At the age of 20 and making such big decision of your life while others are planning there 21st birthday on where they are going to drink there weekend away, or who’s house they are sleeping at. Having my first apartment with my sister and waking up in the living room since my bed has not arrived yet. While I was laying on the tan couch looking up at the white ceiling that had ,speckle spots of white clay, I felt different, I could’t explain it at the time but I knew I wasn’t myself. I felt my stomach and it was harder then normal so I went to talk to my sister. I went into her room jumped onto her bed and began to tell her how I feel.

“I feel weird, here touch my stomach doesn’t it feel harder than normal”

“No I don’t think so, it feels normal to me,” said my sister.

“You sure it doesn’t feel any different”, I said to get her to ask me more question on why I feel this way.

“No Lisa it doesn’t, your being weird”, Kim said.

After her not asking question I left the conversation at that and left the room to continuing to make breakfast and begin my saturday morning.

After a night of partying with friends and having a great time went back to my place and felt uneasy. It was a feeling of sickness in my stomach, so I figured it was because I haven’t eaten all night. In the kitchen started making my self some chicken and quickly was eating as I was making. After a little bit of time I had to run to the bathroom and what I ate just came back up again. Thinking to myself saying, “That has never happen to me, what is going on with my body”. At that moment the only thing that popped into my head is maybe I’am pregnant. I felt so sick just thinking about it because I am so young and still have so much to do before I can become a mother. The next day I went to the store and got a test. When i returned home later and went to the bathroom and began the test. Three minutes later I was so scared to look. I sat down on the bathroom tub and just stared at it, thinking it will go away. The test sits there staring back at me and say look, look. I finally got the courage to look and I see two lines and then I just sink to the bathroom floor, which is so cold but all I could go was cry and think my mom is going to kill me.

A few weeks later, my sister Kim and I were sitting down for dinner.

I told her,” I have something very important to tell you”.

“What is it”. I sit there and just stare into space and the words can not come out of my mouth.

“Lisa you are worrying me, please just tell me”, said Kim.

I scream, “I AM PREGNANT!”

Her jaw just dropped because who would of thought that it would of been me.

“How are you feeling”, she said.

“ I am sick all the time and just so scared.”,

Kim replied, “What are you going to do?”

I pause and then said, “ I don’t know, I am so scared to tell mom because I don’t know what she is going to do”.

“Well I am here for you, if you need anything you let me know”, Kim replied.

About a month later my aunt was moving out of her apartment and she asked me if I could help her. I thought to myself should I tell her or just help her move. If I tell her I can’t help her move, she would ask me why. Since I never turn her down for anything since she is like my second mom. Then if I help her I may hurt the baby that is growing inside me. It was a hard decision but I decide to help her move because I didn’t want to explain why I could. I wasn’t moving anything heavy or big that would hurt anything, then again I still haven’t made up my mind on what I was going to do yet. After packaging the moving van with a bunch of boxes, then went inside and sat at the dinning room table which is not decorated any longer. She use to have apple decoration all over with red and tan towels and cushions on the chair.

She asked me, “ Can you please carry out my TV?”

“Ummmm…I can’t carry that its to heavy for me”,I said.

“ What do you mean you can’t it is not that heavy and you carried it before” she said.

“I know but I weak and tired right now, since carrying all those boxes”, I said.

“ Well we sit and have some tea and carry it out later”, she said.

I said,” Ok”. After thatI just started to cried and not just a little cry, a sob cry and couldn’t stop.

My aunt says,” Whats wrong, what wrong? Why are you crying.”

“ I AM PREGGGGGNNNANT.”, i said and began to cry so much more.

She sat down next to me and hugged me and cried with me.

She said, “Does your mom know or anyone else.”

“ Kimmy knows and I am afraid to tell mom”, I replied to her.

“ I don’t blame you sweetie but you didn’t have to keep this or you shouldn’t of helped me move. Whats your plans for the situation”, she said.

“ I am not sure yet, I have no clue on what I am going to do”, I replied.

“Well I am here for you and if you need anything and I can help you with telling your mom”, my aunt said

I said,” Thank you Aunt Barb, and I am going to go home and get some sleep”.

“Alright sweetie, I will talk to your later. Love you.”

“Love you too.”

In the process of moving my aunt I decide to move back home since it wash;t working out with being roommates with my sister. It has been about two weeks since telling my aunt and she has been checking on me every few days. She told me that I have to tell my mom very soon before I start showing or knowing that something up. We both decide it is time to tell her now. My aunt decide to come over and we were waiting in the living room for my mom to get home from work. Since the time was about for her to be home I was getting sick and ran to the bathroom. Then i decide to just lay in my bed with lights out and the shades were darkening the room.It was so dark but yo could only see shadows around the room. My aunt knocked on the door and said,

” Can I come in and your mom is home”.

“Yes you can come in”.

“Should I call her up here so we can start the conversation”.

“ Yes you can but I am so scared.”

“ It will be alright sweetie, I promise.”

She then went out of the room and called my mom upstairs. I can hear the footstep coming up the stairs and it feels like my heart is pumping so fast. When the both came into my room the tears just started to flow down my face. I knew what I had to do.

I screamed out loud,” I am PREGGGGGNNNNNANT”.

The look on my moms face was angry, mad and upset like I was reading her face saying she screwed up her life.

My mom said,” What I knew something was going on, have you made your doctors appointment. You are not keeping this baby, you are not ready for this.”

I replied with tears still coming down my face,” No i haven’t, I don’t know what I am going to do yet.”

“We know you are not keeping it but you have to make sure everything is ok inside and no issues going. We will make the appointment tomorrow”, said my mom.

“Ok and how are feeling with this news”, my aunt asked my mom as she was sitting next to me and rubbing my back.

“ I am furious, she has a whole life headed of her and this is going to mess everything up. Right now I just want to throw her down the steps and think this never happened.”

“ Deb you can’t say that to her, thats not right. Keep an open mind and it is Lisa ultimate decision on what to do”, said Barb.

“ As long as she lives under my roof,I will tell her what to do and we are not keeping this baby”, deb said.

“Lets all sleep on this and talk more later and make the doctors appointment to get her checked,” said Barb.

“Fine”, said Deb and stormed out of the room and slamming the door behind her.

I said,”Well that wasn’t to bad and I feel a little better with getting it off my chest.”

“ Thats good sweetie, well get some rest. I know it has been a long stressful day for you. Trust me she will come around eventually”.

“Thanks aunt barb, Love you.”

“Love you too sweetie”, Barb said and walked out the door.

I am about three months pregnant by now and have to make a decision on what to do. I thought about having abortion but I just kept thinking what if. The fact I couldn’t just kill something that is growing and has heartbeat so I knew that was off the table. My next option was adoption to make some family dreams come true. However, could I actually just give up my baby with connecting through 9 months of growing and doctors visits. Thinking very hard over this I began to cry and could never image doing that I would be devasted and always wonder what happen to this little girl and where she was in the world. I knew I could take care of her and provided everything she need to survive in this world. Then reality kicked and said where will I get enough money and it will be the most difficult thing I could ever do by myself and the support I have at home. With that being said and my heart telling me that this is my child and will be my child forever and I will be able to do this. She is now eleven years old and keeping my on my toes. The best thing that ever happen to me and made me the strongest women I am today, I thank her everyday for that.