

bravelittlebear

“So, have any of you girls seen a condom?”

We were in year ten. I was sitting with my friends on the grassed hill at the bottom of our school. It was lunch time and we were talking about our favourite topic, boys. We talked about kissing and then we talked about sex. Questions were being fired left, right and centre between us. Then it came like a thunderbolt: what if you fell pregnant?

This conversation was quite a contrast to the morals of our Private Catholic School.

What I didn't tell my friends this day was that I had already had sex with my boyfriend Dave. It had only happened a week ago.

I still couldn't believe I'd done it, especially because unmarried sex was so against my Catholic upbringing. I didn't want to tell anyone about it because I still couldn't believe I'd compromised my morals.

What I didn't realise at this point was that I was pregnant. Pregnant at 16.

My boyfriend Dave and I had taken the next big step

Dave's parents had gone out, so he and I went upstairs to his bedroom.

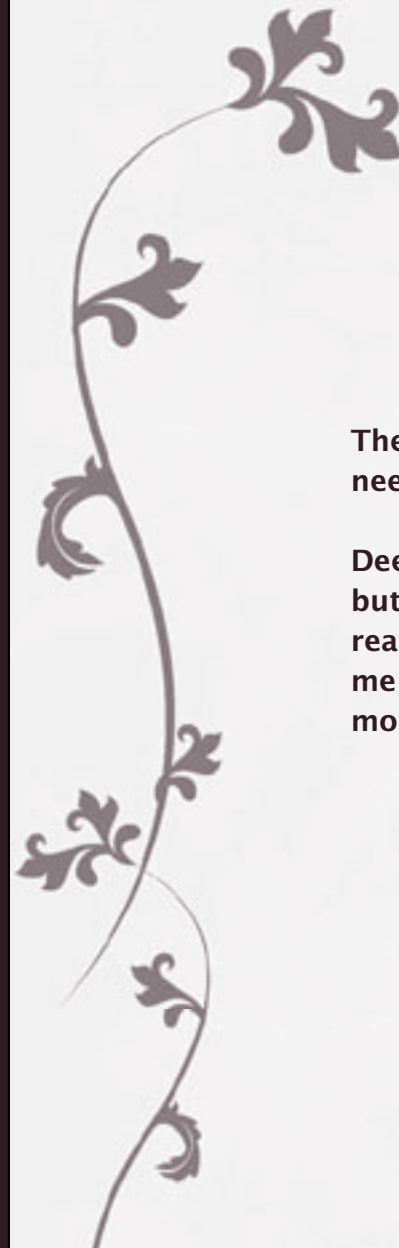
There were two single beds, one on either side of the room. One was Dave's and one was his younger brothers. The bedroom wall was plastered with heaps of teenage paraphernalia: surf posters, surf stickers and graffiti tags.

The room had a scent of 'Rexona Sports' deodorant, Dave's smell. On Dave's chest of drawers was a photo of me, a school photo. I was in year nine and sixteen years old.

I also knew that inside the chest of drawers, underneath all of the 'Target' boxer shorts and grey school socks was a packet of condoms.

The day had arrived when we decided we needed the condoms. I thought I was so ready.

Deep down, I knew I shouldn't have had sex but the truth is it just happened. I didn't even really think about it. This was so weird for me because up until this time I'd always been morally very strong.





Since going to a Christian conference a few months before, I believed I'd established a personal faith in God. I understood that God wanted good things for my life and wanted to keep me protected. I never thought I'd see myself wavering from this protection, let alone having sex before marriage. Regardless of this I found myself in an emotional pull towards Dave and as a result, Dave and I had sex.

Another thing I didn't think about were the repercussions of having sex, like the possibility of falling pregnant. I just assumed it would never happen to me.

So, we had sex and the condom broke....

Shock horror!

Reality check:

- good catholic girl
- had sex
- condom broke
- 16 years old

What would I do?