

*Diana Diaz*  
**When I Found Out**

WHAT DO YOU DO WHEN YOU ARE JUST A TEENAGER and you found out something that you're not ready for? When I found out that that my life is going to change forever, all of my plans and my dreams needed to be remolded.



In the summer of 2016, my stomach felt like ants were crawling inside of me. I felt sore all the time. I constantly had the need to consume large amounts of eggs and pizza everyday -- things I don't usually eat. But I didn't think too much on it. I was more focused on my senior year in high school coming up in the Fall. I was prepared to be a savage -- I was planning to play soccer, be on the track team, read a lot of books, and accomplish a lot of my goals as a writer.

Things aren't always going the way you want. Since my stomach pain became worse, I made an appointment with a doctor. After my physical exam in a clinic, the doctor came back with a Spanish-speaking translator. I felt uncomfortable with the Spanish interpreter in the small room. I knew English, so why was she here? I couldn't understand. I couldn't express my frustration. I was just so nervous by it all. When the doctor spoke, her words became noise -- I just watched her mouth moving. When the interpreter translated it in Spanish, it was still just noise. Their lips were moving. Their sounds were filling the room. But my mind went blank. I could feel my body covered in goosebumps, but my mind was in another space.

I left the hospital without saying a single word. What was I supposed to do now? What am I going to tell my family? These were my two big questions at that moment. On August 30, 2016, I found out that I was pregnant. I thought that all my dreams, plans, goals, and all of my hard work over the years were completely destroyed.

I walked around blindly -- no thoughts, no feelings. I lost my mind in a sea of tears. My whole body was shaking. My face was red like my crystallized eyes. Trying to get a control over myself, I contacted the boy with whom I had sex. With my phone in my trembling hands, I texted him that I was pregnant, but I did not get any response back. After one hour, he finally appeared and he said that he will accept his responsibility. He told me he loved me, and how he'll be there for me always. But two weeks later, I discovered this was a lie. He no longer wanted to be there. He told me to get an abortion. He told that he needed proof and how I should get a DNA report. In that moment, I felt like a puta. I'm not the type of person of who has sex with multiple people around the same time. When I found out how he really is, I felt shocked. When I found out that he was not the boy that I fell in love with, that he was totally a different person -- he was a monster. He made me feel worse than a piece of trash. I never felt like that before.

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While that feeling frustrated me, it was nothing compared to the fact that the person who supposed to support me, my best friend, left me because I was pregnant. When we were younger, she promised me that she always will be by my side, but she lied too. When she told me that she was ending the friendship with me because I was pregnant, I felt every part of me get destroyed and die. I had nobody to talk to, nobody who would give me a big hug, and say, "Everything will be okay." I felt so lonely. My world had turned upside down.

I was just a teenager going through a desperate time, without knowing what to do. Starting school was my biggest fear. What are people going to say? What can I do to not show that I was expecting? Everybody is going to always walk away from my life because it? How I was support to overcome this? I couldn't figure out the answers to all these questions running through my mind. I tried hard to be strong and not pay attention to what people said and thought. But at night, when I got home, I thought about my long, sad day -- my heart broke and my tears began falling out on their own. My eyes became drops of rubies again and my dreams stopped to exit. I was suffering, but nobody could see it or help me. Not even therapy helped. What was I supposed to do? I lost every motivation to go to college or even finish high school. Savage? I never was a savage and certainly not now. I was too young to go through this, but I was too adult to not know better. But it taught me my greatest lesson: Not everybody who you think will support you will stand by your side. I learned the true meaning of friendship and love. While I was crushed by the people I considered closest and truest to me, I felt empty when they left. But I was wrong, I was not alone. Not all. I had family and still other friends who stood by my side.

With this new realization, I looked at the mirror and told myself, "This is not the end of the world! You are not the only girl to get pregnant!" I splashed cold water on my face, and made a commitment to myself: I am going to graduate in 2017. I am going to college. And I will become a writer. I finally accepted the fact that I was expecting, and I didn't mind telling others. I have no reason to feel embarrassed. I have no reason to stop believing in my dreams and goals. I did not commit a crime to feel guilty or hide.

While I was distressed, I still tried my best in school. But I was remembering the strong girl I was last year. At my after-school empowerment program called Teen Voices Emerging, I had written a poem about my struggles of coming to USA. Last year, I remember how proud I felt having my poem "Dirty Rubies of Yin Yang" published into a film as part of the program. Now I was feeling defeated. I wondered what path my destiny will take me. I was starting to feel hopeless.

Then one day, I was met with a surprise: I found out that my poem "Dirty Rubies of Yin Yang" won the Regional Gold Key in the Scholastic Writing Award for Poetry. I could not believe it! I was feeling so proud of myself for what I had achieved. My path now had a direction again. Hope was entering my life once more.

There was an elegant award ceremony for the winners, which I attended.

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It was a treasure moment in my life. I could not express my happiness or even explain how I was feeling at that time. It was a deep pleasure, a satisfaction, and sense of certainty. The gold key was the key to unlock and free the sadness in my broken heart.

A month later, I gave birth to a boy. The empty space inside of me got filled when I met my son for the first time. He is the angel that gives me all that I ever needed. The past was difficult, but my present is here with my son and my poetic vision. My future is where my life really begins.