

Lillian E.

Happy?

“Carmen lived a good life” the priest said. It was my turn to pay my respects but I couldn't do it, it was going to be the last time I saw my mom and she was going to be dead. As

I made my way down the aisle towards the casket my heart began to race, and like an ant running from the rain my tears fell.

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I soon reached the casket with both eyes closed and I couldn't I just couldn't look into her ocean eyes with all these questions running through my head. I sneaked a peek into the casket and stared into her blue ocean eyes for a minute but very quickly I looked away. I then quickly pulled out a handkerchief from my jeans front pocket. It was an off-white colored handkerchief with my name Caroline stitched into it , which my mom had given to me on my first birthday. I then quickly set the handkerchief down on the casket and slowly I said “I miss you” and then quickly walked back to my pugh.

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I sat in my pew for a while and didn't even realize how long I had been there but I had been quickly snatched right back into reality after I heard Karen, my new foster care agent yell at me to get into the car. Since my mom had me when she was only 16 everyone left me and her on our own including my father. On the car ride to my new "home" I didn't speak to Karen I didn't want to, I didn't want to go to this home with people I don't know.....with people who aren't my mom. After, about an hour we arrived to my new "home" and an older woman answered the door her and Karen talked for a while and then Karen waved goodbye and zoomed off. Life was hard in the foster home I cried every night wishing that Mom would come back that she could just hold me in her arms one more time just once I mean that's not too much to ask for just one more please, I need to look into those ocean eyes and tell her goodbye, I need to tell her that I won first place on my writing essay, I need to tell her that I miss her.

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One day I was sitting on the old dusty couch in the living room when I heard the doorbell ring nothing suspicious or special it was just a doorbell but for some reason I felt the need to answer it so I did, and when I did there was this tall slender man standing at the doorstep. "Hi I'm looking for Caroline Spencer" the man said "That's me is everything okay?" I didn't know who this man was but for

some reason I felt connected to him..... "I'm your father". There was a long silent pause I didn't know what to say, my father that I had never met in my entire life , that I very much dislike for leaving me is standing right here right in front of me what am I supposed to say. Luckily Tina, my foster mom hurried to the door asking what the man wanted I then had to explain to her how my forever gone father that decided to show up out of nowhere is now standing on our front doorstep she seemed compuzzled especially after he said "I already spoke to Karen and she said it was ok for you to come home with me and live with me if you would like to" and for some very weird reason after all of these years of unwanted love from my dad I wanted to go home with him so I did and once again I packed my bag Karen waved goodbye and she zoomed off. As I opened the door I could hear that the T.V was on which I thought was weird. As we walked further into the house there was dolls laying around everywhere and I didn't have the slightest idea why. Then suddenly a beautiful tall slender redheaded blue eyed lady walked around the corner with two toddlers clinged to her one with black curly short hair with blue eyes and had a doll head stuck between her teeth and the other had long curly red hair with brown eyes and the T.V remote in her hand. Who were these people? "Caroline this is Penelope my wife, Sophie my two year old, and Claire my five year old. Wife? Daughters? What? He had a family without me? Why was

I not in this family picture? “Do you want to see your room?” Penelope asked I didn’t know what to say so I quickly nodded in a yes motion even though I didn’t want to go anywhere with her. She then took me up a long flight of stairs took about five rights and one left just to get me to my room which was right next to Claire's. Penelope left me there to unpack but instead I sat on the bed furiated why did he have a family without me and Mom? Why did he leave us? Why did he suddenly show up now? Why is he doing this to me I mean he hasn’t even really talked to me the only thing he has said to me was “how’s it going?” I just lost my Mom and you’re asking me how it’s going. So I made a deal with myself I was going to hate this family and treat them horribly and I did, for a while but then one day I woke up and I forgot to treat them terribly and it felt good I realized all the good they did for me and for the first time in a long time I was happy and it was because of them.