

For as long as I can remember I've always been rejected. No one likes me, no one loves me, no one cares, and no one wants to. It has always been understood by everyone who looks at me (whether they knew me or not) that I was a part of the "lower-class" of the world. But you are probably a little confused, so maybe I'd better explain. I'm a teenager. You know I'm through *that* stage of life. Just as well, I can be moody and others can hate me, and they did. Maybe I should give more detail since you still may be confused. I will back up. I don't know, say, hmmm, 14 years so maybe you can understand why I'm rejected.

About 2-3 months before my mother was pregnant with me, she went to the doctors to see if she could get pregnant and if she would have any struggles along the way. The doctor told her good news and bad news. The good news was she could have baby, but the bad news was she had a disease, and they didn't know what it was, if it was life threatening, or if it could kill or cause a massive amount of damage to her or the baby. The only way they could find out more is if she got pregnant. Well, my mother took that chance, she decided to try and she succeeded. She was very worried for mine and her safety. When my parents found out my mother was dying, but I wasn't, they were devastated yet relieved. Around 4 months of pregnancy my mother started to get weak and everything she ate she vomited up within hours. Mama was forced to quit her job. My father's electric company bought another electric company. He very quickly was loaded with cash. At the time he was one of the wealthiest people on planet earth. He did everything in his power to help the doctors with whatever they needed to help figure out the problem and find a solution, but they couldn't.

When she was 8 1/2 months pregnant with me the doctors decided to do a caesarian delivery for the safety of the both of us. On May 24th, in a Pittsburgh Hospital, I, Megan Mae Roser was brought into Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. Jason, my father, held me in his arms for first time. It was the best and the worst time of his life. He cried tears of joy and of sorrow as he held his new born baby next to his dying wife for her to see just once before she passed. She took one look at my father and then me. He leaned over so she could kiss both of us. "Megan, her name will be Megan," my mama said slowly, and tiredly, with a smile creeping across her face. "I love you both, so much".

She looked up at both of us again, gasped for breath about 2-4 times and slowly her head sunk into the pillow; she died before the doctors stapled her stomach back together.

Even though I never got to feed on breast milk I still grew up like every other child who did- strong, healthy, happy, and very beautiful with many talents. My father only told me once about what happened to my mama, he didn't like to talk about it and I don't blame him I didn't and still don't like to talk about it either. The best time of my day was right before bed, when my father told me stories about where he and my mama went for vacations and all of the wonderful adventures they had. They were always different stories. The only story he repeated was the one when I asked, 'Papa, will you tell me again how you and Mama met'. He would sigh with a slight smile and say 'that one again huh, Megan, well I suppose for you'. Then I would sit there and listen with my head resting on his chest.

When my father was 28, 12 days before my 4th birthday, his company bought their eighth electric company. He didn't have to send me away. He could stay home with me and never once sent me to a babysitters' house or daycare, whatever that is. Well, four years later, twelve days before eighth birthday, my father took me to the mall before he went to his job to check up on some things. After he locked up he was walking to his car. In between his car and his company building was a bar. At that moment in time, in the bar two men were fighting. One came flying out the door while my father was passing. The man hit him and got mad because he was in his way, so he beat him to death. Police were immediately called but by the time they got there it was too late, he was already gone. I was too young to comprehend that my father was never coming home (I refused to let go of him). When the day of the funeral came my Great - Aunt Grace and I were introduced. She was so nice and compassionate, for one of the only times in her life. I told her I did not feel comfortable calling her Aunt Grace, she said she understood. We were soon going to become roommates in Indiana since my mama and papa were both dead, and I didn't have other siblings. I had no other choice but to go live with my only living relative. So not only did I lose my father I lost everything and everyone I knew behind in my beloved city of Pittsburgh.

Grace loved elegance and was lady like. She did not like when people talked with slang, and if young ladies did not wear skirts and dresses she looked down on them like she was the Queen of the world. I hated Grace; she was always on my back about not climbing trees, wearing shorts, pants, strapless dresses, strapless shirts, spaghetti strap shirts, or tank-tops. It made me so mad to even think about it! One problem, those were the only clothes I had. So she did what I could never imagine her doing- she took me shopping! So instead of going that afternoon, her being the annoying organized person she was, she scheduled it for two days later. When that morning came I was excited but mad. I wanted to go shopping but I did not want to have to go to tea with one of her friends in a stupid looking 1960s dress.

