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Goodbye For Good

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Abstract
In lieu of an abstract, below is the essay's first paragraph.

"Sunshine fell from behind the curtain and warmed Sara's cheek. She yawned and stretched herself awake. Careful not to disturb her boyfriend, she slid out of bed and pulled on sweatpants and a T-shirt. Her coach had wanted her at the track early this morning. Sometimes she wondered why he pushed her harder than the other girls on the team, didn't he know that track was not her life?"

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For Good

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She looked at her son sleeping in the rickety homemade crib. How could her parents not love this child that she and John had created? They didn't want to try, or maybe couldn't was the better word. They had immediately kicked her out of the house when they found out her "predicament." She had made a life without them anyway. She had survived.

Sara turned and stared at herself in the mirror. Sometimes she wondered how she had gotten to where she was in only 19 years. While running a brush through her long brown hair she let her eyes drop to a picture of her parents. She still loved them. Sometimes she missed them, and wondered if they missed her. Their pride probably got in the way of missing her. Filled with anger towards the unforgivable, she yanked her hair into a quick, tight ponytail. Satisfied with the way she looked she packed her duffel bag. Looking at the clock, she saw that she only had 10 minutes to get to school.

"Hon, wake up, I'm going now." She wanted to remind him to feed the baby.

"Ok, babe, feed the baby at eight, I know ... love you." He smiled and blew her a kiss, then rolled back over to doze a little longer.

On her way out the door, the phone rang. She ran to answer it before it woke the baby.

"Hello!" She snapped into the phone, annoyed that someone would call this early.

"Sara?! Baby? Is that you? OH MY GOD, Lou, it is her, we found her. Oh, Sara, honey are you there?" The crying, screaming voice of her mother was distant and distorted to her. She dropped the phone back into it's cradle as if it were a bomb. Shaking, she swore they would not be a part of her life. Ever.

--Kate McNamara