Abused And Broken

Surviving A Childhood of Physical, Sexual, and Mental Abuse

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About the Author

Jensen Kyle Anderson was born on September 1, 1986, in Idaho Falls, ID. He was never able to visit the hospital he was born in, because it was torn down just after he was born. Jensen discovered his talent for writing at the age of ten maybe eleven. he can also write poetry. When Jensen was thirteen he entered one of his poems into a poetry contest. He did not win. At least he tried. His ideas for his horror stories mainly come from nightmares. He enjoys writing. Jensen is a survivor of horrible childhood abuse.

Jensen is a movie buff. He is always watching movies. He also really enjoys listening to music and memoir audio-books. He has a few memoir audio-books he has purchased on Amazon audible. Including A Child Called “It” by Dave Pelzer and other Dave Pelzer audio-books. As well as other memoir audio-books. He is a huge fan of Stephen King, (who isn't either a huge fan or just a fan of Stephen King, those who read horror).

DEDICATIONS

To Tana Olsen:

Thank you for all of your support through the past few years. I am very thankful for you coming into my life, and for all you have done for me.

Thank you.

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Thank you for everything you have done for me. You are an awesome, caring, loving and kind gentleman who I am thankful for coming into my life. You are my inspiration for me writing this book. Since we met I have been a lot more motivated, inspired, and confident to writing my books. I am very thankful for your compliments for my writing. If it wasn't for us meeting I believe I would never have written my memoir, this book. I believe God made it to where we met.

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To Merinda:

Thank you for everything you have done for me over the past several years. You're an awesome, kind lady. I am thankful for your help over the years.

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Prologue

For years I have debated on writing this book or not. I have been worried about what the two who are still alive who abused me would think if they read this book. Especially the only one I still, unfortunately am in contact with. I would rather not keep in contact with her. I still feel very intimidated by her, I also still fear her. That’s the only reason I keep in contact with her. I feel like I have a leash around my neck. The leash keeps me in my past, my childhood. My hopes for writing this book are the leash goes away, I’m able to move on and live my life, and other hopes that I can’t think about right now.

I have PTSD because of the trauma I was put through. While growing up, I had no one and nothing to turn to. I feel if I was born to a different family maybe I wouldn’t have been abused. I know what it’s like to live in fear. I lived in it for sixteen years. From age two to eighteen. I was sexually, physically, and mentally abused. I was aged two when my innocence was stolen. I never had a chance to keep or destroy my own innocence. I have an elder brother his name is Victor.

I used to struggle with religious beliefs. The reason I struggled trying to decide what religion I wanted to be is because of what I was put through. For years it took me to decide until recently. I’m finally in a relationship with another man. We love each other so much. We think alike, we have similar childhoods (I’m not for sure how bad it was for him, I only know how bad it was for me), I know what types of abuse I was put through. Other than those similarities we have a lot of other similarities. Our favorite drink is mountain dew. I won’t mention anything else about my boyfriend because I know he’d rather keep his personal life private. I finally decided what religion I want to be, Christian. This is because my boyfriend has a good influence on me.

I was born on September 1, 1986, in Idaho Falls Idaho. I’m not sure who my biological father is. All I know is he’s from Mexico basically he is Hispanic which makes me half Hispanic. I was told before I was born Kathy, my biological mother, left my father. I’m not sure why or if it’s true. I never know whether to believe anything I am told by Michelle, my adoptive mother who is my biological aunt, or to ignore and forget everything she tells me.

I know there are a lot of other abused children out there. To their classmates they seem weird, becoming the outcast of the entire school. On other occasions their classmates further mistreat the child being abused. I know what all of that is like I went through all of it. There are children who are abused they are given labels, such as ODD op-positional defiant disorder, ADHD. These diagnoses are given because of poor concentration, agitation behaviors, and being anti-social. I was given the label ODD. I also had a very hard time concentrating on schoolwork.

Between the years 1988 to 2003 what I was put through destroyed my mental health. I was put through sexual, physical, and mental abuse growing up.

