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Forever

There comes a time in life where all that is happening in life is so perfect. All the happy emotions seem like they will last forever. Then one day out of the dreamy sky, forever is not there anymore and life seems to have been ruined. I was only nineteen years old when my forever guy broke my heart. My life was changed forever.

I was a senior in high school when I first met my forever guy. We met at a high school basketball game, which became our hang out spot for the rest of the season. Basketball games then became movie and dinner dates. Just to reassure, we were still just friends. It was our high school homecoming dance and he had asked me to be his date. It was the best proposal ever because not only did he ask me to be his date, but he had asked me to be his girlfriend. It only got better after this. Months after that I was the happiest girl on the planet. We did everything together. He was my boyfriend and best friend in one. I was in love and he told me he was too.

I was a senior and he was a junior in high school. I was graduating and he still had one more year to go. We had it all planned out. I would wait a year and work. Once he graduated, we would both attend the same college together and start our future. Life was great, besides the less time we had to spend together due to busy school and work schedules. We made it work though, to keep us together.

I soon after that found out I was pregnant. The most mixed emotional time of my life. Finding out we were expecting a child was weird and unbelievable. A good three months of my pregnancy, we had planned out so much for our child. Life was good. Slowly but surely, I began to realize how his actions begun to change. I was pregnant and emotional but I did whatever I could to not think anything bad about my forever guy. There were so many plans and a child to look forward to. I was convinced nothing could go wrong.

One morning I woke up to the worst break up text. My forever guy was not my forever guy anymore. A lot of excuses were told that day, “I’m not ready” “I’m too young” “I’m scared” but I knew that was not it. I was nineteen years old, pregnant, and had a broken heart. For the longest time I was in disbelief.

I changed forever after that day. I had to grow up and learn how to be a parent alone. I had to work harder and take extra care of myself. I had to learn that people make choices that no one else would probably understand. One person made me feel amazing, and then the next day made me feel broken. I had to be okay with being damaged and abandoned. My “forever guy” became my wrecking ball and builder in one.

I soon had my son Kade. The most magnificent feeling is becoming a mom. Seeing my son blocked out all the negativity in my life. I spent most of my time and attention on my son. I did not have any time to sit and worry about being broken. Getting use to a new life and changing my lifestyle to make my son’s life more pleasant was and is continuing to be a working piece of art. All the plans me and my forever guy had planned were gone. Kade and myself made new ones.

My broken heart will forever have memories and scars. I hold those scars close because if it was not for my forever guy I would not be the person I am today. No matter what the situation is and no matter how certain it feels, always be prepared for the worse. I am only twenty years old and I have plenty of heart breaks to go through, but I have learned how to cope with them better. At any given time, things can change in a blink of an eye and go downhill. Things go wrong for everyone, it is not the end of the world. I have learned that things will happen and things will change, rather it be for the good or the bad but we must build and learn. Life is not promised forever. I will make it the best I can and will not let petty things like a break up make me feel like it is the end of the world. My heart break changed how I think and carry myself forever.