

## ***The Blade That Pierced The Skin***

**.Prologue.**

Every story has a beginning and end. Well, my story has a beginning but no end. you might think this story is gonna be stupid or a romantic story but it's not. It's about a boy who puts on a face for everyone to be deceived so no one can see how he truly feels. Because under that smile is a hurt boy in pain and pain he will always be in. that boy is me and this is the story of how I almost ended my life. Let us begin my thrilling story.

## **Chapter 1**

### **A Mothers broken Love**

**From the moment I was born I had to trust my mother I had no choice, she was supposed to guide me through the ruthless world just like every other mother should but she didn't. She didn't help at all. All I ever wanted was my mother's care. I wish we had more time to get to know each other but I don't think she understands how much she hurt me or all the trauma I went through because she wasn't there for me when I needed her. There are things that she let happen that I couldn't even imagine a child going through. The pain I had felt will live with me forever and if she actually did care she would try to communicate with me but she doesn't. I have been scared for a long time being moved from home to home I don't know who is here for me anymore and because of her inclination for drugs, I feel undeserving of her love. It would be nice for a change to actually know who my mother is because all I see is a sad broken person. I say, a person instead of a woman because a woman is strong and loving and no woman would let any child go through what you as my mother put me through. Every day I feel our connection is weakening. You have let me down mother and I don't think I could ever forgive you for the way you treated me. I was sexually and physically abused but to my surprise, you were nowhere to be seen.**

**I was about 5 or 6 in foster care I was put with a family with my new foster sister and brother Kathrin and Matthew they didn't like me especially Kathrin. As for my foster parents, only one of them enjoyed having me there and that is my foster mother Donna Flugel she was sweet and she was everything I wanted for a mother. Her husband Jack didn't like me he thought I was stupid he told me he wanted to foster my brother Jacob instead of me. This is what really fed the fact that I was an unwanted child. My foster brother and sister treated me like I was just a piece of crap they didn't want me there nor did I want to be there I was allowed to visit my brothers and my mother like once every month for about 1-2 hours but all hope wasn't lost**