

## *SITUATIONS. TRANSITIONS & DECISIONS.*

In the meantime during preparation for my transition and decision making process; my mother was up to her same ole “let me fuck with Santana” Jedi Mind Tricks. He was hard-working his ass off-continuously trying to be for me: a good man and a good dad. He took a job in the vicinity where my mom and I had moved to-which was in a whole other community a ways away from all of my school friends, umbrella friends and my TGGF.

Santana had come over to my house one day while I was gone to the mall with one of my big brother’s girlfriends. By the time I made it home, Santana looked like he had been held hostage. The look on his face when I walked into the door was the type of sigh of relief that you can imagine from being rescued after being tortured. I found out that my mom and her friend Ms. Andrea-Dana’s mom-had told Santana that I was gone out on a date-trying to explore my options, since it wasn’t set in stone that I was going to keep the baby.

He had no reason not to believe her, because my stomach wasn’t showing at all. Immediately, he had flashbacks on his cheating on me, so, he didn’t know what to think. When I walked in on it and found out about what they had done to him, I screamed at my mother and her friend. I then walked back to tend to Santana and his hurt feelings, and there he was: standing there in his funny-looking work uniform, with the funny-looking polyester pants and the funny-looking pancake cap; looking like he was about to have a not-so-funny looking panic attack. Since the beginning of my pregnancy, he was about as pregnant and emotional as I was-we were both pregnant. I felt so bad for Santana-he could hardly breathe, he was so

hurt. He just looked up at the ceiling at the light and held his head back; trying his hardest to hold his tears back. I reached out to hold him and he broke down and cried in my arms. I cried so hard with him. It was a sad day for the both of us. We had already had a lot to think about and were going through so much already, and my mother couldn't have picked a worse time to fuck with his head like that.

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Twin had still been on his send-off and vacay spot for rambunctious boys that my mom sent him to, and once he returned home, plans were still set in stone for him to go live with my [dead] dad. Mom was still on my don't ask, don't tell policy that I had asked her to adhere to-and especially at this time. It had been a couple years that I had been knee-deep in with this boyfriend of mine and now pregnant since last my dad saw me, so now was just a good a time as any for my mom to keep her mouth shut. She knew that by the time I would be showing, I would be good and gone off to the pregnant jail anyways.

My send-off would be coming around the time the new school-year was beginning.

The pregnant jail was a campus located about a half-hour drive away, where on the weekends, Santana and his mom (or sometimes Santana alone) would come get me. I would sometimes go home to my mom's house, and other times I would stay over in Santana's private cul de sac, neglecting to talk about what I was deciding to do with this "thing" growing inside of me. My way of not attaching myself to it-was to refer to it as an "It" or a "thing" versus referring to it as a baby or a child, as yet. I replaced getting attached to "It" by keeping in mind, my plans for a life that had no room for new feet. Because the first order of business was to complete my senior year of high school. I was insistent on graduating on time and the same year-as if my life hadn't been put on pause with this

thing growing inside of me. With all the schooling I had missed (because of my mom wasting no time pulling me out before my belly even got a chance to get a bump), I had a lot of work to do.

Although through the pregnant jail, I could earn school credits, but the credits would not be enough to graduate on time-night school was my only option in addition to day school (full-time) plus summer school. I had already been looking at colleges I wanted to attend out of state and a couple nearby and in-state just in case this trial time away in the pregnant jail became too much to bear for Santana and me. That would let me know if I could handle being without him, although I knew in my mind-chances were-that Santana and I would not be together. For me, for a while, though I loved him; I was getting to the point where I was just going with the motions and being lead by my heart. I knew these mixed emotions weren't because of my pregnancy, because I never felt that way until he cheated on me. The newness, specialness and sacredness wasn't there for me like before. And even through the day before I found out that he cheated, I used to see forever with him.

**UP, OUT & AWAY**

The campus was so private, dim, and quiet that you could hear a pin drop.

I was so lonely that pregnant jail-one of the loneliest times that I could never imagine-it was claustrophobically unbearable and depressing. It really *felt* like “jail.”

I spent a lot of time crying and sitting in my room alone: just-thinking...

After some time, I dried my tears and tried to toughed it out.

