

Hello my name is Skylar Terwillegar. I haven't really lived with my mom since I was about five. The only thing I know about my dad is his first name. I always remember moving from house to house, when I was about five I started staying with my uncle in Waldport. I would stay with him for week days then I would see my mom on the weekends. This happened till I was in fourth grade when I moved to pleasant hill only for a month or two because my mom was getting a divorce, while I was in pleasant hill I lived with my grandfather, my mom was there but mostly she was always gone. Then I moved back to Waldport because my mom wanted to so I followed I stayed with my uncle I had my own room. Then my mom started wanting me home more, which really didn't happen, I had the choice, and I chose to stay with my uncle. I stayed with my uncle on week days then on weekends I would see my mom, one day in sixth grade my mom told me that me and her were moving so I went because she was trying to finalize her divorce we stayed with my grandfather. My mom wasn't there much mostly it was just me and my grandfather. My mom wasn't working, so mainly my grandfather took care of me. Then my mom moved us to one of my cousin's houses. It was the same thing but different house my mom lived there but wasn't there much she didn't work until I was in the end of my seventh grade. After a while my cousin started taking care of me because my mom wasn't there. This happened until I was in eighth grade. During this time she hooked up with some guy I didn't like him so I moved in with one of my friends Ricardo. After a while her boyfriend would to his house trying to find me yelling and screaming that he was going to find me and kill me. This is when I started staying with the Hardy's. They took me in and I was grateful. I didn't live with the Hardy's but I would spend a lot of time with them. My mom

started getting more involved with my life then I moved in to a very small trail with her. Her boyfriend was still there, so there were three people living in a place only big enough for one. My mom bought a car, which was later re-poed because she couldn't make the payments. After the eighth grade I moved in with my cousin which lived in Thurston, my mom followed. Then my mom's boyfriend started beating her and there was nothing I could do she wouldn't let me call the cops or report anything. My mom made me share a room with her because there wasn't enough room in the apartment for three of us. Some time passed then my mom started living with my brother. I was staying with my cousin and he moved and told my mom she couldn't come with, because she wasn't paying rent. When we moved in to his house I was starting my sophomore year. It was nice and calm for about four months, then everything started going south. There was no structure; everyone was partying all the time. My room always smelt like weed, people under age would come over and get drunk. I stayed out as much as I could so I wouldn't get in to that stuff, whenever I would get home it could be three am and everyone was partying, or three pm where everyone was passed out drunk and I had to step over people just to get to my room. I got sick of this so I moved back in with Ricardo and his family half way through my junior year. After about four months or so his parents were complete drunks and everything started getting tense and weird. His dad would yell at me and accuse me of stuff that I didn't do. I finally got fed up with it and turned to the people I knew would help me the Hardy's. They took me in and got me a car, they have structure and I can relate with them and there is no arguing or fighting. I would have to say if I could ever call anyone my true family; it would have to be the Hardy's. Trust, openness and they are always happy I am so happy with the people I live with the family I have is the best. My mom lives in

Waldport and I see her once in a while. She lives in a very small place, and wants me to live with her but there just isn't enough space, she doesn't make enough to support two either. It's my choice not to live her because all I know is her leaving so I try not to get too close to get hurt.