

Every day I see all the girls and boys walk to school with nothing but their pencils in their hands. Every day for the past 7 months, I see all of my “friends” walk together in a group and sometimes I imagine myself in the group again. As I watch and day dream, I ask myself this question, when will I ever leave this shack?

The only thing we have to eat is a piece of bread that mother dug out of the town garbage a month ago, so mother is back in the dumpster again. While she is gone, school is out and I am just waiting. Then all of a sudden, the shack door opens and I see Maria. The one and only friend that I have.

“Hey Erlen! How are you feeling?” Maria says.

“Hey Maria,” I say looking at my stomach, “I’m feeling fine, I guess.”

“I guess? What do you mean...?”

“What I mean is that I can’t stand behind this shack any longer and watch Maryanne, Amber and all of them go by with something they learned in their mind! I guess I am just a dumb pregnant teenager just like the rest of them.” I say with tears coming out of my eyes

“I am so sorry. I didn’t know you felt this way.” Maria says looking down at her feet like she didn’t know what to do when I said that.

“It’s not your fault; at least you’re here for me every single day.” I say with my face drenched in tears. We both get up from the bed and hugged each other, tight enough to hurt my stomach. I started to cry even harder because her arms didn’t wrap around me all the way; she couldn’t reach me with the baby in between us.