Though phones were free, and the comfortable little phone area was always available, I never used it anymore, after the one day and one day only-I placed a phone call home; crying to my mother about how lonely I was. She spit new idioms that she had thought of since last I saw her-all of them created to remind me that my being in the predicament I was in was a consequence of mine and Santana’s actions.

No results or comfort with my mom, so I called my friend Dana whose voice had an all-too familiar sound, sort of like mine once did: as if the sun was calling her name and together: she, the sun, life and our friends, were playing a game of tag and running with the wind blowing through her free fingers. I did not want to interrupt her joy by dampening her sunshine with my tears that were falling like rain. I still managed to get through the conversation with a smile in my voice, but the truth was-I was now in a different element and my mind was echoing my mother’s reminder that I was in the middle of a consequence of mine and Santana’s irresponsibility. Dana had nothing to do with that, so I let her go as if nothing was wrong with me on the other end of that phone, but the truth was; everything was wrong-everything.

In search of comfort rather than conversation-just someone to listen to me while I sat there shaking and crying uncontrollably from feeling like I was about to have a nervous breakdown, who better to call than my accomplice and partner in my crime: Santana. He wasn't home. He too, was out with the wind blowing through his free fingers-most probably feeling the newness of being unattached at the hip that we stayed at conjoined at for many years. He probably didn't know what to do with himself, with me gone and put away for five point five of his seven days of the week.

I had to tough it out. I never liked feeling sorry for myself. So, after that day, I vowed never to pick up that phone again. I never even looked at it anymore. I decided it would be best to deal with the predicament I was in as best as I could and on my own. I was beginning to feel far too emotional for still having not made my final decision about whether or not I would be giving this thing up for adoption. I didn't want my emotional state to force me to give it away any more than I wanted my emotional state force me to get attached to it and keep it; merely out of being temporarily emotional.

I tried mingling with the other girls. I made friendly with three of the girls. Nobody really wanted to be friends with anybody. The way the pregnant jail was structured-we all had the option of having so much privacy that you really did not have to make friends. Most everyone took the privacy option, and so did I after a while. There were two other girls in particular that refused to be nice to me. I think they knew each other outside of the pregnant jail. They were unbelievably rude and mean on purpose. I think it was because they got jealous when they'd see Santana come get me every Friday, and kiss me guiltily as he'd leave on Sunday afternoon's after dropping me off. It was obvious that we were in love, at least once upon a time. Those two mean bitches never got visitors. One of the girl's fathers would pick them both up for some weekends home, but

they'd remain on campus on the weekends, most of the time-snapping at one another.

Every girl was so full-bellied, pregnant, tired and mad. I was still able to make my way around just fine because I was barely showing-you could only tell that I was pregnant if I undressed, and then you could see a tiny little circular protrusion in front of me-from side view, only.

It seemed like overnight however, that thing sprouted inside of my belly like the sun hitting a flower that blossomed in a day. It made its presence known one morning after I woke up and masturbated. I lay there on my back while my stomach began to flutter rumble. It turned around and poked its butt in the air-sort of like how babies do when they are taking a nap. I felt so embarrassed. I was wondering if it knew what I had just done. The moment was cute, a little bit scary and a little bit creepy at the same time because I was at my bottom and it was in my belly-resting...in a child's place.

Considering the way I had been feeling, I needed that little bit of attention that thing inside of me gave me for that moment. I hadn't smiled and laughed like that in a while.

I proceeded to bathe and get ready for my day, and it did not move about anymore throughout that day. I guess it decided to rest...and stay in a child's place.

When morning came, I wanted to see if it would show its butt again.  
So I did it again.

I then lay there and waited to see what would happen.

It began to rumble just like the day before.

All of a sudden, it turned around and poked its butt in the air again. I sat up some so that I could see it better. It had poked its butt out so far that

I could see where its little butt cheeks separated. I covered my mouth and giggled-not wanting it to hear my voice and laughter. I felt so happy that I had some company-*finally*.

It hid throughout the morning and then all of a sudden, while I was in history class, at exactly 11:10am; it began to move about as if it was waking up. It ran to the left side of my stomach and kicked its foot.

That startled me. It then ran to the right side and kicked its foot. I tried to grab it. It ran back over to the left: kick! To the right: kick! It was so funny. I covered my mouth and laughed over and over again.

