

When I was a kid, my mother told me that I was a little piece of blue sky that came into this world because she and dad loved me so much. It was only later that I realized that wasn't exactly true. Most babies are coincidences. I mean, up in space you've got all these souls flying around, looking for bodies to live in. then, down here on earth, two people have sex or whatever, and bam! Coincidence. Sure you hear all these stories about how everyone plans these perfect families, but the truth is that most babies are products of drunken evenings and lack of birth control. They're accidents. Only people who have trouble making babies actually plan for them. I on the other hand, am not a coincidence. I was engineered, born for a particular reason. A scientist hooked up my mother's eggs and my father's sperm to make a specific combination of genes. He did it to save my sister's life. Sometimes I wonder what would have happened if Katie had been healthy? I'd probably still be up in heaven or whatever, waiting to be attached to a body down here on Earth. But coincidence or not, I'm here.