

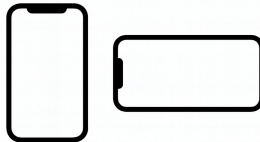
NOT FOR SALE

SHE DOESN'T BELONG TO THE STREETS



NATHANIEL JAMES JOHNSON

**For Best Reading
Experience.**



**Turn Your Phone
Sideways.**

Not For Sale: *She Doesn't Belong to the Streets*

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The characters and stories in this book are fictional and were created to reflect real struggles young women may face. Scripture quotations used are for teaching, study, and commentary purposes.

From a Grandmother Doing Life,

Baby girl, If you're holding this book, I need you to know something, **you are not alone**. I might be sitting behind these prison walls, but my heart is still free enough to reach for yours.

I've seen a lot in my lifetime. Too much. I've watched young girls come in here, just babies really, torn up by this world. Some sold their bodies to survive. Some got hooked on drugs trying to forget. Some were lied to by boys who never knew how to love. Some never had a chance from the start.

And some... never made it out at all.

That's why this book matters. Because you're still breathing. You're still here. You still got a shot.

I won't sugarcoat anything. Life ain't been fair to you. People did things they had no right to do. You've been touched wrong, talked down to, thrown away like trash. Maybe you even started believing you *were* trash.

But hear me now, baby, **you are not what they did to you**.
You are not a mistake. You are not for sale.

You are a queen. And queens don't belong in the streets.

This book is your mirror and your map. It's gonna show you the truth about who you are and where you can go. It's full of things I wish someone told me before I ended up in this cell. I'm not writing from a mountaintop, I'm writing from a place of pain. But even from here, I can still tell the truth.

And the truth is... **You don't belong to the streets and you never did**.

So turn the page, baby. Let's get you free.

Love, Grandma Emma.

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How to Use This Book

Each chapter tells a story inspired by struggles young women face in real life.
After the story, you'll find a **Power Prompt**.

These prompts are not quotes. They are tools.

They are designed to help you:

- Understand what you've been through
 - Think differently about your situation
 - Take one step toward something better
-

How to Use the Power Prompts

1. **Read the prompt slowly**
Take your time and understand what it's asking.
 2. **Replace the words in brackets with your own answer**
Make it real. Be honest.
 3. **Speak or type the full prompt into your AI tool**
You can say it out loud or type it in.
 4. **Read the response carefully**
Pay attention to what feels true, uncomfortable, or different.
 5. **Apply one thing**
You don't have to change everything. Just take one step.
-

These prompts won't do the work for you.
But they will help you see where the work begins.

How Did It Get This Bad?

"You can't outrun what you don't face. And you can't heal what you keep hiding." - Grandma Emma.

Hey baby, Come sit with me.

I want you to hear me like I'm your own mama talking. Maybe nobody ever slowed down long enough to tell you the truth in love. Maybe they just judged you, whispered about you, threw stones.

But I ain't here to throw stones. I'm here to build you a bridge.

Before you can move forward, you gotta understand how you got here.

It's not about blaming—it's about *seeing*.

Because when you can see it clearly, baby, you can walk a different way.

My Own Daughter, My Own Pain

I gotta tell you something that still aches in my bones.

Not because I'm proud of it, but because I owe you the truth.

I had a daughter once. Her name was **Tasha**. She had the brightest smile you've ever seen—like she could light up the whole block. But I wasn't the mother she needed me to be. When she was little, I was too busy chasing my own demons. **Men. Money. Drugs.**

I thought I was surviving, but really, I was breaking both of us piece by piece. I didn't teach her how to love herself. I didn't protect her from the men who looked at her wrong when she was still just a baby. I didn't show her what real love was supposed to look like.

So the streets did. And **the streets don't love nobody.**

By 13, she was running with older boys. By 15, she was already living with a man twice her age.

By 17, she had a baby and no one to lean on—not even me. And by 19...**I lost her.**

She got in the wrong car, chasing a high, chasing love she never got at home.

