Sharmayne williams

English100

6:30pm-9:30pm

Febuary,26,2018

Professor Mangini

WATING

“STOP! STOP! Don’t do it. PLEASE. You monster. You’re a monster. How could you.”

Something came out the crowd and hit me. I turned and looked around. I thought to myself why do you hate me. It was an accident. I didn’t mean for this to happen. Why do they hate me so much?

As I sat on my big brown couch that I paid way too much money for, my thoughts started to run wild. He had gotten into my head. As I laid there staring at the crack in the ceiling, I started to do math. If December had five weeks that means—shit!--I’m a week late. That’s what I’ve been telling myself. I’m just late. The birth control threw off my cycle. It’s coming. All I could do was look at my boyfriend who fell asleep five minutes into the movie.

I go into the bathroom, where ten short months ago I was in the same place. I felt knots in my stomach. I sat down on the cold porcelain toilet. I opened up the test. Instructions read, “hold under stream and wait five minutes,’ as I sat there staring at my cluttered bathroom: the baby tub under the sink, the diaper in the trashcan, toys in the bathtub, and my daughter’s school uniform still on the floor. The knots got bigger and bigger. Three minutes. I can’t do this. How will this work. It can’t work. I can’t do this. “Breathe. Calm down, Sharmayne.”

I don’t even know the results.

Five minutes.

POSITIVE.

“Randy, wake up! Wake up, I’m pregnant”.

“What? I knew it,” he said. He sat up and wiped the drool off his face.

“What are we going to do? I can’t have another baby. I just had one eleven months ago. I’m still enjoying that one”.

“Everything will be ok. You know I got us. It’s probably a boy”.

“Randy, you do understand we can’t keep this baby”.

“I told you I don’t want to have kids in my thirty’s. I don’t want to be an old dad. I want to be active. I want to be able to play football and basketball with him. I hope it’s a boy”.

“Randy you can’t play basketball now. Besides its not only about you. I need to better myself before I can bring another child into this world”.

“What are you saying?”.

“I’m saying we can’t keep this baby if it was down the road maybe. Right now I need to focus on becoming a nurse. Raising the children that we have. I have no more of myself to give”.

“Its decided were getting an abortion?”

“Yes. I feel like this is the only option to better myself. I really need your support. “some birthday this turned out to be”.

“OK well go to the hospital to see how far along you are”.

“Randy I don’t think I’m strong enough to hear the heartbeat. I don’t want to know”.

“OK”.

Its been about a month since I found out I was pregnant. Today is baby girls eighth birthday. today I should be happy. Ready to celebrate but financially everything is hitting us at once. Rent, Car insurance, Phones , Electric, baby girls birthday and this procedure its overwhelming. You know what they say when it rains it pours. I just hope I can give Charm some type of birthday. What’s even worse is next month it’ll be the same thing. Baby girls first birthday. I cant even pick up days me throwing up constantly. I don’t want anyone to know it’s embarrassing. Looks like its going to be an easy birthday. Baby girl wants Chuck E Cheese. She’s been asking for a guitar. Not sure why but its her birthday. I got her something small a white guitar with blue butterflies on it. We went to Chuck E Cheese. As I sat there in Chuck E Cheese I just kept staring at the kids screaming. Looking at my daughter thinking. She’s perfect. I can’t have another baby. she’s not even one she still needs me. I don’t know what’s in there. It could be the seed of Chuckie. As time went on I just thought. I have to be to school in an hour. We had to rush home sing happy birthday. Give Charm her guitar and rush out the door. some mother how can I have another child there’s not enough of me.

Two weeks has gone by. Randy keeps trying to get me to change my mind. He wants a big family since his family is so small. My decision was finale. I’ve made my appointment. February, 17 7:45am this will all be over. Everything can go back to normal. I can eat food without throwing up. I wont be to tired to help with homework. I wont be to tired to do my own homework. I can go back to work. I can stop avoiding my mother. I just feel like I’ve been sleepwalking through this pregnancy. I’ll never hold it. It will never have a name or gender. It won’t have a personality or smile. I feel like I’m carrying around something that does not belong to me.

“Sharmayne, Sharmayne wake up its 7:12am”.

“What? how?. I set two alarms. Did you dismiss the alarms?”.

“I don’t know when I’m sleep I just turn the alarm off without looking”.

“Shit were so late”.

“lets just not go and keep the baby”.

I threw clothes on. Good thing I took a shower last night. The clinic was twelve minutes away. There shouldn’t be any traffic. Out of all days randy decides to let the car fully heat up. Out of all the days randy decides to drive the speed limit. I can’t prove it but I know he turned my alarm off. 7:43 we were pulling up. There was a drop off section. Randy would have to go find parking. Three guards in yellow vest came over to escort me into the building. There was protesters with big signs that said abortion is murder. As the guards walked me into this big building that looked like a meat factory. On a street so narrow I could lay my body across curb to curb. As I was escorted to the building all I could hear was

“STOP, STOP”

“Don’t do it”

“PLEASE”

“You monster. You are a monster “.

