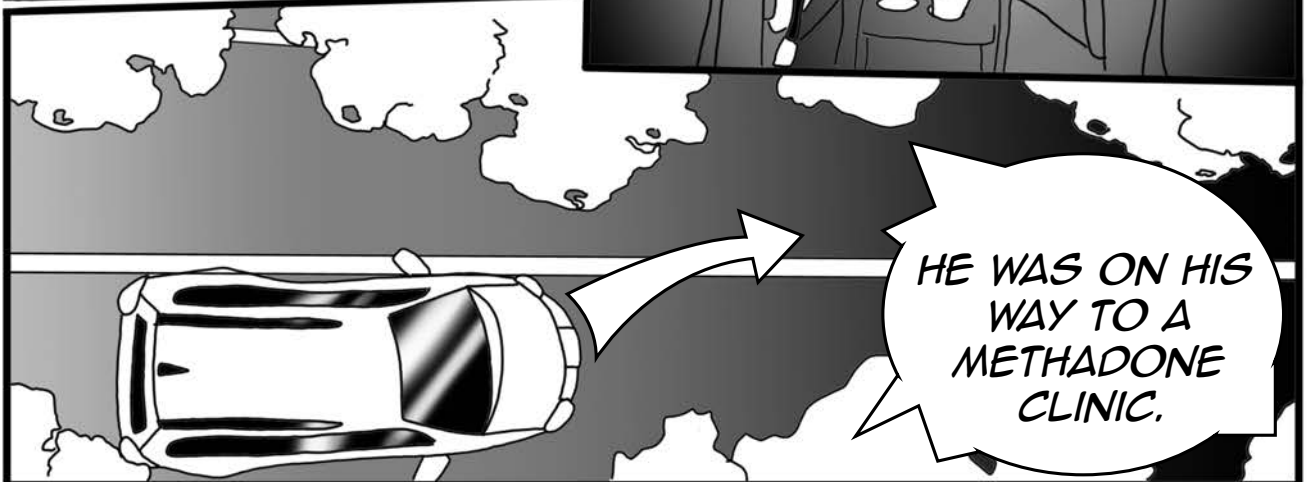
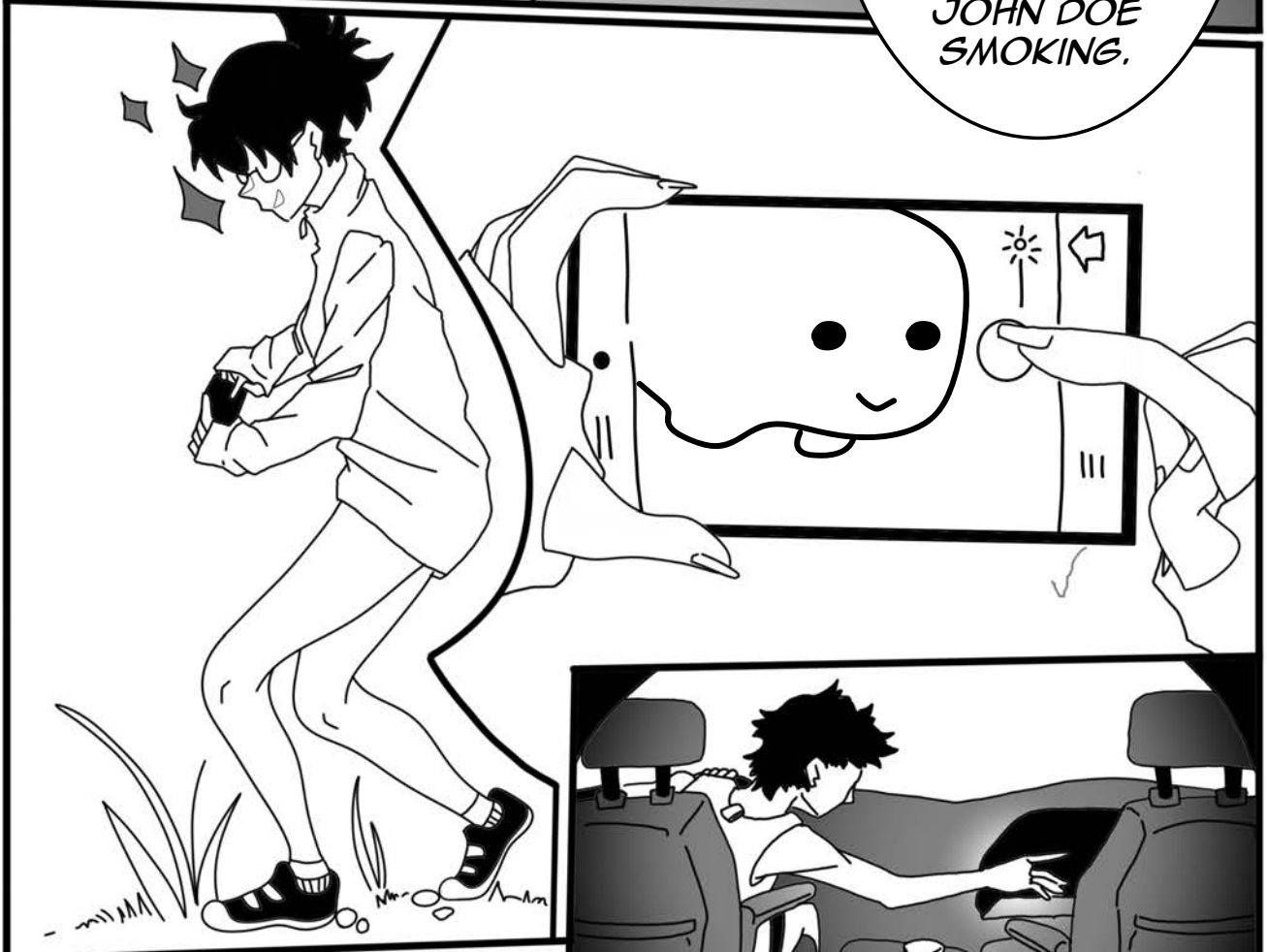
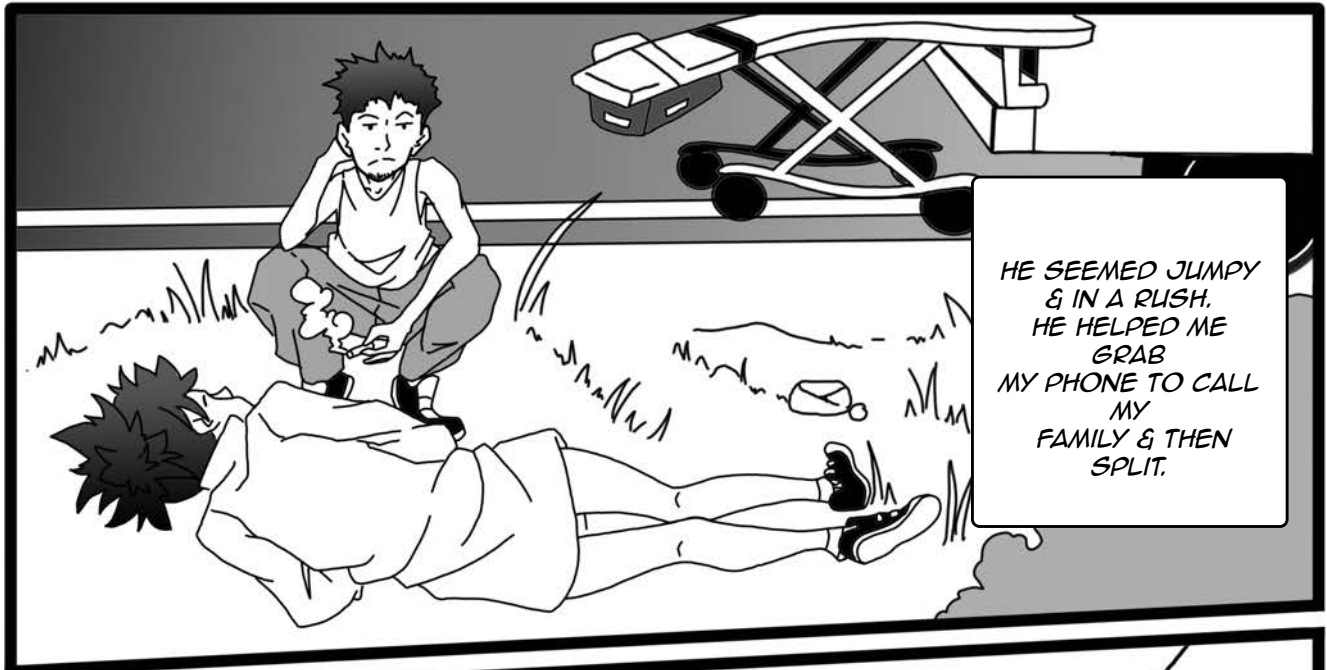