They found her three days later. **Cold. Alone. Gone.**

And I sit here in this prison cell every day knowing—*my choices helped build the road that led her there*. I tell you this, baby girl, not to drown you in sadness, but to hand you a lifeline:

You can stop it. You can break the chain. You can choose a different ending.

Power Prompt

Replace the words in brackets with your own answer.
Then speak or type the full prompt into your AI tool.

Prompt:

I know that **[insert one choice you've been making]** may be leading me in the wrong direction.

Help me understand where this choice could lead and show me one better choice I can make starting today.

Example:

I know that **[hanging around people who keep getting me into trouble]** may be leading me in the wrong direction.

Help me understand where this choice could lead and show me one better choice I can make starting today.

Action:

- Read the response slowly
 - Choose one sentence that feels true
 - Think about it today
-

Always Remember:

You can't change what happened—but you can change what happens next.

What They Did Wasn't Your Fault

"You didn't cause your brokenness, baby. But you are strong enough to heal from it." - Grandma Emma.

Come close, baby girl. I need you to hear me real clear:

What happened to you was not your fault.

It doesn't matter what they said.

It doesn't matter what you wore, where you went, how old you were.

Evil doesn't need an invitation. It forces itself in where love was supposed to be.

I know, because it happened to me too. And not from a stranger.

From my own family.

The Uncle Who Stole My Innocence

I was nine years old the first time my uncle touched me wrong. He was my mama's brother. Always hanging around, drinking too much, smiling too wide.

He told me it was a "secret game." Said if I told anybody, it would tear the family apart. Told me nobody would believe me anyway.

And baby, I believed him. For years, I carried that dirty little secret like it was *my* shame to carry.

I started acting out. Fighting. Skipping class. Using my body like a weapon because I thought that's all it was good for. And no one stopped to ask why.

Nobody ever told me: **"It wasn't your fault, baby."**

So I grew up thinking broken was my destiny. By the time I was a teenager, I was out there in the streets trying to be tough. But deep down, I was still that little girl, standing in that living room, scared and silent.

It took me years, sitting behind these prison bars, to finally say the words out loud:

"What he did was wrong. I didn't deserve it. And it was never my fault."

I need you to say it too, baby girl. Because shame will chain you longer than any jail cell if you let it.

Power Prompt

Replace the words in brackets with your own answer.
Then speak or type the full prompt into your AI tool.

Prompt:

I went through **[insert what happened]**, and it made me feel **[insert how you felt]**.

Help me understand it better, and show me one small step I can take to start healing.

Example:

I went through **[someone hurting me]**, and it made me feel **[confused and hurt]**.

Help me understand it better, and show me one small step I can take to start healing.

Action:

- Read the response slowly
 - Choose one sentence that feels true
 - Think about it today
-

Always Remember:

What they did to you is not who you are.

Fake Love, Real Damage

"Not everybody smiling in your face is for you, baby. Some come to love you,
and some come to use you." - Grandma Emma.

Hey baby, If I could wrap you in my arms right now, I would.
Because the truth is, some of the biggest heartbreaks in life don't come from enemies, they come from people you *thought* were family. People you laughed with, cried with, trusted.

Sometimes the ones who hurt you the worst are the ones who knew exactly where you were weak.

And when you're young, lonely, or just wanting to belong—it's easy to fall for the setup.

The Friends Who Sold Me Out

I was about fourteen when it happened. I had two girls I used to run with, **Keisha** and **Monique**. We were tight like sisters, or so I thought. We shared everything, clothes, secrets, dreams we were too scared to say out loud.

One night, they told me about a "**job opportunity**." Said it was easy money. Said all I had to do was go to a few "parties," look cute, hang out with some guys who had money.

I was hungry, baby. Hungry for love. Hungry for attention. Hungry to not feel invisible anymore. And when you're hungry, even poison can start to look like food. They took me to this house on the East Side. That's where I met **Dre**.

