

program called Pacific Life program that was located in Tijuana Mexico. It is a sister school to the one still open in the same area. They are running currently

I was sent to Pacific Life in the year 2012

I was the 14th kid to ever be signed up at the age of 13. I had some anger issues and abandonment problems. I grew up in a nonfunctional home with a dad who used drugs for a long time and a mother who left us for sex and drugs and money into another country. My dad wasn't ever really good at taking care of anything that had to do with emotion. He used to beat the hell out of me, tell me I was crazy or bad at stuff

was seeking a place for me to go that was "therapeutic" he was then convinced by a "mick" online that Pacific Life of "San Diego" was the place to go.

Fast forward and we're heading into an over-the-boarder program into the ghetto of Tijuana. I arrive and they take all the things my dad brought with me and he quickly hurried out of there, they had two girls come in and search me. I had Habib Kuri, a male staff in the same areas. They showed me around, gave me the outside-the-box rules to survive and who to hang with and talk to.

I was in the hang-out area just watching outside the windows and my first view of this place is the Mexican military doing a drug bust in the place next door.

I noticed then I was fucked.

I got lettered a while into the place and it was my family it only says we love you and then their names.

For the next three months I was silent and I did my program hoping I could get out of there. I was bullied and convinced I was never getting to get picked up because my parents didn't want me.

After the three-month mark when they said you usually go home, they told my family I indeed was not because I didn't meet their program's level guide to move up.

It was a weekly evaluation that they did

-scored of a zero to one hundred percent for how you acted, mingled, therapy (we barely had any) if you ate food, worked out, etc.

In which to move up into the higher positions you have to exceed a 85% or more for four weeks in a row. You're eligible for things like the "upstairs" tv, snacks, hangout and small games.

If not you were ineligible and stayed down stairs and sat in a room or you had to clean.

They never let me level up so I gave up and lost it on them. They kept me longer means more money for them. I started to get comfortable and they knew it was easy to get reactions from me.

Staff were not licensed, some didn't know English, some were legally known for sexual assault and more.

I was personally groomed and made to feel uncomfortable by two staff one female and one male (the owner)

I had staff pull my hair from behind and just hold it tight and talk to me in a normal tone like they were not hurting me and I would just wait till bed and cry every night.

Us girls were above the school room at first. We had windows with bars on them but I could see the ocean and lights and just cry my ass off and convince myself that was it for me for a long long time. Then more kids came and we moved to the other building and boys had our old spot.

The dr would pull me from groups early to be one on one with me. Which I think is inappropriate for a male and young child. But he would tell me nice things about me pet my hair and hold my arms he would get close and just stare. I felt off about it one time and said that I didn't like it and asked to be let to go into the day room. He exceeded to make sure I knew my life wouldn't be the same if I said anything about it.

Reyna the women staff used to tell me I was her child. Her baby gusano and that how sorry she was for me she would do extra things for me and hold me and shit.

One day at the beach I was turned around talking to a staff and they grabbed my arm and kinda pushed me back. I went right under the water and don't remember after.

I woke up being dragged out of the water and brought to shore coughing up water and they brought me up the hill to my room and put me in the shower and told me to just not worry about telling my family and that i probably shouldn't for my own good.

In the time of that all we student had probably went from 14 to like 20 or more. It started being more populated and more of a lock down. We had no water for a week once and they were trucking in buckets and making us flush with them and clean and more. It was nasty there bugs and mold and there was no environment to show it was for progression they did bare for us.

When Intakes came they would bring in some horses and make us clean the whole place usually have us all doing school or something to make the show After the intake and parents left so did the horses and the misery began.

I had a female stab me and I got put into there type of punishment they did for literally anything small or big for being stabbed by a student that they had "fav" to.

It was three rooms that weren't really rooms just divider like walls just sheet rock really

They would beat you and then cuff you and you were to stay there until your time was up. This is called intervention. I think that time I was there for about three days

They fed you other options then the other meals in there usually a quesadilla or water with some potatoes. That's it.

They barley gave us cool things I can say I got to go to a laser tag and movie once because I finally got level. And then it was ruined because they were so so angry a male had kissed me. We got back to the property and they had brought him into the rooms for him to serve some time in intervention I couldn't tell you how long tho.

I witnessed us having a Super Bowl night and we had a group of us all first time being and they let us have chips and a drink. Some staff kept walking off having a beer and coming back. By the time we did separate and go to bed they noticed two kids were missing. (One is no longer alive and I want this story to be heard for his life to be seen he was a survivor and he did try) Two that had taken there documents and ran away. Over the barbed wire cement walls and they ran and ran. They made it out but went the wrong way more into Mexico. There were found very late in the morning and put in intervention for about a month or so l'd day. They looked like they haven't eaten in that whole time when they got out. All distorted and didn't wanna talk. The one male was so messed up he would just read and sit far far away from us all. The other dont really remember seeing much of him which sucked bc he was a super positive and happy person.

We had a bad school set up it was all online and it wasn't very great for the kids who went bc they needed help.

We worked out everyday twice a day and the man who did that was Eddie. He was ex military and he was disgusting to us. Verbally abusing, physically and mental. I witnessed him grab a male up and try and snap his arm.

He did make us run miles and not stop he did sets of any workout he could get us too to try and break us. This was a mental health program labeled online. Not some pre military training school.

We had Skype therapy with our families every other week sometimes not. I was on with Pamela once and she was fine and quite until I went to say I drown in the ocean just about and she clicked it and ended the call. They would cross out things in letters they didn't like.

Family visits we did seminars and would assign activities and groups ect. My dad got triggered and tried to beat me and they ended up making him leave.

I only saw my family two or three times I can't quite remember.

I had spoke up about what the Dr was doing and stuff and then it got weird. I was talked down on more they didn't pass me for evaluation and such which sucked bc I watched a lot of people leave and whatever.

I was eating one day looking out the window and feeding a dog they had and the male who watched over us for physical protection of the staff knew no English but some and he kept watching me like a hawk and I fed the dog a orange slice and he said stop that or he was gonna beat my ass he got closer and said more so I got up and attacked him in a fight or flight mode. They had four people get me in the ground and slam me around and press my face on the hard floor and yell at me telling me I was being crazy and this is why I am me.

They all leveled out where and who was holding my body in there ways. One on each foot and leg. I kicked and screamed and was so scared and they yanked my hair and told me it's time to stop. I got brought into the school room and they picked me up super high and smashed me onto the ground and I was out of breath couldn't even get a grip of air. They brought in cuffs and cuffed my hands first and then sat me on the ground staring at me while they had some staff decide who was gonna watch me and who was gonna talk to me. They came back and brought me into intervention. They put some zip ties on my feet and had my cuffs connected to my legs so I had to sit like that and

not talk just sit on the floor in the dark. I was in there for 8 days and then one day I was saying I had to use the restroom they said no wait. I went and again tried to use the restroom and I got told I could and they unlatched my hands from legs while I hobbled to it on my way in I saw someone and looked back it was my dad.

I had a panic attack I couldn't breath just cried and went into the bathroom and cried more I almost didn't think it was real. I finished and went out and they walked me over. I sat for a second even asked before I hugged my own dad.... I heard no other kids didn't see any either. I got told I could leave but no goodbyes and hurry out so I wasn't seen. My dad took me out early and it was because he said. His wife wasn't happy and the world I had outside felt like it did inside.

That was the end for me of that fucking hell for me. But from then until now I still feel like a girl being told and convinced I'm nothing, unwanted and a burden. I can say my life is only happy bc I became a mom and can do everything I never had.