Being overfed is another kind of abuse. Being starved and overfed are two other ways of hurting a child. I went through both. Michelle overfed me; the foster mother Robin starved me.

I really don’t want to refer to Michelle as mom since she never was a mom to me. It’s the same way for all the other so-called family members who also abused me.

It’s hard to forgive and forget, I know I never will. I still have flash backs about the abuse I was put through. I have been in counseling since I was age twenty-six or twenty-seven. I don’t think it’s helping at all. I don’t think I need it. I’m going to talk with my counselor during the next session about it. See what her opinion is about it. I will let her know how I feel about it. To me I believe writing this book, my memoir will help me more than going to counseling.

When I was being sexually abused by Kathy’s boyfriend, I was mute. When I should have been speaking, I wasn’t. I believe it was because of the trauma.

When I was six years of age, I was mute again for around one year or one and a half years until I started talking again.

CHAPTER ONE

The Beginning of Childhood Abuse

I was only two years old when my innocence was stolen by both my elder brother and my biological mother’s boyfriend. The day the sexual abuse started; I was running around being a typical two-year-old. Cliff the man who stole my innocence grabbed me it scared me. The way he grabbed me was around my chest. He took me into the bedroom my brother and I shared. Cliff laid me down on the floor undone my pants pulling them down along with my underwear. He called for Victor to come into the bedroom so he could help. I was rolled over on my front so they could molest me. I was petrified. I screamed from both fear and pain. They had their fun with me then they left me laying on the floor sobbing and clutching my stomach and sides. The pain was from how endowed they are.

After the first time they did it to me they began doing it to me on a regular basis, every day while Kathy was at work. Supposedly she didn’t know about it. I’m not sure if she knew or not. If she did know she didn’t care. If she didn’t know she either missed or ignored the signs of the sexual abuse. To this day I wonder if she knew and didn’t care, or she didn’t know still not caring.

One day I guess the neighbors either became very worried about my safety or they were sick and tired of hearing me screaming, one of the neighbors called the Police. Victor and I were taken away. I never found out if anything happened to Cliff for what he did to me. I never understood why my brother was not arrested being charged with sibling sexual abuse or whatever that would be called. Instead, he was taken away and placed in the same foster home as I was. Sometimes at night he would rape me violently for making us be taken away. He threatened me if I screamed, he would beat the shit out of me. It hurt a lot. I lived with deep fear of him. He also threatened to kill me if I ever tell anyone about him raping me. I stayed quiet about it until now. I never told anyone about him abusing me. I tried to block my entire childhood out, but I think it will help if I get it out in my memoir.

The foster mother abused me the entire time Victor and I lived there. I was sexually and mentally abused by her. She would pull my pants down she would then use gay sex toys up my ass. I tried not to scream but I always did. I was constantly sore. Between the foster mother and Victor my anal never had time to heal. On one occasion the foster dad found out about what the foster mother was doing to me he alerted the authorities the foster home was shut down and Victor and I were put in a different foster home. Victor was still raping me every night and sometimes in the morning. If he raped me in the morning, he still raped me that same night.

When I found out our aunt was going to adopt both of us, I didn’t want to be adopted when I knew my brother was coming as well. I wanted to get away from him. But I had no choice about any of it.

On the day of the adoption, I sat in the backseat of the vehicle next to Vic our Grandma Gordon was in the passenger seat and Michelle was driving. My instincts or mind was telling me to bolt from the car. But I was too terrified to move a muscle. Vic most have known somehow because he scooted closer to me held me by the back of my neck as a warning. I looked at him and he gave me a threatening look. I gave in, sitting paralyzed while he stroked my private part. It made my fear of him rise higher.

At first after being adopted by our biological aunt, Michelle, my brother was in the abusive spotlight. Michelle and Grandma Gordon at least I’m pretty sure both were the ones who beat Victor. It seemed like I was being favored by both Michelle and Grandma while my brother was being abused. I wasn’t aware he was being abused; I was only age three at the time. I didn’t understand why they treated him like they did. Not until a couple years later after he was taken away and I took his place of abuse.

