

It was two weeks ago when I gave birth to the most beautiful baby boy in the world. I decided to go back to my sophomore year of high school. It was early in the morning, my alarm went off, the time was 6:40am. I started to get ready in my room, but at the same time I glanced to see my baby in the little corner where for nine months I thought would be the perfect space to put his crib. I wanted to have him close to me. He was there, sleeping heavily like an angel, with my favorite soft green pajamas that I bought for him when he was only five months in my tummy. I was trying to figure out what to wear and how I was going to feel the rest of the day knowing that my new born baby was so little, and being back to school. Although he was in great hands with my mother, I felt weird letting go of that special little one who had been with me for almost a year.

7:30am ... a whole new day at school. I wasn't pregnant any more and people were looking at me weird like I was an alien or something. I went to my first period class, Ceramics, and talked to Mr.G about how my baby and I were and how everything came out okay. My friends were so excited to see me and to meet the baby, they asked about a good chance to come over and visit. The rest of the day until lunch, I went to my classes, and picked up missing work to catch up on what I had missed. At the same time in my classrooms and in the hallways, I received many congratulations from those people who love me and care for me. Sitting in the classrooms was like being there physically but spiritually my heart was at home. Daydreaming, the lunch bell scared me. Walking through students and squeezing through the crowd, I finally got to the student parking lot. Looking at the place where my friends and I would hang out all the time, the only difference that I wasn't going to be there any more. Going home and checking up on Dylan was much more important now. That hour of lunch felt like five minutes. The rest of the day I was just watching the clock, waiting for school to be over at three.

Finally, the day was over. Anxiously, I ran through the students in the hall to my locker, got the books I needed, and quickly walked to the student parking lot. I drove fast, but safe, to my house. I opened the door and ran upstairs, grabbed Dylan, and just felt that warmth of love, his

soft skin in my lips while giving him a million kisses, the smell of a new born baby, the noise of a soft cute yawn, but most of all a feeling of comfort and security.

Later that day, I faced the real world having to keep up with not only school and homework assignments, but also the twenty four hour job of being a mom. This was going to be for the rest of my life, so I wasn't going to give up now. I tried not to pressure myself. I knew that these upcoming months were not going to be easy, but they were not impossible. Having Dylan in my life was not going to stop me from continuing with my goals of finishing high school, taking a nursing course, and eventually working my way up to becoming a Registered Nurse.