

PRT 346- "Little Sister"

My story isn't remarkable or even anything worth really caring about. I'm a normal girl with a normal life. Maybe that's what makes me special. I'm not a glamorous movie star or model and I don't make 10 million dollars a year. I'm just plain old Mindy Kyle.

I guess a little background would be nice. My given name is Miranda Leigh Kyle and I was born on January 22, 1984 in the town of Fresno, California. My mom is Cassie Kyle and my father...well we'll get to that. Shortly after my birth my mom gave up on California life and we moved to Springfield, Illinois to be closer to family. Springfield is where I was raised.

Mom raised me on her own and growing up would never tell me who my father was. All she would tell me is that he was a man she met in California and he had a new life that we weren't a part of. She said he did know about me but had chosen to walk away and that he wasn't the kind of man I really wanted to know anyway. For awhile I accepted that answer. I was perfectly content living with Mom. She was very attentive to me and even though she worked she was very involved in my schooling and made sure I always knew I was loved. I also was close to my grandparents. They lived in Springfield too and whenever Mom was working she'd leave me with them. My grandma always had some fun craft to work on or something yummy to eat. I had a great childhood.

My teenage years were a bit of a different story. Don't get me wrong...I didn't go wild or anything. I guess all things considered I was a relatively good teenager. I wasn't overly popular, although I wasn't unpopular either. I was the secretary of the student council and part of the drill team. It was also in high school I started pressuring my mom for more information on my father. She was very reluctant to tell me any more information about him than she already had. This led to some very loud screaming matching but when all was said and done she gave in...a little. She finally told me that my father was a man named Derek that she'd had a short fling with. She said he'd just left his wife at the time and they met at a diner she worked at. They hooked up and that led to me. She told him about me and he had gotten upset with her. Evidently he'd already had other children and said he didn't need any other mouths to feed. He accused my mother of sleeping around and said there was no way to prove I was his. Mom said that she hadn't been sleeping around but she knew right then it would do no good to push Derek so she walked away and hadn't seen him since.

This was a revelation to me. I had a dad out there that was a creep but I also had some siblings I didn't even know. Mom refused to tell me Derek's last name or if she knew who my siblings were but I decided to let it rest. I'd gotten enough new information to digest.

After high school I went to the Springfield U and studied nursing for awhile but I wasn't exactly the most focus student. Eventually I decided to just get a job and get started with life. I got a job as a tech support agent for Sony Electronics and became one of the best agents they had.

It was at Sony that I met Nathan Smyth; we started at friends but eventually grew to be much more. Nathan was adopted and had decided to track down his birth parents. While I was helping him with this I decided that I wanted to finally meet my birth father. I didn't care if he wanted to know me or not. I needed to meet him. I begged my mother to tell me who he was.

"Mom, please...I've left it alone for years but I'm 25. I think I'm old enough now to handle whoever it is. You can't keep this from me my whole life." I pleaded.

Mom sighed, "You're right. Fine. I'll tell you. I don't know where your father is but I can tell you who he is. He shouldn't be too hard to track down."

"OK. What's his full name?"

"Derek Morris."

It took a second for the name to process, "Wait...Derek Morris...I know that name. Why do I know that name?"

"He's been in the tabloids before. He's the father of Zack and Michelle Morris."

"Whoa...whoa...what? As in 'Palisades High'?" I asked.

Mom nodded.

“So that means Zack and Michelle Morris are my siblings?”

Mom nodded again.

“And my father is that creep that is always trashing his kids in the media?”

“Afraid so.”

“Oh...my...God.” I stood there, stunned.

“You’re the one that wanted to know.” Mom pointed out.

“You’re right. OK. Now I just need to decide what to do with this information.”

“There’s nothing to do. Stay away from anyone with the name Morris.”

“Why?”

“Because if you go claiming relationship now it will make you look like a fame seeking gold-digger.”

“But I’m not. I just want to know my family.”

“Yeah, you think the press will see it that way?”

“No...but...”

“Listen, Mindy, you’re an adult and fully capable of making your own choices. If you want to go find Derek then that’s your call. Just make sure you know what you’re getting in to. You’ve seen the headlines Michelle’s been making lately. They are scrutinizing every aspect of her life. Do you really want that to be you? Is it worth it to know a family that may not even want to know you? Just think about it.”

I nodded, “OK. I will.”

This was a lot to take in. I’d gone from knowing nothing about my father to finding out I was related to two of the country’s biggest celebrities. I needed to talk this out with someone. I went over to Nathan’s apartment and filled him in.

