

### Rules For One

I grew up in a household where there were clear rules, and obvious consequences if they were not followed. But of course, I wanted my freedom to do simple things that every child loves to do, which is go to the park. My friend had asked me to go with her, but my mom was in a bad mood and I didn't feel like being yelled at. Not in a bad way, but in a tired or a "I'm not in the mood, you're disrupting me" type of yelling at me. I had to wait until she was done, and during that time I kept repeating in my mind of what I wanted to ask her.

"Okay... Just ask her about going to the park, it's literally right across the street. It can't be that bad, right? I already finished my homework, anyway." I took a breath, and quietly paced around, feeling quite nervous. She could tell that I wanted something so she asked,

"Do you want something? What's up?"

"Uh, yeah. Jen asked if I could go to the park in a few minutes?" My voice shook a bit, I hope she didn't notice.

"Why didn't you ask me earlier? It's too late, Laur." she said.

"Oh... Okay, I'm sorry."

I took my iPod out and texted my friend that I couldn't make it. I don't think she understood that my parents need me to tell them at least a day before I'm doing something so my mom is aware of where I am going to be at exactly what time. My friend Jennifer's parents always let her do anything she wanted, whenever she wanted and I just didn't have that. At the

time I wish I did, but now I realize that there was no point for it since I was only twelve, what could I possibly want to do? Looking back, I really didn't do much in fifth grade and I didn't have many other friends who wanted to do anything with me. These different instances would always make me feel jealous and wish I could have what my other friends had access to, since they got what they wanted but I always had restrictions. Going through that process it made me appreciate a lot more, especially when it comes to the difference between my needs and wants.

I was always very hesitant to ask my mom to go out to a dance that would be on Friday nights near 2nd street, and to go over a friends house. I never wanted to create an inconvenience with her and my dad having to come pick me up at night, I knew they just wanted to go to bed. If it was an attempt to do something on a school night, I didn't even bother to ask because I already knew the answer. I always felt terrible and would feel like a disappointment to my friends, and now I have the attitude to not even worry about parties because I know they're not even worth it.

As I approached middle school, I started to gain a lot more trust with my parents, specifically my mom because I always was the one who would help her out around the house because my brothers are super lazy. That trust started to grow into me being able to do things such as being able to go to concerts and other places in general by myself with my friends. She knows that I'll always stay in contact with her because I know the consequence of not doing what she says. I almost-barely dared to break those rules, since I clearly understood the reasoning behind them. This consequence wasn't anything too major, it would mostly be me getting yelled at or have my phone almost be taken away. Usually, it would end up with me crying. I tend to be too sensitive sometimes (more like all of the time).

Luckily, that rarely happens now because the trust and relationship between my mom has grown, especially this past year which is great because it is definitely what I needed for the start of this new school year. These rules and the discipline that my mom had me go through helped me think and be a lot more cautious before I speak, especially when it comes to the smallest event such as asking to do something. It also made me appreciate my family and the things that I have, because I think that lots of children and teenagers fail to show that type of affection to their parents and I know it makes my mom feel good, so why not make your parents feel the same way?