My Life.

 I was born in Cuauhtémoc, Chihuahua. On December 16, 1994. My parent’s names are Rodolfo Varela and Olga Munoz. They brought me to the United States when I was 6 months. I have two sisters and one brother, Adriana Varela, Angel Varela and Ivette Varela. We lived in Las Vegas for about 5 years before we moved down to Colorado.

 I don't remember much of the past but where my memory starts is when we got to Colorado. I was about 6 when we got to Colorado I didn't speak much English then but I learned the language right away in kindergarten. In elementary my memory kind of fades until middle school. My middle school started in 5th grade. I remember that in 5th grade. When I was about 10, my mom, my brothers and I had gone to a Safety House in Eagle because my dad would hit my mom so they took us somewhere where we would be safe until he moved out. I really loved my dad so when they made him move out I was devastated. When they finally let us go home my dad’s things and my dad were nowhere to be seen. My family lived about two weeks without knowing where he was or anything about him. Until one day we found out that he was living in Grand Junction. My brothers and I went to go visit him about once every two weeks. In December, around my birthday, we found out my dad was in jail. He had sent me a card for my birthday from jail. I felt really bad that I would not get to see my dad on my birthday. A little before Christmas he got deported to Mexico.

My years in middle school were a blur. Everyday I would go to school and go back home have a normal routine until around 7th grade I started “rebelling”. I think the reason that started happening was, because of the fact that after my dad left, things with my mom got hit worse. She would hit us for practically everything we did. Since I was the oldest I always got the worst. My mom never hugged me, never told me she was proud of me, and that made me feel so useless at times. I never got any affection from her (like my younger brothers). She would hit me, slap me for every little thing I would do, and I knew that eventually I would get tired of it and she knew it too. I started running away, getting into trouble, and into things that weren’t so good. I was hanging out with the “wrong people”. My life was beginning to fall apart piece by piece. I started doing things kids my age shouldn't even know about it was that bad!

 The days went on and they weren't getting any better. The day I saw Moises was the most overwhelming moment of my life it didn't matter it was on a school bus, or the fact we were total strangers that had just met. The way he looked at me as I walked towards the back of the bus seemed like we were the only two there at that moment it seemed like the world was only revolving for the two of us. And for just that moment nothing else mattered not my mom, the problem not even the fact that I looked like a total dunce with drill probably ready to hit the floor. There was something about his stare that made me feel like there was something special about him, like if he was the one for me. As I got closer my heart started to race. I wasn't sure what to do. I sat down like two seats away from him. His look gave me no sign of what he was thinking it made me so mad I didn't know if he felt the same or just opposite or what my heart was speaking. As the bus got to the right stop I noticed that he was one of the first to get off the bus. I tried to get off as quick as I could but it still wasn't quick enough, he was gone in a flash. I was looking around for him but he was nowhere to be seen. As I was searching for him one of the older girls, whom I was a friend with totally crushed my dreams. She comes from behind telling me that I'm going to waste my time, because he didn't talk to anybody “around here”. But I knew that it wasn't totally hopeless. I had felt something special by the way he looked at me.

 Days went by and I didn't see any sign of him. The following Sunday I had gone to church with my mom and as the mass was ending I got that feeling you get when you know someone is looking at you. I looked around trying to figure out where the weird feeling was coming from. As I was looking I saw his face. Moises was there. He was the kind of someone that made me feel like I was floating. As everyone was walking out I kept him in my sight so I wouldn't lose him this time. When we were walking out of the building we were walking side by side my heart started to race, as we were walking we had are eyes locked together but neither of us said a word. He started to walk a little faster. I wanted to talk to him but I didn't know what to say. Then he disappeared. I had no time to say anything to him; I was so disappointed in myself. The next Sunday I tried to look my best. I went just to see if by any chance he was there again. I had a feeling he was going to be there and my feeling was right. He was there I loved the feeling I got every time I saw him, he made me feel like there had to be something between us. Week after week I went to church looking my best to see “him” but I didn't ever see him there again, I started to lose hope. I felt like an idiot for not talking to him when I had the chance. A few weeks went by and there wasn't anything until one day I was listening to music in my room and I got a phone call. When I answered and asked whom it was the name that came from the other end astonished me and left me with amazement I could not believe it, it seemed so unreal. At first I didn't believe it, we started to talk we talked for a while but I still couldn't believe it so I asked him for a picture and there he was my prince charming. Then he asked me if I would go to the movies with him and I was so excited I said yes with no hesitation the word just flew out of my mouth, it was kind of embarrassing. When I arrived at the movies and I was waiting for him, he got there kind of late and I thought he wasn't going to show. I started to feel bad so I went to the bathroom to check one more time if he was there. He was standing there looking so cute and nervous, I couldn't blame him I was nervous myself. I went up to him said hi and gave him a hug. When I hugged him I felt as if I belonged in his arms in his warm embrace. The felling was magnetic. As we walked into the movie we held hands and I lead him towards the front of the theater. We sat down like the third row from the front. I still remember what movie we saw together it was 27 Dresses When we were sitting I couldn't stop staring at him; I felt something so special when I was next to him. We were sitting there watching the movie, holding hands, his hand was so sweaty...it made me smile. While we were watching the movie I was staring at him and he turned to look at me and I saw that he wasn't going make a move any time soon, so I moved closer to him and he moved towards me to I felt so relived.