Something came out the crowd and hit me. I looked around and thought. why do you hate me?. It was an accident. I didn’t mean for this to happen. So why do you hate me?. I looked on the ground to see what was thrown it was a baby blanket inside of a zip loc bag. I tried to keep my head down. It was too much commotion. I needed to see. The only good thing about the protestors was they could not cross that street. The escorts tried to take my mind off the protestors. talking to me about the weather one of the protestors came up to the barricade with something. It was a jar with fluid in it with what looks to be a fetus inside. That’s was my breaking point as I walked through the glass double doors. My hands started to shake. I couldn’t breathe. every breath I took burned. I entered the building there was nothing but a sign in table. I had to give my name and id. A brown fold up table with girl scout cookies for sale. Which seemed kind of cruel since the procedure required no foods past midnight. I was starving. my stomach sound like a thunderstorm. I could taste those cookies.

 “Hello can I have your name and id please”.

 “Sharmayne Williams”.

 “Is there anyone here with you?. You have to give their name for them to be permitted into the building”.

“RANDY HALL. he’s parking the car”.

As I looked out the glass doors at all the protestors. I felt sick to my stomach. Not sure if it was my hunger or if I had to throw up. If I did have to throw up should I go do it on one of the protestors?.

“Sweetie ignore them”. As she shouted “don’t you have anything better to do. There’s a shelter right down the street. Go feed the homeless”.

As I walked to the elevator my hunger grew more impatient.

“Take the elevator to floor seven sweetie”.

As I got on the elevator. One other girl who entered the building with me. I just kept thinking get your shit together Sharmayne. Wipe your eyes and blow your nose. The elevator came to a stope. I got off and walked to the desk.

 “Hello can I have your name, id, appointment information, and three digit code. From your information session you will not be seen without the code”.

 “Yes Sharmayne Williams my appointment is Febuary,17,2018 7:12 am my three digit code is 7QJ”.

“Will you be getting the surgical procedure?”.

 “Yes”.

 “Will you be put to sleep today?.”

“Yes”.

“Ok here’s your wristband With Your name on it. Have a seat in the waiting area. We will call your name”.

The entire office was like a giant dark cloud. No sunlight just a couple of lamps. There was a large waiting room with chairs and a tv. Also a little waiting room which held about twenty people. It also had a tv which was playing batman on repeat. I sat down next to the table full of magazines on the other side a bowl full of condoms. I thought to myself it’s a little to late for those. Randy entered the room trying to squeeze his large body through the tight ails.

“Hey did they call you back yet?”.

“No”.

After an hour of waiting.

 “Sharmayne Williams to the payment office”.

 “Can I see your wrist band”.

 “That will be 320 do you have your payment?”.

I made my payment and returned to my seat and waited about thirty minutes.

 “Sharmayne Williams”.

I walked threw a single wooden door where the light returned I was blinded. My eyes had to readjust to the brightness of the lights. I entered another room to what seemed to be a small doctor’s office.

 “Ms.Williams can I see your wrist band”.

 “Step on the scale Ms. Williams 160lbs”.

“I’m going to take your blood pressure now”.

 “Ms.Williams I need you to lie back so we can determine how far along you are”.

Lying there waiting I thought please don’t let me be past four months. the price will go up I felt sick to my stomach.

“Excuse me can you make sure the sound is off please”.

“Yes it seems that your sixteen weeks and one day”

“Sixteen weeks. that’s four months. dammit”.

I go back to my waiting area and continue to wait.

 “Sharmayne williams to the payment office”.

Dammit what am I going to do.

 “Hello”.

 “Can I check your wristband”. As if I wasn’t just here.

“Do you have any extra money towards your procedure today”.

 “NO”.

“Ok fill out this form just your name and how this abortion will help you better yourself. This form will help us get you a grant for your remaining balance.

I finished the form and returned to my waiting area. Batman which was playing on the tv. Had come on and went off twice.

 “Randy I’m so hungry. I think I’m about to throw up my stomach fluids”.

“Do you want to leave its not to late. let’s forget the abortion go get some food and keep the baby”.

 “Sharmayne Williams”.

I’m called to the back.

 “Put this gown on front side open everything off except your shoes then grab a seat and wait to be called”.

As I knocked on the bathroom door which could only hold one person at a time. I herd a voice say someone’s in here.

I sat down and waited in a waiting room that was smaller than the last. With no windows it reminded me of a laundry room and had Christmas lights lining the wall. As the bathroom door opened I gathered my things. and as I walked to the bathroom door. I was face to face with a familiar face. I was so embarrassed the only people that knew about this pregnancy is me and Randy. My mom doesn’t even know. I came close to telling her then she told me my little sister suffered a miscarriage and was in the hospital. How can I expect her to be my shoulder to cry on. I’m making the choice to do this I can’t cry. I put my head down walked into the bathroom changed my clothes then waited.

 “Sharmayne Williams can I see your wristband come with me”.

I entered another bright room that looked like a small doctor’s office.

“Lie down put your legs in the clamps and scoot all the way to the edge of the table. I’m going to hook your iv up for you”.

All I could do was examine my surroundings. A. big square machine with a hose attached. A ice cooler the ones fisherman carry around. I thought to myself why would they possibly need that. Is that where the remains are going?. The doctor entered the room. For the first time I realized I’m not nervous or nauseous. I’m scared am I making a mistake?. Is Randy right?. Could this be his son.

“Ms. Williams I’m going to give you something to put you to sleep”.

“I thought to myself. could this baby be the next black president. wait or could it be the next Donald Trump objectifying women left and right”.

“Ms. Williams count back from ten for me”.

“10…. 9…. 8…. 7……………….