

Conflicting perspectives



**ASSIGN
BUSTER**

Tick-tock, tic-tock, as I waited, embarrassed, with my face bright red like a tomato, trying to escape from this problem that was consuming my mind. The doctor came out and confirmed my worst fears, stating, ??? I know this is hard at sixteen, but you are in fact pregnant??? With this dilemma, I found my self in tears, drowned with the thought of having to tell my parents. What am I to do Where am I to go I asked myself, before coming to terms with the reality, that there was no one, not my family, my peers and surely not my teachers, to help me get through this, other than one person, my dearest and closest friend, my twin sister Jamie. The doctor left me at this point of time, claiming that I needed some time of my own, as I reflected over the situation. In frenzy, the doctor came to the realisation that this was not the way to go. In a desperate attempt to help me, the doctor asked ??? Is there any body I can call for you Jenny, anyone at all.

??? Although, I found my self in comfort with Dr. Jacob, I needed Jamie. Within a few minutes, Jamie had found her way by my side.

She asked me what had happened and I simply replied by saying, that I was pregnant. Speaking to Jamie was easy and it was surely, the one and only person that I could trust. Now having left the surgery, Jamie took me to the one place, that I loved most and always could find my self somehow connected to, offcourse, this was Belgany Park, the most peaceful and beautiful place I know. Quickly I found my self able to think once again, as if I was isolated from the rest of the world when I was here. Rationally thinking, I began to talk to my sister, who immediately stopped to ask me, if I was going to keep the baby. It was this intimidating question that prompted me to finally attempt to face up to my problem and consequently led me to the

discovery, that although I didn't have much support, Jamie's relationship was enough to get me through this. Look at it like this, Jenny, there are only two paths you can take, you either abort the baby, or live with the fact that you will never ever talk to your parents again, Jamie asserted.

Stuck suspended between two mindsets, the only two things running through my head were these options. Aborting the baby seemed to be the easiest way out, however, it was only when I thought deeply at the prospective of doing so, that I realised no sense or righteous in such an action. I was quick to express my difficulties, but rarely able to solve any of them.

Exclaiming that I can't and I wouldn't put myself through this, Jamie was quick to respond, suggesting that 'If a life has to be taken in order to save another, there be no justification in it' Finally, I received some sense of assurance and wholeheartedly determined, I decided to face up to my worst fear, my parents. Although I could not bestow any connection with these people, who claim to be my givers of life, I realised the necessity in telling the truth. 'It takes a strong person to do this' Jamie remarked. Soon, I found myself, walking alongside Jamie, to the place that was in reality far from home.

Nervous, anxious and in despair, together Jamie and I faced up to my problem. The day took an even larger turn for the worst upon reaching my house, the worst day of my life was about to happen and I have never forgotten it. I confronted my parents with the fact that I was pregnant and to my suspicion, they went absolutely berserk. In Furious, my mother lashed

out at me, stating ??? How could you do this to us What are people going to think of us now You self-fish, troublesome girl.??? Before I even had time to explain myself, my despicable father grabbed me by my arms and started dragging me towards my bedroom. As soon as he had me inside he bolted the door and advanced upon me.

He grabbed me and started beating me black and blue. SNAP! My ribs gave way. Darkness descended upon me. The next thing I knew, I was waking up in Hospital, with Jamie at my side. Since that dreadful day I haven??™t ever felt a connection to my parents. My dad for doing what he did and my mother for letting him get away with it.

I don??™t think I??™ll ever belong with them again. As tears fell down my face, I saw the sympathy that Jamie had in her eyes for me. I knew straight away, right at that moment, where I truly belonged.