

The Bottomless Pit of Poverty and Failure

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All my life I have never known what success was. I have never known what a normal life was. I have never known the feeling of having loving parents that care about their child. The slums of Detroit is the only home I have ever known and it has broken and tore me down time and time again. I have gone through too many mental struggles from the many nights I have starved because my father could not provide enough money for food, or even the nights I spent on the street because we could not pay for a room at the local run down motel. I have only known one life and that is the life of poverty.

Poverty has been such a tiring burden that I have had to carry around all my life, restraining me from ever escaping this hellish prison and keeping me from ever climbing the step to success. As a young kid I had big dreams of becoming a doctor and living a life of peace and happiness. My prepubescent eyes could not see the real situation that my family and I were stuck in. My parents always tried their best to cover up their struggles of providing money and food because they just wanted to keep me happy and worryless. But as I grew up and matured, I realized that this was not the world that I had remembered living in. This was not the world of joy, happiness, and bright colors, but it was a world of darkness, hurt, and pain.

As I grew into my teenage years and finally started high school, I fell into the wrong crowd. Fighting, taking drugs, and skipping school were all things that were starting to become a common occurrence in my life. They told me that if I did all this stuff that I would be cool and I would not have to worry about my problems anymore. They lied. At this point I could tell my life was going downhill into a bottomless pit that I feel I could not escape from. During the middle of my junior year, I had the bright idea to drop out of high school. My parents tried to convince me not to but I did not listen to them because I was mad at them. I was mad that they had birthed me into this life of failure that I could not escape. But as I continued this horrible lifestyle of not having enough money and feeling like a disappointment all the time, I realized years later that I was just being inconsiderate. I was the reason for why my life was on the decline and why I could never find a way to escape this life of poverty. This was not the life that I had dreamed of having as a tiny innocent kid. My parents were always there trying to help me and provide for my helpless self, they were never there to hurt me or tear my life apart. I need to make a change in my life or I would die as a failure. From that point on I made it a goal to turn my life around for the better. I was going to stop the drug abuse, stop the fighting, and I would get my GED. This lifestyle would no longer be a burden on my life. I will be the change in my family just like I had dreamed of as a child. Lord knows that if I ever have kids, they will never experience the lifestyle that I had to endure.