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Literacy Period 2

My eyes open to the blazing sun coming through the window. Pain shoots through me every time I make my way out of bed. Not just physical pain, but emotional pain. I had to quit school a couple of months ago, because I entered the later stages of my pregnancy. I watch from my window and see the other teens walking out of their homes on their way to school in the morning, and it makes me wish I was them and not me. Not only is my emotional pain from seeing the other girls go to school, but also to have to see my mom go look for work after sleeping on the hard wooden floor, because she chose to give up our only bed to me after I entered the later stages of my pregnancy.

My mom is trying to find something to eat in the cupboards. I slowly get out of bed and make my way to the corner of our one-room house to get some food from the cupboard too. My mom got out some chicken and eggs. It's all we can afford. My mom speaks in her soft, soothing voice, "You can go back to bed. I will bring breakfast to you."

“Thanks, Mom.” I mostly just stay in bed all day ‘cause it’s all my body will allow. My mom is getting ready to go out and try to find work. It’s getting harder and harder to find work

“I’m about to leave sweetheart- will you be ok?”

“I will be fine.” I smiled. My mom raises her eyebrow as though she didn’t believe me. Then she kisses my forehead and says goodbye.

I wish for more --- a better future away from this. I want to leave. I don’t know where, but I know my baby’s future doesn’t belong here in Rio de Janeiro. I want to be a vet. I want to work with helpless animals. It’s my dream. My mom would come with me. I would take her and my baby out of this nightmare of a life to a better place. I spend my days imagining that dream turned into reality.