

**INSIDE THIS  
ISSUE:**

- Golf Benefit 1
- Win RoundTrip Air 1
- A YouthHope Story 2

# YouthHope



HOPE FOR THE FUTURE STARTS WITH TODAY

VOLUME 3

OCTOBER 1, 2013



## YouthHope's Second Annual Slice of Hope Benefit Golf Scramble

Saturday, October 12, 2013

6:30 A.M. - 2:30 P.M.

Yucaipa Valley Golf Club

Continental Breakfast & Barbecue Lunch Provided!

**Don't Miss Out-Register Today!**

Register on-line at: [www.youthhope.org](http://www.youthhope.org) or  
Contact Cherise at: 909 810-3848



Don't Miss Out  
On These  
Great  
Opportunity  
Drawings!

2 Round Trip  
SouthWest  
Airline Tickets

Callaway  
Golf Bag  
& Putter

2 Tickets  
Aquarium  
of the  
Pacific

2 Tickets  
San Diego Safari  
Wild Animal  
Park

### WIN 2 ROUNDTRIP FLIGHTS!



### WIN A ROUNDTRIP FLIGHT FOR TWO

Whether you're attending the Benefit Golf Scramble or supporting us from afar, don't miss this chance to **win 2 roundtrip flight tickets!**

**Purchase Opportunity Tickets via mail or online** and we will include your tickets in the drawing!

The winning ticket will be drawn and announced at the luncheon. Presence is not required to win. Flight tickets may be used towards any flight offered by Southwest Airlines® within the Continental U.S. Opportunity Tickets will also be available for purchase at the event.

ONLINE: [youthhope.org](http://youthhope.org) select "Slice of Hope" link on left panel

VIA MAIL: P.O. Box 7803, Redlands CA 92375

(Make checks payable to "YouthHope" and be sure to include "Golf Benefit Opportunity Drawing Tickets" in memo line)



## An Inspiring YouthHope Writer....

All of the youth that come to YouthHope are smart, intelligent, and wonderfully talented individuals in their own unique ways. Unfortunately, many of them have experienced horrific childhoods and unspeakable up-bringsings. All of the youth have individual stories and struggles. The story below was written by one of our youth. He is an extremely bright and talented young man as is evident from the story he wrote below. He desperately wants to attend college and further his education and writing skills. YouthHope case managers are working diligently trying to get him into a local junior college. Please consider making a donation to YouthHope today so that we can continue to provide much needed services to this young man and the many more like him.

### Cold Realization....

I was sad. Lying on my bed angry at how life was. Things being decided for me that I had no control of. A destiny of chaotic misery and non-consensual mutilation. I began to breathe harder when my head collapsed and the tears of years of pain began to flow. The flow of my sad rhythmic sobs changed pace, and I began to cry, smiling. So sad, I saw how funny this all was, so laughter and moans started leaking out of me simultaneously; each trying to fight to become more powerful. My nose was running and I could see then, how nasty I was, slimy and grotesque, childish and broken. Drooling... how pitiful, gnarled, and withering. Mad laughter screamed out of my head into a physical, quiet, tearing, chuckle. I saw my red cheeks and red eyes and then, the devil inside of me. It laughed insanely and I thought of my mother. For the first time in years I said, in my head, that I missed her. Not her presence, but her mind. The mind that was taken away at no particular time. I hated that always. Though I never admitted it to myself because I never got to say good by, she never had a moment of leaving, she simply faded slowly out of touch, and I simply lost contact with the thing that used to be whole. Then the crying, red cheeked devil looked at me, and I realized how easily it could become my mother. The laughter made me choke at the thought of how contorted this all was. How insane I was. How I was the devil. How this could be hereditary and it scared me, but not as much as the creature I now saw myself as. It stopped soon after, I knew I could repress this moment easily.