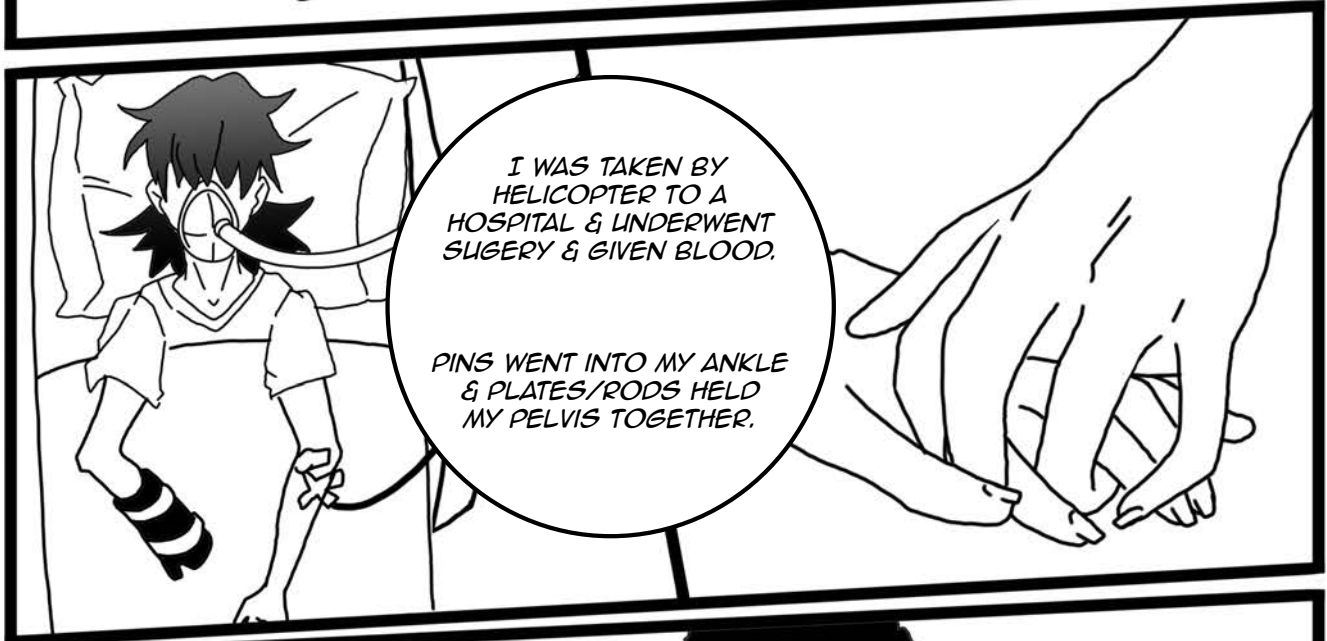
BEAUTIFUL MORNING WALK. I DID EVERYTHING RIGHT-WORE BRIGHT COLORS & WALKED ON THE GRASSY ROADSIDE... I WOKE UP TO JOHN DOE SMOKING.



HE WAS ON HIS WAY TO A METHADONE CLINIC.



HE SEEMED JUMPY & IN A RUSH. HE HELPED ME GRAB MY PHONE TO CALL MY FAMILY & THEN SPLIT.

