



## How My Life Began

*By Lawrencía O.*

I was born in June 1998, on a Tuesday. I lived with my parents when I was a baby until my mother travelled to the United Kingdom and left me with my father. By that time I was only two months old so I didn't think of what my mother was going to do there or how many years she was going to spend there. Living with my father alone was fun and somehow tough with me. One day my mom called my dad and told him that not so soon he will also be going abroad. All this happened when I was 2 years old. When the day break for my father to leave my aunty who had already discussed with my father to take very good care of me came to the house with a lot of bags many clothing in it. After she came to the house, my dad then led her to her room. Then she escorted my dad to the airport.

All this time I didn't know why all my parents were travelling one after the other just because I was too young for my aunty or my dad to tell me until I got to ten years old when I started worrying my aunty to tell me where my parents had gone to, then she suddenly sat me down and told me everything I needed to know about my parents. At that same time, I was a little bit fine and not worried because I had already got a best friend who always accompanied me wherever I went. Whenever it was getting to my birthday my parents usually sent money into my auntie's account so that they could throw a birthday party for me. Upon all this money and party thing I still was not happy because my parents weren't there to sing a birthday song or even give me some advice as I am growing up.

After all not only this was worrying me but also I wished my parents were there for me in times of trouble or whenever I was beaten or insulted by a fellow human. I like it when they are there because I get everything I ask for but there is one thing which I ask for and have always been asking for which has not been given to me yet and I really know that I'm surely going to get it. I don't really want them to stay there because I don't get the kind of attention every child is supposed to get from his or her parent(s). Sometimes my auntie sits me down and

says that I am a blessing to my parents and anytime she says that I get really confused just because I don't understand what she means by that. I also ask myself that if I'm really a blessing to them why don't they want to come and visit me for just a year! I ask myself again if it is a punishment for me because sometimes my friends laugh at me just because I don't have parents who I will always walk with. I just ask God to help them in anything they do before they come visit me. I hope they will one day visit me and all my enemies will be ashamed.

THE END