

## The Unplanned Child

What is a story?

Where does it begin?

To me that is up for each individual to decide.

For me my story starts in Sri Lanka, four years before I was born.

A German woman and an American man cross paths,

Backpacking across a foreign country.

They fall in love and at the turn of the century,

The two say their vows as the bells ring.

My parents weren't planning on having kids yet,

They wanted to explore the world,

Travel.

But things do not always go as planned.

One short year later they were pregnant,

Imagine their surprise when instead of one,

They found out they were getting two.

More than a decade has passed since then,

And my parents think we're the best accident that could have happened,

But sometimes I still feel like that unplanned child,

A mistake.

The rejects,

That's what my friends were dubbed,

Everyone who nobody else wanted.

Over time we learned to embrace the name,

Joked about it even,

But deep down each time someone left

Because they had found a better place,

A more accepted friend group,

Or someone made a snide comment,

I felt like that unplanned child again.

I've never been the most popular girl

Or the one that everyone wants to talk too,

But overtime I've accepted that.

I may be the crazy girl who runs

Or the girl with weird interests,

But that is who I am

And there's no one else I'd rather be.