I was diagnosed when I was 7. I had a hard time at the public school I was going to and I was fighting and hurting the teachers, trying to kill myself and my sister, running away, and having random outburst. My mom was scared and my sister hated me. I was kicked out of that school. I was sent to go to a screening center to get evaluated.

I was sent to my first screening center where I was diagnosed with Schizoaffective Bipolar. My Schizoaffective Bipolar. I now understand it to be where I see and hear things and sometime act on them when they are not really there and I have a roller-coaster of emotion that I couldn't control. Till I was 9 I stuffed anything in my ears to stop the voices had to have surgery 2 time to remove everything that was in there. I acted out everything the voice was telling me and got hurt or in trouble for them. Seeing things always made me scared. I couldn't sleep or eat and I would start crying when I had to be alone.

When I was sent to my first Hospital Sharp Mesa Vista, I was put on about 8 different medications, they always help but I always got used to them and voices and my emotions would got back to where it used to be. I always slept with the lights on or I would sleep by the nurse’s stations if I didn’t have a roommate. I was at Sharp for almost a half a year till I was stable to be transferred to a group home.

I would have to say I was one of the lucky kids who always went to a really good group home. My first group home was San Diego Center for Children and I stayed for almost a year. The Center was my favorite one of all I loved the staff and I had so many friends. I had my ups and downs and I ran away a few times but I was happy to see people who are like me and thought I was just like them. I was introduced to sport here They put me in gymnastics, basketball, and hip hop dance to see if I could use it as a outlet for my anger, saddens, and anxiety. I worked really well and I was put in to do something active every day. After I left the Center I went to NA9 NA6 and NA7 and all of them was super nice.

When I was in group homes we had school in the group home I was about 10 or 11 when I started Asletine special education school who focuses on behavior. It was hard I couldn't handle the change very well. I never really went and when I did I would always run away. I was put in all the sports teams but that didn’t help and I started getting to fights with other students I hated living with my mom and sister since I felt like they didn’t want me and my sister stop treating me like a human. I left Asletine to go back to NA6 but this time it was a Day Treatment. I stayed there for 3 months then went back to Asletine. I couldn’t make friends and I was always having outburst and hurting myself. They realized I was not able to read or write or do any math

I was basically starting new. They worked with me all the time during after school on reading math, and writing. We used music and games to help me understand. Sometimes I would get frustrated and runaway but the staff never gave up. Even though I just couldn’t adjust to anything new. I believe I was about 14 when I started really getting used to Asletine I was making friends and I made sure I could play on all the sports teams they had. I still had a lot of bad days but I was slowly able to tell the staff how I feel and what I was thinking. I started to trust the teachers there because they never gave up on me and every time I was sent to a Hospital they would always tell I am welcome when I am ready. I had two very special teacher who bent over backwards for me and that took me out to experience things like making flowers and how to older food and how to go shopping for food. Summer school was my favorite time we got to make food have fundraisers and earn money

It was February 6th 2006 when I was transferred to Springall and I was not a happy camper. I reverted back to not accepting change. I ran away hit the teachers brake things. The voices and all that came back and I was scared. I went back to the hospital and stayed there for a while. I was not ready for such a crazy change. When I was finally able to go back to Springall I talked to Dr. Dierolf who was at the time someone kind of like a vice principle she gave me the tough love and at first I thought she was super mean and I didn’t really like her, but around when I was 17 or 18 I realized that I am not my disability and I was still not where I wanted to be in my education.

I really wanted to play in all the sport but had to be good stay in class and do all my homework every week. I made sure I did all of those things so I could play basketball, flag football, and softball. Yes I did flip out and scream and cry and throw a tantrum if I was not able to go play each week. I never had to earn playing on the sports teams and it was new. After I turned 17 I had a lot of ideas that I wanted to do and Dr. Dierolf let me express myself in that way. She told me to write a event proposal and hand it in and we can talk. She and Mrs. V always helped me writ out the proposal. My first event was the 1st Springall Fashion show it took me and all the students that helped out 2 month to finally start the show.

We had the staff and teacher and even the student show off on the Springall runway. I was happy. I felt like this responsibility was fun and I wanted to do more. My last few years at Springall I did so many events. When I turned 22 I had to graduate from the transition program there. I was so sad and really anxious my mom told me that she will be there to support me so I will feel better. I was happy and amazed since she never went to any of my games or events before. I went to school and I started walking down the walkway to the stage I couldn't find her. I was trying not to cry I went and read my poem and we ended the gradation and started to party. Right when I started having fun my sister and mom came to get me and told me to hurry up so she could leave. I ran away crying. Hiding in a class room. A teach drove me home later that afternoon.

Thanks to Springall I was able to go to a Fashion College for a year and a half I just had to stop because it got way to expensive then I went to a community college but I moved far away and had to change to another school. Moving from school I did learn a lot about people and different areas so I wasn’t to mad. I was super nervous about the world and how people will find out about me and treat me different. But I found out I didn't have to worry because there are more people that needed a little more help like I did.

My family is my mom Tomzie and my older sister Monique. My dad left I think when I was four. I now live with both of them. My sister and I were very close before I was sent to all those places. When that start my sister was angry at me and I didn’t know why. Till this day she always say that I am the reason everything bad happen and why she hates people and me. My mom at first I couldn’t even call her mom since I spent most of my child life without her. I and my mom couldn’t even understand each other and I felt like I was sent to a stranger’s house. I know my mom had to deal with a lot when it came to me but I couldn’t seem to get used to her or my sister they seemed so close and I felt like I wasn’t needed.

As I grew older I wanted to be on my own I felt that my mom and sister only needed each other and I was in the. I am add a note that this is only how I felt. I don’t know for sure if both of them really felt like that. When I was 18 we left our apartment for a reason I don’t know and moved in to a hotel. I was able to do a internship and a theater as a dresser (I would organize and help dress the actors). I had a accident and fell down 2 flights of stairs and was unconscious. I was given a lot of money by the theater and I didn’t tell my mom. One day she looked in my stuff and found the money my sister was mad and we fought. I left home and went to my friend’s house and stayed there for 2 years.

Now I am 24 and working at Chipotle. I still live with my mom and sister but things are way better. I still do sports and work out and dance to keep me calm and happy. I have many friends who love me no matter what crazy thing I do and my goals are to save to get a car go on a trip once a year and get married and be happy.