 We were together for like two weeks. We would talk on the phone but a little later I didn't hear anything from him. One day I heard from one of his friends that they had seen him with Silvia his ex girlfriend. I got furious! I started having mixed emotions and that weekend he finally called me and asked me to go to the movies I said yes as if nothing was wrong. Nothing good happened that night I had gotten in a fight with some girl I didn't even know. That night I had also called one of my friends and asked him to do me a favor. I asked him to pretend he was my boyfriend so that I could make Moises mad. It worked but he was probably never going to talk to me again. About 7 months went by and I didn't hear anything from him.

 That summer I went to California with my “best” friend Lisbeth. That was the first time I ever went to the ocean and to Disney Land. It was just my mom and me that summer because; my brothers had left to Mexico that summer. I had a lot of fun there but we only stayed there for like a week, then we came back to Colorado. Since I was alone when my mom would go to work so Lisbeth would stay with me at my house. Even though I hadn't heard from Moises I still thought a lot about him, wondered if he was thinking of me. At the end of September I would stay up more at night out side on our trampoline. One night I decided to call Moises but I didn't have his number. So I called his friend Edwin and asked him for Moises number and he gave me Moises's house number. I called and his mom answered but he wasn't there, so I asked her where he could be and she told me that he could be at his dad's. She gave me his dad's house number in Glenwood, so I called he answered. I got the same feeling I got when I first looked into his eyes. We talked everyday from that day on we talked about what had happened and we made up. On August 4, 2007 he asked me if we should try it again and of course I said yes!!! The next day he came to my house and we went for a walk and we talked about what happened that last time. On August 6, 2008 we were at my house and we made love for the first time. It was so strange; he looked at me like he did when we first met. He would come to my house everyday until school started but I would still see him, we both missed so much school. I would tell my mom that I was sick or some other excuse to stay home from school so that he could come over. When we didn't have school he would come over, my brothers really liked him, but my mom wasn't a big fan. Even though she had given me permission to be with him, every time we had the chance to be together we would but if us couldn't we would talk on the phone. We could be on the phone for hours and hours, even though we talked everyday, we never got tired of hearing each others voice. Until one day when I made the biggest mistake of my life. Moises and I had gotten into a fight so I was already in a bad mood. When I got home my mom started telling me shit and I wasn't about to put up with it. So I left. I didn't even think about calling Moises. I left and didn't tell anyone where I was going. The place I had decided to go was the worst place I could ever go. I didn't do anything good there. I regret ever going to that house. When I was there all I did was get drunk and I got this stupid tattoo that’s going to be there forever. There's very little I can do about it. That day I guess my mom had called Moises to see if I was with him so that's how he found out that I wasn't at my house. When Moises found out I had ran away he called the people he knew I hung out with, later on he knew I was staying at “her” house. He called and called until she answered. She told him I wasn't there but he didn't believe it so a little later I called back from my cell phone. Told him to meet me in Glenwood in the back trail. In the morning when I got there he was sitting there waiting for me. I sat down and we talked and he told me that even though we were in a fight I should have called him that he would always be there for me. He made me feel so bad he made me feel like I was worth nothing his words tore my heart out I felt so little. I thought to myself im so stupid I felt like shit, and depressed. He was teaching me a lesson I needed to learn you can say. We talked a while and things got a little better, when we were walking we were playing around and we fell. I feel right on my back, when I got up my shirt was half way up and he saw my tattoo and the expression on his face changed in the matter of seconds. He got so furious he didn't even know what to tell me. His face said it all when he did finally speak. He told me he never wanted to talk to me again. That I was pathetic that he couldn't believe that I would chose “that Shit and those kinds of friends” over him when he was the one that had always been there for me. He kept trying to walk away but I kept getting in his way so he couldn't go. He kept telling me the same thing, “ I have nothing else to tell you “. When he finally left I felt so stupid that I had done that to myself. I had just lost the most precious thing in my life for something stupid that’s not even worth it. I just stood there and watched the most amazing person walk away. I really messed up that time. Knowing how much he helped me and how he was the only person who cared when no one else did.