Flashy smile. Nice car. Voice smooth like honey...and lies. He told me I was beautiful. Told me he could make me rich. Told me he loved me more than anyone else ever could. And before I knew it, I was stuck. No "job opportunity." No "parties."
Just **Dre's** rules, **Dre's** hands, **Dre's** threats if I even thought about leaving.

And Keisha and Monique? They weren't trapped. They were already working for him. They tricked me into the life because they were scared to leave it themselves.

It took me years to understand they were broken too.
But the damage was done.

And it started with trusting the wrong people.

Power Prompt

Replace the words in brackets with your own answer.
Then speak or type the full prompt into your AI tool.

Prompt:

I trusted **[insert person or situation]**, and it ended up hurting me.

It made me feel **[insert how you felt]**.

Help me understand what went wrong, and show me one thing I should watch out for next time.

Example:

I trusted **[someone I thought was my friend]**, and it ended up hurting me.

It made me feel **[used and confused]**.

Help me understand what went wrong, and show me one thing I should watch out for next time.

Action:

- Read the response slowly
 - Choose one sentence that feels true
 - Think about it today
-

Always Remember:

Not everyone who comes close deserves access to your life.

High for What?

"The pain you're trying to numb, baby, is the same pain that's trying to set you free, if you'd just face it." - Grandma Emma.

Hey baby, You ever just wanted to disappear? Not die, just *not feel*.
That's where drugs creep in. They promise you peace. They promise you an escape.
But they don't tell you about the cost. They don't tell you about the pieces of yourself you'll lose one hit at a time.

I know, because I didn't just fall into that trap... I dragged somebody I loved into it with me. And the price?
It was everything.

How I Lost My Baby Sister

I was about sixteen when I started using a lot. I didn't think I had a problem.
Pills at first. Then harder stuff when the pills couldn't quiet the noise in my head. I told myself it wasn't a big deal. Everybody around me was doing it. And when my little sister, **Maya**, came looking up to me like I was somebody...**I handed her the same poison that was killing me.** It started small. A little drink. A little pill to "relax." A little line to "feel good."

She was only thirteen, baby. Still wearing hair bows and chasing dreams. And I was too broken to protect her the way a big sister should. One night, we were hanging out in this busted-up house, trying to stay warm, trying to stay high.
She took too much. Her body couldn't handle it.

I watched her turn blue. I watched her slip away while I was too high to even move right. By the time help came, it was too late. Maya was gone.
And I wasn't high anymore. I was stone-cold sober...with a pain so heavy it almost killed me too. And you know what I kept hearing in my head every night after that?

It's your fault. You killed her.

I carried that lie for years, baby. Years behind bars. Years in the darkness. Until one day, **God** broke through the noise and told me the truth:

Your choices hurt her, yes. But her life, her death, and your healing are all still in My hands.

I tell you this because maybe you're carrying some weight that ain't yours to hold alone either.

Power Prompt

Replace the words in brackets with your own answer.
Then speak or type the full prompt into your AI tool.

Prompt:

I've been dealing with **[insert what you're going through or using to cope]**.

Help me understand what's really going on, and show me one better way to handle it.

Example:

I've been dealing with **[trying to escape how I feel]**.

Help me understand what's really going on, and show me one better way to handle it.

Action:

- Read the response slowly
 - Choose one sentence that feels true
 - Think about it today
-

Always Remember:

What numbs you now will cost you later.

He Said He Loved Me

"Real love lifts you up, baby. Fake love uses you up, and leaves you bleeding in the dirt." - Grandma Emma.

Baby girl, Sometimes the ones who say **"I love you"** the loudest are the ones hurting you the deepest.

I wish somebody had told me back then that love doesn't sound like threats. Love doesn't feel like fear. Love doesn't leave bruises and black eyes.

I spent too many years thinking pain was just part of the package deal. Until the day that pain exploded, and cost me everything.

Killing Dre

You remember **Dre**, don't you? The one from earlier? The one who smiled pretty and sold dreams like candy? The one who used my body like it was his property and my soul like it was trash?

