

I'm Adam

I'm Adam. I'm seventeen. I'm tall, I suppose, six foot, and skinny, but I work out and I swim so I look pretty good. I've got dark hair and brown eyes, a strong nose, in my nan's opinion, and full lips according to my girlfriend. She's just texted me to tell me she's pregnant and that she's going to have an abortion. That's the first I knew about it. I've just thrown the phone down on the bed. I know Katy will be freaking out. Now I'm freaked out too. We've made a whole other life. I know this is a big deal even though people are getting pregnant and having abortions all the time. It's too big for either of us to be expected to deal with. I thought we were being careful. Mostly we use condoms but she told me she was on the pill. She told me her mum took her to the clinic and got her sorted as soon as she was sixteen.

My girlfriend's name is Katy. We have sex a lot. Mostly after school. We go to mine or sometimes hers. But mostly mine because my parents aren't around. Dad works away and mum is depressed and spends time at her therapist or out with her friend, or wherever. I don't know. So Katy and I get home from school and almost always go straight to my room and have sex.

We've been together for about three months. I stole her. We were at some house party and she'd had an argument with this guy in our year she'd been seeing. I ended up comforting her in a bedroom but I wedged the door shut so I must have known something might happen between us. We were both wasted and ended up on the floor and one thing led to another. We never talk all that much. I mean we talk a bit, obviously, but mostly we just have sex.

I pick up my phone from the bed. I'm calling Katy to make sure she didn't make a mistake with the pregnancy test. She doesn't answer. I throw my phone across my room. It hits the light next to my bed and knocks it over. The light falls on the ashtray next to my mattress. My mattress is on the floor. It's a double and the covers are all messed up and smell of sweat and sex and sleep.

I walk over to the light and put it back upright then search around for my cigarettes. I find a box that's a bit battered. There's one left. I light it and sit on the edge of my mattress and take a long drag. I blow the smoke up in the air in a thin stream and then stare around my room.

My stuff is everywhere - all pulled out and chaotic. I feel tense - like every thing's piling in on top of me. I need to listen to some music.

A pile of CD's dotted with an empty condom wrapper and a sock is strewn like puke across the middle of my bedroom floor. I crawl over to the centre of the CD-puke and clatter the cases around and find the Kings of Convenience. The first song makes me feel melancholy. I know this is pretentious. I know I'm being an idiot and that what I feel doesn't even matter, but whatever. No one else even knows I'm listening to this or feeling anything and if no one's watching then it's not embarrassing.

I crawl back across the floor on my hands and knees towards my bed. My bedroom is big - the biggest room in the house after my mum and dad's bedroom and the living room. As I crawl I keep the cigarette pointing upwards masterfully. It keeps burning and doesn't drop any ash. I feel like doing this is something that takes a bit of practice. It gives me

a sense of accomplishment that I know is dumb.

I lie back on my bed and I think about how my covers look like a plate of old, unfinished dinner around me. I finish the cigarette and think about being a dad. I don't want to be a dad. I'm too young to have a kid. Where would I put it anyway? Not that I'd get it even if Katy went through the whole pregnancy and actually had the baby. I suppose her parents would look after it so she could finish her A-levels and go to university. Maybe I'd see it once a year at the park for half an hour or something? My parents would probably have to pay some maintenance or something. Shit! Dad would go mental. I realise my thinking is messed up and decide to call Katy again.

I find my mobile next to a glass which has fallen over and spilt water. The carpet has a dark splodge the size of a football. I check my phone. It's wet but it's still working. I call Katy. This time she answers. She tells me to meet her in town tomorrow. She says she'll go to the clinic to get rid of it but she wants to see me first. I thought girls usually did that sort of thing with their friends. I don't know if I want to go. I don't know if I can face it. I know this makes me a shit and that it's not all about me. But for me, it's about me and I don't want to feel like a stupid little boy who couldn't do the whole safe-sex thing. Katy tells me I have to pay half for the abortion and to make sure I'm not late. I ask if she's all right and she sort of laughs but I know she's messed up and crying and then she hangs up.

I haven't got any money. I can't pay half.

Tomorrow is Friday. We've got school in the morning. It's a good school. What I mean is they get good grades. There's high expectations. Quite a few people go to Oxford or Cambridge every year. I wonder how many of these people have got their girlfriend pregnant or had abortions. Katy wants to go to Cambridge. That's probably partly why she wants to have an abortion. I don't know where I'll go to uni. I don't know if I care. My parents want me to go somewhere they can tell their friends about but they're getting divorced and mum's gone crazy so what they want doesn't really matter.

I can't believe I've got to go to an abortion clinic in the morning. I wonder about staying up really late till I'm so tired that I sleep late in the morning and miss meeting Katy. That way, by the time we hook up it'll all be over. She'll think I'm a dick but whatever. I mean, it's got to be all over between me and her anyway. How can it not be after this?

This is all so shit. There's a house party tomorrow night. Some kid's parents have gone skiing and left him on his own in their massive house. By then the abortion will be done and it won't be a problem any more.