

# Broken Lyrics

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Broken pieces make very beautiful lyrics.

Period 2

# Entry 1 Music is my Life (Rap)

Yeah I wake up every morning  
And I press play  
Not willing to rewind  
And just move with fate

Loving music was my first love  
Ain't gonna give it up  
Just cause the neglect of  
Of my family being different (from me)

Finding my passion  
Yeah that was the real me  
Making music  
Singing with the best  
It's been with me  
Since I was on my feet.....

<https://docs.google.com/a/mauihigh.org/document/d/1-zxMkiuiVghv3SGTuyp4BxVWswMTO9LAJOJSOZgBmE/edit?usp=sharing>

The Lyrics talk about me being different. Growing up different I think for everyone was a challenge. The way I dealt with it was playing music in my bed and sometimes I would even fall asleep with my instrument still in my arms. That made me different in my family because everyone played sports.

## Entry 2 Feeling like i'm a makeshift parent (Journal)

Today was a rough day and I'm super exhausted from everything today. Waking up at 4:45am, taking out the dog, cooking breakfast for my siblings, getting ready for school, and out the door at 6:00am. This was only the beginning of my day. Next was school and I was totally not prepared for the rude teachers that only care about coming to school, teaching and get paid. But before I get to school there's a hour and a half bus ride to school with 10 more stops and 40 more obnoxious kids on the bus. Getting to school was a hassle with everything I had to lug around campus.

<https://docs.google.com/a/mauihigh.org/document/d/1-4T7pgRA4jeKKHzZd7LMFa8M6aHGUx1BV7cpQChyUA/edit?usp=sharing>

This journal entry talks about how my parents worked so hard and so much to earn money for us to eat and have a roof over our heads. This also talks about how I stepped up to help take care of my siblings when my parents were not home. I would wake up very early and I would stay up very late because of the thing I needed to do.

# Entry #3 Wishing you saw the future (Letter)

Dear Past-Self,

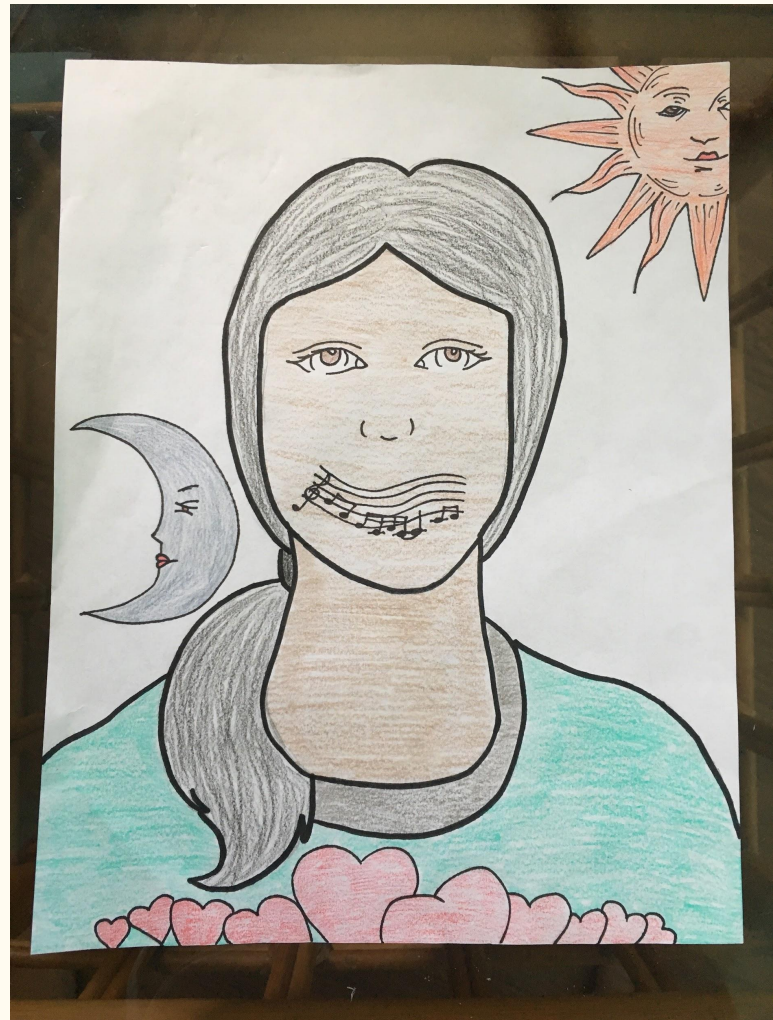
Hey I just wanna start out by saying that all of that crying you did was totally worth it, and i'm glad you let all that stuff out. I wish you could see the future so that you wouldn't slouch around and be depressed for so long. From the beginning I knew it was already bad and I can still feel the pain from those times. Not having anyone to turn to and being curled up in the corner all alone was the worst. I thought about suicide in the past but I knew I couldn't do that to myself. Being called names, getting trapped in the corner, not being able to play with the girls because they caught me playing dodgeball with the boys, looking a little different than most girls, and so much more was only the beginning of our problems.

This letter is to my old self as you can tell, and it tells her that it's okay to cry. Also that it's okay to go through all these kinds of situations because it helps you when you're older. This also talks about my hardships in life and me overcoming them. At the end of this letter I tell my old self that there's stuff to look forward to in the future like happiness and love which is right now.

[https://docs.google.com/a/mauihigh.org/document/d/1ShH6je\\_n8Vv85RpwnUvz0I-ODtIX94vBbitmD03jR9Y/edit?usp=sharing](https://docs.google.com/a/mauihigh.org/document/d/1ShH6je_n8Vv85RpwnUvz0I-ODtIX94vBbitmD03jR9Y/edit?usp=sharing)

# Self-Portrait

My self portrait had 3 different elements that represent my three journal entries. My first Entry is represented by one of my favorite songs put onto a music staff on top of my mouth. Entry 2 is represented by the sun and the moon because whether it was night or day I would be there for my siblings. Entry 3 is represented by hearts across my chest because you need to love yourself no matter what.



Thank you for listening!

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