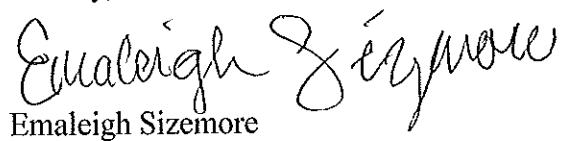


To Whom It May Concern,

Last August I decided to move to Irvine California with my father. There for the first few months I kept up with my schoolwork, even though I was already feeling depressed. Around December and the end of the first semester my emotions got progressively worse. I started to just not care for anything anymore and no longer try. My grades were okay at that point in time but not to my usual standard at all. I had felt this way since before I had even moved down to California with my father, but I was in a better environment with more family and friends for support and had more things to keep my mind off of my thoughts.

The second semester I started acting on my thoughts of self harm. I'd thought about self harming for awhile but at that time I was feeling at my lowest and that I had no one to go to and that no one cared for me. I started self harming because I felt nothing inside, which is why I chose not to do my work. I constantly asked myself "What's the point?". I chose to ignore my work then my parents started to realize I was failing. I then started to discuss what I was feeling with my parents. I chose to move back officially in early July. I feel I need this sport because I love it and it makes me happy, it makes me feel even more driven and like I have more purpose.

Sincerely,

 9/9/15
Emaleigh Sizemore