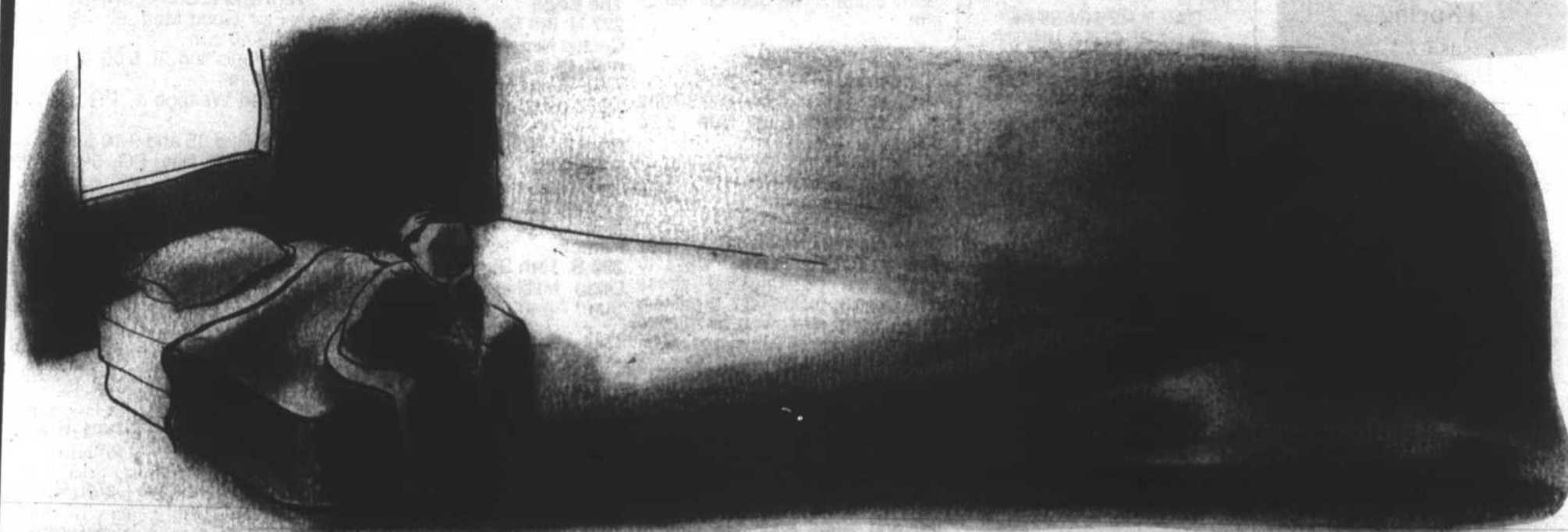


My Final Approval



Brian Shellito/DN

(Editor's note: This is the first of a four part work of fiction.)

"If I would stay, I would only be in the way..." These were the lyrics from Whitney Houston's song, "I'll Always Love You," and it was these words that played on the radio at least four or five times as I tossed in my bed, pondering whether or not I should go through with the abortion.

Naturally, I had a sleepless night. I might as well have stayed up and waited for midmorning to arrive, because I didn't get any sleep.

I wondered if I was making the right decision. Maybe I should wait, maybe I would change my mind, just maybe I could handle raising a child after all.

It never stopped — the answers, the questions, the solutions, they never stopped and daybreak was there before I knew it. Hours that seemed like minutes went by, and before long I was startled by the alarm clock that was blaring for me to get up.

But I couldn't, because the sleep was still cloudy in my eyes and various decisions and options continued to cloud my mind. It was such a slow process. I wanted to lay back down and finally wake up to this terrible dream that I was having. I knew it couldn't be real, even as I continued to get dressed.

This couldn't be me getting ready to prevent a life from forming. I mean honestly, not Shanequa Lynn Grant. The honor student, the student leader, the mother to all children, the child that everyone knew as the kid who would defy all societal stereotypes and be successful. The kid who never made a terrible mistake except this one.

And all because of one night, one lonely night that brought me and Anthony together as one, but a night that left me carrying his daughter or son. It was this one night that altered my entire life and left me wondering how I would view others about their morals and how would the rest of the world view me.

It was a constant battle as I

prepared for my final steps to the clinic. And as we started our drive to the clinic, so did the flashbacks. And they never stopped, they just never stopped.

There I was once again lying in the bed, hot and starving for a passionate night, but with whom? Ahh! I remember so clearly, as if it were yesterday.

"Anthony, you don't have to sleep on the floor — you can sleep in my bed with me. Just don't get any bright ideas and don't be touching me." As I turned over and started to enter my slumber.

"Whatever Shanequa, I should be telling you that," Anthony said as he started to prepare himself for bed. "Oh, Shanequa I left my night clothes at home, so I'll have to sleep in my shorts."

"Yeah, Anthony — I just bet you left them, you knew exactly what you were doing. Just don't touch me." Those were my last words as I laughed myself to sleep thinking about how sneaky he was.

But never did it occur to me that something would actually happen. I thought everything was cool. But maybe I should have made him stay on the floor after all. What I didn't expect to happen did, and here I was driving on my way to an abortion clinic.

It was the wee hours of the morning and I woke to the touch of Anthony caressing my outer thigh. My God, I thought, is he touching me or am I just dreaming it. So I woke myself up as much as I could to wait to see if it would happen again and sure enough it did.

Although the tender touch felt good, I didn't want anything to happen. Without further ado, I said in a rather questionable way, "Anthony would you stop touching me," as if I did want him to continue. And he honored my request — until I took it a step farther.

As Anthony flipped over to continue back into his slumber where he left off, I started messing with him as he did me. But then I abruptly stopped, because I didn't want things to get out of hand. But it was

too late, because I messed with him just enough to get him aroused and arouse my own inner feelings for him.

One thing led to another, and we found ourselves passionately kissing as we continuously caressed one another. Then he went to take things a step further. Was I going to let him? I guess I was because I found myself asking him the important question, well at least what I thought to be the important question at the time.

"Anthony, do you have a condom?"

"No, Shanequa I didn't bring one, because I wasn't expecting this to happen."

"Well, let me see if I have any." I broke the passion between us to look for a condom. It took me so long to find it, I didn't think I had one. But I finally found one stuck in my dresser. I gave it to him and watched him put it on.

And wouldn't you know it — the condom was a dud. As soon as he got it in, I asked him to take it out. But it was too late, because when he pulled it out, to my surprise, it had broken.

"Shanequa you wouldn't believe this, but the condom broke."

"While you were inside me?" I replied confused.

"Yes."

I shook my head and said don't worry. I really didn't think I could have gotten pregnant, it wasn't in there long. But those few moments of pleasure had already started forming a life without either of us knowing.

And up until I found out about my condition, I just knew everything was okay and I wasn't pregnant. My biggest fear was any diseases I could have contracted. But pregnancy, now that was the farthest thing from my mind — the farthest thing.

Linda K. Morgan is a junior broadcasting major and a Diversions contributor

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