

A life ahead**Grades 6-8**

All is silent. I stare up at the beautiful Slate grey sky. Watching as the rain comes crashing down. I nervously tap my fingers on my thigh. I sit in my car in front of a light blue house on 93rd street. In Portland, Maine. Beside me in the drivers seat sit my Husband Joel. In the back seat sits my three-year-old son Danny.

“Go on now,” Joel says ever so calmly. I look into his large Cyan Blue eyes. Then run my hand through his gorgeous dark brown hair.

“Ok,” I say before gently planting a kiss on his cheek. I open the door to our silver Sudan, and exit the car. The jasmine sun protrudes from a blanket of clouds as I proceed to the door of the house. I knock lightly on cherry wood then wait. A man around five foot ten who has grey hair, and ice blue eyes comes outside. I can’t believe this moment has come. The man who stands in front of me is biological father. This is the first time we have ever meet. A swarm of tears fill my eyes.

“Daddy!” I cry he steps toward me, and pulls me into his arms. “Were have you been!” I cry, “Why did you leave us?” I say nearly choking on my words I have so many questions so many things I long to tell him, and not enough time. I take his large hand in mine, and look at him. “I need your help!” I cry, “ I have leukemia,” I begin “ Y-you’re the only one who has the same bone marrow.” I begin “ I need a bone marrow transfusion. I stopped responding to treatments, and I’m scared! I have a Husband, and a son. I love them more than anything!” I cry. He looks at me with large eyes that hold sympathy.

“Of course sweet heart!” He cries. He holds me in his arms, and then we both cry. I flash back to the moment when I decided I wanted to find my biological father.

It all started one windy Saturday. Joel, Danny and I were on our way to our storage unit. I sat in the passenger seat singing along to every song that came on the radio. I was diagnosed with Leukemia two years ago. Leukemia was hereditary in my family. My mother had it also. She passed away when I was six. I had learned to look past having cancer, and just live regularly.

“Mommy look!” Exclaimed Danny pointing to the billboards that changed pictures.

“I see sweetie,” I replied his big blue eyes lit up.

We pulled up at the storage where we rushed up to our unit. Both Joel and I kept our belongings from long ago here. We grabbed a few boxes, and hauled them down the stairs, and into the car. Then headed for home. Our apartment was new. Once we got there we took the boxes up stairs.

“I’m starving,” Joel had said

“Ha, me to all this unpacking made me pretty hungry!” I laughed

“Yea,” He agreed

“After we get this stuff un-packed I’ll make something to eat” I said. We sat in our small new living room with the Irish green walls, and the marble floors. We sorted everything inside each box. When I came across something unusual. It was an old folder filled with papers that belonged to my mother. I looked through each one carefully. One paper reads.

Things I long to do before I die.

1. *Get a star named after me.*
2. *Visit France.*
3. *Dance at my own wedding*
4. *Watch my daughter grown up*
5. *Die next to the one I love.*

Look at this,” I said handing the letter to Joel.

“Wow did she ever complete them?” He asked

“No,” I whisper. I loathe the thought of her never getting to accomplish her list. She died so young. She was a wonderful friend, and a terrific mother. After we unpacked the rest I cooked, and we headed to bed. But I could not sleep on the thought of my poor mother. Who never had a wedding? Who didn't France? Didn't get to picnic under the stars. Didn't die next to the one she loved. And didn't watch her daughter grow up...

That night my mind began to wonder. Where had my father gone? It was hard for her to be a single mother, and hard for me also. After she had passed away I went to live with my aunt in Bangor, Maine. I never looked back I never even gave my father a second thought until that moment. That moment I got the idea to look for my biological father.

“Joel!” I exclaimed the next morning as the golden rod sun rose from behind the hills. I brewed up fresh Columbian coffee, and sat down with him at our small wooden table in are dinning room with the green walls, and marble floors. “I want to look for my father.” I stated

“Ok?” He said, “When did you get this idea?”

“Yesterday, looking at that note I just... I just wanted to find him to ask him why he left us.” I replied Joel nodded his head in agreement at the worth cause of finding my biological father. Unfortunately I only had one thing to work with. His name *Thomas Ashmoore*. I went online to yellow pages and looked up Thomas Ashmoore. At the time he was supposed to be around forty. I took a few days, but finally I found him. Now I just needed to find the strength to go to his house. On 93rd, and Elm Street.

“I found him.” I told Joel.

“Great now lets go see him!” He said I couldn’t find the words to describe it I didn’t want to see him at least not yet.

“Not now...”

“Why?”

“Well I just need time to think this through...” I responded. After our discussion I put Danny to bed. Then made an attempt to sleep that night. The next morning while Joel was at work I began to feel sort of sick. Every step was filled with excruciating pain.

“Ow,” I whined

“Are you okay mommy?” Asked a concerned Danny.

“Yea I’m fine baby.” I replied. I picked up my phone, and dialed Joel.

“Come home please.” I said urgently. He rushed home, and from there we went to the hospital. I was dragged into a sudden daze at the news the doctor’s gave us. I stopped responding to treatments...

“Ms. Ashmoore there is one other treatment you can try though. It is called a bone marrow transfusion. You take someone of the same bone marrow, and transfer it into your bones.”

“Ok...” I answered Joel was already on the phone with my aunt. She didn't have the same bone marrow. He called up several relatives, and none of them answered. My last choice was to try my father. He could be the answer to all this. The end of my cancer. So the next morning the three of us loaded into the car, and headed to my dad's. All is silent. I stare up at the beautiful Slate grey sky. Watching as the rain comes crashing down. I nervously tap my fingers on my thigh. I sit in my car in front of a light blue house on 93rd street. In Portland, Maine. Beside me in the drivers seat sit my Husband Joel. In the back seat sits my three-year-old son Danny.

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"Of course sweet heart!" He cries. He holds me in his arms, and then we both cry. After that we went to the hospital were I got the bone marrow transfusion.

All is silent. My son, and I happily run through our backyard healthy. We walked through the field. The feeling of the warm wet grass in between my toes. The sweet aroma of dianthus that filled the air. The jasmine suspended in the sapphire sky.