

Unconditional Love Was Not Enough word count 716

Imagine finding it at the bus stop, a large brown box with rigid ends.

It was a dark gloomy day in the city, lights were out, and the rain continued to pour as the storm raged on. I hurried to the bus stop in hopes of seeking shelter. With relief, I plopped myself down on the single wet seat at the bus stop, while wiping the rain off, I discovered something tucked neatly under the small bench. Out of curiosity, I reached for it. At that moment, I heard a strange wailing sound coming from a large, unmarked box.

I gently opened it and found the last thing I expected... a baby. I was mesmerized by the deep blue eyes that looked identical to the rapid waves of the ocean, fascinated by the feel of the silky soft skin and blinded by her striking orange hair. This was a face I'd never forget, so unique, and so beyond perfect, even in the blur of the darkness.

Her crying slowly stopped as I gently cuddled this frail newborn in my open arms. We waited until the bus came to pick us up. She was left dry and cold all alone and abandoned. Her and I shared the same look of sorrow. When I was 15, my parents were tragically killed in a car accident leaving me behind. Each flashback of my lonely grey nights convinced me to keep the baby until she was no longer weak, I knew this decision was selfish, but the grief got to me. Seven billion people in the world, how could I still feel so alone. I made it home safely to my single bed apartment. I knew I couldn't keep this baby, I'm not ready for such responsibilities.

Each day with this baby was a blessing. My love for this tiny stranger grew stronger by the minute. Her giggles made my long days worth it, her toothless smile brought joy to my heart. For

years, I yearned for any type of love, but this was the one that fulfilled my soul. I had no idea I could love someone this much. She was the solution to my broken heart. But just like everything in my life, I knew she would have to leave.

I recall the day my parents died. My heart dropped the very moment I received the worst call of my life. They were all I had. They were my whole world. I cried for hours as I felt my tears drown me in an ocean full of sorrow. No one to talk to, no one to see, it was like I was in a movie. One with no happy ending, no resolution, just problems that never get fixed.

Today was the day, it had been a week with the baby, I now have to let go. I walk up to the orphanage sobbing as if a knife stabbed through my fragile heart. I felt as if each part of my life was ripped away from me. But unfortunately, this baby was never one to keep, just one in need of love. I talked with an orphanage staff member and she told me, "if you sign some papers, you can then legally keep the baby." These words made all my walls come crashing down. That was all I wanted. The potential I had to be a "mom" overwhelmed me. Sadly, it was only a dream I could hope for, in reality I'm not stable enough to give this kid the best life ever. She deserves only the best, my unconditional love would not be enough. I reluctantly handed over the baby and ran in the opposite direction, I couldn't dare to look back. Denying the chance to keep the baby was probably one of the hardest decisions to make. But it was done.

That night I arrived back home with a piece of me missing. At least I sat with the satisfaction of knowing that the baby will live the fullest life, with better parents that will show her happiness. Best thought was I knew I was capable of one day, giving love, and I held on to hope. The same thought of "right person, wrong time" ran through my mind that night. In another life, we'll meet again.