 It was lunchtime for the high schoolers so I walked to city market to see if I found someone I knew to ask them for money, to go home. As I was walking I called my mom and told her sorry for leaving and that I was going to find some money, and I would come home on the next bus. When I was standing in front of rite-aid, the store next to City Market, Moises saw me just standing there and walked over to me. In a cruel tone he asked me what I was still doing in Glenwood. So I told him and he told me to wait so I did. When he came back he gave me some money to catch the bus. I didn't want to take it but he made me. While I was sitting I couldn't stop thinking about him. I knew that he still cared about me so I didn't completely that was the end of us. I knew if he wouldn't have cared he wouldn’t care if I got home or not. When I got home my mom wasn't off of work yet, so I layer down. When my mom got home instead of yelling at me she asked me what was wrong and what happened with Moises. When she asked me that, I couldn't take it anymore, I just started to cry and went upstairs, I felt awful for weeks. I would call and he wouldn't answer or his brothers would tell me he wasn't there. A while later my uncles came from New Mexico and I thought getting away would do me some good. I left to New Mexico with them. While I was there my sister would tell me that she would talk to Moises. She would tell me that he would tell her that he did miss me but he didn't know if he could forgive me. I would feel so excited when she would tell me that. I would try calling Moises but my excitement would turn right back into misery. I knew I messed up and big time but I wasn't going to give up just like that. I was really going to change this time and I was going to get him back one way or another.

 One day when I was talking to my sister she told me the reason they started talking was because, he called asking for me. I was so happy. Once again. When I got on MySpace I saw that he had deleted me from his myspace. I send him a message and he answered, but it wasn't what I wanted to hear. Later that day I thought of something. I made a fake myspace with a picture of someone else and I sent him a friend request, he accepted it. I started to make conversation with him. I was happy I was talking to him but I wasn't satisfied because it wasn't me he was talking to. Time passed and I would talk to him and on day I asked him if he had a girlfriend and he told me no. Then I started asking him about his ex's and we started talking about me. Later on I convinced him to call”her” as in me or at least answer my calls. I started talking to him as friends and it turned out really good. Later that week when I got back he told me he was going to go to my house. He said it wasn't for me but for my little brothers. I knew that wasn't true. The day he came he hesitated to hug me but when we did hug it made me so happy that I didn't want to let go. I started to cry and he didn't turn away from me. He hugged me to give me confer, and to stop the tears that were gushing out of my face. We talked as friends for a while and one day he invited me to Grand Junction. On July 13, 2009 we started dating once again. He would come and see me every time he could, and when school started he came with me to Coal Ridge. Around the end of August Moises had asked me to take a pregnancy test because he had a feeling I was pregnant. I told him that I didn't think so but he was convinced that I was, so he told me to take one. I did because what would it hurt I only had to pee on a stick thingy. That day when I went to the bus back home I stopped by Wal mart and got a pregnancy test. When I got home I waited for my mom to be down stairs to take it. When I peed on the weird stick Sam our social services case manager got there and I didn't have time to read what it said. I hide it and went down stairs to meet with them. They asked me if I was pregnant and I told them no. I guess my mom also had the feeling I was pregnant. “How come everyone thought I was pregnant did I look pregnant, did I give some kind of weird vibe?” Who knew? When I went back up stairs I looked at the test and it said “pregnant”, I didn't believe it I thought he test was wrong so I wanted to go get a few more. I called Moises a little bit later and told him to please come and see me the the next day because I really needed to see him. He asked me if I had taken the test and I just stayed quite. That kind of gave him a clue to how it came out. The next day I went to get three more from the store. When we got home I took them all and what do you know they all said the same thing “pregnant”. So we just stayed quite and didn't talk until he left back to Glenwood, a few days later I made an appointment at Mountain Family and told my mom it was for my breasts because they hurt a lot. When we went for the appointment Moises went with me and my mom knew that it wasn't because of my breast. When I got out with the paper in my hand and I gave it to Moises and he looked at it and started at me and I could see so many emotions in his eyes. When we got in the car he didn't say anything, I tried to say something but he would just pull me against his chest and hug me.

 On the other hand my mom had a lot to say. The whole way there she would tell me the worst she would tell me that I was stupid and that I fucked up my life. Moises would just tell me don't listen to her she's stupid and put my head back on his chest. I asked him what we were going to do but all he would do is hug my head. We didn't really talk about it much after that. I stopped going to school and told my mom I wanted to go to Yampah. My mom didn't want anything I did but since I refused to go to school she came with me to see the school and have a tour of it. She ended up really liking it. Then I started going to school right away. About two weeks later Moises and I left to live with his mom in Grand Junction. I was having a lot of problems living with my mom. When we were in Junction we were living with his mom but we would always stay at Moises aunts house. In the middle of October Moises started working in construction with his dad and I started school again. I started going to school at R5 the alternative school in Junction. It was okay there but I didn't like it much. While I was over there I couldn't get any prenatal care. They said I was too young and I needed my mom. Moises mom kept trying but nothing was happening so I ended up coming back to Rifle with my mom. Things got a little bit better when I got back. I started going to Yampah once again when I got back from Grand Junction. I would sometimes stay in Glenwood with Moises or with my mom in Rifle, but things started getting worse with my mom once again. She started asking for way too much rent, even though she knew that Moises and me already had to pay so many places and so much money. I try to be nicer but she doesn't care. She just cares about her damn money.

 But life keeps going and getting better I have people I can depend on and my family. My favorite Moto by Me, “Don’t limit yourself but know your limitations.”

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