

## **A Homeless Girl**

**At the age of 2, the family that I barely know about, dropped me on the side of the street. I stayed there for quite a while with no food, water, or shelter. Until one day, a very friendly lady picked me up and took me to a close by shelter. Ever since that day, I've lived there for 11 years. The worst part is, everyday I have flashbacks and memories to that exact day my " family" abandoned me, and I remember everything so clearly. Not once did they even look back, not once! I just so badly want to get out of here and be a normal kid, better yet, have a normal life. Sadly, I can't because I'm technically stuck here until I'm adopted. My name is Ella and I'm going to do everything I can to find a loving, caring home.**

**One early Saturday morning, it was another day of families coming by to adopt another kid. Luckily for us, we get the chance to interact with the visitors before they make their choices. I'm always too anxious to talk to them, so I'm in the back just hoping someone will pick me, every week.**

**Weeks and months passed by and during that period of time, I started thinking long and hard about why I hadn't been adopted yet? One day it finally hits me, the reason why I hadn't been chosen yet. I haven't done or proven to people that I'm worth picking. By the way, talking to people is not my strongest area.**

**Another early Saturday morning came and I was determined to interact with people, and I could tell by their facial expression that they really enjoyed talking to me. Kids were getting adopted one by one. Two hours later, it was 6 kids and 2 families. In my mind, I'm praying to God that I don't spend another week at the shelter. A few moments later, I started hearing names being called, and 2 kids were called. So now, it was 4 kids and 1 family, so it was only one more kid left to called out. My hands started to sweat, my heart was racing, I don't think I could wait there another minute. I was zoned out until I heard, " I pick...Ella!" I jumped up with so much joy, words couldn't even describe it. I quickly dashed up to the front and hugged my new family and squeezed them so tight with so much joy in my heart, I couldn't stop smiling.**

**It's been a few weeks since I've been with my new family and I am so proud to be apart of the Martin's family. So, now you can call me Ella Martin.**

**By: Odunayo O.**