The day Victor was taken away and I was in the line of fire, abuse. We were somewhere getting into the car (I don’t remember where we were at the time), Grandma Gordon’s hand was shut in the vehicle door by my brother. I felt scared thinking ‘what if he hurts me next? What if Grandma loses her hand? I hope he doesn’t do anything to me as well.’ I didn't need to worry. I believe he did this so he would be taken away.

After Victor was taken away the day of my life changed into a childhood of abuse. I was either four or five when Michelle and Grandma Gordon began abusing me.

When I was age six two neighborhood boys raped me. I was walking around by myself as usual Grandma was sleeping in her recliner. There was an elderly lady who everyone referred to as ‘The Candy Lady’. She always had candy for all the kids around the neighborhood. I went there all the time. That day I began feeling angry at her because I believed it was partly her fault for letting the two boys get a hold of me and hurting me. Eventually I realized it wasn’t her fault at all, she didn’t know they got a hold of me and what they did to me.

The two boys were helping the ‘Candy Lady’ with some birds that were stuck in the corner of her garage that wasn’t an actual garage, there wasn’t a door on it. I’m not sure what it is called I just know it’s a kind of garage at least I think it is. After the two boys had finished their job, they noticed me watching them. I was curious what they were doing. I didn’t know what to say for questions about what they were doing.

As I approached the ‘candy lady’ for candy the two boys stopped me to talk to me. I talked with them. One of them said in a kind voice, “What is your name?” “My name is Jensen.” The other boy said, “you want this bird? If you do you have to earn it. Are you willing to earn it?” I felt nervous and not sure what to do. They must have noticed I was nervous by seeing my body language. My body started to tense up. It was hard for me to think about anything. I couldn’t move, my body froze up.

After I calmed myself down, they started talking to me and finally talked me into following them. As I walked behind them, I began feeling like my life was taking another wrong turn for the worse. I chose to ignore this feeling because I thought it was somewhat safe to follow them. All I knew, or so I thought. I was thinking I was going to have a pet bird. I didn’t realize the bird was dead. The two boys took me behind some bushes telling me to lay down on the plastic tarp. It was the kind that is used in warehouses to wrap around boxes. Once I was laying on the plastic one of them asked me, “you want to play doctor? You will be the patient and we will be the doctors. Are you ready?” “Yes, I am ready. I like playing.” They smiled at each other. One of them undone my pants pulling them down along with my underwear.

As they raped me, I had an out of body experience. My spirit left my body as they had their fun with me. The trauma lasted at least an hour, maybe longer I’m not for sure. During the rape my spirit was above all three of us watching me being traumatized by these two boys. When they were finished with me they threatened me. “If you tell anyone it will be worse next time.” I felt petrified. I knew in my heart they were not lying. I didn’t want to find out how bad it would be if I told anyone. I never received the bird from them. It was just a ploy to get me to the field in the bushes for them to traumatize me.

Later that night during bath time, without thinking I blurted out “I was raped today.” I said this without thinking about the horrible consequences that would follow from not keeping my mouth shut. Michelle seemed like she was shocked or something. I believe she was shocked because I told her. I’m not sure if that’s why or some other reason. All I know is what followed when she ordered me to get out of the bathtub and get dressed. “I’m taking you to the hospital.” She didn’t say at the time why she was taking me to the hospital.

At the hospital in the Emergency Room, we were immediately taken back to an ER room. When we were back there Michelle told the nurses and doctor to do a rape kit on me. That I said I was raped, and she wanted to be sure I’m not lying. She stood there with her arms crossed on her chest and a smirk on her face. Her expression plainly said ‘I don’t care if this traumatizes you more or not. Even if this makes you more traumatized you will suffer more. You little piece of filth. I have certain suffering in mind for you the rest of your childhood.’ When the nurse and doctor started the process of the rape kit I screamed at the top of my lungs. I felt terrified. I knew they were going to do something to me. I couldn’t hold still, I squirmed from side to side. They had to call in another nurse or two to hold me down. The doctor said to one of the nurses “maybe we need to give him a shot to calm him down.” At this I began screaming more. One of the nurses was concerned that this is traumatizing me more. When she said this to Michelle, Michelle said “do it anyway.” She said this in a cold voice. I cried the entire time. It wasn’t from pain it was from fear. I felt fear because of the process of checking if I was raped, which I was. When they were finally finished, I was still crying. I was very sore from what the two boys did to me.

