it will all come flooding back in.

I remember the 16th of December 2017, I actually remember it quite clearly. I was home for the Christmas holidays, and I had been typing an essay for my assessment after Christmas. I had been sitting at my desk overlooking the garden, that had looked very lifeless but still well maintained. I remembered the times from when that huge garden used to be full of happiness and joy. I used to play in it all the time with my friends while my mother watched, she was usually smiling as she saw us giggling and having fun. I would climb the trees and hide behind bushes while my friends would play the seeker and try to find me. Even writing this now it seemed like still an awfully long time ago while I had been sitting at that desk. Of course, I had snapped out of the memory and had studied the nearly lifeless garden in detail. Even if it was unused my mother still had it maintained as an almost artificial way of keeping it alive, even though she knew very well that it was dead.

After 2015 my mother didn't allow me to use the garden or any of the grounds as a matter of fact. I was confined to my room, with the exception of the dining room to eat alone without any company of course. My food was served on the table, I would hear a bell, and then I would come to eat it. Over time being at home felt more and more solitary. The only interaction I would have would be to the maid that would clean my room during the mornings. My mother also restricted me going to places without permission and even if I tried to ask, it would never happen. I guess in a way I was isolated and still am, with the hint of neglect following behind me, becoming clearer and clearer every day. In my mother's eyes I am an object, a passing thought that does not deserve the attention and interaction from her own mother.

Sometimes I debate to myself whether being away from home is better than being at home. I am not at home currently; I am still at my boarding school in America which is decent but still not that pleasant. With every growing day I feel more and more alone, even with the hundreds of people around me. The classes seem to get longer and longer, and the conversations seem more and more needy and desperate. I hate it. But how can I say that? If my mother found out that I was acting out at school, then there would be punishments. But I don't know what she could do worse than neglecting her own daughter which I would think is already the greatest punishment a mother can give.

I'll be going home soon, but I'm not sure I want to. I don't want to be alone; I want to be around people that actually enjoy my presence. Maybe one day I will see that girl I met at that museum again...just maybe. But knowing my luck I will most likely not.

Today isn't going as planned really, it's really just the same old things being imprinted in my brain. I was just in maths class and I can't say it was any different than any other time I have ever been in it, but something did happen during it. I was called out of the classroom to have a meeting with a teacher about my exceptional grades and how I should really try to aim for higher things. It surprises me how what I'm doing isn't already enough for them, but I know it's just my mother. Everything I do gets logged and reported to my mother but of course I don't have any control over that. If I slip up, she will know. She always knows. I can't breathe.

Je me sens seul et je ne sais pas quoi faire...

I think I had a panic attack today. I had been reading through my English exam and then suddenly my chest had started to tighten, and I felt like I couldn't breathe. Luckily, it didn't last long, and I was able to continue with my exam, but it had still been a very frightening experience. I had never really considered that the amount of stress and 'trauma' I had gone through might cause something like that. I guess I thought since I was so used to it now that maybe my body and mind would be fine with it. But now I'm starting to think otherwise. I was considering speaking to the school counsellor but then I went against it because of what might not be kept so 'secret' during the time I was talking to her.

The problem is, I don't have any friends or family I can communicate my stress with, and my fear is that it's just going to get worse over time if I don't talk about it with someone. I did notice this morning my stomach seemed upset, and I was finding it hard to balance but I'd brushed it off as to maybe I was just tired. I don't really think it's something to do with my sleep schedule, as I usually sleep just fine and get more than 9 hours. I don't really know what I'll do if it's something to do with my mental health as it's not like I can talk to someone without my mother knowing.

I was reading this book about this girl in early 1950's America. She was the daughter of this farmer who was quite wealthy. She got sent to this school made for girls, to train them how to be housewives and to make them marriage material for older men. That part kind of made me question if I should read it or not, since I'm not a fan of sexism in any shape or form. But I was patient with the story and now I'm glad I'm reading it, as it turns out it's very good. The girl after her first week realises something is wrong and tries to change the way the school is run. To make it an educational place for young girls to become stronger and more independent. I'm at the part where her and three other girls, presumably the friends she made there are writing a speech to present to all the other girls how they can help change the school. Unfortunately, every story has a part that nobody necessarily likes and I for sure have one. It turns out that while this girl is trying to change the school's way of working, she actually meets a young man who's a new teacher at the school and immediately shows interest in him. That's actually what made me want to throw the book through the window. I wanted just one book that didn't involve some stereotype classic white boy sweeping up the main character.

Because I'm me, of course I skipped a few chapters to see what would happen. I hate surprises and wasn't a huge fan of the idea of getting a heart attack a few chapters forward, because some stupid fool broke her heart. I mean I don't mind reading it, it's just, it doesn't make me very comfortable honestly. I don't know why, but I think reading a situation where he starts kissing her or something would actually make me physically and mentally sick. Any other girl in my class probably would have jumped at the idea of them getting together, but not me. It's just a basic idea that's so overused like maybe just keep her single or make her get with an unexpected character. Is that too much to ask future authors...?

