

Secrets

“Oh no!” I exclaimed to myself. A project on your family history? I cannot do this!” I thought I said it quiet enough so not a soul could hear me, but I was wrong. The whole class heard me! “Terra, would you like to share something with the class?” My teacher Ms. Jamison asked me. “Umm, no ma’m.” I looked back down at my paper and all I could do was write my name and the date. Hopefully I won’t do that wrong.

“I am so excited for this project.” My best friend Alex said. “Me too! I mean. I will have to ask my folks a few things but it will be fine.” My other best friend Mason said. “You guys I have a problem, every time I ask my parents about my family history, they always act like they can’t hear me and then they change the subject.” I told them. After we talked about it for a while I tell them I should get home so I can try to get some answers.

“Hey mom!” I say trying to hide the fact that I have to ask her, her least favorite question. “Hey sweetie, ya hungry?” I shake my head. “Mom can I ask you a question? Sure honey.” I am going to do it. “Can you tell me something about our family history?” I waited for an answer. “Oh! I never asked you how school was.” She changed the subject. “No mom, you can’t change the subject I need a real answer it’s for school.” I was so furious that I could scream! “I’m sorry sweetie I just don’t think you’re ready.” Then she just walked away. So I called the only people I know that would help me. Alex and Mason.

“So what are we doing exactly?” questioned Alex. “We are finding any trace of Terra’s family” Mason answered. “Ooooh, do we get to spy and stuff?” Alex questioned intrigued. “Ummm, sure? Yes!” With that we got to work on our spying adventure. “Okay I got all of our phones to check any recent emails” I informed

“Okay let’s get to work!” As we were working I noticed that our basement door was open. “It’s not suppose to be open.” I quietly crept downstairs.

“I know but, I don’t think she’s ready!” Someone said with a whisper-shout. I finally recognized the sound and it was my mom. “ Could she be talking about me?” Hopefully, I did say that quiet enough to myself. I walked back upstairs as quiet as I could. My stairs are very old and they make a lot of noise. My foot touched the oldest spot on the stairs and made a big CCCRRREEEEAAAANKKKK sound. “Hold on” I heard her say. “I think someone is coming.” I dash up the stairs like a cheetah, shut the door, and tell my friends to act natural.

“Is everything okay up here?” mom asks with suspicion. All of look at each other then I say, “actually no things are not okay.” Mom looking shocked replies, “Well, what’s wrong?” My friends being by my side I felt the courage and said, “What’s wrong is that you won’t tell me about my family history!” I continued yelling and crying.

“Okay I will tell you the truth. Twelve years ago when you were born, you were...put up for adoption. Not because your biological parents didn’t love you but because they thought they were not good enough for you.” I had so many questions like who is my real mom and dad. Can I meet them? Why didn’t you tell me before? I didn’t ask her yet but I would soon, probably tomorrow. “Whoa you’re adopted!” Alex shouted. They were so quiet I forgot they were here. You know you are to have a lot of new questions coming over your way” Mason added. “I figured you would have lots of questions” I joked.

Who knew a class project can would help me to discover myself. From that day forward, I asked my parents many questions about my biological parents. Each day that past I also get more grateful that such a great family took me in