

Samantha Fortune

Instructor's Name

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The Obscured Truth

I know choosing the ideal time to reveal a pregnancy is an issue for anyone. Under unfortunate circumstances, it was my time to deliver the news at only fourteen years of age. I had procrastinated for five months that seemed to never end. Truthfully, I still wanted to keep my growing baby as my own secret, but I could not because my boyfriend informed me that his father was aware of the pregnancy and had threatened to tell my mother if I did not tell her. Immense dread and devastation swelled from the pit of my stomach until it felt as though it could pool out of my mouth. Instead, the only thing escaping was my tears.

Without the courage to simply tell my mother that I was pregnant, I decided to write her a note asking if we could talk in the car. Hesitantly, she agreed. Anxiety swirled around every inch of my body as she trailed behind me. It was cool outside at six o'clock that July evening in that small Mississippi town. Much to my ease, the Kia's interior kept us warm, but the warmth could not protect me from what was about to happen. There was a pause. For a moment I wanted to hold onto forever, all I could focus on was the smell of the peach air freshener, the dim yellowed lights along the roof, and the sea-foam green lights awaiting attention on the dash.

Then my mother broke the silence. With shaking unease, she said, "So what is it?" I wanted to speak. I so desperately wanted to bring the whole ordeal to an end, but my voice was against me. I could not force myself to create the words, so I reclaimed my paper before writing down what I wished was false. Without uttering a response, she began to cry.

“Was it consensual?” This was the first sentence to emerge from my mother. Those words rang in my mind; however, I did not answer her. With more firmness to her voice falling behind her concern, she asked me, “Did you want to have sex?”

I said “no,” but it almost did not seem like my own voice. She began a drawn-out speech of acceptance and support for me that I found hard to pay attention to. Then with tears falling down her cheeks, she leaned across the console and hugged me from the driver’s side of the car. Weakly, I wrapped my arms around her in return.

I felt as though I was in a daze. Somehow we managed to leave the car and make our way back inside of the house. Just then my boyfriend called my mother. Admittedly, I did not want her to answer. But she chose to indulge him, so I excused myself to my bedroom at the back of the house. I expected for the call to be short, and soon I heard my mother call for me. I took a seat across the table and was told of my boyfriend’s incessant claim that I was lying about his heinous actions. Hazy, I heard my mother tell me of his persistent urges for me to “be honest” with her. Hoping for sanctuary, I picked myself up from the chair and returned to my room.

However, mercy was not with me that night because the conversation did not end there. My mother’s footsteps immediately echoed from the tiled hallway as she made her way to my room. I did not try to stop my tears, and my face was wet when she appeared in my doorway. Her voice was apparent, but I could not hear her words. I did not need to. I knew she was questioning who was telling the truth, me or my boyfriend. My sorrows fizzled, quickly replaced by my agitation with my mother.

I finally said, “Fine. Yes, I’m lying. I just didn’t want everyone to see me as more of a whore than they already will.” Heat emanated from my face as my irrational attempt to

terminate the evening exploded from my lips. My mother seemed stunned by my outburst, growing quiet for the first time since the announcement of my pregnancy. I was glad for the quiet, but I regretted saying those untrue words as soon as I processed what I had done, and I knew I could not take them back.

Later that night, I found myself on the phone with my father. I regurgitated the false innocence of my boyfriend, taking responsibility for the situation I found myself in. Shame ate me from the inside, knowing I was lying to him; however, I was certain that this lie was ultimately in my best interest. I knew that it would be far more strenuous attempting to backpedal; it was not worth the distress it would cause me.

However, now I know I was wrong to cover for my boyfriend at that time. I can say with confidence that I will never lie again to appease another person.