

# My Mother Wanted A Girl

By Victoria L.

My name is Trey I'm fifteen years old. About ten years ago my mother gave me up for adoption, I'll take you back about sixteen years ago. When my mom was pregnant with me. One oddly, warm sunny, day in 2005, my mom went to the doctors to get checked up. She explained to her doctor that she felt really tired. She thought she was getting ill. "I feel like I'm losing a lot of energy lately." She explained. The doctor said she might be pregnant, with a girl. "Girls take away more energy than boys, boys barely take any." My mom gasped and jumped up and down she's always wanted a girl, not a boy.. Forty nine weeks later my mom went into labor. It took her overnight to get ready for birth. After the x-rays and tests my mom got me in her hands. "A girl? I thought you said I was having a boy!" She already picked out the nursery room and painted the crib a very lavender color. She stayed staring at me for a long time. She finally said, "Trey Matthew Davis." She gave me my name. She took me home and gave me a bottle which tasted like sugar. She loved me for a while until I started growing up. It was my fourth birthday, my life changed that day forever.. She whispered in my ear. "I never loved you." I looked at her, I looked at my birthday cake. I let my hand hit it. It flipped over onto the ground. "Trey!" She yelled. "Me neither." I said back to her. I ran to the bathroom and cried there for about thirty minutes. "My mother never wanted me, she's probably always wanted a girl, I guess I'm too weak." I tried to say under my breath. I went out a few minutes later and apologized to her. She didn't say anything to me, She was on the floor picking up birthday cake. After my birthday, she wanted to give me up for adoption. "You're going to make very 'nice' friends there. She said. A year later, I was playing in a dark box with a torn up teddy bear. I didn't celebrate my birthday that year or the next year. The adoption centers don't make a big deal about your birthday at all. I wanted my mom back, not this box. One night before the adoption center was closing I asked to go to the bathroom, I went in. Waited for the desk office to close. I opened the rusty door. I was a very short kid, and very good at sneaking passed people. I saw the guard walked over to his chair at the front door. He sat down and rested his eyes. I looked around, crawling for the guard's keys. He moved, I walked over to him and unhooked his keys. I fell down his leg twitched, as I got up and walked to the door his keys bounced off and on my body. When I stopped at the door, I couldn't reach the knob. I was barely six. After a few tries I jumped and pushed the smallest key in. The door creaked open. It was also December so it was really cold out. I saw trees shaking, and leaves falling. Wind blew into the center I thought it might wake the guard. But it didn't. I started running out the door into the streets. I kept looking back to see if anyone saw me run. I bumped into someone or something. It felt hard and round, I looked up and it was my mother. She was pregnant again I could tell. She looked down at me.

“Trey? What are you doing out of the adoption center?” I stayed silent and still. She grabbed my arm and tried leading me back to the adoption center. I let my other hand scratch her leg. She let go and I ran as fast as I could, I looked back she wasn’t there. I reached a very quiet neighborhood. Dark, cold, and scary. I looked back again, I continued walking. Where would I go for food, water, or shelter? I thought. I saw a dark house and knocked on the door. Somebody answered. It was a tall thin man. I begged him for food, he gave me bread and a plastic cup of chocolate milk. I drank the milk but I didn’t eat the bread I said thank you and walked to another house. This house was small and black. I knocked but this time I wanted to ask if I could sleep there. Nobody answered. I knocked again and again. I started walking away from Kelvis street and gave up on finding my new home. I thought it was best if I tried finding my mother’s house. It was December 24<sup>th</sup> tomorrow was Christmas day. Until I finally saw it, my mother’s home. She opened the door, “Trey? What are you doing here?” She questioned. “I want to live with you please I beg you!” I said. She let me in, I saw a big green tree with lights and candy canes on it. I walked around the tree and looked at the presents. One big present had my name on it. My mother said “open it.” I ripped it open. A letter led me back to my nursery room. A crib lavender color, inside was a beautiful baby girl. “Cindy.” My mother said. “it’s your little sister.” I looked at her and back at the baby. She was playing with a purple teddy bear. I asked my mom again if I could live here. She said yes. I grew up with Cindy forever. Our mother did end up passing after Cindy turned twelve. Me and Cindy grew up, had kids. And discovered the rest of our life journey. The End.