

I Believe In You! by Mary Kinnear~

Have you ever thought that there was another step to go down, but instead you stomp down on the floor? How about when you turn off the light and run to your bed even though nothing was chasing you there? Or how about being sick in bed, unable to do anything?

Depression and anxiety feel the same way.

Like you're unable to help anyone, or even yourself.

Like you're cornered and useless. Like you're annoying or what you just did was stupid and a disappointment.

It hurts so bad that sometimes you would rather feel physical pain instead.

Take my advice and NEVER tell someone to "Just get over it!" It's never that easy and saying that to someone could do nothing but make it worse! Instead tell them that you are there for them and stay to talk to them or even just hold them and be a crying shoulder, even if it's just a little while, it will make a difference.

End.

Kathy Belaire

You feel hurt somewhere,
Deep inside,
You cant cure it so you hide,
10 feet under you burry your sorrow,
Hoping for a better tomorrow,
With words like knives,
With hates and slurs,
Your happiness fades and blurs,
Trying to escape,
But you cant fly away,
Its not a place,
Its in your own head,
All the allegations and things you dread,
Wishing for relief ,
An escape from your own self-grief
You feel like an addict,
As you pop another pill,
Your told it will end the sorrow,
And some days it will,
Isolated and alone,
Fearfulness is all you own,
Trying to escape,
Feeling as though depression is your fate,
Some days if feels too late,
But the world isn't so dark as it may seem
You just gotta hold on and dream,
Society may spite you,
With words they will smite you,
You a carry the burdens of all you've done wrong,
You feel that you left yourself go,
Nothing to show,
But the truth is,
Through your own darkness you've lost the ability of seeing,
The beautiful light that is your own being.

Kathy Belarie

Depression

Her hands began to shake,
She looked away,
Feeling the pain of each passing day,
Her fist clenched in anger,
She looked in the mirror,
Who was this stranger,
Why was her reflection foreign to her,
Beaten down by society ,
Her life was a tragedy,
Pocket full of pills,
Head full of dream ,
Hope came too late,
Hand to her mouth ,
she swallowed them down,
She chose her own faith ,
Death didn't wait,
Why didn't somebody end her self-hate

Tyler Leblanc

Bullying needs to stop. We all say this but does everybody who says that do something when they see a kid or anyone getting bullied? No. They're too afraid that they'll be an outcast or that they'll be made fun of themselves. So what? If we all take the right stand we can stop bullying. Not as 1 person, not as 2 people but as a whole because that's what it's going to take. It's about time that we realize what's really going on here. So please if you agree with me. Take a stand.