

Friends and Workers

Each day as I look in the mirror, even knowing I hate what I see, I keep telling myself - Everything will get better. Be strong and happy. I may not have my family, but I know I've got my workers and friends who are my family. They help me pull through thick and thin. They replace that dark and empty hate I have inside me and make me feel happy. They tell me it's all right and let me cry on their shoulder. It's nice that people care about others. I'm always praying, hoping that everything will go away. But I've always got that little bit of hope 'cos I've got my workers. That's why I keep hanging on - 'cos I've got you.

