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I remember when I was three.

I remember when they didn’t want me.

I remember being treated unfair.

I remember those words “come get your child out my house”

I remember doing the little evil things to my cousin to get back at that treatment.

I remember the arguments.

I remember the messed up things people always said.

I remember the kids in school moving their lips too much.

I remember getting detention afterschool atleast twice a month.

I remember hurting the dean.

I remember the whippings.

I remember the first day of H.S.

I remember them saying “Abby won’t make it”

I remember all the trouble I put myself and my parents through.

I remember making it right.

I remember graduating.

I remember the tears of happiness and the unlimited smiles around me.

I remember making it to college.

And now I don’t even remember messing up.