Anyways, I'll stop ranting about the story I'm reading as I'm sure I have already said too much about it. I still feel really anxious and I'm finding it kind of hard to keep it non-visible. My leg started twitching about an hour ago, along with my hands and it won't go away. It feels like my body is in 'fight-or-flight' mode and I have no idea why. There's nothing dangerous around me and I don't need to feel like this. Maybe I'm just worrying about the things I'm not certain about? But that wouldn't make any sense, don't I know what's going to happen? I keep getting this weird sensation in my stomach and it's getting stronger the more I think about it. Thank God the girls who I share a room with aren't here, I feel that would only escalate the situation. I think maybe I'll just try and get on with what I was doing, the extra work for my math class. Wait, why is my vision going blurry? I keep seeing lights in my eyes and my

balance has gone funny, it's almost like the room is spinning. I feel terrified, I don't even know what's happening. I think I'll just lie down.

I'm not sure what happened last night, but I woke up passed out on my bed in an unusual position, almost as if I hadn't intended to even get in the bed. I don't really remember much of what happened last night, it's all kind of blurry. Maths class was okay, I managed to do the test with ease in about 30 minutes when it was a 2-hour paper. Some people might think that I rushed it, but I really didn't. I just did it at my own pace and then read through it. I was getting some funny looks this morning from the girls in my dorm when I was getting ready, I don't know what their problem was. I don't talk when I sleep and I don't snore at all, so I don't really get what I did to make them look at me like that. Luckily, I don't have any classes with any of them since I'm in all higher-level classes and they are in the normal level classes. I was thinking in English class that maybe I need to switch schools. I know I might be jumping to conclusions, but I really don't feel like I'm welcomed here. At the start it was fine, the people here didn't give me a second glance. But lately...I've started to notice that people are looking at me a little too much for comfort.

I'm not sure how I would even leave considering my mother usually switched schools for me and I had no say. Honestly, I think she just likes this one since it's the furthest away from her. That thought should really sting, but it doesn't anymore. I have almost become numb to anything relating to my mother. I realised a while ago that she doesn't really care about me, and it hurt at first. But over time, well you start to realise you can't change their mind no matter how hard you try. I spent years trying to get my mother to show interest in me again, straight A's, extra classes and even gaining University Level qualifications from courses that I really shouldn't have been taking at 14 years old, which all of them I passed. But she didn't care. She only seemed to 'care' about me when I was failing. When I was making her look bad in front of all her goody friends. Me the embarrassment, the daughter who shames the mother who won't even look at her and hasn't for over 5 years. Yes, all I should do is keep my head down and pretend everything's fine. The way she is treating me, isolating me, and making my own home feel like a prison. It's hard to even call her my own mother anymore. I feel like a stranger to her, not welcome and like I'm just a burden. The girl with no friends anymore, the girl who can't do anything, the girl who never stays anywhere permanently, the girl that loses everything and everyone around her. I'm that girl, the girl that can't breathe. Nice to meet you.

I'm sorry I keep ranting about my life, I just don't have anyone else to talk to. This is something quite random that I have been thinking, but have you ever really just stopped and considered that everyone in the world has feelings and emotions just like you. Even the richest people in the world are human. Even the celebrities that you see all over the media, they all feel the same things as you do. Even though it may not look like it, it's true. I usually spend hours looking around me, trying to figure out every person and what they are thinking. And of course, it fails since I'm not a person that can exactly read minds, but you can get my point, I hope. Today hasn't been the best in all honesty, after my last class, a group of girls had given me stares as I was walking out of the door. My leg had also started twitching and the ground seemed funnily unstable once again as it did yesterday. Sometimes I get these white flashes in my eyes, it's irritating but it doesn't seem to harm me. I have considered purchasing some Benadryl online and getting it delivered to the school. It contains diphenhydramine, which makes you feel sleepy. It's supposed to help with anxiousness though, so it seems like a good option. The only problem with getting it would be that any delivery I made that was sent to the school would be logged to my mother.

But I don't really have any other option since I can't talk to someone about my 'anxiety' as people call it. I researched my symptoms online and apparently; they are definite symptoms of anxiety and that I should get help for it. Well, it's pretty hard getting help when I can't. I think I'm going to make the order tonight; I might be able to intervene with the logs on the school system. Yes, probably another thing you don't know about me is that I'm extremely smart with how computer systems work. What did you think? I'm capable of taking both University Level Calculus and higher-level combined science. Which yes, is all three. I'm aware not many people my age would even want to do that, but as you know. I have a lot of time. It's not like my mother talks to me.

So things didn't really go to plan at all. First of all, when I tried to collect the meds it turns out the school had denied them automatically. So now I'm out of money, and I have nothing to help with my anxiety. It's honestly terrible feeling this way because I don't know what to do. It's like my throat keeps closing and its getting hard to keep going.