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<!DOCTYPE html>
<html lang="en">
<head>
  <meta charset="UTF-8">
  <meta name="viewport" content="width=device-width, initial-scale=1.0">
  <title>Zamane Speciale</title>
  <style>
    body {
       font-family: Arial, sans-serif;
       background-color: #121212;
       color: #ffffff;
       margin: 0;
       padding: 0;
    header {
       background-color: #333333;
       padding: 20px;
       text-align: center;
    header h1 {
       font-family: 'Courier New', Courier, monospace;
       font-size: 36px;
       margin: 0;
    nav {
       background-color: #444444;
       padding: 10px;
       text-align: center;
    }
    nav a {
       color: #ffffff;
       margin: 0 15px;
       text-decoration: none;
       font-size: 18px;
    }
    section {
       padding: 20px;
    .about, .journey, .goals, .contact {
       background-color: #1d1d1d;
       margin-bottom: 20px;
       padding: 20px;
       border-radius: 10px;
    .about h2, .journey h2, .goals h2, .contact h2 {
       border-bottom: 2px solid #555555;
       padding-bottom: 10px;
    }
```

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.grunge {
       background: url('https://www.transparenttextures.com/patterns/asfalt-light.png');
  </style>
</head>
<body>
  <header>
     <h1>Zamane Speciale</h1>
  </header>
  <nav>
     <a href="#about">About Me</a>
    <a href="#journey">Journey</a>
     <a href="#goals">Goals</a>
     <a href="#contact">Contact</a>
  </nav>
  <section id="about" class="about grunge">
     <h2>About Me</h2>
     I am Albanian / American, 1st generation American. I am supposedly 100% Albanian in a
Muslim family. I was born in the Bronx, NY but grew up in an Italian and Irish neighborhood of
Bensonhurst, Brooklyn NY. I grew up with 2 younger siblings and an abusive gambling father that beat
me for many years until I ran to police, begging for help. My mother was beaten too, and I remember a
lot of it. This part of my life had a major influence on the paths I chose later.
  </section>
  <section id="journey" class="journey grunge">
     <h2>Journey</h2>
     After being kidnapped by my mother for about six months, she returned us to my father due to
cultural norms. My father didn't want us but didn't want a woman to take his children. My mother
disappeared, and later we found out she remarried and lived in Chicago. At 17, I was subpoenaed to
testify against my father for child abuse. Despite trying to sabotage the case, I realize now that I wish I
hadn't. My father never apologized or believed he did anything wrong.
     When I was 24, I met my now-deceased ex-husband. Our relationship was tumultuous.
Despite not wanting children, I had a daughter, who is now 22. Raising her without family support was
challenging. I got my GED while pregnant and attempted college several times but couldn't finish due
to depression and past traumas.
     My husband's heavy drinking and mental abuse took a toll. When my daughter was two
months old, he shot me in the chest during a drunken rage. This incident and my struggles led to a
breakdown at 45. Now, I'm in a shelter, trying to get back on my feet and hoping to return to Chicago
to be closer to my daughter.
  </section>
  <section id="goals" class="goals grunge">
    <h2>Goals and Aspirations</h2>
     My primary goal is to leave California and return to Chicago to be closer to my daughter. I
hope to rebuild my life, find stability, and eventually support others who have faced similar challenges.
I believe in resilience and hope to inspire others through my story.
  </section>
  <section id="contact" class="contact grunge">
     <h2>Contact</h2>
     If you'd like to reach out for support or connection, please email me at <a
href="mailto:zamane@example.com" style="color: #1E90FF;">zamane@example.com</a>.
```

</section> </body> </html>