

Autumn Lor

28 September 2016

English 2

C- Silver Stream

Pahomov

Get a Life

Fam-i-ly; a group consisting of parents and children living together in a household.

That's what it says on Google. However, this is not the proper definition of family, at least, not in my eyes. We all have a family, whether we know them or not. When I say the word family, that is not what I believe it is.

For me, my family is people who you were given to when you were born: I live with two half brothers, one step sister, a step father, and my mother.

After a long day at school, I came home to an even longer night. Everyday, I come home and do kids' homework, make them food, hear about their day, and teach my grandmother how to use a phone. I don't mind it, but repeating the same thing everyday, I feel like I could pull out my hair and scream "JUST LEAVE ME ALREADY!" Going to school is much better than having to go home and talk to my family.

One day after school, something odd was home, my mother. Not only was my mother there but her friend, Chandy, was too. Chandy and I talk about korean T.V. shows. As we were talk, my mother asks "Why do you always watch korean stuff and not chinese?" I try to answer but she cuts me off, "Don't you have laundry to do?" So I walk into the dark basement trying not

to talk back and do as she ask. Talking to my mother is very complicated because she likes to talk, a lot. I didn't talk to her for a few weeks.

One Sunday morning, my mother was up for once. I walk down stairs to see that she's dressed and looks like she was ready to leave. I ask, "Mom, what are we doing today?"

"We?" She looked at me. "I'm going out with my friends."

"Are you taking the boys?"

"Why would I? You're at home, you can watch. It's not like you're going to do anything."

I walk away, again. Hearing her voice when she said that, makes me wonder about family and what it means to her. *Am I a part of her family or just a person there?* Whatever is it, thinking about it seems depressing, hiding it is better.

A few hours later, Chandy is back at the house. I asked about a chinese drama, Whirlwind Girl 1 and 2, because she is the one person, I know, who knows that drama. My mother comes in, "Why are you talking to her?"

I look at my mom's friend who is sitting next to me, "Do you see how she is?"

"Why are you so rude to your daughter?"

"It's not my fault she has no friends," my mother says looking at her friends. "No one tells her to stay home and watch dramas."

No one tells me to stay home? Is what I wanted to say but I just sat there and stared at her. "So, it's my fault I'm not allowed to go outside without having to take my brother with me everywhere?" I got up and walked away.

"See, she going to go watch her dramas," my mother tells her friend. "She doesn't do anything else."

Are mothers always like this? Are they suppose to make you feel like you don't have a place in this *family*? My mother seemed so calm. The relationship I have with her is different than before. Sometimes I have to ask myself, is it my fault or her's? We became so distant that I started to call her mother and not mom. She doesn't call out my name when she needs me, and she texts me as if her life was in danger but in reality, she just wants me to do something for her. Why do we live in this life where family is such a big deal when they make it seem so small?