I stayed with him longer than I want to admit. Not because I was weak, *but because when you grow up starving for love, even poison can taste sweet.*

He told me he loved me while he beat me bloody. He told me he loved me while he sent me to strange men's houses. He told me he loved me while he pocketed every dollar my pain earned.

And every time I tried to leave, he'd find a new way to trap me. A new lie. A new scar. I was young. I was tired. I was broken past broken.

And one night, after he beat me so bad I couldn't open my left eye, something inside me snapped. Something inside me said, **"No more."** I didn't plan it, baby. I swear to you I didn't wake up that morning thinking I was gonna take a life. But when he came at me again that night, with his fists, with his rage, I reached for the gun he kept under the couch. And in one moment...everything changed.

One second that I can never get back. Dre was gone before he hit the ground. And me? I didn't run. I didn't hide. I sat on that dirty couch covered in blood and waited for the police to come. They arrested me that night. They called it murder. They called it premeditated because of the history between us. And the court? They didn't care about the years of bruises. They didn't care about the broken ribs or the broken dreams. All they saw was another **"angry girl"** with a body on her record. **Life in prison.** No chance for parole. That's how I ended up here, baby. Not because I was evil. **But because I was tired of being hurt... and I didn't know another way out.**

Power Prompt

Replace the words in brackets with your own answer.
Then speak or type the full prompt into your AI tool.

Prompt:

I thought [**insert what you believed was love**], but it ended up hurting me.

Help me understand what real love should look like, and show me one thing I should never accept again.

Example:

I thought [**someone controlling me and getting angry was love**], but it ended up hurting me.

Help me understand what real love should look like, and show me one thing I should never accept again.

Action:

- Read the response slowly
 - Choose one sentence that feels true
 - Think about it today
-

Always Remember:

Love should never require you to survive it.

The Mirror and the Mask

"The real you has always been enough. You just got tricked into seeing a broken version." - Grandma Emma.

Come sit close, baby. Let me tell you something nobody told me when I was your age: The way you see yourself can change your whole life.

When I first got locked up, I hated looking in the mirror.

Not because of my face...But because of what I believed about myself.

All I could see was:

- failure
- mistakes
- everything I had lost

So I started telling myself things like:

"You're worthless."

"You messed everything up."

"You'll never be better than this."

And baby...I believed it.

And when you believe something long enough...you start living like it's true.

I stopped trying. Stopped caring. Started acting like I didn't matter... because I didn't think I did.

That's what the mask really was.

The "I don't care" mask.

The "I'm tough" mask.

The "I don't need nobody" mask.

But that wasn't me. That was the pain talking. Because deep down...

I still wanted to be loved.

I still wanted to be whole.

I still wanted to be better.

So I made a decision.

Instead of saying: **I'm broken**, I started saying: **I'm healing**.

Instead of: **I don't matter**, I started saying: **I do matter**.

And for the first time...I began to see myself differently.

Power Prompt

Replace the words in brackets with your own answer.
Then speak or type the full prompt into your AI tool.

Prompt:

I've been telling myself **[insert a negative thought you've believed about yourself]**.

Help me understand if this is true, and show me a better way to see myself.

Example:

I've been telling myself **[that I'm not enough]**.

Help me understand if this is true, and show me a better way to see myself.

Action:

- Read the response slowly
 - Choose one sentence that feels true
 - Think about it today
-

Always Remember:

The way you see yourself shapes the life you live.

When Home Hurts

“The worst pain ain’t always what they did to you. It’s what they made you carry alone.”

- Grandma Emma

Baby girl, Let’s not pretend every pain comes from the streets.

Some of the worst scars don’t come from strangers. They come from people who were supposed to protect you. People who sat at your dinner table. People who smiled in church. People your mama trusted. **People who knew better — but did it anyway.**

And then they lied. And then **nobody believed you.**

Let me tell you about a girl I met inside. I won’t say her name, but I remember her eyes, haunted, hollow, like they’d seen too much and held it all in silence.

The Story They Didn’t Want to Hear

She told me she was thirteen the first time he touched her. **Her mama’s close friend.**

Came over to fix things, mow the lawn, “help out” since daddy had been gone. He helped himself to her innocence instead. She tried to tell her mama once.