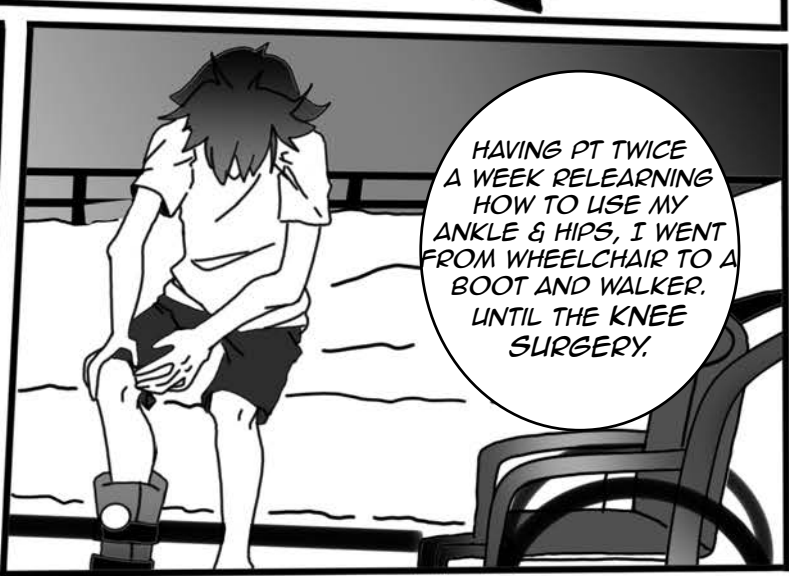
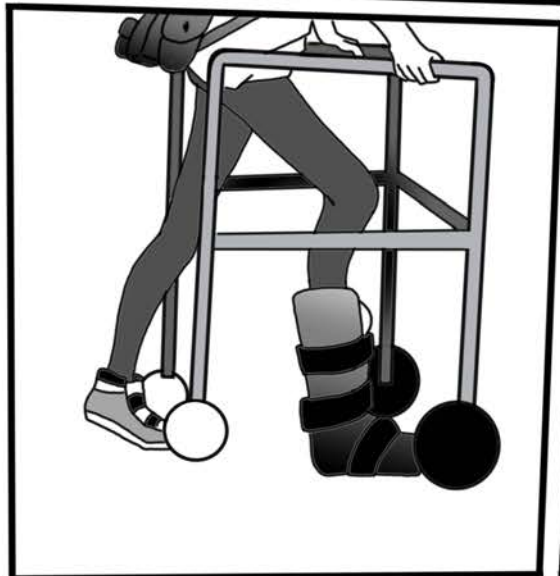
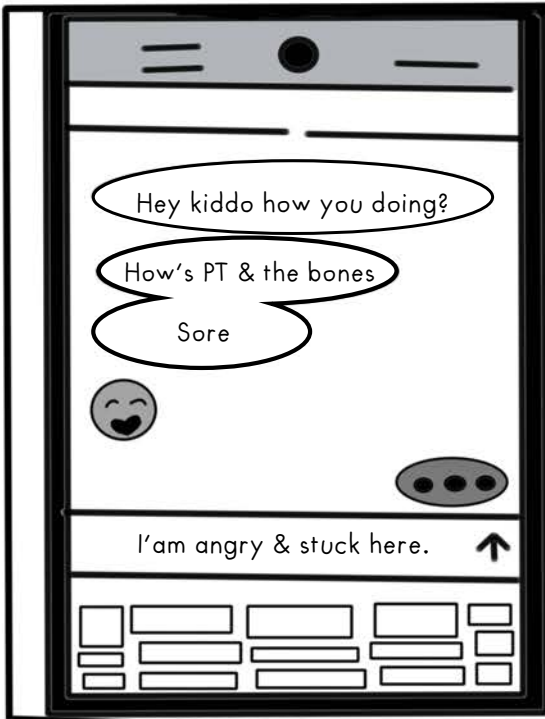


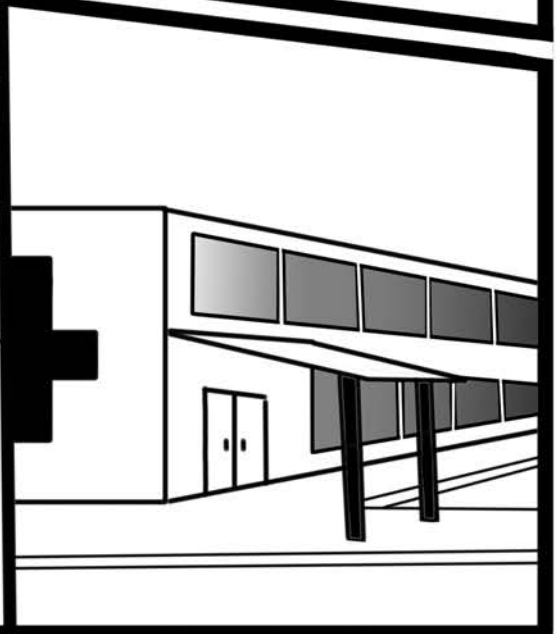
