

My Final Approval



James Mehling/DN

Note: This is part two of a four part fiction story

I found myself dressing to go to an abortion clinic to get rid of something that I wasn't ready for and making a decision for someone who wasn't able to make it for itself — my unborn child. Or was I really going to follow through with it?

My mind wondered back to reality when I found myself crossing the intersection and into an oncoming car's lane. But once I was back on track, they — the flashbacks — made their way back into my mind. But by this time those flashbacks had taken me to the pregnancy clinic where I found out I was with child.

There, I was entering the pregnancy clinic in search of some concrete answers so Anthony could stop asking me if I was pregnant. With confidence, I walked into the clinic knowing that the results would prove that I was not pregnant.

I had been to the clinic once before when I thought I was pregnant from a previous relationship, but this time things just didn't seem like they were going for me. I didn't have an appointment, so I really wasn't sure if I could take the test right away anyway.

As I walked through the doors, an old woman looked up at me as two other young ladies awaited their results.

"Yes, may I help you?" the old woman said with a warm smile on her face.

"Yes," I replied. "I was just in the area — and I wanted to see if I could have a pregnancy test done. Now I don't have an appointment, but I was wondering if I could come as a walk-in?"

"Sure. Go in the other room and have a seat and I'll be right with you."

"OK. Thank you," I said as I

wandered into the next waiting room and sat down.

"Excuse me," the woman said as she walked into the room and as I stood up. "Did you bring a urine sample?"

"No. I thought that I could get a cup from here and just go use your restroom," I said.

"Well, we normally don't have any cups laying around, because when you make an appointment, we ask that you bring your sample in. But I'll see if we have one, OK?"

"OK," I said, sitting back down. The woman came back into the room and said she was unsuccessful in finding a cup.

"Do you live far from here?" she said in a sympathetic voice.

"No," I answered.

"Well, you can just go home and get something to put your sample in and bring it back this afternoon."

"Yes, I can do that," I said, heading for the door. "OK, I'll see you later — about 1 o'clock," the woman replied.

I was on my way to my car but decided to stop off at the front desk to find out if they had any cups that I could use to put my urine sample in. Sure enough, they had some. This made it a lot easier on me, I thought, because I didn't have to go home, and once and for all, I could verify what I had been trying to tell Anthony all along — I was not pregnant.

When I returned, with my urine in the cup, the woman was surprised to see me back so soon. I explained to her that I had gotten a cup from the front desk and didn't have to make a trip home after all.

The woman then stuck the testing device into my urine sample.

"Have a seat, while we wait for your results," she said.

I sat down in the chair opposite her and we began a conversation.

"So, do you want to have a child?" she asked with warmth in

her voice.

"No, I really don't want a child at this time," I answered. "Although I love children, I don't think that I am ready to have a child now."

Leaning over the desk and looking at me with true concern in her eyes, the woman asked me what would I do if I were pregnant.

"Well, I really don't believe in having abortions, and if I were pregnant and carried the baby the whole nine months, I couldn't even see giving it up for adoption either, so I guess I would just keep it."

I must have answered her question too quickly, because everything suddenly changed when the testing device result was positive. Positively pregnant!

"Shanequa, well all the lines are in the blue, so that would mean that you are pregnant," the woman said. All expression must have left my face. I couldn't remember anything she said from that point on. I suddenly became totally oblivious to my surroundings.

Suddenly I remembered the woman directing me to a back room so we could talk.

The room was only steps away, but my steps seemed to be slowly reaching the room. It seemed like ages before we entered the room.

"Well," the woman said, "do you have any idea of what you are going to do?"

"No. I really never thought of it, because although I was nauseated for weeks and hadn't received a visit from my Aunt Flow in a while, pregnancy was the furthest thing from my mind. I thought it was the flu, or something," I said.

"How will your boyfriend feel? Do you think he wants a baby?" the woman asked.

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

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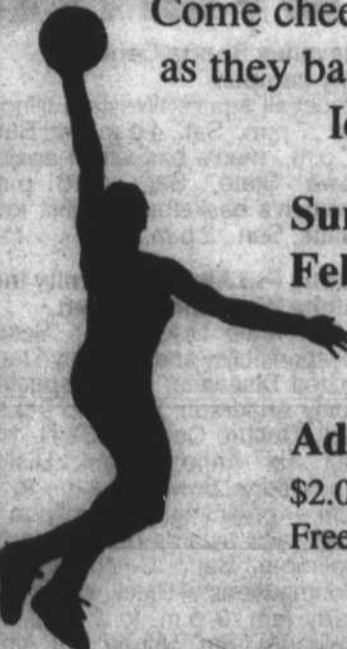
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