

INSIDE

OUT

REAL STORIES

WITH

REAL MEANING

By: C. A. Davis



**INSIDE OUT**  
(REAL STORIES WITH REAL MEANING)

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## DEDICATION

I'd like to dedicate this book to my children, family and friends. All of you have believed in me since the beginning. You all have taught me to never give up on my dream and I love all of you con todo mi corazon, (with all my heart).Eli if it wasn't for you, I wouldn't be able to have the tools that I needed to finish this book, I love you. For the readers, I want to dedicate each page to you as a gift of hope. Keep your head up always in order to see where your blessings come from.

## INTRODUCTION

I have always had a dream to become a writer, but for years it was only a dream of mine. I allowed many obstacles get in the way of my dream including fear. In 2006, I began writing this book and set aside any fear or doubt that would get in my way of fulfilling my destiny. I believe in my heart that I have always been meant to write, I just didn't know where to begin.

I began to be dedicated to writing after my friend saw something that I had written. A story had fallen out of my closet of well kept secrets. My friend encouraged me to share my work with others and wondered why I hadn't done so before. I didn't have an answer other than that I didn't have the money. My friend opened my eyes that day and they have been focused every since.

I started putting a book together shortly after. Before I knew it, I had enough stories for more than just one book. I have written stories that will encourage people during times when they are feeling as though there is no hope. If I can make a difference with just one person then I have my reward.

## MY WORLD

I started writing at the age of twelve. It was the one and only thing that couldn't be taken away from me. I wrote about things that bothered me, poems, people, you name it, I wrote it. I can remember being content in my bedroom sitting on my bed by myself with my notebook and pen most of the time. I looked forward to going to school for English class just to get my writing assignments.

There was one particular day that I'll never forget. I was in class writing in my notebook in my own world when I heard my name called. It was my teacher; she asked if I'd like to share what I was writing with the class. I told her, "no" and off to the office I went.

I was sent to see the counselor so that she could see what was in my notebook. I wasn't happy about sharing my thoughts with anyone and now I had to. After reading a few pages, the counselor asked if I was depressed. I wasn't depressed, I was expressing my feelings and that was my answer. Before leaving the office, the counselor said, "Your writing is so sad". I replied, "The things I have written are just things that I've been through".

I went on to say that the things that I wrote about were my way of not being sad. I was sent back to class and told to keep writing, I've been writing on and off every since.

I have always been better at expressing myself on paper because I feel that people can

absorb me more as a person by reading my writing.

For the longest time I thought that I could avoid any conversation by keeping quiet. I didn't realize that keeping things inside was more harmful to me. I say this because, when you hold things in, you're not able to really be yourself. We all have our own way to escape from things that bother us, but we shouldn't allow things to get so heavy that they hold us down.

#### MY WORLD

In my own zone enjoying my time alone  
Let me be free not hurting anybody  
At peace with my paper and ink  
Striving to be somebody with meaning  
Expressing myself without any help  
Feeling good about me  
Content in my world

## UNOPENED

People try their best to assume that they know you at one glance. They try to read you like a book as if you're what you appear to be to them. For some unknown reason people always want to see what I'm all about. They want to know if I'm really as nice as they see me or if I'm pretending. Maybe it's just my bubbly personality or an invisible halo over my head that keeps people intrigued with me. Whatever the case is, I can say that you can't judge a book by its cover.

I may appear to be a descent looking female who has it made or a high maintenance woman to others (which I'm not). Between you and me I'm the exact opposite. I'm outspoken and down to earth. Yes, I'm really nice to just about everyone, but I'm not naïve or fake. To make it simple, I'm the mellowest person you would want to know because, I don't like drama!

Yes, I am independent, not materialistic and I do enjoy the simple things in life that money can't buy. I'm too much of a bargain shopper to be a gold digger. In fact, I could care less about how much things are worth. I'm not here to impress anyone; I'm here to leave a lasting impression.

## UNOPENED

You can't know the ending by one guess of  
how the beginning is  
You can't know the value of a wrapped gift by  
how big the box is

You can't get into someone's head by mind  
reading

You don't get what you can see by seeing what  
you can get

You have to look at everything including the  
fine print

## TRY AGAIN

I don't want to forget anything that I've gone through in life, good or bad. All of this has made me the person I am today. There was a time that I had pity parties for every bad thing that I was going through. I wondered if I was being punished for things that I didn't do the right way or because of all the horrible things that happened to me. Each time I started to feel good something or someone would find a way to make my life bad. I would be ashamed at someone else's actions instead of them caring. I couldn't understand how I could constantly keep getting the bad end of the stick in life. I would rewind things in my mind that I could have done differently. Each time I kept getting the same answer, nothing. I knew that I hadn't let go of my past, and until I did, I would keep having struggles within myself. I came to the conclusion that no matter what happens that I would pursue my dream of writing books. I stopped having pity parties and began my mission to make a difference by sharing my experiences. After each conversation that I had with someone they would thank me for encouraging them. It was then that I knew it was time to go forward with my plans as a writer. There are so many struggles that start within us. We struggle with our children, jobs, relationships and many other things. During all of our struggles, we don't take any time out for ourselves. We will love our