When we arrived at the mall I could not sit still and it was driving Grace crazy (that is one of the reasons why I would not stop jumping up then down and moving all around, shhh). After we stepped out of the transportation she arranged for us, we entered the mall. It was amazing; I hadn't been in a mall since the day my father died. My favorite store was across the hall from her favorite store. It was of course the store I never wanted to enter. We were there for 3 hours. It was just pure torture! I had to stand there looking at the ugliest dresses and skirts in the world, then I had to try some on with the permission and approval of my aunt. I found one dress that I thought looked half-way decent, but Grace did not like it, of course, so I fought for it and won.

After we left the store I wanted to go into my favorite store. I thought it was only fair, I suffered through being in there I should be able to go into my favorite store, but of course Grace said, "No!" I refused to give up though, so I fought back.

"Why not? I suffered in that freaking store for an hour. Isn't it fair for me to be able and allowed to go in my favorite store now?"

She stared me down for a while then said, "Why should I let you go in there? I just spent money on you for these clothes. I may be rich but that does not mean that I have to be too generous and buy you whatever you want, like your father did."

I stood there for a few seconds staring her down then I burst and said, "How dare you speak poorly of my father! You didn't even know him! You met him, what, twice? I don't care who you are, what you think of me, or why you are mad; don't ever speak of my

father again, not to anyone!" I stood there looking straight into her eyes piercing a scar in her head so deep she never looked at me the same way again.

Well, even though she was still shaken up from what I had previously said at the mall, we still had tea with her friend Lucy. I wore my "half-way decent dress" after we washed it. I did not say anything unless I was agreeing with someone or I was asked a question. I was relieved when Grace asked me to leave the room so she and Lucy could speak in private. Grace's house is a mansion, so I took the elevator to the sixteenth floor and walked to the library where I found a book about Anne Frank. I read it through which took about an hour-and-a-half, and then I took the elevator to the basement, otherwise known as the tea room, to see what was taking them so long. When I got downstairs all I found were Grace and Lucy saying their goodbyes. When she left Grace took me aside and talked to me.

"Megan, you know I am your only living relative right?" she said in a shaky sort of voice. I had never heard her sound that nervous so I could not help but feel bad for her.

"Yeah," I said in a sort of trying not-to-sound-compassionate voice, while folding my fingers so it looked like my hands were sewn together.

"Well as a result of that I am the only person you can legally live with." She paused for a few seconds still sounding nervous. "When I asked you to leave the room during tea, I don't want you to think that was because we did not want you in here, it..."

I sort of rolled my eyes (not to be rude but in compassion) and interrupted her, "So, the whole reason why you sat me down was to tell me that you're sorry for wanting private time to talk with your friend, because if that is the reason don't feel bad it's okay." She sat there, looking back and forth between my eyes and my fingers. Then, I did not believe my eyes, Grace was crying, and not just a little, a lot! It was worse than crocodiles' tears.

After a few minutes she straightened up, got a few tissues, and tried to look me in the eye, but she couldn't. Before she had a chance to speak I looked around a little, biting my lip, but I finally got up the courage and told her, "I'm sorry for scolding you about my father. I had no business scolding you like I did, and I'm really sorry."

"No it is not you, it is me. My account bounced and overdraw. We are poor. I have to sell the house, and find a place to live. Not only that, I have to send you back to Pittsburgh to Lara's Home. It is a place for moms and children to live; they will provide you with whatever you need."

I looked at her in amazement; I had to fight my lips for them to open, "What about home schooling? I will be educated won't I?" I said nervously.

"No, you will be educated. You will keep all of your old clothes and wear them to a public school. When you get there they will explain more." After that it got really quiet, no one said anything for quite some time. Then I finally broke the silence, "When do we leave and what can I take?" She looked at me even more nervous than ever."

"We have to be out of here by July." I stood up out of my chair so fast my brain didn't even comprehend it yet.

"July! July! That's only 2 months! We can't have this house packed in 2 months!" I interrupted standing there breathing heavily looking at her worried face. She sat there and looked at me and opened her mouth to speak but all I heard was the creaking sound of the night time crickets.

Then she finally said, "About what we can take, we obviously live here so we can take anything until the last day, anything we don't take the new owners will either keep it in the home or toss it on the lawn for the garbage men to take."

