# My Life in a Nutshell

By: I'mani Nash

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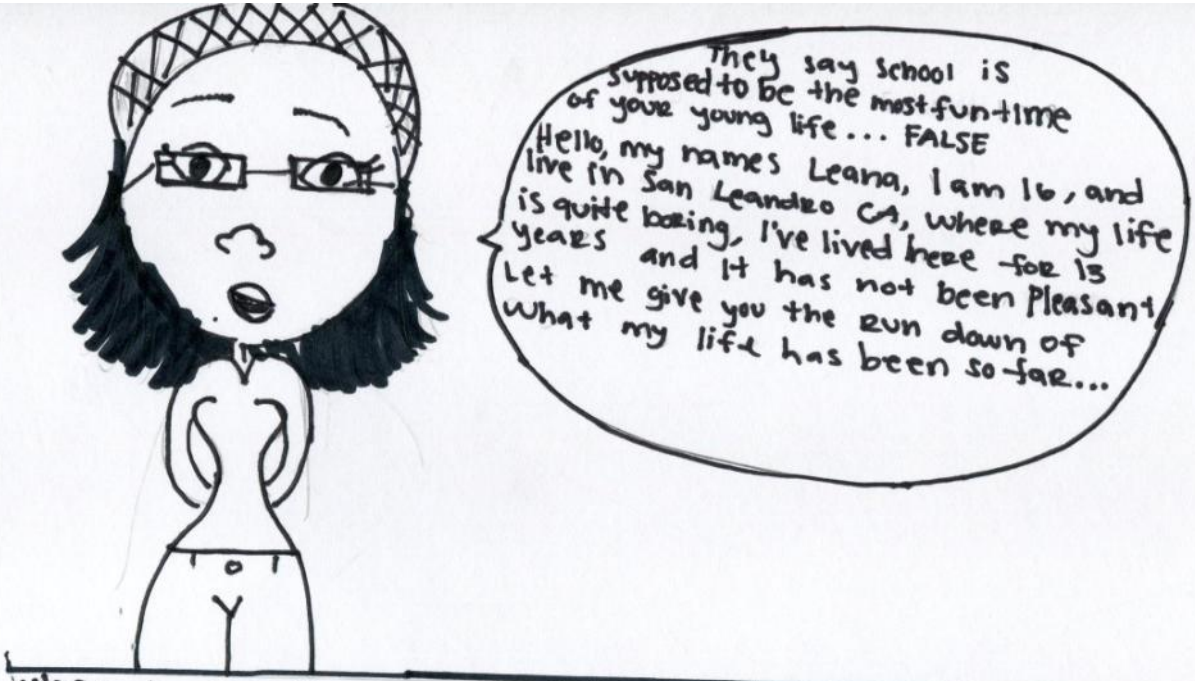
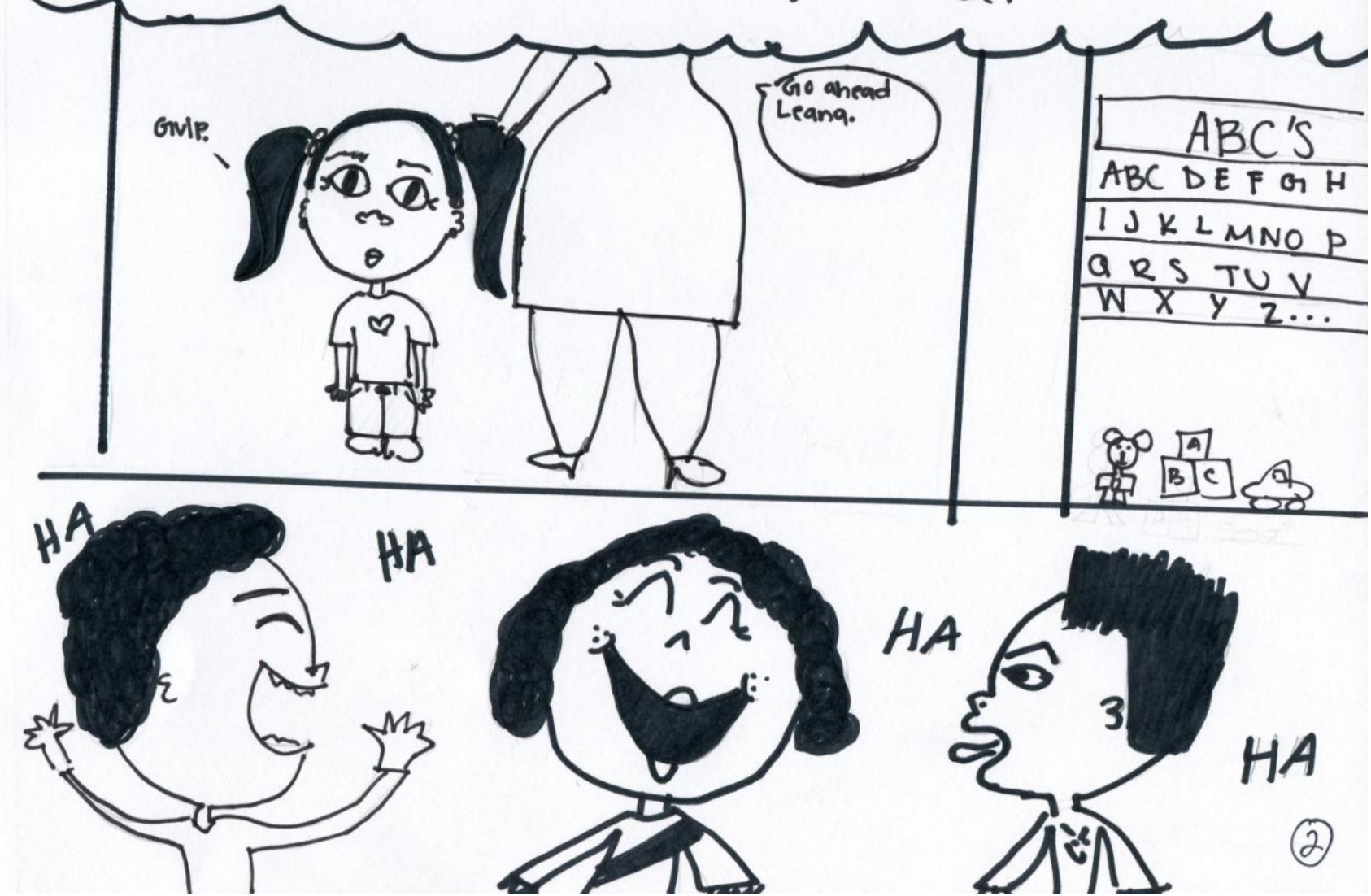



