

This is my story, and you wont believe it...

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Hi, my name is Robert Josh Samsen and this is the story of my life story. I believe it provides a different outlook on life and it may bring tears. To others, it might be boring but to me, it's from the heart; a heart that I was born with and nearly died because of it. Enjoy.

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Hi my name is Robert Josh Samsen and this is my story. Since most people on the internet like to read short/breif stories, I can't promise that it will be a short one, but what I can promise you is by the end of my story, you will think twice about your parents and how much more appreciation you should show to them for loving you. If you care, read on. If you think you're going to feel bored, forget it. Afterall, my mother seemed to "give up" on me enough.

On the summer of 1997, I was my mothers pride and joy. I was born prematurely, weighing 7.2 lbs and I was fighting for my life. With an irregular heart beat, I was checked in frequently at the hospital. The doctors said I could not go home for another 2 weeks after I was born, because they wanted to keep a close eye on me. My mother, whos name was Mariella, was only 17 at that time and my father, who was on drugs most of the time, was not there for my mother while she was at the hospital. My mother had sleepless nights worrying about my health and if I was going to get better, or not survive at all. Luckily for me, I was strong enough to overcome my heart problems and eventually become normal. I came out of the hospital after 1.5 weeks.

My father, not being home most of the time, probably on the streets selling or buying drugs did not favor me. My mother had to raise me on her own. Having to keep up with work and babysitting me was not very easy, especially since I was born with heart problems. As I grew older, my father started to keep his distance from me, eventually leaving me and my mother when I was about 7 years old. I wasn't sure if it was because he didn't want me to become influenced into his drug addictions or if he just didn't love my mother anymore. His parents, my grandparents, loved me endlessly. According to my mother, her parents died in an accident. This is where it all begins.

I graduated from elementary school, winning honors. I was about to go into my first year of high school and we had moved, so I had no friends. I was often teased because of my braces and glasses, which made me look like the biggest nerd ever, but I didn't care. As months passed, I noticed a new man coming over to our place to have dinner every once in a while. His name was Steven, worked as a lawyer, and he was my mother's new lover. Steven and I were never close and I could not see him as "my dad". Sometimes I would come home and my mother and Steven wouldn't come home till after 8pm. I guess it was because they had gone out for dinner, without me. Not even a single question was asked if I was hungry or if I wanted to join them for dinner one time, so when I got hungry, I would go over to my grandparents house down the street and my grandma would make me my favorite spaghetti dish. I would finish my homework till about 9:00 then walk home. I often asked my grandparents why my father hated me, but they said I was "too young" to understand, so I stopped.

Finally, 9th grade was almost over. Just when I was preparing for summer, my mother asked me to come and sit down and have 10 minutes of her time. I did not realize that those 10 minutes were going to change my life. After we sat, Steven came out of nowhere and sat beside her, putting his arm around her shoulder. She sat me down to tell me that she found out that she was pregnant and that Steven and her are planning on getting married in the summer. As a young boy, not knowing many things, I was used to seeing a child with their biological parents living "happily ever after", but that didn't obviously workout for me. I cried myself to sleep that night.

It is now summer, and it's my mothers wedding day. She was 3 months pregnant, barely showing, and I had the honor of walking down the isle with her. Ceremony ended and felt pain in my heart for the whole night for some reason. I tried to hide it so that my mother wouldn't worry about me the whole night, and just enjoy her wedding night with her newly wedded husband. The pain wouldn't go away.

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6 months later, my mother gave birth to a new baby girl and named her Karla. She was born with a irregular heart beat as well and stayed in the hospital for 2 full weeks. It reminded of me but I was premature. There's more to the story.

Since my mother was left at the hospital to take care of Karla, I had no choice but to stay with Steven, since he was considered my "*legal guardian*". We never got along, he asked too many questions about my father and I felt like I had to say something because he might hurt me if I didn't. He was definitely one of those strict guys I guess because he is a lawyer.

Finally, Karla was out of the hospital. and I was happy to see her, not knowing it would change my mother's point of view about me. She focused and gave all her time to Karla, I would always get in trouble for nothing and the worst part is, Steven was never there to back me up. My summer turned out to be hell, and I couldn't wait to get back to school.

To get things off my shoulder, my mother decided it was best for me to go camping for the long labour day weekend with my grandparents. I had a fantastic time. The best long weekend I had ever had to be exact. Everything was fine and dandy, till I got home.

My grandparents dropped me home, but there was no cars parked on the driveway. The house was completely empty, not even a single piece of furniture was in the house, except for my stuff in my room. Turns out my mother had planned the weekend with my grandparents in a way to get rid of me without even telling me. I couldn't believe it. I went up to my room, which was the only room filled with stuff, and started to cry on my bed till the night. There was no kitchen, no food, not even a single note from my mother for the reason why she just completely left me without saying goodbye. I guess her "ideal definition of a wonderful life" was to have a complete family with children from the same father, and happiness, and since I was the bastard child, I guess I didn't fit in.

I often hear teenage stories about daughters fighting with their mothers, about sons fighting with their fathers, or sisters and brothers fighting with each other, but eventually make up for it. Do you ever ask yourself why? why do you really fight with your parents? why do you fight with your siblings? call each other names? saying "I hate you, I never wanna see you ever again". At the end of the day, it's useless because you don't really mean it. Despite the troubles, your parents still share unconditional love for you, because you are their offspring and you are their life. Even if you try to hate your parents, you cant stop to think about why or how you came to live in this world. Some teenagers don't realize how much their parents love them, or don't even try to understand why their parents say or do these certain things. Yeah, it may seem embarassing sometimes, but it ensures safety. With my mother, she was young, afraid yet happy to have me. Most mothers choose to abort their unborn child at 17 years of age, but mine didn't, yet I just don't understand why she chose to completely ditch me.

No telephone call, no contact information, not even a single idea of where the heck she has gone. I am currently living with my grandparents just down the road, and i'm still in high school. My mother is no longer "MY MOTHER".. she's just "Mariella" now, who was once a part of my life, and a memory of a very important woman who once loved me but obviously had better plans ahead of her.

You think you're living a hard life now?

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