

Journey to success.

Most 14 year olds fantasize their life after a fairytale; the perfect guy they end up marrying, having children with, and loving forever. Things went a little different in my life. At fourteen I found out I was going to become a mother. My carefree teenage lifestyle was about to change forever. I didn't have the "perfect" guy, so I had no choice but to turn to my parents for help. Does parenthood get easier the older they get? No, but it's always going to be worth it in the end. Three years later I look back at my pregnancy, the change that came along with motherhood, and where my future is headed. I now know this has been and will be the most amazing challenge of my life.

My pregnancy definitely went a little backwards. On October 21, 2009 I was scheduled to have my tonsils removed. I'd been having medical problems for several months and the doctors felt that removing my tonsils would be the first step to decreasing some of my illnesses. I was expecting to leave the hospital with a sore throat, not a baby. After I finished the surgery prep my nurse walked in with a puzzled but sympathetic look on her face and asked, "Honey, is there a chance you could be pregnant?" My heart dropped and my jaw went along with it. About six months before this I went out to a friend's party. Everything was fine until I let one of my former guy friends make me a drink. I woke up the next morning dazed, confused, and clueless. For months after this day rumors were spread and you couldn't find the truth anywhere. I was never positive if the rumors were true until October 21st, when I could no longer not talk about it. When my mother walked into the room I told her everything; the party, the rumors, the guy.

At twenty five weeks pregnant there was no looking back and in an instant friends, parties, and gossip were no longer important; it was like I was fourteen going on thirty. My mother and father stood by my side since the moment we found out I was going to have a baby. Most of my family on the other hand didn't have as much faith in me as my mother and father did. My family believed I would fall into a

depression, be a high school dropout and my mother would be raising my son instead of me. I had a lot of complications through the last 2 months of my pregnancy but in the end finally being able to hold my son for the first time made it all worth it. Now as a single teenage mother I use my son as motivation to work harder to succeed in life and to help make our future brighter.

Things happened so fast I'm surprised I didn't lose my head. Maintaining my homework and an infant was all I could handle. My priorities in life changed once my son was born and the change was more than noticeable. My friends stopped calling and then stopped picking up my phone calls. I spent most of my days attending to my sons needs; feeding, burping, changing. The little free time I did have I spent it catching up on some homework or catching up on some sleep. Adjusting to parenthood hasn't been easy and each day only gets harder. Yet sometimes the unexpected is the thing you've always wanted in the end.

My son is now two years old and I'm graduating high school in June. My journey through high school has been far from normal. It hasn't been easy but in the end it has all be worth it. I'm ready to close that chapter of my life and proceed toward my dream of being a child psychologist. School has been hard, money has always been tight, and parenthood has been exhausting. Ask me if I'd change any of it my reply would be no. All of this has made me into who I am and now I know who I want to be.