

Life Changes

"I don't understand. Why do I keep running away from my problem? What's wrong with me? Why don't I face my problem?" These were my thoughts. They weren't that bad before. These thoughts were always in my head during the time I turned fourteen. I haven't been happy when my birthday came by. I am Jenifer Simmer and this is how my life started to spiral down hill. Before I had turned fourteen my parents had gotten into a divorce. I had heard them fighting and how they wanted to wait after my birthday to tell me about the divorce. Well that was too late now. At first I had thought that the divorce was the most horrible news I have ever heard, but no, it gets worse. My parents didn't want me anymore. That broke my heart into a million pieces. After the divorce I had been placed in a foster care. The foster care was out of town and was built next to a forest. I had been confused of why my parents didn't want me. I had been the top of all my classes and did what I was told. Maybe I didn't make them happy. Well that didn't matter anymore since that was my old life. Now, I have a new one at the foster care. I think that now I can start over and had a new family. The foster care was really far away from town, so school was different. I had known to probably not get to attached these kids from foster care. Millard Middle School had been one of the best middle school in the town. I had been so excited and knew that I had to really work hard to succeed in the school. I had chosen all PreAP for my classes and I don't know if that had been a good idea. Well, I had wanted a new challenge, so maybe it had been a good idea. The school hadn't really been packed with as much kids as my last school. Speeding up the weeks, it has been three weeks and school had been so easy. My favorite class had been art. I had a a big red sketch book. It had been a spiral sketch book with my name on it. I have almost filled all of the sketch book. Don't tell anyone, but a night I sneak out of the foster care with pencils and my sketch book to the forest. I really love the night since it is so quite and peaceful. I head into the forest because I have my own secret tree house there. I had built a tree house to have my own space since I didn't at the foster care. I had taken my pencils and sketch book since I like to draw at night. The moonlight gives some light and I draw shadings of the trees I can see or even animals. Then, one day a husband and wife come into the foster care to try to adopt a girl. I know that they are trying to adopt younger aged girls, since I have already seen it ten times already. I have been here for a month and a half. I have lost some faith of getting adopted, but at the same time it had only been about two months. When the foster care worker had asked what age range they wanted I had overheard that it had been twelve through fifteen. I had been surprised and gained some confidence. The workers had called up everyone who ranged between those ages. Only eleven girls had showed up. The worker had called us each by one. When it had been my turn I had been a little afraid. The couple's names had been Mary and William Brice. Each of them had asked me questions about myself and then, the big question came. "What had happen to your parents?" I felt all the bad memories coming back. It had made me so upset and I had started to cry. I had even ran out the room to go to the bathrooms. After the couple had finish with the other girls, they had wanted to see me again and by then I had calmed down. I had walked into the same room again, Mary and William asked me the rest of the questions. Then they both told me that they were sorry for asking the question from earlier. I forgave them and then, they said that I had been the one they had wanted to adopt. They had also said that they had chose me for my personalities and

not, because of the question they asked that made me feel bad. I was so happy and at

that moment I hugged them both. My name was now Jenifer Brice. Mary and William or now mom and dad, had lived on a farm. They had all types of animals and crops on the farm. The farm had been right next to the forest like how the foster care was. The farm was called Pinecone Grove Farm. I loved how the farm sounded. The farm had been thirty minutes away from the foster care. I had decided to build another tree house and draw all the animals in my red sketch book. My new parents love me so much and I love them. This new life is amazing and so different. Maybe this was all supposed to happen this way.