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19/ short story

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The Day Everything Changed

Growing up, my life had always been perfect. A family that loved me. We were always happy, everything a child could wish for. But all it took was one day to burst my little bubble. I still remember this day vividly, like it was yesterday. The day everything changed.

I did have my suspicions, especially after I met an old woman at the grocery store who said I looked familiar. She even called me Sasha. Mind you, my name is Glenda. She looked so convinced that I was her old friend's daughter. I asked my parents if we had a relative named Sasha. They denied it and said it was probably someone trying to con me. But the way they stuttered, the panicked looks on their faces, made me suspicious and eager to find out what they were hiding.

Something told me I wasn't going to like the answers, but I couldn't help it. I started asking neighbours, and it turns out no one really remembered my mother being pregnant. They only remembered seeing her with a baby after spending three months in her hometown. I asked grandma, dad, mom, and aunt about the day I was born and none of their stories matched. Something inside told me I was adopted, but I didn't understand why they would lie to me. I'm 18 I could handle the truth.

Then one day, while cleaning my dad's office, I stumbled upon a hidden safe. Not really hard to crack the password. Inside was an envelope with pictures of a woman holding a baby and a man. What caught me off guard was the uncanny resemblance I had to the woman. But what broke me was a newspaper clipping about a couple shot dead in their apartment and their baby missing. There was also a journal where my so-called mother wrote how guilty she felt and how no one was supposed to die.

My whole life has been a lie. The people I call family murdered my real parents. I don't think I'll ever see them the same again.