“Whoa, so your father is Derek Morris? Seriously?” Nathan asked.

I nodded, “Yes. My mom doesn’t think I should find him. She thinks the press would invade my life or something.”

“Well, she’s probably right. Mind, if you pop up as the bastard sister of Michelle and Zack Morris what do you expect would happen?”

I sighed, “I guess you’re right.”

“I know I’m right...so do you.”

“I want to do it...but I think this affects us both...if the press starts after me they’ll probably go after you too. If you don’t want me to do this, I won’t.”

“I’m not sure. I mean, I’m not sure I want to be a media target. On the other hand this is your family and you have a right to get to know them.”

“So what do I do?”

“Are you ready for the nasty things the press says?”

“I don’t know.”

“Just look at the headlines your sister has made lately...wow...Michelle Morris is your sister...she’s hot.”

I hit him.

“Sorry. This whole thing is just completely crazy.”

“I know, trust me. I’m not sure how to handle this news myself. I never dreamed I was a Morris.”

“You’re not. You’re Mindy Kyle and you have to remember that. Michelle and Zack probably don’t even know you exist and Derek doesn’t want to know.”

“I know...but think about it...if Derek had been man enough to stay with my mom I would have been Mindy Morris.”

“You’re talking about the same man that gave up his twin sons for adoption and walked out on his other two kids until they became celebrities.”

“Oh, that’s right. Tommy Oliver and David Trueheart are my brothers too.”

“Right.”

“Maybe that’s the way to handle this. Tommy is a normal guy and Derek turned his back on him too. Maybe he’ll understand.”

“Maybe.”

“I don’t know Nath. I’m not sure what to do.”

“Do whatever feels right to you. I’m behind you. If you want to find Derek we’ll handle the media. If you want to walk away that is ok too. I’m with you no matter what.”

“Thanks.”

So, after a lot of consideration I finally decided to contact Derek. I didn't want to go find my siblings first because I didn't want anyone to think this was anything other than what it was...a chance for me to meet my family. Besides, Derek was the only one that actually knew I existed. I also decided that calling was no good. He'd just hang up on me. I did some digging and with some help from a friend I had in the police department I managed to get Derek's address. He lived in Florida evidently.

Nathan and I went to Florida and found Derek's house. When we pulled up I took a breath.

"You sure about this?" he asked.

I nodded, "I need to do this."

"Do you want me to come with you?"

"No. It'll be ok."

"OK. I'm here if you need me."

I nodded and got out of the car.

I walked up to the door and rang the doorbell. A woman answered.

"May I help you?" she asked.

"Yes, I'm looking for Derek Morris." I said.

"Um, ok, who are you?"

"I'm...I just really need to see him, please?"

The woman sighed, "One second."

I waited a couple of minutes then the door opened again and a man stood there.

"Yes?" he asked.

"Are you Derek Morris?" I asked.

"Yeah, who are you?" he asked.

"My name is Miranda Kyle. I'm the daughter of Cassie Kyle. I'm also your daughter." I said.

"So that slut is still telling lies about me is she? Listen and listen good, I'm not your father. I'm willing to bet your mother doesn't know who your father is. Now if it's money you're wanting you can forget it because I'm not paying you a dime." Derek said.

"No, no...Derek, I don't want money. I don't want anything. I just want to know my dad."

"Well you're come to the wrong place. I'm not your dad."

"I know you are. My mother wouldn't lie. You're the only person it could be."

"I'm not."

"If you're so sure then you won't mind taking a DNA test to prove it."

"It'd be a waste of time."

"You're just scared of the truth coming out...you don't want anyone to know I'm your daughter. Fine. It's your loss. I do want to know my family. Can you tell me how to reach my siblings?"

"So that's what this is about. You want fame so you're going to use Michelle and Zack to get famous." Derek said.

"Oh my god...I'm not after fame or money. I just want to know my family!"

"You're not a Morris. We're not your family. Just get lost."

"You know what, fine. Nice meeting you, Dad." I said as I stormed off.

After meeting Derek I was kind of over the whole family thing...that was until someone at Star Magazine got a hold of the story and ran with it. To this day I'm not 100% sure how it leaked out, but my best guess is someone at the police department leaked it.

