

Darvel, Scotland is a place full of heroin addiction and gang violence. All I can do is sing and play an instrument. I struggle through my daily life and just about everything that happens always ends up on me. Here is a story to show what I mean by struggling through life.

I go to school and back, Monday through Friday. I can't stand these days. I feel as if I get bullied every day. But wait, I do, I get bullied every day I go to school. Even worse it always comes out the same way. "What in the world happened to you, do you need to go see the nurse or what?" Her name is Riley. "Captain" of the popular girl group these words is what comes out of her mouth every day. I just don't understand, and that's not even it, there's Jason. Head of the popular boy group. "Ha look who it is guys" "Rhiannon... the mohawk headed, punk looking girl. It's like a never ending, non-talking conversation. I finally come to the end of the week. It's Saturday and I fell like all I have done at school has gone into the trash and when Saturday comes, it means playing the bass, drums, and singing. The thought of coming home and hearing the worse words come out of others mouth, the words about me, it makes me sick at my stomach and when my stomach fell's bad, it calls for a beating of a drum, and the sound of a strum. I tend to think of the drum beating as the felling of my heart when I hear my name added on to words that are not nice. I wish that people would understand that because there perfect, that not everyone else is. If only I could get people to help me find a way out of this.

It's almost time for dinner, by this time my mom is starting dinner my dad is reading the paper and then me and my brother do our duties and or whatever my mom, and dad needs. At this time my mom needed me and my brother to go get her some

medicine for her head. It's December so I knew that it would be cold, so I told my brother Jason to get on a big coat. My mom hands us a few dollars for her medicine and my dad tells us to stay as far away from people in big black coats as possible. These people are the drug and heroin addiction people. I step outside as I grab my brother's hand because we live right on the corner of where the center of everything is, we are very conscious about our surroundings. We finally get on the side where the medicine store is, and just like I said there would be those people that are the drug people I walk right passed them, I get a hold of my brother's hand super tight. I feel like they just stare us down the whole way until we walk in. I tend to keep my head down when those kind of people look at me I could tell that they had something in their hands and that they are trying to hide it. I wonder what goes on in their mind and I wish they would think about what they are doing around kids and teens. I wish I could fix this but if only I had people to stand up with me and at least try.

It's a thing called relationship. My relationship can get big, but only if the other person can to. Me and my dad, were just playing around with our music, my dad has his own band and sometimes in our extra time to bring us closer we like to share things that were good at, until you get interrupted. I guess its ok when it's my mom. My family was over for dinner and while we cook we like to listen to the radio. My mom comes in on me and my dad and tells us that it's an emergency. Just a couple of months ago, me and my family created a punk culture to have support and look out for each other. Of course things can get around so easy because of the community that I live in, things tend to spread more easier then most things that happen. I gather around with my family and listen in. My grandpa said "Not going so great listen in closer", I put my head down and

listened in closer and then heard my grandpa's name. Because my grandpa is the biggest generation right now, his name is heard the most. Then I hear the word punk culture. I look up at my grandpa, and begin to sob. It's not my family nor is it everybody in the community but it is so that just one person can start something up. We turn the radio off and have dinner. It was completely silent. I begin to say something and then stop, I just could not take it enough that people would do this to someone that they could hardly even know. I want to change my community, I want to change how people think of others, but only with help will I be sure to make it happen.

I guess it's time to let you know who I am. Rhiannon. I live a life full of heroin addiction and gang violence, it's what I live with. When the time comes that I know I have help from someone like you who cares and won't be hateful, then maybe I can really make a change, not just for me and my family, but others around me. Give me help to make my life happy for once, in Darvel, Scotland, where I Rhiannon lives and hopes to make a change.