

To whom it may concern,

My names Kahlia Birden I'm a sophomore at Roosevelt high-school, and I'm applying for a hardship. Under the circumstances I was in with my mom moving away to California and leaving me with my aunt caused a lot of havoc. My dad didn't really agree with her and so he made me pack all my stuff and move in with him. I never really lived with my dad before and he was very strict and well disciplined and on the other hand my mom was more chill. So I was having a hard time adjusting to my new life style, I was getting in trouble for things I couldn't even believe my dad had a problem with. A few months into the school year my mom moved back because she was in a domestic violence situation with her boyfriend and she had my little 8 year old brother with her and she didn't want him in that environment. When she got back to Portland she was homeless and it worried me, I was always wondering if my brother was safe. Then one day I was in class and my mom called me down to the office and she told me her Boyfriend was on his way down here to Portland to come find her, and that's when everything started going left. I got depressed and got involved w/ the wrong crowd, nothing but bad influences they convinced me to do things I've never done and talked me into skipping than before you knew it, it was a daily routine. I would sleep in through most of my morning classes because I couldn't find the energy to get out of bed. Grades started going down and I didn't have the support i needed. Next thing you know we're in the middle of February and I get a call saying my mom has been arrested on a Measure 11 assault, she comes home later that night and explains what happened and that she has to go back to court on the 12th. The twelfth comes and before she goes to court she tells me "if I don't call you from my number I'm in jail". So I'm waiting and waiting for her call and finally it comes not from her number though from a 877 area code, I answer and all I hear is my mom crying and I immediately shut down. I had lost all motivation to do anything, I gave up on school and I gave up on myself. And at this time I became homeless, I was back and fourth between my dads and my sisters I couldn't stay at a stable place because everywhere I went they told me "you can't stay here if you don't do nothing with your life". But I wanted to do something with my life i just couldn't find the motivation and spark inside me to snap out the deep depression I was in. But finally my longtime friend/boyfriends family took me in, and treated me like their own made sure I had clothes on my back and shoes on my feet and the love plus support I needed. And they got me back in my happy place which is softball, when I'm out on that field nothing in this world matters, It's a great way to keep my grades up and keep me from thinking about all the negativity going on in my life.

Sincerely,
Kahlia B.