I looked at her with a cross face and stormed over to the elevator to go upstairs when she said, "You can take anything from your room, the library, any animal from the animal room, and any bicycle from the bicycle room. Anything else you have to ask me first." By the time she was finished talking the elevator was there.

When July rolled around we were all packed (I even had a packed suitcase for my Siberian husky puppy "Jake") and ready to go. I was so scared, nervous, and excited all at the same time. I didn't know how to react. I didn't want to seem happy because I didn't want Grace to feel like I wanted to leave, but at the same time I was overwhelmed with the thought of going back to Pittsburg. After I got settled in it was August and I started school. When the first day came I was reunited with all the friends I was separated with in

the move to Indiana. I walked home alone, but some kids walked the same way I did so they saw me go into the Laura's Home.

The next day all my friends were giving me the silent treatment, and every time someone looked at me they laughed and slowly nodded their heads looking up and down my body like I was wearing something that disgusted their interests or I was doing or did something wrong.

About 6-8 months after I got to Laura's Home, they had an event for ice-skating lessons where the rink was giving free lessons to whoever wanted them or was interested in becoming a professional ice-skater. Well, all I knew was it was something to do because most of the time I just sat on my bed and petted my dog doing nothing. On October 8, 2002 the lessons started. They were four days a week and they even fit you and give you your own skates. The first stage was learn-to-skate. Where you learned the basics: forward skating, backward skating, swivels, one-foot-glides, etc. After learn-to-skate came free style. Free style is the stage where you learn your jumps and your axels. After free style you were ready to compete. When I was in learn-to-skate, I breezed through it. As I got into free style it got a little harder. The jumps weren't that bad, but my axel was the hardest.

So to practice even more for the Friday lesson one week I decided to stay for open skate. After people started to get there they kicked us off the ice so the zamboni could clean the ice. At 8:00 they were done. Everyone got on the ice. It was crowded. I usually didn't stay so I didn't know who would be there. Well, after a while my friends started talking to me, but some people still laughed. One of those people was our student-body-president Daniel Kontos, the boy every girl loved but me. I still think we were thinking and listening to different guys. He was cute, I'll give him that, but he was very immature and rude. He, his buddies, his girlfriend, and her buddies followed me calling me names and pushing me, but I just ignored them. At 9:00 everyone cleared the ice for the zamboni to come back out to clean the ice again. After the zamboni was done the lady at the front desk made an announcement for all skaters to enter the inside of the doors separating the rink and the lobby. After everyone was there they also announced for me to get on the ice

to do my double axel. When I was finished I bowed. Everyone clapped and I motioned for them to come onto the ice for the rest of open skate.

For the second round of open skate, Daniel and Daniel alone came up behind me and grabbed my hips and skated right up on me. I turned so quickly his hands slipped off. Then I did what I never wanted to do- I talked to him. "Daniel, what are you doing?"

He smiled and kept skating forward as I skated backward and said, "I wanted to apologize to you for Lauren, my now ex-girlfriend. I also wanted to apologize for the school being rude and laughing at you, and lastly I want to apologize for me." I stopped and looked at him with a sigh and a slight smile while he was looking down.

I took my hand and put it lightly under his chin and lifted his head slowly, "Daniel, you can only apologize for you. You can only do something about your actions. But thank you for apologizing; I forgive you and anyone else who apologizes for them." After awhile of just standing there looking at me, slowly skated towards me and kissed me. After open skate was over we said our goodbyes and we left.

A month later I had a competition. Daniel came along with two of his friends, Bryan and Michael. There were 15 girls before me. I was last. I was sixteenth. Daniel says it's because they saved the best for last. For my routine I did swan lake, when I came to land on my triple axel I fell. At the end I was greeted with a warm hug from my boyfriend. Since I was last I had the least amount of time to relax before we had to go back on stage to receive our certificates, metals, and trophies. There were four trophies, and whoever got the trophies got to go to the nationals. They listed each name one by one. They were on sixth place. They still hadn't called my name yet and they were only giving out ten awards. As they got to fourth, I felt beaten.

Then all of the sudden, I heard, "And second place goes to Megan Mae Roser." I was in total shock I had no idea what to do or think. When the announcements were over, I skated as fast as I could with my trophy over to Daniel. I jumped up and locked my arms around his neck with my knees bent and he twirling me around, after he set me down he kissed me. Then I lifted my arms with my trophy in my left hand and screamed, "I made it!"

THE END!