Day 3 and 4: It slept. After I did it-it woke up with its butt in the air. I smiled and lightly spanked its little booty and then rubbed it. It could feel me nurture it through my skin as it lay there and it went back to sleep while I bathed and prepared for my day.

11:10am into the morning. History class. It began to move about-waking up. "Time to play!" this rambunctious little must've thing said. It ran to the left side of my stomach and kicked its foot again. I was a little startled, but somewhat expecting it. It felt so funny-this life inside of my belly-this "real" life and living thing growing and moving about inside of me.

It then ran to the right side and kicked its foot-I tried to grab it. It ran back over to the left: kick! To the right: kick! Still, I covered my mouth and laughed-again.

Day 5 and 6: It slept. After I did it-it poked its butt in the air and I rubbed it gently. It was like I calmed it down because it went right back to sleep. I bathed and prepared for my day.

11:10am. History class. It began to wake up and start moving about-again. It ran to the left side of my stomach and kicked its foot, then ran to the right side and kicked its foot. I never could catch it, but it was fun trying though.

Throughout these days and moments, my mind started to play out scenes in my head of holding this thing in my belly from behind my belly and into my arms. I started feeling emotional about all inside of me that was literally protecting it and giving it life, while knowing that soon after being born into this world and right after taking its first breath of life; it would be handed over to be held not by me-but to the arms of someone else who is somewhere in this world having no idea about these special morning moments that I was sharing with this child, and wouldn't bit more understand the experience if I explained it to them.

I was feeling myself getting attached to "it"...my baby...

But into the lonely night by day 6, my mind began to play out the realities according to how things were looking in my life at that *very* moment; my mother's voice ringing in my head-continuously referring to my predicament as a "consequence" as if it were a punishment rather than a human life. I couldn't *imagine* what life would be like-bringing a baby into that house with her-that was punishment enough. I could see so clearly-her trying and make me feel punished for it every single day. From behind a door, if she couldn't handle my asking her if I could to go steady, then telling her I needed to get on the pill; there was no way in heaven she could handle a real-live crying baby from behind another closed door.

There I was, sitting up in that pregnant jail while life was still going on at home. My friends were living life and enjoying theirs, just like Santana was living his. If ever I needed time and attention-this was that time and the cure for feeling claustrophobic and lonely was merely a half-hour away. I wasn't that far away in distance that Santana couldn't make it during the week (in the evenings) for a visit or two. But he never took the initiative to do that. He was out in the wind enjoying his five-day a week, born-again freedom. Although it hadn't been decided as to whether or not I would be keeping the child, he never put up a fight or stood his ground about me



giving the baby up for adoption. Yet he stood on many-a-floors of my mom's apartments crying *ugly* cries; holding on to me like nothing but death could keep him from me. I had seen him fight before. I knew how he could do when he fought for love and something that he really wanted. He didn't fight for this baby at all-not like he fought for me. He wasn't fighting the wind to get up here and see me with this child in my belly-not like the way he would fight to see me when I wasn't with-child. He was nothing like he would write to me in many-a-letters-talking about how he would fight for our (future) kids. That future was growing right now-inside of me without a fight being had for this kid, me, and from what I could see: our future, either.

I began to think about love and the reality of it and how it is never "forever."

I reminisced about how when we first lost our virginity, his light-bulb head use to be sitting in that chair in my bedroom beaming just like one. I couldn't peel that fool off of me. We spent so much time honeymooning, letter-writing and all things unimaginable in our fairytale; yet he found it easy to lift a six-foot tall bitch off her feet and carry her upstairs as if she were a bride simply because she told him she was a virgin (too). So he stuck his dick in her-in the midst of us still honeymooning and me having lost my virginity with him (too), as if it didn't matter anymore and he was on to something new. My lonely lil' vacay at the pregnant jail plus what I learned from his cheating episode was slowing teaching me that whether it be love or sex; it's all good and right as long as it is in front of you-in the moment. Love seems to be only as good and true as it is in your face. Because the moment that the moment is over-it roams free. The biggest reward you get out of love is if somebody loved you back. But in the bigger scheme of things, you didn't do anything but teach them how to love and make love to another person. Virginity and the newness of things are physical trial basis' with expiration dates of the heart. People are here to learn love-lessons from each other until they end up with the one person

[later on who at that time] will be in receipt of that person having finally gotten right: all that *you* taught *them* about love and making love. Santana and were merely were one another's first stop. I began to understand that no matter your age, "love" must really be this way.

