**My Parents**

My mom and dad won’t admit it, but I think I’m adopted.

It’s obvious too. I mean look at the differences. I’m beautiful (handsome) and my parents look . . . weird. I’m smart and my parents . . . well, let’s just say the lights are on but nobody’s home. I don’t want to rag on them or anything. They’ve done a pretty good job of raising me. But I think it’s time for me to find my real parents.

I’m sure they’re rich, my dad is a professional athlete, my mom is a supermodel, and they pick me up in their jet and fly to our mansion with an indoor swimming pool!

*(Thinking)* So when I go, I’ll have to change schools . . . wait a minute, I just made the cheerleading squad (soccer team). I don’t want to change schools! *(Really thinking)* They better not come here thinking they can buy me off! They’re the ones that gave me up! I mean, my mom and dad may not be my birth parents but they at least stuck by me when I got sick. Who do these people think they are?

I better not look for them, it will just cause problems.