Mama slapped her. Said:

Don’t lie on him, he’s done more for us than your own daddy ever did.

So she shut up. Tried to survive. But it didn’t stop. It happened again. And again. And again. By the time she was fifteen, she was pregnant. Nobody knew — or they pretended not to. The baby was born early. Born with serious conditions no child should ever have.

That’s when the truth started coming out. But by then, baby girl...she was already gone inside.

She held her child for two weeks before they took the baby away, said she wasn’t stable. And maybe they were right. Because one day, she broke. Didn’t even know how she ended up where she did, blood on her hands, screaming at ghosts, locked in a cold cell with no baby, no justice, no peace.

Power Prompt

Replace the words in brackets with your own answer.
Then speak or type the full prompt into your AI tool.

Prompt:

I've been holding in **[insert what you've been dealing with alone]**.

Help me understand how this is affecting me, and show me one safe way to start letting it out.

Example:

I've been holding in **[pain I've been dealing with alone]**.

Help me understand how this is affecting me, and show me one safe way to start letting it out.

Action:

- Read the response slowly
 - Choose one sentence that feels true
 - Think about it today
-

Always Remember:

What broke you doesn't get to define you.

God Never Gave Up on You

"When the world writes you off, baby, God rewrites your story."
- Grandma Emma.

Baby girl, There's something you need to know, something nobody told me when I was young and breaking: **God doesn't leave when everybody else does.**

Your mama might leave. Your daddy might leave. Your friends might leave. Even your own mind might try to leave you behind.

But God? **He stays.** He stays in the gutter with you. He stays in the courtroom with you. He stays in the prison cell with you. And He's not done writing your story—*not by a long shot.*

When God Broke Through My Prison Walls

I was years deep into my sentence, baby. Life without parole. I had made peace with dying behind these bars. I figured it was my punishment, my fate, my shame to carry till the grave. But something inside me kept whispering...***This ain't the end.***

I started reading the Bible. Not because I was trying to be holy. Because I was drowning, and the Word was the only thing that felt like breathing. One night, sitting on that cold bunk, I read a verse that lit a fire in my broken soul:

I will restore to you the years that the locust has eaten. — *Joel 2:25*

And baby, I sat there and cried so hard my chest hurt. Because for the first time in years, I believed it: **God could restore what I lost.** Even here. Even now. I got serious about my faith after that night. I started studying law books in the prison library. I started praying like my life depended on it, because it did. And then one day, bold as anything, I wrote a letter to a justice group. Told them my story. Told them about Dre. Told them how the system never even let my side be heard. And you won't believe it, baby... Somebody actually answered.

A woman lawyer named **Miss Ramirez** came to see me. She listened. Really listened. She said she believed there was enough evidence to reopen my case under **self-defense laws** that didn't exist back when I was sentenced. She said my story mattered. She said it wasn't over. Right now, baby girl, we're waiting on the court's decision. Ain't no promises, I know better than to trust man's system too much. But I'll tell you this:

God already decided I was free. Free in my soul. Free in my spirit. Free in His love. And whatever happens next?
I'm walking in that freedom every day.

Power Prompt

Replace the words in brackets with your own answer.
Then speak or type the full prompt into your AI tool.

Prompt:

Right now, I feel like **[insert how your life feels or where you are]**.

Help me see if there's still a way forward, and show me one reason not to give up.

Example:

Right now, I feel like **[I'm stuck and nothing is changing]**.

Help me see if there's still a way forward, and show me one reason not to give up.

Action:

- Read the response slowly
 - Choose one sentence that gives you hope
 - Think about it today
-

Always Remember:

God didn't leave—you just hadn't seen Him yet.

How to Leave the Streets for Real

"You don't have to see the whole road, baby. You just have to take the first step toward freedom."- Grandma Emma.

Leaving the streets ain't easy. It ain't clean. It ain't pretty. But it's possible.

Possible for you.