When I was three, I moved into this huge White house in San Leandro My first impression: It's haunted. The neighborhood was eerie quiet and empty. Perfect, if you're an old lady, single and own 70 cats.

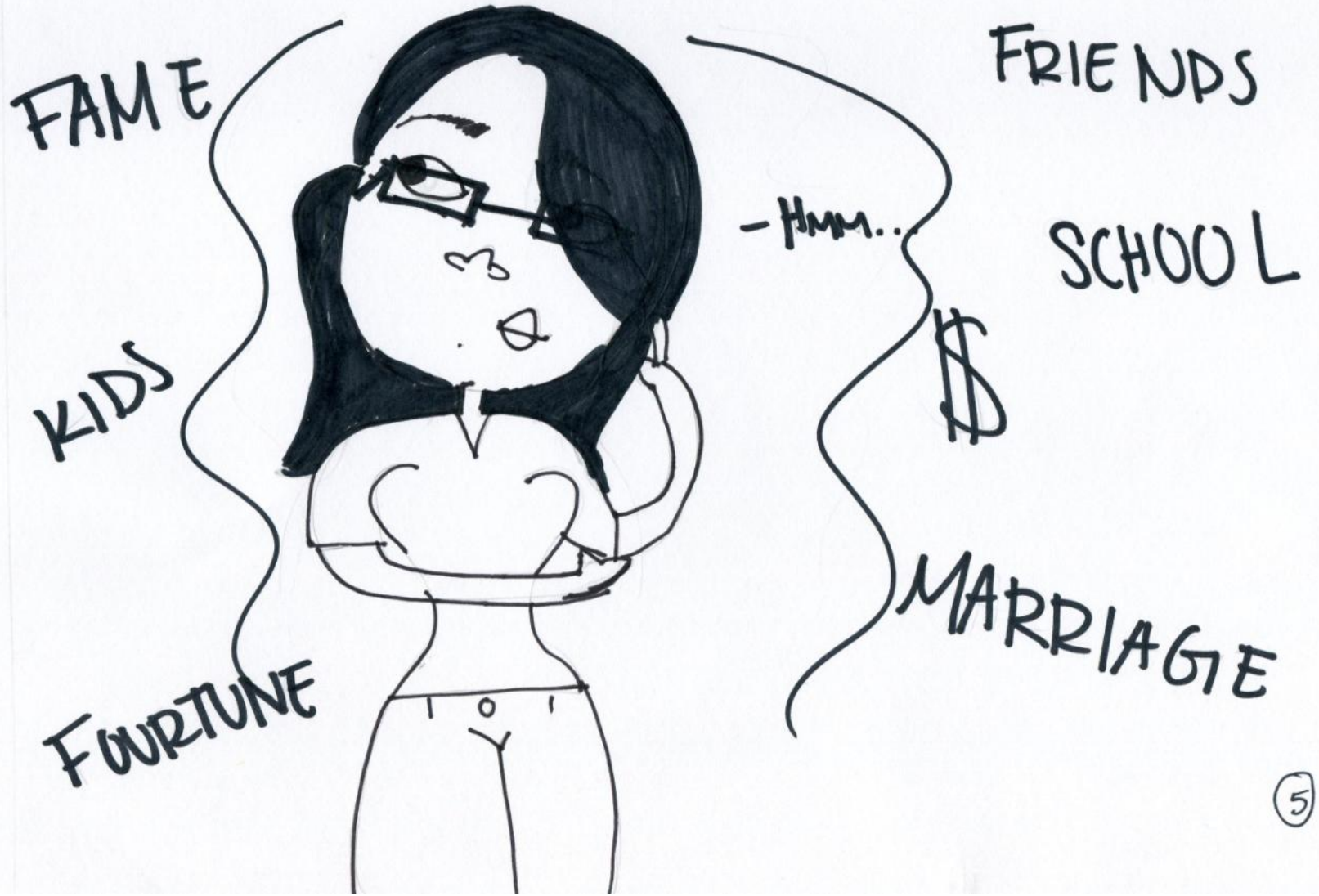
As the years went by, I grew accustomed to my dry neighborhood and creepy house. School began quickly, as I recall. The worst years of my life. I was bullied, walked all over and, after recess, I was known to cry over everything. 4th grade, I started school in another city, Castro Valley. Not much changed socially, it in fact got worse.



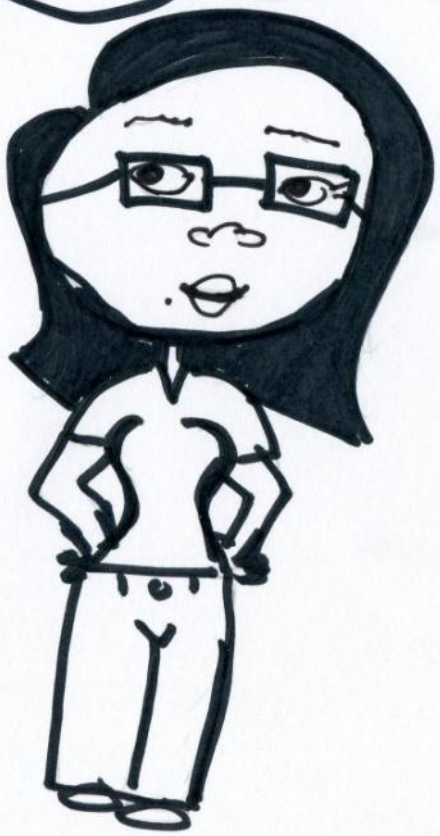
I became friends with the wrong crowd. Later, nearing 6th grade, I broke out and found friends much like myself. The years gradually got better, until I started high school back in San Leandro. I was back to square one, ALONE.

I felt lonely until I met some friends they were cool but led me down the wrong path. My grades started to slip, and I barely passed my freshman year of high school.

My Sophomore year was the best, I made a lot of friends, positive friends, but as the School year began coming to an end, I became more focused on myself and my future.



I limited myself to two legit friends and was determined to get where I needed to be education-wise. Then I met Evan, my boyfriend.

We dated and became Really close. I learned a lot from him, such as not being so quick to judge and how to make situations less negative than what they Really are.

End of sophomore year, I realized how productive I was that year and how to keep a positive mindset and not let it control me. Okay, okay, I guess school hasn't been all that bad, let's just hope it keeps getting better and better.