**I’m Fine**

I thought that I knew what I wanted. I thought I knew what my life was becoming. I was wrong. I felt normal, but I wasn’t… not even close. I never knew my real father. I thought I did; but I was mistaken. I knew what others wanted me to know, but never what was true. Until one day… The day when my mother told me the truth. We sat in a room. Her sky blue eyes staring me down. Me; hiding behind a folder. I was afraid. Afraid of her words; afraid of myself. A picture on the wall caught my eye. A grassy meadow and a girl with an umbrella. Red; the girl’s umbrella was red. My mother spoke softly, tears slowing her speech. “There was this party,” “He took advantage of me, Danielle,” my mind was having a hard time processing. My mother cried. I was silent. Tears scared me. They opened a door to the unknown; they let people see who you really were. I didn’t cry… Not yet. “There was one good thing that came out of it; and that good thing was you,” she said. Who was I? What was I? I had no idea. A blessing? A mistake? The answer is still unclear. Her voice faded. All other sounds seemed faint and in the distance. I stood up, and walked out of the room. The long hallway seemed longer. Eyes followed me all the way to my room. I sat on my bed; my roommate asking me if I was okay. I didn’t speak. My therapist walks in the room. My roommate leaves. I feel something. Sadness, confusion, relief. I don’t know what to do next. I feel stuck. “Are you going to be okay?” my therapist asks. “I’m fine,” I reply. Only I wasn’t. Tears filled my eyes. All of my thoughts flowed out without control. I didn’t know who I really was. I no longer knew who I wanted to be. I was lost.

By, Danielle Retterer