

Kaylee G.

HOPE

Before I was born, my parents were so happy until ... my mom got an ultrasound and the scene showed that I only had half a heart. The doctors told my parents that without a donor I would die within 30 minutes after birth. After countless days of being put on lists and calling hospitals, they still couldn't find a donor in time. My mom made an executive decision to donate a part of her heart to me, but my father disagreed and wouldn't give in no matter what. My mom was forced to tell my dad that she had cancer and might not make it after giving birth. After this news, my dad got really mad but at the same time, he devastated that his only love was going to die.

Then the day came. May 13, 1999, my birthday, my mom had to get surgery to make sure I made it, so once my mom headed back to an operating room, that was the last time my dad would ever see his wife. Once I was delivered my name was supposed to be Violet, but my dad named me after my mom, Hope. My dad grew hatred over the years towards me because as I grew up, I looked more and more like my mom, to the point where he became abusive. Now, I'm 17 and I've always been told I was a mistake and I was worthless, but I've stayed strong all these years and I'm not giving up now. I have been saving up money for a long time now and I have just enough to escape this torture when I turn 18, tomorrow.

May 13, 2017. Today is the day when I escape. My dad just "left on a walk" but I know he's at the club and he'll be there for a while so now is my chance to leave. Once I got out the door, it was where the real adventure began. I didn't think this through for I had no place to stay so I would be homeless for a while. My original plan was to go buy a house and get registered for school, but things didn't turn out how I wanted them to. My dad would rather make me clean his house then go to school, so I wasn't that smart. With the money I had, I went to go buy essentials for, well, being homeless. I got a sleeping bag, food and some cheap t-shirts and jeans.

After a week of living on the streets, one of my job applications was accepted to work at a coffee shop. After what felt like forever, I had enough money to go to college. After what

felt like forever, I had enough money to go to college. Maybe, I'll even get a degree and a better job. The next day I had school and it turns out people aren't that nice when you have scars all over your face like me from your dad. Bullies were not the only problem for I had no friends. I had a hard time fitting in and some could even say I student out like a sore thumb. Then, I met a boy named Caleb who was the sweetest boy ever. It was like love at first sight which I had never experienced before. That was the moment I realized I had never been loved.

The next week was getting better until my teacher announced that the Winter Formal was coming up soon. It was horrible watching every get asked out but me. Then, the day before the formal, Caleb asked me out and we've been together ever since.

For years we were dating, and we even graduated together. The, one day I got an unexpected letter that read, "To my dearest Hope, meet me at the old cherry blossom tree in the park behind your apartment where we had our first date. Sincerely, Caleb." So, that's what I did. I met him in the park to find him behind the old cherry blossom tree all dressed up in a suit. With a confused look on my face, I walked toward him and asked why he was dressed that way, but it became more obvious when he got down on one knee and said, "Hope Williams, will you make me the happiest man alive and marry me? I was so overwhelmed and had no idea what to say! It took me a minute, but I finally said, "Yes!"

Even in hard times, there will always be a good ending just like in my story.