

## *This iBelieve Essays*

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### **It Started on a Tuesday**

**by Selina Li**

The first time I realized something was wrong, I was only twelve.

It was a Tuesday night. I stared blankly at the computer screen, the soft hum of the computer blanketing my ears. The cursor blinks at me, patiently waiting for my fingertips to hit the keyboard. The rumble of a snore roars in the background, then fades. I slump back into my chair, gently pulling my gaze away from the screen. Like the empty quiet of the night, I was nothing.

For a long time, I was drifting in and out of consciousness. I felt no need to do anything. Even getting out of bed was a huge chore to do. Some days, I didn't do anything but lay in bed and sleep. I wasted away in my room, alone and lonely.

Of course, I had a family. And of course, we fought. They didn't understand why I was always just lazing around, or why I slept and ate so much. Though we rarely fought, the tensions remained high for a long time after each and every one.

So, I turned to writing. Diary keeping. When things got bad, I wrote in it. Sometimes a month would pass after my last entry, sometimes it would be just yesterday I wrote in it. I would write in it like my life depended on it, each and every time I felt like I needed to.

I'm pretty sure that the diary keeping saved my life.

With those words I wrote, I willed up the courage to ask my mother for someone to talk to.

With those words I read over and over in the dead of the night, I willed up the courage to pick myself up.

With those words I poured my heart over, I found the will to live again.

And that was when I realized I started to believe in myself.

I remember it was a long while before I tried to make myself better again, and that it took many tries each and every day. Sometimes I would fall back into my routine I was comfortable with. I don't know how or why I got out of it each time.

It seems like such a long time that's passed since I started my life, but it's only been fourteen years. I know I've got to get up many more times after this, but that's a part of living, isn't it? I found the will to live in words, but the will to keep living is always a fickle thing.

Still, I keep living because I believe in myself and everything I can do. I believe others can learn to like themselves just a bit like I have, as well. I believe others can find their very own diary to confide in. I believe others can get up out of bed each and every day to face the world again, no matter how many times they've reconsidered. I believe they can find the will to keep living. I believe in others, because I can believe in myself, too.