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ENG 100

Professor Mangini

Assignment 1, Draft 2: Life-choice Memoir

My Pearl

 As I sat in my 70s themed bathroom in old, stained pajamas I couldn’t help but think “Is this really happening to me?” “Why now?” An overwhelming sensation of dread came over me and made me sick to my stomach. The eerie silence mixed with the leaking faucet filled my clouded head and made the five-minute wait feel like an eternity. I was staring out of blurred eyes waiting and hoping for one little pink dash to appear. Instead of one I had gotten two, pregnant, I felt like just another teen pregnancy statistic they warn you about in high school. Prior to finding out that I was pregnant, I was with my abusive boyfriend at the time for a year. To say the least I was very reluctant to tell him or anyone else. I kept my pregnancy a secret except for only telling my best friend at the time. She panicked for me and started asking questions, for which I had no answers for.

 About a week later my boyfriend had found out. That day started out fine, like usual we took the dog outside right into the humid, muggy air. He lit up his morning cigarette and offered me a drag, oddly I decline. Six weeks into being pregnant and having drug withdrawal symptoms, I was always sick. I tried my hardest to quit smoking and to stop taking pills, but the truth is, they made me feel normal and not depressed. He kept questioning why I haven’t been getting high lately. He caught onto my secret. Immediately after he realized, he started to scream with a blood curdling voice. “I’m going to leave you. It’s all your fault. I don't give a shit about you or it! You’re just another slut! No wonder why you started getting fat.” He left me like I was trash on the ground with no idea of what to do. So, I went to planned parenthood to see and weight out my options. I was handed three different papers, one for new teen moms another for adoption. The last one was a big red paper for abortion. I didn’t like knowing that I was pregnant, and it made me feel morally wrong. I knew what I was going to do but I was just so scared and scared of how people would view me after. Ever since I was little I never wanted to have a child because it’s a responsibility that I don’t think I could handle too well. Making the appointment was easy but following through would be difficult.

 One week passes and it’s humid and muggy again, I walked past protestors. They scream at me. I’m unsure if I will go through with it or not. While walking through the clinic I got buzzed in, patted down and put through two sets of metal detectors. I entered a room filled to the brim with women and their significant others, I once realized I was alone again. While sitting down impatiently waiting for my name to be called. All I could think about were the what ifs.

What if I get PTSD?

What if I don’t get accepted since I’m only sixteen?

What if I chicken out?

 Finally, my name got called after waiting in the room with the woman that took me here. She was a skinny woman, high and dipping off of the pills she took in the car an hour ago. She said “I’m sorry I’m not going back with you. I’ve done this too many times, it’s heavy on the head.” I started walking past the wondering eyes and went into the back of the clinic. We went through a long, narrow hallway with all different women standing single file for the second procedure. Once I went into the back room and had to strip and get into a light blue hospital gown that felt like tissue paper. My stomach was in knots and I felt like I couldn’t breathe, this was the first time I’ve ever seen a gynecologist and it's not a for a good reason. After waiting ten more minutes the doctor can in, I was so scared. The room was so small and dark, i felt like the walls were closing in on me. It took him about ten minutes to find my pearl. Dr. M said “Right here you can see it, only a small pea right now.” He explained the procedure to me carefully, “You must take this pill in front of me right now. And take the other two pills tomorrow. I will be back in five minutes, you must make a decision, only yes or no.” My heart was about to burst out of my chest and land right in front of me. All I was thinking was do I keep my pearl or give it up. This was the longest five minutes that I sat in the small cramped room. They assured me that there was no wrong decision, but it will affect you for life. He was right. I took the pill then went home.

 A few days past, I felt scared and dirty. I never realized that this would hurt so much, mentally and physically. A small pearl just ripped away from its shell. As I finally told my mom everything, all she said was “It’s for the best sweetie, I’m here for you. You are not alone.”