

Chapter 1

My name is Blue Skye Wells. My mom named me after the sky and her favorite color. She always said she loved a blue sky.

I couldn't believe how exhausted I was and how much had happened in the last few days. Being back home in my room, on my bed lying down looking up at the ceiling, seemed surreal. I have always found comfort in my home and in my room. It's my sanctuary; where I can be myself without worrying about anyone else. Funny enough blue is my favorite color too. The color blue has always brought me calm and tranquility. It's a color my eyes don't get blinded by or tired of. But with as much calm as it may bring me it's also known for sadness and that's how I feel right now. I feel sad, very sad.

I'm sad because I just lost my baby sister and my mom is fighting for her life in the hospital. I'm back at home and I start seventh grade next week. A week ago, entering seventh grade was my biggest fear, now it's my mom dying. I wanted to have a baby sister for as long as I can remember. I would beg my mom and dad to give me a baby sister who I could hold and cuddle and play with and teach things to.

When my mom told me she was pregnant I was elated. It had finally happened, I thought. I would finally have that baby sister I longed for all my life. But then, problems with my mom's pregnancy began around six months into her pregnancy.

She began to hemorrhage and was rushed to the hospital. My baby sister was born prematurely. My mom almost died and my baby sister survived but there were many complications and she had to undergo three surgeries. She was in the hospital for the four short months of her life. My mom was also in and out of the hospital a lot. My dad was numb, just trying to hold things together as best he could.

I was forgotten about. I was old enough to take care of myself, for the most part. I didn't need supervision. I took the bus to and from school every day. I was a good, quiet, and obedient girl. I didn't give my parents any problems.

It was the beginning of my loneliness and grief. I grieved for the baby sister I would never get to know, play with, talk to...

It was also the beginning of my time alone. I spent a lot of time by myself. My dad worked long hours and my mom shut herself up in her room and cried all the time. When she wasn't in her room, she was in the hospital. I learned to be self-sufficient and to be by myself.