



2018 RESPECT LIFE *Youth Contest*

Level I Winner Faith S

**This story is a work of fiction*

I looked down at the pregnancy test. Positive. The world slows, if not comes to a halt. I dropped the test, which seems to fall in slow-motion. I try to run out of the bathroom, but my feet seem to be stuck in place. I dare not think of what will occur in the future, except for what will happen to the baby. "Do I rid myself of this life I hold in my womb, or try to go on with my life as normal while raising a child? "

All day I am on edge. I made an appointment at the doctor's office to get this baby out of me.

That's what I want, right? There is no other option, right? I know all of these things, yet I still feel... odd about it. As the last bell rings, I am anxious yet afraid. Is it going to hurt me? What do they do with the baby after it is out of you? Although my walk to the doctor's office is slow and steady, my heart is racing and I feel out of breath. As I arrive, the secretary gives me a form to fill out. As my ears were pounding, the rather quiet sounds of the waiting room were amplified.

Clicking pens sounded like gunshots. Tapping feet sounded like an earthquake. I stand up without a sound, trying not to disturb the other people. I lay the clipboard of the front desk, open the door, take a deep breath, and run all the way home.

Abortion was the biggest mistake I almost made. To take away a life is something you cannot shake. I found a very nice family to take care of my baby, and I am happier than ever. It took a lot to walk out of that office, but I was not afraid.