

I stand there with the choice in my very own hands. For once, I could finally see life for what I had longed for it to be. The only question is; Do I stay here, or do I return back, back to 1990. Growing up in and out of homes, I always wondered, why me? Or, what would life be like with a normal family? But the truth is, I never fully got to grasp what the feeling would ever be like. With my push for freedom as I age towards adulthood, no one ever taught me the struggle of living life on my own.

Yes, by now I am sure you are wondering "Is she in foster care?" And to that, I respond to you, sadly, yes. Don't get me wrong, living with a stranger is way better than the streets, but for some strange reason, I don't see it as ideal. Mr. and Mrs. Krahmer are the owners of the house I'm staying at for the next couple of months. They're pretty nice people. I've been with them for nearly two and a half months and so far they really are unlike the rest. Within the first week of my arrival, Mrs. Krahmer took me to the mall to get new school clothes. It was nice to have slacks that don't cut short on my calves. When Stacy brought me here, I was unsure about the status of their living arrangement, Mr. Krahmer had not yet cleaned out his office that I now call my bedroom. So, for right now it all panned out.

Stacey is my Caseworker. Yeah, I know it may seem weird that I have a caseworker at this age, but after all, I was abandoned at birth. For some reason, throughout 28 homes, no one ever thought to take me in so I could claim their last name. Seventeen whole years with no one I can call my family. If that doesn't seem awkward, you should think about how all of my PTK meetings went in elementary school. PTK meetings stand for parents, teacher, and kid conferences. Yeah, lucky Stacey got me out of most of those in Middle School. She has been my caseworker sense I can remember, she probably is just here out of pity, but at least that made her stay. I like Stacey a lot. No matter what the issue is, I can write to her and she'll always be here with me eventually. It's been nice having someone who takes the time to care about me whenever. Tomorrow I have my first day of senior year at a new school and I'm hoping for the best with this one.

The dawn swept in rapidly, before I knew it, it was 6:07 A.M. Time to get ready for my incredibly long and most likely brutal day. By the time 7 O'clock comes along, Mrs. Krahmer starts up the bug and drives me to school. Luckily, the school is only about 3 miles away from the neighborhood I am staying in. Once we arrived, we got out of the vehicle and went to get all set up for the day. I got checked in and set up with a school counselor, he showed me around a bit and took me to my first period class right before the bell rang.

"Tick-tick-tick-"

As the hands on the clock slide further and further clockwise, I found that my school day was slipping to an end. Well, if I'm being honest I found myself at lunch. Only half way through the

day... The people here seem nice though, other than being pretty distant and only gaining people's

The History Of Tatum Quin- (1973)

page 2

eyes throughout the day, I think I could learn to like it here. The school doesn't really have intense rules on eating in the cafeteria, so I did what every new kid with no friends would do. I found a large Janitor's Closet to hunker down in. It was pretty cozy actually. I could tell it was old because the light that I turned on with a hanging string from the ceiling was dimmed and when I turned it on I saw that the wallpaper in front of me was peeling off.

“Interesting.” I said to my self as I sat down and started eating.

I had Gotten about halfway through my meal and decided that I was full. As I was looking around for a trash can, I found this huge cardboard looking box. A box that looks almost like a radiation test chamber. Although that's kind of gruesome, that's the only way I found to explain it. With the common sense in my brain telling me not to go near it, I had every urge as a teenager to do exactly the opposite. As my hand reached out and my head sucked in, I was now in the Box.

The ground started to Shake, the lights on the wall started to shine, the sweat on my hands started to slip, and the door that I once held open, was shut with no signs of opening back up.

“What in the world?” I think to myself.

The wall to my right almost appears to be a screen, not like the screen that I saw on Stacey TV one time, but a screen that appeared Transparent on my side, but translucent on the outside.

“Destination.” Is the word that appeared on the screen as I tried to gain a common Sense answer to what was happening.

Staring at the screen for about a minute I watched the screen switch from the word

“ destination” to the words

“ place, date, time.”

I have no idea what it means, but all of a sudden I just had this overwhelming feeling that I knew what I was in.

I want with everything in me to believe that this is a dream, but I cannot shake the thought of going back where everything started, my birth.

“ Saint Jose Hospital... 9-7-1973..... 3:55P.M..”

As a kid in care, it's always a dream to wonder where it all started, the only difference this time is that not everyone has a time machine. Buttons pop, strange stretches, metal buzzes, and the floor shakes up a storm causing my feet to be brought to the floor. I lay on the surface for what seems

like five minutes. Before I know it everything stops. I hear an air bubble gasp at the sign of relief as the vibrating box appears to be settling down. I Decide to stand and regain my balance.

“ what even just happened?”

The History Of Tatum Quin- (1973)

page 3

As a bajillion questions and thoughts gather in my mind, I step forward to embrace the door. The transparent yet translucent wall starts counting down from 10 minutes as I open the door..

The bright light of a sunny day fruits me on the other side of the door. Insight I see a bunch of cars surrounding me and what seems to be a hospital about 40 yards away from me to my right. I turn my head as my feet join me and I walk towards the building. It seems as though there is a force pushing me towards the door as I get closer and closer I feel a sense of unreality. I walk in that before I know it the Force brings me to one room or I see a beautiful girl and a precious newborn baby. They're real, they're there, but at the same time, my surroundings are faded. It's like everyone sees me, but they don't. No one knows it's me and no one seems bothered by my appearance in the room. The woman has dark black locks of hair with an accompaniment of beautiful golden skin, She has right blue eyes with a tent of black in the center of the pupil. It's unbelievable. Tears are brought to my eyes as I realize the connection I have to this woman. This is

in fact my mother. I walk in closer to take a look at my past self and the area around my birth. It's nothing like I had imagined. it's a lot cleaner, fancier, and my mother is not even close to what I imagined in my brain , I guess I always just thought that where I came from was nothing good. my biological mother had to have been poor, right? I mean isn't that the only reason why she wouldn't want to keep me. I walk up so close almost to the point of being able to touch the top of my soft baby head. Still unnoticed, a tear drops from my eyes, All of a sudden I hear the count down from the mysterious machine that brought me here ticking in the back of my head. Probably by the ticking I hear a strange voice coming from behind me.

“ You have to choose.”

I turned to see a nurse behind me, but this girl actually noticed me. She hands me a paper that says keep or Leave. Attached to the paper is an information paragraph explaining how if I pick “keep” I get to restart my life what's my biological mom, but if I choose to “leave,” return home and forget this ever happened. I stand there with the choice in my very own hands. For once, I could finally see life for what I had longed for it to be. The only question is; Do I stay here, or do I return back, back to 1990.