

From Schizophrenic to Autistic: Mellie's Struggle

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On a warm July evening one of God's many miracles took place; a single baby cub was born to a beautiful black jaguar mother and her handsome and proud ocelot husband. With the mother being a panther and the father being an ocelot, the family was exceedingly different from regular families. The baby cub was named Melissa, and "Mellie" for short, as she was a cute, pudgy and precious baby and deserved a nickname that compared to her adorable and endearing personality and appearance.

But, after a few years, when the baby cub was only a toddler, the daddy ocelot divorced the mother black panther. The devastated mother was stricken with sorrow for herself and her three little hybrid cubs, for she was aware that she would be a single mother for a long time. She held her cubs in her arms that horrible night and cried with them, yet comforted her babies with all her love and motherly instincts.

It was 1998 in northern New York state and Mellie was growing up into an eccentric and articulate young child. She was very shy and quiet around strangers and other children, yet loved to talk her cute little head off to her Mommy's friends who visited often to play Dungeons and Dragons together. Mellie loved talking to the grown ups, because the other kids were frightening to her and she was bullied a bit for being a little eccentric and different. Mellie's mommy also had a new boyfriend, who was a rather lanky-looking yet good-hearted black wolf because her mommy preferred personality over looks and species.

Mellie, her older sister and brother, plus the black wolf loved to play video games together, play with plush toys and go to the local park to play "make belief". Mellie was particularly fond of pretending to be superheroes, cartoon characters--like Spongebob--and video game characters from games like Sonic and Super Mario; preferring to be Tails and Yoshi. Be as that may, her older sister always took dibs as Yoshi or Tails, so Mellie was always stuck as either Luigi or Knuckles.

Mellie loves her sister very much indeed, and her sister loves her with all her heart. But little did Mellie realize that a storm was bellowing inside of the young preteen cub's heart and one day it made itself known. Mellie's sister eventually hit her over and over again when she was only 5 years old. Her sister at the time was much older and stronger.

It turned from hitting to embarrassment in front of the preteen's buddies and eventually verbal and emotional abuse that was severe until Mellie was 12 and a half, when her now 18 year old sister moved to a halfway house. During those years, Mellie only grew up mentally to

the age of 10 years old at the physical age of 13. Although she was mentally younger, she wasn't incompetent, she was exceedingly bright. Mellie was also verbally and emotionally abused by her own mother and new stepfather from the age of 8 years old to when she moved at the age of 18. During her parental abuse, she grew what is now believed to be Borderline Personality Disorder and started having outbursts of rage and self-harmed by hitting herself during these episodes.

Growing up, she was quirky as she sometimes shook her head to feel her hair whipped around, or even flapped her wrists when she was bored. It felt good to her to flap her wrists, although her peers forced her to stop doing both of these, calling the acts "weird" or "stupid", or her "an idiot". That made Mellie never was suspected of Autism because she was a girl and in the 90's and 00's in the USA, only boys were ever diagnosed with Autism. So eventually, she became a social reject in later grade school, middle school and even highschool, being called a spaz and a freak.

One boy in a grade above her even said she should kill herself for being so annoying... and meant it. His name was Mike and he was harassed at school for being a homosexual and for being morbidly obese. You think he would empathize with another harassment victim for he was a victim as well; but coincidentally his crush was dating her at the time.

Petty, immature children.

When Mellie was informed of this, she felt betrayed and abandoned by her peers once again and then desired to one day pass away in her sleep. It was her first real suicidal ideation, for she claimed an ideation before to get out of that school and get an education in another way, which ended up in a psych ward stay, a diagnosis of Schizophrenia from actually having trauma-related psychosis from her abuse as a child and was put on Seroquel, which ballooned her up from ages 16 to 18 from a size 5 to a size 16w; a bitter dose of karma for terrifying her family and breaking their hearts. Although, she did attend afternoon classes and eventually was homeschooled by a kind teacher.

Mellie passed her classes with straight A's in night school and homeschooling, passed her regents with good grades and graduated highschool in June of 2010 via a private ceremony with a few people--to ease her social anxiety--with a regents diploma and a Certificate of Merit, which one needs a GPA of 3.0 or higher to obtain.

Mellie faced bullying, harassment and pure, cold abuse from many people after she moved out from the age of 18 to the age 26. She felt many suicidal ideations and also wanted to murder her abusers, even though her kind heart and empathy stopped her from going through with her hurt-fueled and tear-stained plans.

For years as a grown up, she was given misdiagnosis after misdiagnosis due to the negligence of that awful, underskilled clinic she attended appointments at since she was 15 years old.

Behavioral Health Clinic of NYS...They believe that Autism isn't a mental illness and that it doesn't even exist at all, treats their patients like slaves, idiots, guinea pigs and over medicates them to the point of those poor people being literal drooling zombies. The only ones who weren't zombies on drugs were twerking on street drugs in their outpatient group classes building; aka the PROS program.

The only "Pros" about that helhole will be the pros who put them behind bars and give them the electric chair for ruining so many lives. Mellie witnessed their abusive ways at the PROS building, in their therapy clinic and also in their drug peddling and sex-and-std filled halfway houses, where she was almost taken advantage of by a unhygienic man who was always high on either crack or spice.

I don't want to get into further detail about this since this first started off as a sweet, wholesome story; so I will skip the rest of the gruesome details of her life... my life... This was my life.

My name is Melissa Anne Irene Martin and I am a trauma and abuse survivor; and I also have Autism. I was suspected of it finally at my new clinic by a Registered Psychiatric Nurse Practitioner named Jennifer and I am no longer diagnosed with Schizophrenia. I am now taking lamictal, guanfacine and cymbalta... and soon will be on prozac for my rage outbursts. This started a month ago. I feel a lot better. I don't know if you hate me for being Autistic or even for being a furry, but thank you for taking your time to read my story. All if it could have been avoided with a simple diagnosis of Autism at the age of 5.

Blessed be my fans and peace be with you all. I love you. And I love the man of my ; we are getting married. His name is Thomas Marcel Benoit the Second, aka TJ, or Teejay the white wolf, and he also is Autistic.