On the way back to the house, Michelle didn’t say anything to me. I swear I heard her talking to herself. “What a little bastard. I knew he was telling the truth, I just wanted him to hurt some more. I never wanted him in the first place. I’ll show him.”

Once home Michelle ordered me to bed. Before allowing me to go to bed she abusively spanked me. Every time I was abusively spanked it was on my bare ass. Either Michelle or Christy (Grandma Gordon) would pull my pants and underwear down, pull me onto their lap then spanked me abusively. This was just the beginning of physical abuse.

I don’t like to refer to Christi, Michelle and Kathy as mom or Grandma. Because of what they did to me and what Kathy let happen to me. I don’t like to refer to Victor as my brother, I have disowned him because of what he did to me. I have never and never will forgive them.

About a week after the two boys got a hold of me and raped me I started showing signs of PTSD. I didn’t know this at the time that I have PTSD. PTSD started when I was two years of age. It began when my innocence was stolen from me.

When I started Kindergarten, no other student wanted anything to do with me. I’m not sure if any of them knew anything about what happened to me during the summer or maybe I just stood out. Or it might have been because of being mute for the first year of school. I’m not sure why the other students never gave me a chance to be my friend and be nice to me. It wasn’t long until I became a target for bullies. At school I was a total outcast while at home I was being abused. I had nowhere to run to where I would be treated with kindness. I never had any friends.

When I was six years of age Michelle had me admitted to Behavioral Health because as I believe she didn’t want to deal with me after the trauma from those boys. After they sexualized me, I became depressed. I wasn’t wanting to wipe my ass so no one would want to rape me again with shit in my ass from not wiping. I was hurting inside so bad she didn’t want to deal with me. At least that’s what I believe. I still believe that’s why. I also believe she wanted to make my life hell by having me admitted to a psychiatric hospital, Behavioral Health.

At first the doctor talked with me in the room, I don’t recall what he said. After a few minutes he sent me to sit in the waiting room to talk with Michelle alone. It seemed like two hours until the doctor’s office door opened. When they came out Michelle didn’t say anything to me, she just glared at me as she passed by me without a single word. The doctor said to me “Jensen follow me. I am going to take you to the unit where you will be for a couple weeks.” Of course, it was a lot longer than two weeks. I don’t remember exactly how long I just remember it was a very long time I stayed in the young kids’ unit. While there I received cards from my classmates to get well soon cards. I don’t know if any of them knew where I really was or not. All I know is after I was discharged from BHC everyone at school including the teachers treated differently. The students were way worse to me than before I went there. The bullies of the entire school would sometimes beat me up while the other students would whisper behind my back, I knew they were talking about me. I felt horrible about myself. I had no one and nothing to turn to.

When I was in the third grade, I started reading books by Stephen King. I was reading at a lot higher level at adult level reading. I was able to pronounce every word, even the big words. I was also able to understand everything I read. The teachers and fellow students didn’t like that I was reading Stephen King books being in the third grade. Or maybe it was a different reason I’m not sure what the When I entered the second grade Michelle and Christi took the physical abuse to another intensity. They began beating me with a belt, their fists, slapping me, punching me, kicking me, whipping me with a switch (there was a willow tree in the back yard), beating me with the garden hose, and whipped me with a dogs’ chain. There were no dogs, I think it was Michelle who bought the dog chain to whip me. I never felt safe starting when they began abusively spanking me at age three.

