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This I believe essay

My intention is to make my beliefs very clear and understandable using the template from the This I Believe radio series.

## **We Are All Liars**

I believe people are liars. Whether we lie to ourselves or others, we lie. When I was in 5<sup>th</sup> grade, my siblings and I were taken from my family. After this we were put into the grasps of a family much worse than my own. We were abused, kidnapped, and threatened, and there felt as if there were no hope. As the oldest child, I felt responsible to comfort my siblings, so I lied. I promised how we were going to be together, and how nothing was going to stop us from getting home. I knew this was a lie, but yet I continued to say it over and over because they needed it.

Going through this tough time, people tried to offer emotional support and comforting words. My caseworker told me the woman I was being fostered by was nice and this was a good thing, which we all knew was a lie. I mean, who in their right mind would take three children from their mother because of the father's issues? When the only issue is something expendable, why destroy the whole situation instead of just handling the issue?

When inside the foster home, Paulette, our guardian, constantly lied to my siblings and I to scare us. She claimed we were never going to be able to see our mom again, and that she was going to take us and move us up into some remote location in Montana. Lying was a horrific tactic used to manipulate children into keeping their mouths shut about the injustice going on, and I fell right into her sticky trap.

After a point in time, I was done. I could not take it and I was not going to be here anymore. I was ready to take my siblings down the highway until someone picked them up, then I was going to jump off the interstate. So, I snuck onto the phone and called my grandma telling her to meet me to get my siblings, however I was caught. After I gave myself up, I was admitted to a mental institution temporarily under one condition: the caseworker would take my siblings out of Paulette's home. After my caseworker agreed to my terms I willingly went. After that was said and done, they were not taken from her, I was. I was allowed no phone calls, visits, or communication with my siblings for 2 months, all because I believed the lies I was told.

When this horrible situation was done and over with, we were back at home with my parents. Life was better than the past months, but there were still negative repercussions. I went to a therapist who would ask me, "How are you feeling" or something like that I would put up a smile and say something to the effect of being fine. We both knew this was a lie, but I did not have it in me to say it. I did not have it in me to admit that I was in pain.

I went through this experience by lying. And I am sure at one point or another you got through something big or small the same way, not because you or I are bad people, but because it is human nature. And at the end of the day, no matter what lie we told, in our minds, we were justified. From lying to yourself or to others, it is a fight or flight instinct. We want our actions to be impactful, good or bad. Which is why I believe, that people are liars for justified reasons.

