

My name is Joyce. I come from a normal family with a father, mother, brother and sister. All was well until one day my family couldn't afford the house payment and we got really behind. As the oldest, my parents soon after found me a job. I was to help another family with household chores and in return, they would pay me. This was until I helped earn enough money for my family to stay afloat.

The first day I left for work was a bright, sunny day. It was springtime with beautiful flowers. No matter how nice things were though, nothing could prepare for what happened next. I walked up to the house, knocked on the door, and was let in. There were no children, only adults. Then suddenly when the door closed, I found myself being forced to do things against my will.

This continued for months. I never told my parents anything. I just went every afternoon and came home late morning. My worth was not counted on my character, just what I could physically give. As time went on, my self-esteem dropped. I was degraded day by day and found no hope. There was no way to get out of this, or so I thought. After a year of devastation, the only way out I could think of was to get help.

I never was a religious person. In fact, I didn't even want to believe in whatever greater force might be out there. But after this brokenness, I decided if there was something out there to help me, then I'd try.

"God, or Jesus, I don't know which, IF you are real, give me a sign, just some sign that you're real."

Then something surprising happened.

The word "Police" went through my head.

Earlier, I had considered going to the police station, but was too scared.

"Alright, God, or Jesus, if you're REALLY real, then give me the courage to actually GO to Police."

Within five minutes, I was standing in front of the Police station with sweaty palms. Strangely, I didn't feel scared. Slowly, I climbed up the stairs and walked up to the front desk.

"May I help you, young lady?" the man asked curiously.

"Yes. You may. I'd like to report a violation." I replied nervously.

"What kind of violation?" he continued.

"A-A human one," I stuttered.

That conversation was the beginning a long chain of events. The owner of that house were convicted of violating a minor and received sentences equal to the violation of the law. My family had to move for my well being and sanity. At least I got to get away from horrid memories. In the end, my family and I were able to be with each other without stress now that this epidemic was over.

Submitted by Ariana L.