Not just other girls. Not just the ones who seem stronger. **You.** And today, I'm gonna show you how.

The Girl Who Chose a Different Road

I met her inside, baby. Name was **Shay**. She came in young, barely nineteen, but already hard as stone. The streets had raised her rough: no daddy, a mama lost to her own demons, survival by any means. By twelve, Shay was running the blocks. Selling what she had. Taking what she could. Trying to keep her and her little brother alive.

Prison wasn't her first heartbreak. It was just another stop on a road paved with pain. At first, Shay didn't want to hear anything about God. Nothing about hope. She figured the streets wrote her story, and that was the end of it. But sitting in that prison yard one afternoon, she heard me say:

"You ain't what you did, baby. You're who God says you are."

She didn't say much, just listened. But something planted inside her that day. Little by little, she started changing. Reading. Dreaming. Praying scared prayers to a God she wasn't sure if he could hear her through the razor wire. When she got out, she left with a plastic bag of clothes and a mustard seed of hope.

Today? She works at a little diner. Saves a few dollars every check into her **Freedom Fund**. And she's fighting to get her baby brother back, fighting to build a new life from the ashes of the old one. She wrote me not long ago and said:

"You were right, Mama Emma. God never gave up on me. He just needed me to choose a different road."

Power Prompt

Replace the words in brackets with your own answer.
Then speak or type the full prompt into your AI tool.

Prompt:

I'm trying to leave behind **[insert what you want to walk away from]**.

Show me one small step I can take to move in a better direction.

Example:

I'm trying to leave behind **[the way I've been living]**.

Show me one small step I can take to move in a better direction.

Action:

- Read the response slowly
 - Choose one step you can actually do
 - Do it today or tomorrow
-

Always Remember:

One step in the right direction is still progress.

New Love, New Life

"The right person will see your soul before they ever see your scars."

- Grandma Emma.

Baby girl, After everything you've been through, maybe you don't believe real love even exists anymore. Maybe you think love is just a word people throw around until they get what they want.

I thought that too. I thought my story made me too broken to be loved right. Too dirty. Too damaged. Too late.

But I was wrong. And I need you to know — *so are you.*

Finding Love Without Losing Myself

I never expected to find love locked behind prison walls. But sometimes God writes stories we never saw coming. I met him through a ministry program. A friend gave him my name. We started writing letters. At first, it wasn't deep, just two people talking about life, about God, about pain and hope. He knew where I was. He knew my charges. He knew my past.

I didn't have anything to offer him but words on a page and prayers in my heart. No pretty makeup. No touching. No sex to bargain with. Just me. Raw. Real. Redeemed.

And you know what, baby?

He loved me anyway. Not because of what I could do for him, but because of who I was becoming. He saw my broken pieces and called them beautiful. He prayed for me before he ever kissed me. He spoke life into me when all I knew was death. He reminded me of something my Grandma used to say long ago:

Real love doesn't need a body first. It needs a soul.

Back when I was young and wild, I didn't listen. I thought love had to be earned by suffering, by selling pieces of myself.

But now, sitting here with a wedding ring I never thought I'd wear, I finally understand her words were always true.

Power Prompt

Replace the words in brackets with your own answer.
Then speak or type the full prompt into your AI tool.

Prompt:

I've been accepting **[insert what you've allowed in relationships]**.

Help me understand what real love should feel like, and show me one standard I should have going forward.

Example:

I've been accepting **[being treated however people want to treat me]**.

Help me understand what real love should feel like, and show me one standard I should have going forward.

Action:

- Read the response slowly
 - Choose one standard that feels right
 - Keep it in your mind going forward
-

Always Remember:

Real love doesn't cost you your worth.

Beauty After Broken

"Baby, the devil can steal your looks, he can steal your money, he can even steal your friends — but he can't steal your soul unless you hand it over."

- Grandma Emma.

Baby girl, We live in a world that praises beauty like it's everything. But let me tell you the truth your mama might not have told you:

Beauty fades. Skin sags. Hair grays. Looks get stolen by time, by life, by pain.

