

## Forgive and Forget

By: Bawi

Jennifer P.O.V

"Wow!" I said as a tear fell out of my eye. In my arms was a baby girl. What made her so special was that she was mine. I just gave birth, and I'm only 17.

"She's so beautiful," my mother whispered into my ear as she was leaning down and stroking her soft cheeks. She was truly beautiful.

The nurse came in and asked, "What's her name?"

"Angelina Marie Rose" I said with a proud smile.

"Aren't you gonna add Mason's last name?" my dad asked. I just looked down at Angelina and nodded my head no. Mason is my boyfriend and the father of Angelina. He didn't take the whole pregnant at 17 thing well, so I decided not to add his last name.

It's been 2 nights at the hospital and I finally get to go home. Mason didn't even bother to come see me or Angelina.

I knocked on the front door at our apartment. I knocked on it 5 times but no answer. I finally banged on the door while shouting Mason's name to open up. Then the door flung open and I saw Mason at the door giving me dead eyes.

"Can you help me?!" I asked getting angry.

"Fine" he rolled his eyes and took my bag and the other stuff in. I looked around the house and it looked like a dumpster monkeys used. Dishes in the sink, clothes all over the couch, food all over the floor, and the smell was out of this world nasty!

"What happened?!" I yelled.

“You!” he snapped back. Wow that hurt. He went to our bedroom and slammed the door. Just then Angelina started crying. I rocked her back and forth but it didn't help. She started crying more and louder.

This wasn't going to be an easy life to live.

\*16 years later\* Angelina P.O.V

I woke up to the sun shining in my face. I looked at the clock and it was 9:08. Today was it! My 16th birthday! I got up and brushed my teeth and took a shower. I got down down the stairs and was greeted by my mom.

“Ok present time!!” My mom yelled. She handed me a big, peach envelope. I opened it and it was ....a birth certificate?

“A birth certificate?” I asked giving them a confused look.

“Yeah we changed your last name, see?” My mom said pointing to my name. I looked and it said Angelina Marie Johnson. I was confused because why would they change my last name?

“Um, thank you,” I said. What a weird gift. “Is there someplace safe I can put this?”

“Sure, you can go put that certificate in your dad's office,” my mom told me.

“Ok.” I walked over to his office and opened his drawers. I put my certificate in and was about to close it when something caught my eye. Adoption forms were written in bold letters on a file. I took it out and opened it. Angelina Marie Rose? I read more. It had stuff like my birthday, birthplace, and my birth parents?? Ok this is really weird! I took the whole folder and locked up the drawers. I hid the folder under my shirt and quickly went up to my room. I sat on the bed and hid the folder under the blanket when I heard footsteps coming up to my room.

“Hey princess, everything ok?” my dad asked.

“Yeah, I'm great,” I lied.

“Ok. Love you.”

“Love you too,” I said. When he closed the door I took out the folder. I read it over and over again. My birth mom is Jennifer Cosse Cret Rose, and my birth dad was Mason Luke Smith. It didn't say why they put me up

for adoption, but my gut told me I needed to know. I know knew what I had to do. I had to find my birth parents.

\*2 years later\*

I've gained a lot of information. I found my birth mom's Facebook page and added her. I found out she lives in Los Angeles, so I know that she lives in the same city as me. My adoptive parents don't know that I'm trying to get in contact with them. No one knows.

"Ok what's going on?" My brother asked me coming in my room.

"Nothing," I lied, hiding my laptop screen.

"Let me see," he said coming over to me.

"What?"

"Let me see, you've been acting weird. Mom and dad may not notice but I do, and I clearly see that you're hiding something."

"Why would you think that?" I asked trying to sound casual.

"Because you're not letting me see what's on your screen."

"Fine! But you can't tell anyone!!!" I said moving aside.

"Ok ok I won't. Who's this?" He asked getting closer to my screen.

"This...this is my birth mom"

"You birth what?" He asked raising an eyebrow.

"My birth mom!" I said like it was the most obvious thing in the world.

"What? So you're saying you're... adopted?"

"Yep," I said sitting down in the bed.

"How come we've never talked about this?"

"Because Vanessa and Michael have been hiding it from us."

"So you're gonna call them by their names from now on?"

"Ehh maybe."

Vanessa P.O.V

"So you're gonna call them by their first name now?" We heard Angelina and Cameron talking.

"What are we gonna do Michael?" I asked him.

"I don't know!"

“She wasn't supposed to find out this way,”

“She was never supposed to find out!” He yelled at me.

### Angelina P.O.V

“I'm going to talk to them,” I finally said. I grabbed my bag and sunglasses.

“Where are you going?” Cam interrupted.

“I'm going to find my parents.”

“Ok. But on one condition.”

“What?” I asked.

“I come with you,” he said grabbing my bag.

“Fine,” I threw my hands up. We grabbed some stuff and headed down stairs.

“Where y'all going?” My dad said making me jump a little.

“We're going to hang out with some friends,” I lied. Just then my mom came in.

“With this?” My dad said grabbing the adoption folder.

“Well, it's not my fault y'all hid it from me all my life!” I said getting angry.

“We didn't mean to,” my mom said trying to calm things down.

“We didn't mean to?!? You didn't mean to?!?!” I was now shouting, “I'm 18 and I don't even know who my real parents are!”

“Well...” My dad was speechless.

“Exactly!” I snapped and walked out the door. I got in the driver's seat and Cam followed behind and sat in the passenger seat.

“Do you know the address?” Cameron asked me when he got in.

“Yeah, I found it in the files,” I said as I stared at the steering wheel. I just sat there in silence thinking about what could happen.

“Are you ok?” Cam finally asked breaking the silence.

“Yeah..yeah I'm just making sure that whatever happens in the next 2,3 days could change my life and I've accepted that.” I started the engine and we took off.

We arrived at an old apartment building. Vines were growing on the side of it. I stopped once I got to their door.

“Don't worry. I'm right here sis,” Cam said holding my hand.

“Ok.” I took a big breath and before I could knock, the door opened.

“Hi mom,” I said trying to fight back the tears as I looked at her face, so similar to my own.

“Angelina?” She asked not sure of it.

“Yeah that's me, your daughter.”

“Come on in. Let's sit and talk,” she said. We sat down and it grew awkward.

“I just have one question,” I took a breath and asked her, “why did you leave and put me for adoption?”

“Well I guess you're old enough to know,” she said and she began talking.

“I had you when I was 17. Your dad didn't take that very well. He hated you. He didn't want anything to do with you. On your first birthday I made an announcement that I was pregnant again. We had an argument. He demanded that I choose between you or him. Now, baby, I couldn't lose you but I couldn't lose your father either! I just ...I just didn't want you growing up with a father that didn't love you. So I put you up for adoption. It was the hardest thing to do, Angelina, it really was.” She was in tears, and so was I.

“But what about the new baby?” I asked sniffing.

“Your dad finally came to his senses,” she said with a light laugh. Wow that hurt. My own father didn't love me, but was willing to accept a new child.

“Where is my father now?”

“Your dad is... in a better place.” Oh. He was dead.

“I'm so sorry, Mom,” I said hugging her. After that we talked about him. I found out my father died in a car accident driving to the hospital when the second baby, Rebecca, was going to be born.

\*1 year later\*

I still live with my adoptive parents, but I spend time with my birth family a lot too. Even though I will never understand what my birth dad did, I learned to *forgive & forget*.