When I was in the fifth grade, I started puberty early. It was too early, is what I was told by a teacher at the school. When the sixth graders watched educational videos about puberty, I was not able to be in the classroom with them because of some reason I don’t know. I am sure it was something to do with keeping it quiet from the older kids or maybe everyone who knew wanted such as the faculty wanted to keep my privacy from the other students. When I hit puberty, the abuse intensified from severe to horrible abuse. Christi was the first one who started sexually abusing me. It started with feeling my private parts then it went to the point where she bought gay sex toys to sexually abuse me. It wasn’t long before both were using anything they wanted to make me suffer and be constantly sore. When I went to the bathroom it hurt so badly, I tried not to scream from the pain but most of the time I couldn't hold back the screams. I couldn’t handle the abuse much longer.

Because of being at BHC I was put on psychiatric medications.

By the time I started Junior High School (at the time that’s what it was called) Michelle and I had moved from the house where we lived in an apartment. I don’t recall the street names of any of the places I lived with the bitch. I don’t like using that term for women, but she was and still is. She denies what she did to me. Before that time Christi had passed away. I was glad about that because it meant one less person abused me. If I thought, it would be less I was wrong. The abuse became way worse for me, especially sexual abuse.

CHAPTER TWO

The Fight, From Danger to Another

At the age of twelve I became a juvenile delinquent. I was constantly in and out of 3B Juvenile Detention, and Psychiatric Hospitals. 3B Juvenile Detention was what it was called when I was growing up, I'm not sure if that's the name of the Juvenile Detention still or not. 3B was at that time located in Idaho Falls, Idaho where I grew up; I was also born there.

The Psychiatric hospitalizations were mainly because of Michelle, she started that for me at the age of six after I was raped. I know she wanted my life to be hell, it was and still is. I was in and out of Psychiatric hospitals such as the one in Blackfoot Idaho from age twelve until I was seventeen. I was also in the Psychiatric unit at Primary Children's Hospital at the age of seven. I was there for approximately three months, maybe a little longer. It was suppose to be a couple weeks. I believe it was something Michelle lied about to the doctor there. Just like she most have for me to be admitted into Behavioral Health. I was admitted into Behavioral Health a few times growing up.

Michelle and Christi made me, or at least tried to make me believe I was a bad boy; that I was not being abused it was punishment. I know I was not a bad boy, and it was abuse. No one at school or anywhere else suspected child abuse. I still ask myself why I never told anyone. No one probably would not have believed me anyway. Michelle came across as a caring, loving parent. Which was so far from the truth. She was sexually, physically and mentally abusing me. Christi was abusing me in the same ways as well.

At the age of thirteen, I attempted suicide. It was after Christi had moved out into an apartment complex for seniors. I'm not sure why she moved out of the house. I was alone in the apartment at the time, Michelle, Christi and I were going somewhere I don't recall where; I walked over to where the medications I was put on. I overdosed on Lithium. When Michelle came into the apartment she saw me taking several Lithium capsules. She had a look of surprise. I guess she would never have thought I would do that. I was feeling suicidal for a long time before then I just didn't tell anyone about it. This is the first time of anyone knowing about it other than Christi, Michelle the doctors and a lady from the state. I was immediately taken to the ER. The doctor in the ER had me drink charcoal to dissolve the Lithium capsules I had taken. That same day I was admitted into the hospital, not a psychiatric hospital. I was in a room when a lady I think who was with the state or something. She asked me several questions including if I was suicidal. Unfortunately Michelle was there in the hospital room. I wanted to tell the lady 'yes I am suicidal because I am being abused'.

I still kick myself for not telling the lady about the abuse and that I was suicidal. In a sad and scared voice I said “no I'm not suicidal”. I turned my head to look at Michelle. She had a look of satisfaction and a smirk. She also looked back at me with as I thought was a look of hatred and fire in her eyes. I wish I would have had the guts to tell the lady the truth. It was because of fear of Michelle that I didn't tell about the abuse. If she wouldn't have been in the room I don't know if I would have said anything. I still wonder to this day if I would have told the lady I was suicidal and I was being abused if Michelle would have not been in the room; being asked to leave the room by the lady to talk to me alone.