But your character? Your spirit? Your faith? **Those can shine brighter the longer you live.**

I used to think beauty was my power. Until life showed me that beauty alone won't keep you fed, protected, respected, or loved right. And if you'll sit with me for a minute, I'll tell you a story that'll show you exactly what I mean.

Scars and the Spirit That Couldn't Be Broken

There was a girl I knew inside. Name was **Marissa**. When she first came in, she was the prettiest thing you ever saw, Light-skinned, perfect hair, big bright eyes. Everywhere she walked, heads turned. Guards, inmates, didn't matter. Everybody treated her like a trophy. And she played the part. Flirted. Smiled. Used her beauty like a shield. But prison is full of wounded wolves, baby. And jealousy is a slow poison.

One night, while Marissa slept, a girl she barely knew threw a cup of scalding water right in her face. Her screams woke the whole unit. I'll never forget that moment. And just like that, everything Marissa thought made her special was gone. She spent weeks in the medical unit. Bandaged. Blistered. Broken.

When she came back, heads still turned, but this time it was with pity...or disgust. And for a while, Marissa broke too. Stopped talking. Stopped eating. Stopped caring. But baby, let me tell you, God wasn't done with her yet.

One day I sat next to her in the yard. Didn't say anything fancy. Just handed her a little battered Bible and said:

***Baby, your face ain't what makes you beautiful.
It's your fight. It's your faith. It's your future.***

Marissa started reading. Started praying. Started believing that maybe, just maybe, she was more than her scars. And slowly, she rose.

She went to every GED class. She took counseling. Joined prayer groups. Started helping younger girls coming in scared and broken. She stopped trying to be pretty. She started being powerful. She had become a person that her old self wouldn't have allowed. And when she got out, she didn't hide it.

She worked two jobs. Took night classes. Found a man who loved her, not because of her past or her appearance, but because of her **heart, her grit, her God**.

Today, Marissa's married with two beautiful kids. You can still see the scars on her skin, but baby, the glow in her spirit outshines anything the enemy tried to take.

Grandma's Wisdom: What Lasts and What Doesn't

Like my Grandma used to say:

Pretty can open a door. Character keeps you inside. Faith builds you a home there.

Listen, baby:

- Beauty is a gift, but it's not your identity.
- Health matters — take care of your body.
- Presentation matters — dress like you respect yourself.
- But **what lasts** — what builds kingdoms — is your spirit, your kindness, your endurance.

The kind of person you *need* — not just *want* — will be drawn to your character first and your reflection second.

And the real ones? They'll love you deeper after they've seen your scars, not before.

Power Prompt

Replace the words in brackets with your own answer.
Then speak or type the full prompt into your AI tool.

Prompt:

I've been focusing too much on **[insert what you've been valuing about yourself]**.

Help me understand what really matters about who I am, and show me one way to grow from the inside.

Example:

I've been focusing too much on **[how I look or what people think about me]**.

Help me understand what really matters about who I am, and show me one way to grow from the inside.

Action:

- Read the response slowly
 - Choose one thing that matters more than looks
 - Think about it today
-

Always Remember:

What lasts isn't how you look—it's who you become.

You Are Not For Sale

“Baby girl, your life has value. Not because of this world, not because of people, but because of a love that will never give up on you.” - Grandma Emma.

Listen to me, baby... And listen well.

You are not for sale.

Not your body. Not your dreams. Not your peace.

The world tried to put a price tag on you. God tore it off before you were even born.

You are not leftovers. You are not damaged goods.

You are royalty walking. Even with scars. Even after everything.

Grandma's Final Wisdom

If love costs you your dignity... It isn't love.

If they only want your body... they don't deserve your heart.

If they can't see your spirit... they don't deserve your time.

The streets tried to tell you what you were worth.

Pain tried to tell you. Lies tried to tell you.

But listen: Only God sets your value.

And He already said... you are priceless.

Create Your Exit Plan

Replace the words in brackets with your own answer.
Then speak or type the full prompt into your AI tool.

