

Student 4M
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Becoming Me

At 5 years old I was officially adopted and I always knew because it was a planned between my biological mother and my mom now. My biological mom was being taken care of by my mother, who was a nurse. My biological mom couldn't take care of me and so I was adopted. Growing up I always knew, my mother never wanted to keep it from me; she always told me that my parents were sick and couldn't take care of me.

At sixteen I didn't always understand how my biological parents were sick, until I decided to go look through some paperwork and files in my garage. Then, I came across something shocking. I found papers about my adoption, describing everything, who they were, what went on and I was so curious as to find out more and wonder why my mother never told me these things. Was she hiding something from me? I had to ask her.

One day my mother and I went to Starbucks and this was when I got the nerve to confront her about it. I explained that I looked through some files and that I needed answers. She told me she was waiting for me to turn 18 to tell me the full story because I would understand more, but she told me anyway. I found out that my biological parents were nothing to be happy about. My biological mother was a prostitute with a drug addiction who got HIV and went to prison. My father was in the mexican mafia, and he had a drug addiction too and just like my biological mother. He liked to get girls pregnant and then just leave. Somewhere I have half brothers and sisters that I don't even know about. I had an older sister, from my biological mother, who died from HIV. She was two years old and I never even got meet her, but when I was conceived my

biological mother went to a clinic where my mother now worked at and was treated and taken care of by her and there was a medicine that the mother took to prevent the infant of getting HIV. When I was born I was clean, and still am to this day or else i wouldn't be alive right now. Although I was born clean of STDs and all, I was diagnosed as a methamphetamine baby who had to go through withdrawals and had to have help. It was such a hard time for me growing up because I had to have help learning to go through the child development stages like learning to walk, and crawl and everything that your parents are suppose to teach you. I also found out that I have a younger brother who is currently with my biological dad, living God-only-knows where.

Finding out the full story was much harder than I ever thought it would be. As my mother was telling me these things I was just crying because I couldn't believe everything I was just told and why it had to be so dreadful to hear. I had nothing but questions to ask my mother and after getting them answered I just stayed quiet, crying and trying to wrap my mind around this. After we went home my mom gave me this picture frame that had a newspaper article in it and a blue ribbon with some dead flowers encased. It was my sisters article, about her funeral. I cried even harder wishing I could have met her and have her be here with me and get to know her. I was hurting, hurting like I was just stabbed in the heart over and over again. My mother kept telling me that it was for the best and I could also see my mother was hurt only because I was hurting and she knew that I wasn't going to take this easy..

After getting over the shock of it all I had to figure out how I was going to deal with it now. Dealing with it isn't easy because its now a big part of my life and it still is. At sixteen, of course, I was just emotional and a wreck because it hurt to know that's who my parents are, nothing to be proud of but to be ashamed of and I still feel this way at times. I was also hurt at

my mother who didn't tell me the truth and let me think something else of my parents and not understand why they made the decision they did.

Hearing how your parents were and the decisions they made were awful and it made me wonder if they did keep me what my life would be like. I wondered if I'd be a prostitute right now too or on drugs doing everything you can think of, just throwing my life away. I was scared to think if they kept me I wouldn't be in school, I'd be getting in trouble, doing drugs, selling my body, not caring but to have "fun." After a while of thinking that this could have been my life I realized that the decisions were right and that putting me up for adoption was the best thing that could have been for my well being because I'm doing none of those things.

When I was seventeen years old I wanted to find my brother, I wanted some good piece of that life and I definitely didn't want him to be with my father. I talked to my mom about finding my brother and she said she would call the social worker and see what she says. A few days later when I asked my mother what she said she told me that they tried to get ahold of my biological mother and my biological mother didn't want to talk to me and didn't know where my father was or my brother. She was no help and it stung to hear that she didn't want to talk to me. Was she ashamed? She should be. Later my mom and I decided we'd call the Reno and see if they can help and it turned out that they wouldn't let me find my brother till I was 18. Anger swelled inside me. Who were they to stop me from seeking out my own flesh and blood?

The process to find my brother was ridiculous because at the age of 18 I just thought I could call and they would help me find him but no, that wasn't the case. In order for me to even get a start to finding my brother I'd have to do a petition and go to court in order to unseal the file that has the adoption information. When I talked to my mother about this she told me that even if we do a petition we still have to wait for it to arrive at court, then be read by court and

then be called to show up to court and who knows what else we'd have to do when we got to that point. Although the process is so long and unfair I'm not giving up to find my brother because he is a part of my past and life that I want to know and meet and find out what he's been doing. If I have to file a petition and wait for it to be viewed and called upon then I will.

Being adopted and going through these hurdles that I've come to face I realized that this made me the person that I am today. Having to have help when I was little and having methamphetamine in your system has made me push forward and have motivation in my life that I can do anything. I have become more of an independent person because of this. Having help growing up made me just not want the help now, I don't like to be helped and I feel I don't need it. I want to prove that I'm strong enough to succeed and start life on my own. Instead I love to help others, like my mother who is an older mom and she has done nothing but love, and care and be there for me and now I feel like it is my turn to do things for her and to give her help. I've only become stronger and independent and motivated from this and I will continue to be.

Now I have become a much better person, this is still very difficult for me because it was an emotional time in my life and still is because I will never understand why my parents decided to make the choices they did. I will only take that time in my life to learn from it and to make myself better and never let myself get so close to my parents and have the life they chose. I am now in school and have a job and a loving mother who is always there for me and I'm only going to get better. I take this experience and use it as motivation to never let myself fail or turn down the wrong path because I've worked hard to get where I am today.