On numerous occasions Michelle told me, “I wish I never adopted you. I wish you were never born. I never wanted you. I don't want you in my life. I never wanted you in my life. I wish you would have killed yourself. As well as a lot of other things she tells me. She says all this to me when no one else is around to hear her. She still sometimes tells me all this. I hate, fear and am intimidated by her. I wish I would have been born to a caring, loving family. A family who would have loved me and had taken care of me and calling their son.

When I was in the sixth grade the teacher was kind to me. I don't know if she suspected anything. I just know she treated me with more kindness and love that was lacking in my life. I wish I remembered her name, unfortunately I don't. The sixth grade teacher would pick me up from the hell house during the summer before I entered Junior High. We had fun doing activities together that summer. She would do the same during the school year on the weekends. I wish I would have told her about what I was being put through. I don't know why I never told her or anyone else about the abuse. Maybe it was because I was constantly told I was being punished, I was a bad boy, it wasn't abuse and so on.

Growing up my anger kept growing and growing deep inside. It was building up inside for all the years of abuse. The other very deep feeling was suicide. Even after I attempted suicide. After I attempted killing myself the first and only time growing up with no chance of getting out; I never tried again growing up. At least not by overdosing. I was either thirteen or fourteen when I started cutting myself. I was trying to catch anyone's attention for someone to be aware of the abuse. Unfortunately it never happened. No one ever suspected abuse and that's the reason I was cutting myself. I have scars on my arms from cutting. It is still very hard for me to remember my childhood. It is hard for me to write this book. I believe I'm writing this book because I want others to know the truth about Michelle who knew me and those who know me but don't know the truth about the Bitch. She still puts on the act of a caring, loving parent. I no longer call her Mom. I now only refer to her by her name. I have my child body inside my adult body. I am still a timid child. I don't know why I keep trying to get Michelle to love me when I know she doesn't and never will. All I know about it is I still want a parent's love that I know I will never have.

At the age of fifteen, I was taken away only to be placed into another danger.

I was listening to a CD titled Significant Other by Limp Bizkit, it was an explicit CD. I had the music turned down low so I wouldn't tick Michelle off causing the gates of hell to open yet again. Unfortunately she had been in a bad mood all day. I was deeply listening to the music not paying attention to what was going on around me. Without warning Michelle came into my room and began beating me. She beating me with her fists and kicked me. I was sitting on my bed at the time. She grabbed my arms pulling me to the floor. She kicked, punched and slapped me. I'm not sure what I was thinking at the time. After a few minutes of being beaten I fought back for the first and only time. I had had enough of being constantly beaten and sexually abused. The neighbor above our apartment came down to see what was going on. When she saw us fighting she said “I am calling the Police”. A a little bit later the Police arrived. The officer talked with both of us alone, one on one. I guess Michelle lied about what happened. I believe this because I was arrested and hauled off to 3B Juvenile Detention.

I didn't know at the time if I was taken away or if Michelle gave me up. I still sometimes wander what the truth is about the outcome from the events of that day. I will never know.

I stayed in Detention for a few days. When I was released from 3B, I was feeling scared about going back to the hell house. To my surprise there were different people waiting for me to take me to their home, a foster home. The foster mother and foster dad introduced themselves with a kind hug. I was very nervous not wanting to be touched by anyone. The foster mother's name is Robin and the foster dad's name I don't recall. I'm not for sure why I don't recall his name. I believe it is because I have blocked out as much as possible about him as I can.

For the first few months living at the foster home I was loved and cared for. One day after I got back from the Idaho Falls Public Library with some books. One of the books is titled, A Child Called “It” One Child's Courage to Survive by Dave Pelzer. After Robin and the foster dad began reading the first three books by Dave Pelzer, his memoirs. They started abusing me. They physically, sexually and mentally abused me. Because of this happening it had taken me years until I was able to be fine reading the Dave Pelzer books. Specifically his memoirs, mainly A Child Called “It”.