Prompt:

I want to leave behind **[insert what you need to walk away from]**.

I want to move toward **[insert what you want instead]**.

Create a simple plan I can follow, starting with one small step I can take today.

Example:

I want to leave behind **[the way I've been living and the people around me]**.

I want to move toward **[a better life and making smarter choices]**.

Create a simple plan I can follow, starting with one small step I can take today.

Action:

- Choose one step
 - Do it today
-

The Challenge

Live like you're already free.

Wake up every day and move like the woman you're becoming.

Don't walk cheap. Don't love cheap. Don't dream small.

You are not for sale. You never were. And you never will be.

Final Blessing

Lift your head.

Straighten your crown.

Walk away from anything that tries to tear you down.

You were made for more.

And today... you start living like it.

I love you. And I'm proud of you. Go live free.

- Grandma Emma

A Note From the Author

If you made it this far, I want you to know something: **I'm proud of you.**

Some of the pages in this book may have been hard to read. Some may have reminded you of things you have been through, choices you have made, people you have trusted, or things you are still trying to understand.

But you kept reading. And that matters.

Not For Sale was written because too many young women are carrying pain in silence. Too many have been lied to about their worth. Too many have been used, mistreated, overlooked, or convinced that the life they are living is the only life available to them. **It isn't.**

Your past does not have to decide your future. Your mistakes do not have to become your identity. And no matter how far life has taken you in the wrong direction, you can still make a different choice.

You can start again. You can ask for help. You can walk away from people and places that are destroying you. You can become stronger, wiser, and closer to the woman God created you to be. You do not have to change everything today. Just keep taking the next right step.

If you would like to work through this book on paper, the **Not For Sale: Workbook Edition** includes reflection questions, writing pages, personal exercises, an Exit Plan, and space to work through what you are learning as you read.

[\[GET THE WORKBOOK\]](#)

And whenever you need more encouragement, you can find more free books and faith resources at **ThankGodAmen.com**

Before you go, I want to pray for you.

A Prayer for You

Father, thank You for the young woman reading these words. Protect her and the people she loves. Bless her home, her family, her health, and the work of her hands. Heal the places in her heart that still hurt. Give her wisdom to recognize what is good for her and courage to walk away from what is not. Surround her with people who truly love her, protect her, encourage her, and help her grow. Provide what she needs. Open the right doors and close the wrong ones. When she is tired, renew her strength. When she is afraid, remind her that You are with her. When she feels lost, direct her steps. Help her see herself the way You see her. Remind her that her life has value, her future still matters, and her story is not finished. And in every season, help her remember that every blessing comes from You.

In the Mighty name of Jesus, amen.

If You Need Help

You are not alone. There are people who will listen and help.

Talk to Someone Now

If you are in immediate danger or someone is hurting you right now, call **911**.

Childhelp National Child Abuse Hotline

If you are a child or teen being hurt, abused, or neglected—or you are worried about someone who is:

Call: 800-422-4453

Text: GO to 800-422-4453

Visit: childhelpline.org

Childhelp provides support, safety planning, and help finding resources.

National Human Trafficking Hotline

Call: 1-888-373-7888

Text: 233733

Visit: humantraffickinghotline.org

Help is available 24 hours a day, 7 days a week.

Relationship or Dating Abuse

National Domestic Violence Hotline

Call: 1-800-799-7233

Text: START to 88788

Visit: thehotline.org

For teens and young adults, **love is respect** also offers confidential support:

Call: 1-866-331-9474

Text: LOVEIS to 22522

Visit: loveisrespect.org

988 Suicide & Crisis Lifeline

If you are thinking about hurting yourself, feel like you cannot keep going, or need someone to talk to:

Call: 988

Text: 988

You can also use the [988 Lifeline online chat](#).

Find Someone You Trust

You do not have to carry this alone.

Talk to a teacher, counselor, coach, family member, mentor, pastor, or another safe adult you trust.

And if the first person doesn't listen, tell someone else. Keep telling until somebody listens and helps you.

What happened to you matters. **You matter.**