I wanted and searched for a bright-side in this. But outside of a pretty baby in my arms-conceived by two people who once upon a time in this fairytale-loved one another, and were inseparable; I saw none. Except for the fact that the baby got a chance at *life*, so here we are, as we lay:

I'm back on "it," again...my tears and feeling sorry for myself is over. "It" lived, and I have to make it and take it from here...

Day 7: It slept through the morning because I didn't do it. I didn't do it because I did not want it to wake.

I did not want to see its butt. I did not want to smile. I did not want to touch or nurture it. I did not want it to expect me to nurture and touch it going forward. As if we had already bonded; it still raised while I lay there-as if my masturbating had nothing to do with waking it up anyways. This time, it raised as if it could read my mind and feel my resistance. This child insisted on waking with its butt in the air-regardless. I sat my head up some to look at it but I still refused to touch it. Instead, I gripped the sheets with my fingers and just stared at it like I was peeking; wanting it to put its butt back down. But this time, that baby wiggled its butt slowly and stretched it out farther than I had ever seen it do as if it wanted me to touch and smack its tiny little cute booty. I still refused to.

It lay there in its place...and went back to sleep. And I did the same.

Still, at 11:10am like literal clockwork, and while in my room watching television; it began to wake up and start moving about: "Time to play!" the rambunctious little thing must've said. It ran to the left side of my stomach and kicked its foot-ready to play.

I was stiff and stoic.

I didn't expect that...

My laugh from the 11:10am days previous turned into a frown.

It ran to the right side and kicked its foot.

I didn't reach for it.

It ran back over to the left: kick!

To the right: kick!

I still frowned and remained stiff.

This time, I tightened my mouth with resistance rather than covering it with my hand (with surprise, joy and laughter).

While I resisted, it insisted. Like never before, it was kicking and playing games in my belly as if was kicking conversation to my mind:

“You mean to tell me that you don't want me?” (kick!)

“I won't be a problem-I promise I won't get in your way!” (kick!)

“These pretty eyes-these little fat thighs?” (kick!)

“You mean to tell me you don't want me?” (kick!)

“Look ma! No hands!” (kick!)

“How come you don't want me?” (kick!)

“Wait'll you see these chubby cheeks!” (kick!)

“My skin is as smooth as my butt!” (kick!)

“When I'm out of your belly and you hold me underneath my arms, you can look me in my face while I yawn and stick my butt out in person!” (kick!)

I remained stiff.

This time, it tried something different. Instead of it lying on its stomach and sticking its butt out the front of my belly; it turned sideways and stuck its butt out on the side of my belly-as if was showing off for me.

Still, I did not reach to rub it or spank its little booty, although I thought about it.

But then, I gathered my thoughts, emotions and attachments to it-and in my mind, I said (back) to it:

“Nah, I've got living to do. After I hand you over, I get a second

chance to do it right this time. Can't mess it up. I love you and I gave you a life to live."

"Look ma! No hands!" (kick!)

I kept my hands in my lap...

"Look ma! No hands!" (kick!)

I continued to keep my hands in my lap-balling my fists tightly.

"Look ma!"

I kept my fists balled up-no hands.

It rested in its place...

Day 8: Morning came.

It slept.

I did not do it, even though I knew It did not need me to-to remind me that it was there.

I did not want it to wake.

I did not want to see its butt.

I did not want to smile.

I did not want to touch or nurture it.

I simply did not want it to expect this of me going forward.

Unlike yesterday and previous mornings when I'd wake and lay there, shortly thereafter-it would wake and raise. But this time-it did not.

I got scared.

I gave in, and did it-just to see if it would wake and raise.

It still did not wake or raise.

I sat my head up some to see if it would, but it did not.

I lay there and went back to sleep, right along with it.

11:10am.

It's history...

Into the morning it did not move about or begin to kick and play-at all.

I lay there waiting to see if it would, but it still did not move.  
“Ma...no hands?” (no kick...)

I lay back down with my fists balled up. Tears rolled down my face but I held on to the sheets between each finger tightly...tight like the rest of my life depended on it...”