The day the abuse began while in foster care I was sitting in the family room watching TV. The foster dad came over to where I was sitting, without any warning he grabbed me pulled me to the floor pulled down my jeans and boxers then he violently raped me. I didn't scream I did cry I cried silently. While being violently raped Robert the foster parents' son came into the room the foster dad noticed him standing there. Robert was a little older than me. After the foster dad was finished with me Robert had his turn with me. After they were finished with me Robin beat me. She horribly beat me with a belt and whipped me with a dog's chain. I was always beaten on my bare back. Michelle also beat me on my bare back all the time.

CHAPTER THREE

The Fight for Food

After four months of being in foster care the foster parents began starving me. It was the first day of the school year of 2002. I came upstairs for breakfast like I always did that morning. Robin was setting the table for everyone except for me. At first I thought she was still getting everything ready and she just hasn't taken out the fourth plate, cup and bowl out of the cabinet yet. I was wrong. Robin turned and saw me standing near the kitchen table. “No, you will not be eating. You have to go to school without *anything*. You won't even have anything for lunch. You will have to go without any food for as long as I decide. Do you understand? You are a evil bad boy, that's why we are punishing you all the time. Your mother and this family know just how evil and bad you are. You have to walk to school from now on. Now, go start walking to school! Get out of my house and get your ass to school!” I felt sad and hollow. I felt like crying but held back the tears. I just turned around, picked up my backpack and walked out of the house. The school was close to an hour walk from the house.

For the next few days without any food I came up a plan to find food. I contemplated all the possibilities on how to get food. My first idea was to steal food and beg for food. I thought long and hard about it. I finally made up my mind to steal food from my classmates. I was never allowed to go anywhere except for school. I only went to stores when the foster family went, I was never allowed to wander off on my own in the stores.

The next day I ran extra fast to school to have time to hunt through lunch boxes and lunch bags. While hunting for food I was filled with a combination of both fear and anticipation. Anticipation because I knew in a matter of minutes I would have something to put in my stomach. Fear because I also knew at any time I could get caught stealing. Eventually I did get caught. That day I was in the first period classroom when I was eating the stolen food. The teacher knew I never came to school with anything plus he recognized the lunch bag. I didn't realize the student's name was on the bag. He led me down to the Principal's office. The Principal informed the foster mother and foster dad. It then became a cycle of me fighting for food.

After getting caught stealing food from other students' lunches the entire school turned against me. I became the target for bullying and being beat-up. On my way to the house the school bullies would periodically catch me beating me up. I would just lay there with my arms covering my head and face.

Every report to the foster parents for my thefts I was either severely or, most of the time, horribly beaten. I was beaten with anything in arms reach. When it became Spring break, I was not allowed to go anywhere I was grounded to the house. When Robert and the foster dad had their fun with me I would try to distance myself from what was happening to me. Unfortunately I was unable to distance myself from the situation at hand. I believe it was because of the pain I was put through during the time. And I also believe it was because I was unable to day dream or anything else while I'm in pain. I have always been that way. If I'm in pain I can't day dream or even think about anything except the pain.

When the foster parents began starving me, they also made me keep silent. I was not allowed to speak unless I was given permission to do so. If I spoke without permission I was severely beaten. This happened every time. Even if I answered a simple yes or no to a question they asked me. I was slapped then severely beaten again. They would yell “who gave you permission to speak, boy?!” It was about this time I developed a protective shell. It was my safety inside myself. My shell hardened more even more, every time I was physically and sexually abused. I was constantly soar. I never had time to heal between times of being sexually abused.

When I started dreaming at night about food I would dream of a nice BBQ with all my favorite foods and drinks. Soon after I started dreaming about food I decided to beg for food on my run to school. I began running to school every school day because every morning since I started stealing food I was beaten as a reminder not to steal any food. I knew they were only doing it for their way of getting their frustrations and stress out. I know I was not a bad boy. I know everyone who abused me growing up they were the bad ones, not me.

