

## The Day My Life Changed Forever

Word Count: 745

Imagine finding it at the bus stop. A map that changed my life. That day I had a presentation that could make or break my career, and I was so nervous. I had chills running down my spine as I walked to my stop, but I knew that music always calmed me down. I reached my hand into my pocket to grab my phone and headphones, but it was empty. Are you kidding me? I couldn't call anyone if something happened, and I had nothing to stop me from being anxious.

I never looked around the street of my bus stop before because I always looked at my phone. People were walking everywhere because they were in a hurry, cars honked every few seconds. My bus stop looked so old because advertisements have been ripped off of it, the bench was broken, and it was filled with so many leaves. I felt like kicking them out of the booth. When I reached the end, there was a piece of paper folded into four just lying there. I had nothing else to do but to pick it up.

I opened it, and before figuring out what was on it, I thought it was mine. The handwriting looked so familiar. Was this something I dropped before? It said, "To: Hayden", or "To: Harden". That was close to my name. However, it wasn't my paper. Furrowing my eyebrows, I tried to think. The corner of the paper had been ripped off, but it definitely said "From:" someone. That was the most intriguing part, and I didn't have any answers. I sighed in frustration because I just wanted to know what was happening. It was a map that led to somewhere, but I couldn't figure out where. All I could make out were the bus numbers.

I don't think I realized the time, but when I looked up, the bus to work had just driven away. I tried to run after it. There was no use, so I stopped, panting. I stood there, angry at myself.

In the blink of an eye, the bus from the map going the opposite direction of my work just showed up, and I decided to get on it. It must have been a sign! It made me smile, just going off somewhere because I hadn't done that before. An hour passed, and we just kept going. The street style started to change, there were more people, like me. People dancing in the streets, listening to music, talking and laughing with each other. They were having fun and being themselves. Right then and there, I heard my stop being announced. I almost made it, but the question still was, to where?

When I got off the bus, my body relaxed. I felt like I could do anything, be who I wanted to be, it felt more like home. I totally forgot about the map because I was enjoying the city surrounding me. When I remembered, my mouth started to dry up because I was very close to the end. The last part of the map was very hard to make out because the ink was all smudged, but it looked like a house because there was a number and a street address. The number was definitely 123, and the street started with an F. I looked around, and I was standing on Folklore Street. There was a house numbered 123, so I went to see if it was the right place. I crossed the street at such a quick pace. My heart pounded, and my entire body sweat. I got to the front door, and I breathed out to calm myself down. My hands were so clammy that it made the paper damp. But I did it, I knocked! No one came to the door. So, I knocked again.

An old man answered. Looking straight at him, I could see myself, but older. His eyes and hair were the same colour as mine, his height and posture too. I dropped the map! He looked

down at it and his face lit up. He said, "Hello, son. Nice to finally meet you." His voice sounded just like mine! He was my real father, and I finally found him, or he found me! I stood completely still, and a second later, I wept for joy. In that moment, my life turned upside down, but someday I have to ask him how he made this all happen.