

My Story:
A Story of a Child Prostitute

What does a child look like, imagine a little girl at the age of five. As Americans we love to think of this little girl as looking something like Shirley Temple with beautiful bright eyes and pigtails. But for me, this couldn't have been farther from the truth. Although I can admit I have beautiful blue eyes at this age, they were often marred by the black and blue circles that were formed around them. Life was hard we often lived on the streets homeless, or on more than one occasion lived in rundown abandoned households. My mother was a drug addict addicted to methamphetamines, my father who I rarely saw but seems to be a major part of this story was only seen when my mother was desperate enough to seek him out. I first saw my father for what was probably not the first time but the first time in my childhood that I could remember the week of my fifth birthday I was as happy and cheerful as I think in that time I could be, it was my first birthday with actual presents what could have been better. However my father had one last gift for me that was the night he raped me, it was the first time but not the last I would ever experience something like this.

Flash forward a few years and we were again living on the streets in a way, we had been holed up in a motel in Sturgis. My mother always had several different men she was dating. She was in as many relationships as there were days in the week. Men came and went but never stayed for too long. Except for one instance. This man was different he was always very nice, he was well dressed, and had softer features, and money, which I would find out later were because he never did his own work he just preyed on those weaker and less self-sufficient than himself. He is the one who sold my body for money. I remember the very first day he approached me telling me I would meet some nice men that night. After the whole horrendous ordeal his words

still stick with me from that night he said something to the effect of “ do you see your mother, look how unhappy she is, look at your brother, he has little to eat. It’s your turn to help them; it’s your turn to provide for them, to give your brother something to eat and to make your mother happy.” He then went on to say that I would be meeting the men that night. He would take me to buy a pretty white dress and get my hair done, oh what fun it would be I thought, and I would be helping my mother and brother as well. The night went on and I realized it was going to be anything but fun. I was pushed into a room with three men that night and hurt beyond reason, taken advantage of, and beat I believe I may have blacked out at least once during that session. This continued with different men on several different days in a hotel room not three down from where my brother lay sleeping. I cannot tell you what days or for how long the sessions lasted as most of it I try to block out. Everyday I pretended this never happened and went on playing with my younger brother regardless of the pain I felt. On days I was too hurt to get out of bed, I told him I was sick and that I would play with him when I felt better.

I learned from this experience many things and have persevered through it all. I learned that although there is evil in the world, there is also good at least to some extent. This was taught to me by a random stranger who came with the same intent as all the others on that random night. However, upon looking at me paid the money and instead of subjecting me to the same horrors as all the others sat down and asked me to tell my story as he taught me how to play chinese checkers a game from which I’m not sure where came. Although he never reported anything to the police he showed up every now and again asking me to tell my story and playing chinese checkers with me.

Needles to say, since that time I have been adopted into a loving family with a father who breaks his back every day in a factory giving me a safe, warm place to sleep and food to eat and

GRBS Scholarship

a mother who not only found a place in her heart for my brother and I but adopted three other children. Always telling me that love is infinite, that we can always make more. I owe my life to these three people, the man with the Chinese checker board and my mother and father they keep me going. We may not be rich and have everything we want, but we have everything we need, and then enough love left over. For this, I am the most grateful. My parents are amazing people they have loved and supported me even before they knew this story. This story may not win the scholarship, but I hope that someone somewhere will hear this story and realize that they can overcome anything and that they're not alone. As for me, I am planning on living my future to the fullest. I have been accepted to Ferris State University and plan to get degrees there hopefully in a few different majors. Life for me will go on, and as I step into the next phase of my life, I will always remember that the good in the world exists in people, people like my parents and the man with the Chinese checkers.