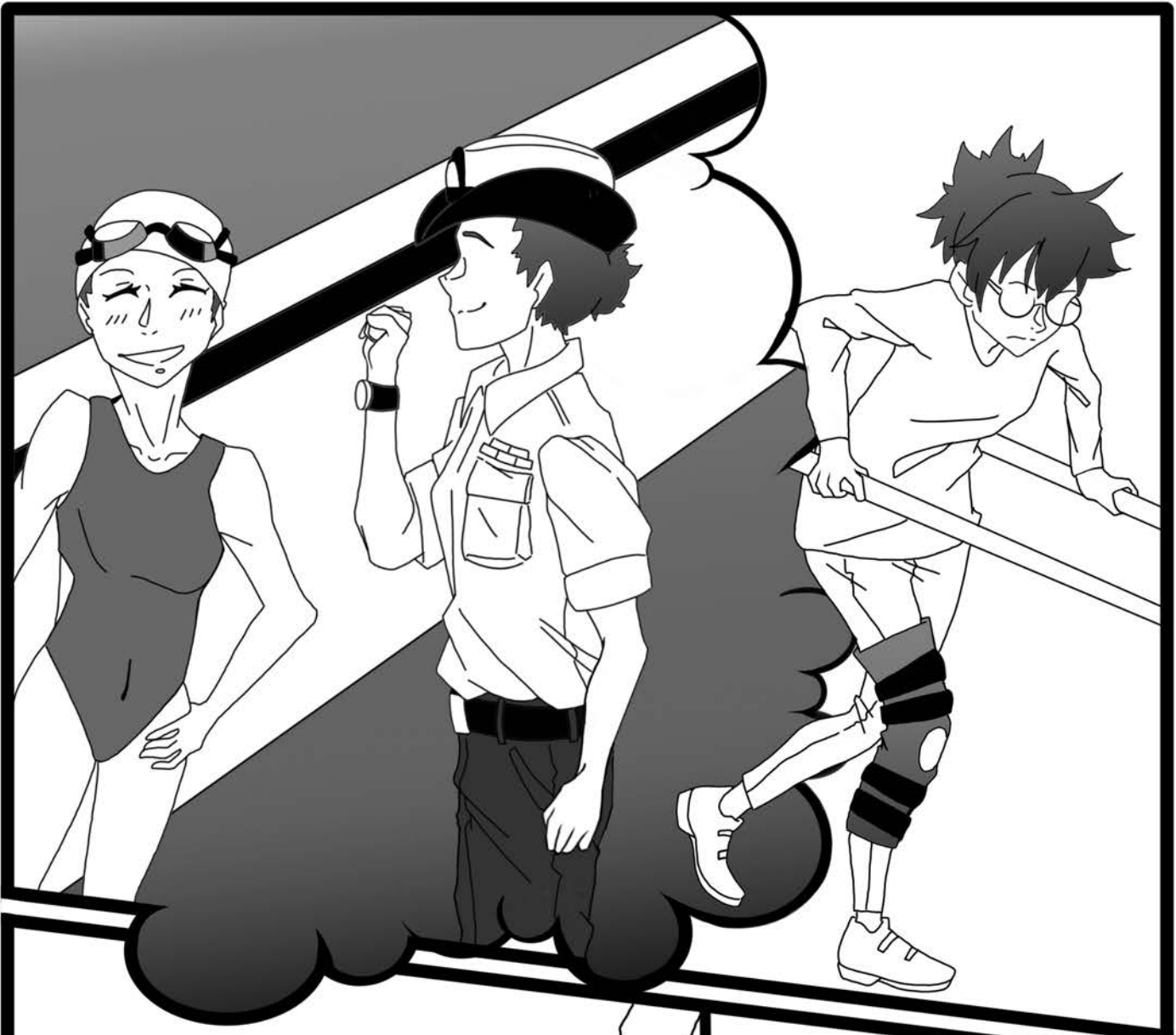
I WAS TAKEN BY HELICOPTER TO A HOSPITAL & UNDERWENT SURGERY & GIVEN BLOOD.
PINS WENT INTO MY ANKLE & PLATES/RODS HELD MY PELVIS TOGETHER.