CHAPTER FOUR

Christmas's In Foster Care

At school I had a very hard time concentrating on my schoolwork. The other students in the classroom would make fun of me every time I stuttered. I think I stuttered because I wasn't allowed to speak at the foster home. I'm not for sure if that's why or not or if it was a different reason.

For the first Christmas while in foster care the family members from both Robin's and her husband's side all came to the foster home. All except for three of them stayed at the house during the holiday. I was treated with kindness only because they didn't want any of their family members knowing what they were putting me through. Before the family arrived, a few days before I received one of the worst beatings I had ever been given. This happened every years; every Christmas and Thanksgiving when the family came or when we went to their homes.

The first Christmas when I was horribly beaten, Robin, her husband and Robert they all took turns beating me. During the beatings they ordered me not to tell any of their family members what they are doing to me. I made the mistake of speaking without permission. The beating intensified. After they were finished with beating me, Robert and the foster dad raped me once again. I never had time to heal between every beating and rape.

During every Christmas I was allowed to eat at the dinner table with the family. I was still only allowed one plate of food, at least I wasn't starved. I was allowed to go do activities with the family. I was told to call the grandparents grandma and grandpa. I liked them they were kind to me. So I didn't mind calling them grandma and grandpa. I was not allowed to drink eggnog, unfortunately. I really like eggnog. Now in my adulthood I buy eggnog every year.

The second Christmas was spent in California. I don't remember what city in California. I only remember some details of that Christmas.

We spent the entire time in the home of the only family who lived in California. We went to Universal Studios Theme Park. I didn't enjoy any of the time there in California. I would have enjoyed it more if I was there for a different reason and wasn't with the abusive foster family. Now I will enjoy every moment of being in California when I am able to move there. I'm hoping this year I'll be able to move there.

The second Christmas in California while in foster care, I almost discovered why the foster family was abusing me. I don't know enough information to say anything about it.

CHAPTER FIVE

My Last Day

I was age seventeen when I was finally able to get out of that abusive foster home.

It was almost the end of the school year of 2004, I was in the eleventh grade when I dropped out of school. It was either stay in school and stay in the abusive foster home or drop out and move out. I was behind a couple grades than I should have been because I wasn't allowed to start Kindergarten until I was age seven because of my birthday, and also because I was held back in Elementary School. I never enjoyed school. It was because I was bullied throughout the years of me going to school.

In a way I am glad I dropped out because it was the only way out of the foster home. On the other hand I was not able to get a High School Diploma. I did go to get my GED but I didn't stick to it. I was bullied by the students at the college who were also getting their GED. It brought flashbacks from my childhood and teenage years of being bullied and abused. There's a few things in life that bring flashbacks in both my dreams, (flashback nightmares), and flashbacks during the day time. I hate having the memories of what I was put through growing up. But, unfortunately it is something I can not change.

I went to Skyline High in Idaho Falls. Their mascot is or was the Grizzly bear. I'm not sure if that's their mascot anymore or not. I just know that is what they had then for the mascot.

I was at school when I informed the Principal I was dropping out of school. The Principal didn't even seem concerned or anything. At least it seemed that way. I was known as the school outcast, target for bullies, and anti-social. I never made good grades. I had a very hard time concentrating while in class. I never had any friends growing up. No one wanted anything to do with me. No other student gave me a chance to be my friend. I was known as a loner.

The day I dropped out I was so horribly beaten when I returned to the house after school that day I had to be hospitalized. I spent a few days in the hospital I didn't say anything about the abuse I endured by the hands of the foster family. I just knew I had to keep quiet because I would be out of there soon.

A couple weeks after being released from the hospital I was able to move to my own apartment.

EPILOGUE

I am so warm. The days ahead are bright and shinny. I am now in a wonderful relationship with a great man. I feel so blessed to be in the relationship with him. I feel like the Lord has blessed me in many ways, including meeting my boyfriend.

I am really hoping to be able to move to either California or Arizona with my boyfriend. We both have a lot in common. I'm not going to list anything we have in common without his permission.