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EN40SL
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Ms. Smith

Life is full of decisions. Some easy, hard or damn near impossible. At six, you should be deciding which colour balloons you want at your birthday party. At thirteen, you decide which poster to hang in your room. At seventeen, you decide which lie to tell your parents about the location of their "lost" six pack of Bud Light went. Believe me, don't tell them it's in your stomach. Usually, a decision made about whether or not to have a baby comes to you during your mid twenties, you're married. Your life is together. You don't have to do any of this on your own. Well, not me. I'm seventeen, and dumber than my parents thought I was.

It was an accident, yet not at all. I was a fool for him and willingly chose to play his game of "Russian Roulette". Getting pregnant was the accident. How stupid could I have been? The answer, apparently very stupid! Of course he was racing down the street in his less than impressive '97 Civic the second the word "baby" left my lips. What a liar he was, telling me he'd stay no matter what. But none of that matters now. I struggled with my decision on the impending fate of the baby inside my unholy vessel of a stomach. I pondered life with and without the child. Keeping it was a one way ticket to judgment and hard times ahead. What was I supposed to do with a baby? What would everyone think? My friends.. MY PARENTS! I didn't even have a job for crying out loud! I worried that I couldn't give the baby what it would need. Of course my parents would be there, but they would murder me if they found out what a dummy I was! They would definitely wring my garbage dump of a boyfriend's neck! Well, ex boyfriend now I guess. Ha! That would be classic! About a week after finding all of this out, I knew what I would do. I was unfit to be a mother. At twelve weeks pregnant I was still okay to go ahead with my plan. What is the cut off date anyways?

I woke up in a hot sweat. My body was convulsing with pain and I was bleeding. My bed, soaked. This had to be worse than that CSI crap. I screamed and cried, alerting my entire household to my frightening state. My mother burst through my door and her eyes widened. By the fear and despair in my eyes, and the tender way in which I cradled my tummy she knew it. She knew I had been an idiot. I was no longer keeping a secret. I was pregnant and she knew it! Given my condition she choked back the words I knew she wanted to say. Her and I both crying, got to the hospital. Laying stiff in the sterile bed, I couldn't stop my hysterics.

My mind is running wild. I can hardly form a coherent thought. I want to be okay! I'm dying! Am I dying? I'm bleeding! It hurts! What about the baby?! My baby! Why was I so upset? Why do I care? Wasn't this essentially my end goal? No! This is the moment I realized I hated myself for ever wanting to live without my baby! I loved the baby! I wouldn't be alone! But it's too late! The baby is gone! It's over! I was so selfish! How can I forgive myself?! "Miss Greene" says a man's voice, full of concern. With the madness going on inside my head I'm surprised I had heard him. With my arms still embracing my belly and tear filled eyes, I snap my head in the direction of the voice. A white coat. I cant even make out his face through my veil of tears. My heart is thudding in my ears, and it aches in longing to go back in time. I wished to go back, to change the way I had thought about motherhood; to change my karma. The man, the doctor spoke again. "Miss Greene, I'm Dr. Miller." I nodded my head. I was so engulfed by my thoughts I didn't even notice my mother had been holding my arm and brushing the matted hair from my forehead. Dr. Miller continued to speak even though I could hardly make sense of his words. In fact, I didn't hear anything until he said, "The baby is fine."

The baby is fine! It's healthy! My heart flooded with a warm pool of emotion. And I was beaming. You might even say I was glowing. I could not believe this incredible turn of events! I

was going to have a baby! I was a mother! Somehow this time it felt right. My mom wasn't even upset. She too was filled with the love only the promise of a new life can give you. Before the doctor left the room he asked if I had intended to keep the baby. I thought about how to answer him. I already loved the unborn baby. And tonight was proof. So, I told him, "Yes, that is my final decision!"

Recording Your Writing Variables

Identify the five writing variables you have chosen for your writing task [REDACTED]

Central Idea: A seventeen year old girl struggles with making decisions involving her pregnancy.

Form: Monologue

Purpose: To convey the difficulty of making such big decisions at a young age.

Public Audience: Teen mothers

Context: Teen mothers stories blog

Explain specific connections among your writing variables.

5 marks

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A seventeen year old girl struggling to make decisions involving teen pregnancy conveys the difficulty of making these life altering decisions at such a young age. Teen mothers would be looking for stories or advice on the journey of other teen moms. So, while searching the internet they would come across this monologue on a blog site where mothers all over, especially teen moms could give each other advice and comfort by telling their own stories.

A monologue is a good way to convey how difficult decisions are because it is from the point of view of the one making the decisions. So the audience can feel first hand what it is like.