

From Miss Polly's Institute for Criminally Damaged Young Ladies puts on a Show
By Don Zolidis

JAMIE, 14, a girl at a juvie home.

JAMIE

Before I was here—I mean my Mom hates me—and I knew that even when I was little. I don't know how I knew, but I just did. Cause she just didn't... love me, you know? I remember I would just sit in the corner and cry—all the time, I would put my head to the wall, and I'd smell the old paint, and I just wanted to die. Like, this is, this is kindergarten. I wanted to die in kindergarten. And I grew up, and I grew up with this hole in me, and all I ever wanted to do was fill it with something, anything. So I just started doing whatever I could just to not feel anything—I mean, in sixth grade I was strung out on all kinds of stuff—all the time—and it still didn't help—I mean it helped for a minute while I was on it but then as soon as I wasn't messed up anymore, that old empty spot in the middle of the me would come right back and I'd feel like being in that corner again. She didn't care. She saw it all, she didn't care. So maybe I wanted to kill myself—but I got lucky and I ended up here instead—and I'm alive now cause I came here, and I've got a little bit of self-esteem now, just a touch of it, and that's new to me, and that's pretty cool. So I'm not really ready to go back out there yet. Cause it may not be great here, but I know what's out there.