Regardless of how it happened, it happened...and my life was never the same. I went from plain old Mindy Kyle to the long-lost daughter of Derek Morris. Next thing I knew everyone was trying to get a picture of me, I was on the cover of all kinds of magazines, and the top story on all the entertainment news shows. It was very overwhelming, to say the least, and I had no idea how to handle it all. I thought I knew what I'd be getting myself into when I contacted Derek, but I had no idea. There was no way to prepare for the media circus that I started. Some of the media portrayed me as a poor fatherless child that was wronged my Derek, others portrayed me as a vengeful reject that was after Derek's money, and still others questioned if Derek was my father at all.

I didn't know at all how to handle this mess. Then one day my phone rang.

“Hello?” I answered.
“May I speak with Miranda Kyle?”
“This is Miranda.”
“Miranda, hi, this is Holly Tyler. I’m the manager for Michelle Morris.”
“Oh, hi.”
“I’ve seen you on the news. You must be overwhelmed with all the press.”
“You have no idea.”
“Your coming out has impacted my client...we need to clean up this mess and get it under control.”
“Can you do that?”
“I believe so. You don’t need a manager but you certainly need a publicist and I have someone perfect for you.”
“Ok.”
“My sister Val Tyler-Meladeo is as good as it gets. Give her a call and she’ll take care of you.”
“OK.”
“And if I find out that you’re lying and that you’re not Derek Morris’s daughter I will sue you for fraud so fast your head will spin.”
“Understood.”
“Great. Glad we understand each other.”

And so Holly gave me Val’s number and I called her. After discussing the situation she decided to come to Springfield to meet me. I picked her up at the airport the day she flew in.

“Mindy, hi.” She said when she saw me.
“Val?” I asked.
“Yes. It’s very nice to meet you.”
“Likewise.”
“You ready to clean up this circus?”
“Absolutely.”
“OK, then let’s get to it.”

We went back to my apartment and started to strategize.

“OK, so we need to get an official statement out there from you. All the press has is scattered comments and sound bites. We have to release an official statement telling the press what you’re all about.” Val said.
“I’m all about getting to know my family. That’s it. No money, no fame. I just wanted to know my father and obviously he didn’t want that.”
“OK...I think I can take what you want to say and put it in a format suitable for the media. We also have to prove that you are who you say you are.”
“I tried! Derek refused to take a DNA test.”
“I’ll talk to Holly. I’m sure we can convince Michelle to take a DNA test. If she’s your half sister we’ll be able to prove it.”
“OK, then what?”
“Then we get you on a talk show to tell your side of the story.”
“Whoa...no. I’m not going on any trashy talk show.”
“No, no. Not like Springer. I was thinking like Rachel Ray or Oprah or Ellen or something.”
“Oh...well that would be alright I guess.”
“We need to let people know who you are.”
“I’m just a girl. I had no idea this would be so insane. I’m getting these calls for TV shows and photo shoots and...”
“It’s a lot, I know. From now on I’ll field those calls for you.”
“OK. No reality TV, please. And if Playboy calls back the answer is no.”
Val looked at me, “Playboy? Really?”
“Yes.”
“Ick.”
“I know! So Michelle knows about me?”
“Not exactly.”

“How does she not?”

“Michelle...you can't repeat this...”

“I won't.”

“Michelle isn't in a good place right now. She's a little out of it and isn't really aware of much that's happening outside her own life at the moment. That's why Holly stepped in. She knows Michelle will only be oblivious to this situation for so long before she finds out. When that happens she wants it to be under control as much as possible. Michelle can't take much more chaos right now.”

“Oh, I see. What happened to her?”

“A lot. More than any woman should have to bear at one time...and Michelle is doing it under a microscope. It's amazing she hasn't completely lost it.”

“I didn't mean to make anything worse.”

“I know...and you won't...we just have to clean this up and handle it all very carefully.”

I nodded, “OK.”

Over the next couple of days I was Val's pet project. She released statements on my behalf and set it up for me to go on a talk show, which meant going to LA.

“Wow, LA?” Nathan asked when I told him.

“Yeah.” I replied.

“What about work?”

“I'm taking a leave of absence until I get this settled.”

“What about us?”

“Well, I'd like it if you'd come to LA with me.”

“Seriously?”

“Take a LoA too.”

“Mind, I'm a supervisor, my job may not be here when I get back.”

“You have some vacation time. Use that then you can decide what to do.”

“I'm not sure...”

“Come on baby, it's LA...Hollywood. This is a once in a lifetime experience and I want to experience it with you. The crazy, exciting, fun, and everything else it will be.”

He thought about this for a second, “Ok, for you.”

I smiled and hugged him.

“Are you ready for this Mind? Small town girl taking on the world?”

I nodded, “Oh yeah baby, bring it on. LA here I come.”