I saw the cutest cricket, hiding in plain sight. Hoping it could sneak through the shadows of the night, to feast on the only riches it could ever find in its life. It reminded me of myself,

turned, facing a white wall, always just trying to look on the bright-side, trying to go unnoticed by the giant of its future. The booming, raging, demon-god that controlled what happened to it. I approached it, it crawled slowly away from me, hiding from its destiny. Or trying. I grabbed at it, and it avoided the first strike, hitting a mirror by my door. It was dizzy now, confused as to what was happening, why it was happening. It jumped again and hit my hand, as if to try to face, head on, it's certain fate, though this too didn't work. It bounced off and landed on the ground tired but still fighting. It stared at me, and I stared blankly back, emotionless. It however was so lively, so full of feeling. I grabbed at it once more but this time it didn't try to hop, or to ram, it simply gave itself to me. I turned on my electric lamp, the ones where you can see the electricity jolting out of a center wire deep inside. It saw Zeus turn on the divine lightning, it was breathing fast so I could see its exoskeleton expand and contract. The pace grew faster the longer I held it. The innocent cricket, the symbol of luck, it was to me a skeleton, and I was to it a beast. We both saw what we both were at once, and it flicked its legs laboriously.

I placed a penny atop the bright evil lamp. A drop of water, under the penny, and above the lamp. The cricket was scared, I moved it without trouble toward the penny, until the lightning licked aggressively at the cricket's legs. It tried to run, and every time its feet touched the ground which was the penny conducting electricity through the lamp, every time the poor soul tried to get some traction, it burned a little inside. Its razor feet were now smoking but it was still alive. I could smell its agony. Each flick of unforgiving lightning burnt off the little hairs they use to climb. Until I let it sit upon the penny, it was in pain but still living and as long as it didn't move it wouldn't burn anymore. One of his back legs was completely unattached, lying near him on the lamp. The other leg was stiff and straightened, completely useless, dragging behind, there was no hope for the creature. Either creature. It crawled off the penny and burned once more. Jolting in pain, it collapsed and fell from the lamp, engulfed by the grayness of my bathroom counter. He looked at me once more, seeming like he wanted to leave this horrid place as much as he now wanted to die. He would regardless, with the injuries being as they were. I stared at him sadly, he was in despair. We gazed at each other, I looked at him full of emotion, I wanted him to come back from ambivalence, to re-stitch the fabric of

time, of the wrongs I had done to him. He starred at me now, emotionless.

I breathed harder smelling the smoke of his burnt, non-consensually mutilated body. He was crawling with what remained of his four partially useful legs and the fifth dragged behind holding him back. He was crawling toward my sink without realizing it. He was in pain, crawling toward blackness. I was in pain, doing the same thing. I watched him fall into the sink, limply. His fifth leg came off during the fall. His body fell loosely to the hard wet surface below, and rolled helplessly until he finally stopped. He was looking down into the pipe. The esoteric depths calling for him. Him now, so broken, he almost seemed willing to answer this call. He and I watched the sad sink, drip...drip...drip, into the hallow, black, rusted, drain. I watched him breathing, his chest expanding, and contracting. Slower now, expanding with struggle, and contracting hectically off rhythm. He was trying to find a reason not to stop. He wouldn't find it though. This was the final stage. The place my life had never quite made me go through, only taste briefly. He twitched. Slipping down but still holding on to a piece of rust near the surface of the pipe. I noticed his legs were all burnt about half way off, and the hairs that could have kept him grasping better were all black and seared. He was watching me still. I saw his innocence, and this is where we differed, I was no longer innocent. I was the bug, and he was the demon-god, laying pain on my deserving soul. He held on for what remained of his dear simple life. I reached out to save him, to undo all that was to late to be forgiven. He was facing up, looking toward the heavens. I looked seven inches above him. Drip.

The water droplet from the faucet above hit him knocking him downward. The man was engulfed by blackness, no white wall, no grey countertop, just black.

I washed my hands to drown him peacefully, and the longer I washed, the dirtier I felt. I felt my breath expanding and contracting. I turned the water on cold, and felt my body burning inside. I was holding on, but I needed a reason. I knew I wouldn't find one though. I looked up and heard chirping. His brothers laughing insanely, full of sadness. Drip.

The sadness fell upon me, and I felt the cold touch of my black tunnel rising. Realizing now it was I who was falling. The tortured, mad, insect fell into the drain. Drowning, falling, crying and smiling, I fell into the cold black abyss.

-Little Ant's Winter  
Cold Realization