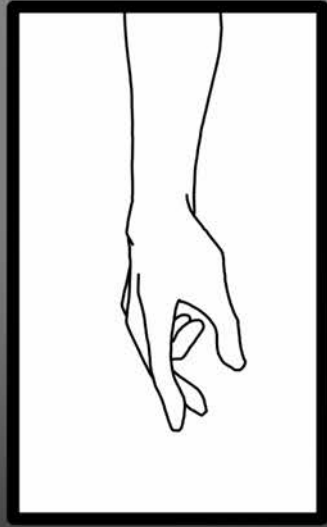
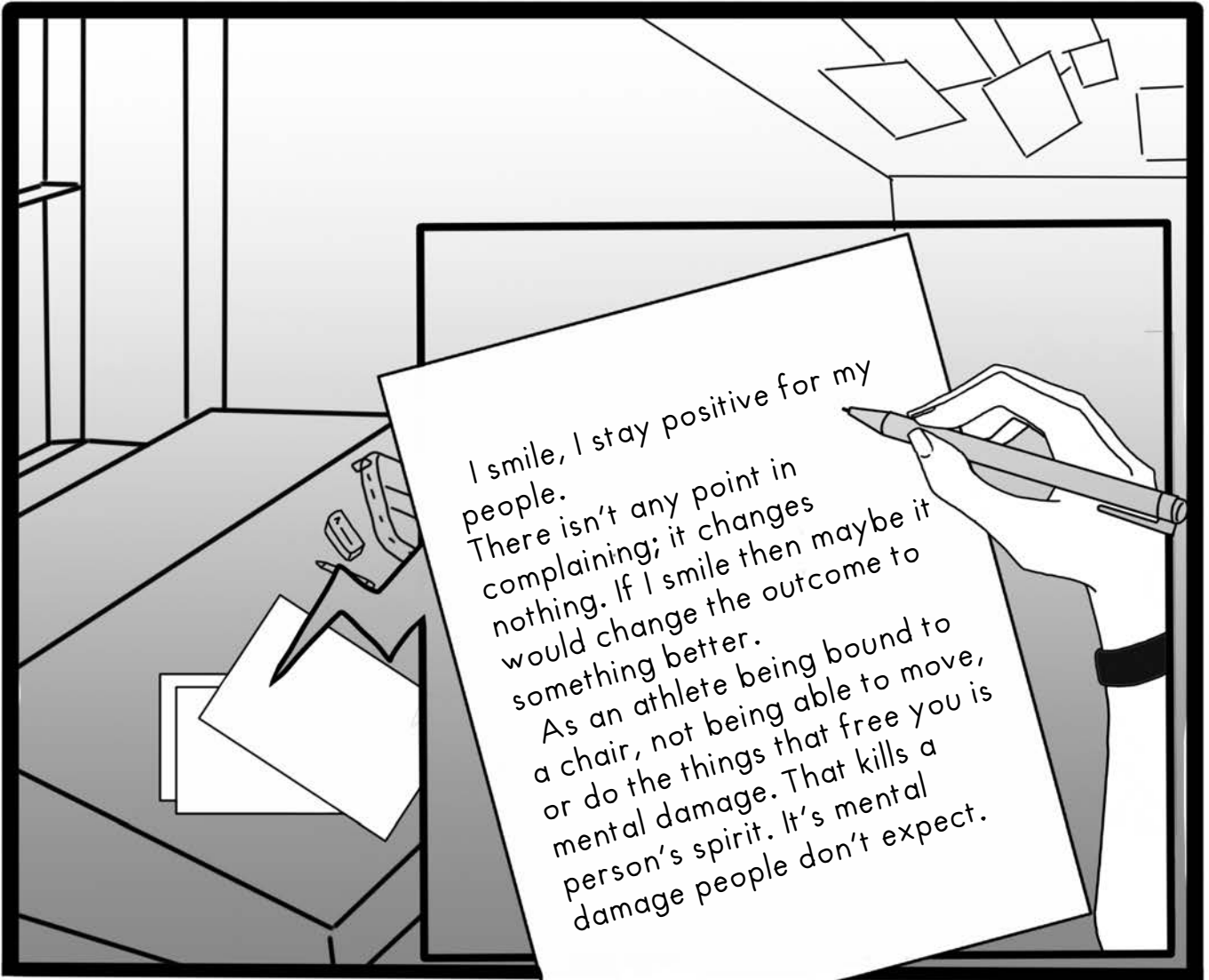


ONE WEEK IN ICU

FOUR MONTHS IN A WHEELCHAIR.







I still hold anger for the person that never got caught. Everytime I go somewhere it comes back into my life. But good things came from this. My experiences with classmates & my love for drawing returned.

I can't control everything, but I can my emotions.
I can't do what I used to, but I'm alive & that is enough.

