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Saving the World One Child at a Time

My parents had me at the age of 16. I am now 11. I can't believe they were so young when they had me. Well, my "dad" left my mom when he found out she was pregnant. What a father he turned out to be.

My mom doesn't really care if I go to school. If I don't go, it means she doesn't have to give me money for the bus or lunch. My Mom has a friend Sienna who loans her money sometimes. I overheard my mother and Sienna talking on day. They were saying that my dad was very rich and successful. I felt sad that he didn't want to be part of my life.

Fast forward to two weeks later. I am in bed asleep and all of a sudden I feel cold water splashed on my face. "Wow, thanks mom", I think to myself. "Mom, what the...?" "Don't you curse at me, Ann," my mom screamed. "Mom, why did you splash water in my face?" "I want you to wake up and listen. You have to cook supper tonight. I have to work late and then I am spending the night at Steve's." Steve is my mom's new boyfriend. I don't like him and he always bosses my mom around. It is 6:30 in the morning. My mom is on her way to work at the gas station downtown.

My mother makes minimum wage. We live in a small, damp, mouldy basement apartment. I sleep on the couch because my mom needs the extra bed for all of her clothes. I think Sienna loans my mother money for all of these clothes that my mom wears when she goes downtown on the weekends.

I got up to get in the shower. I hate getting showers because there is not much hot water and I have to use dish liquid for soap and shampoo. We only have a couple of towels and this morning all of them are dirty.

While I am in the shower, I hear a knock on the bathroom door. It is Sienna telling me to hurry up. She has to talk to me. I finish my shower, wrap myself in a dirty towel

and go out to talk to her. "Hey kid," she says, "I want to hook up with your rich daddy." I had a theory that she was using my mother to get to my father. "I don't know where he lives." Sienna hauls the phone book out of the drawer. "He is in the book! He has been living in St. John's all your life." I felt really mad that he was living in the same city as me my whole life. I had always thought he lived away.

"Dial" Sienna yells at me. "I guess I have no choice," I think to myself. "What do I say to him?" "Tell him you are his daughter, Ann, and that you are in a lot of trouble because you have just pushed your mother's friend down and have broken her nicely toned leg." "But that is a lie." Dial this number NOW" she screams.

My hands are shaking as I dial his number. "Hello" a man's voice answers. "Is this Mark?" I ask. "Yes. Who is this?" "I am your daughter, A-A-Ann." I was really nervous. "I am in big trouble. I have pushed my mom's friend down and she has hurt her leg." Is your mom Julie?" "Yes. Please help me, I am in big trouble."

Sienna has a big smile on her face. She asks me to get her a glass of milk. When I go into the fridge to get it, I notice the number of the Kid's Help Phone. I watch the TV commercial all the time and I am starting to have an idea. I don't think it is right for an 11 year old to sleep on the couch, be left alone at night, not have to go school and live in a cold, damp apartment.

Sienna and I kept waiting for a knock on the door. She wanted to blackmail my father to get some of his money. After a while, Sienna goes to the bathroom. "This is my only chance" I think to myself. I take a big breath and dial the Kid's Help phone number. I tell the woman on the other line everything.

Fast forward five years later. Now I am seventeen. I can tell you that the Kids Help Phone works. You are probably left wondering "OMG. What happened when Sienna went to the bathroom?" Well, I will leave that for another story. The Kids Help Phone saved my life. Never hesitate to call them. I now live with my dad. Sienna and my mother were charged with child abuse. I now volunteer with the Kids Help Phone and I will try to change the world helping kids like me even if it takes saving one child at a time.