

Aiden Trythall  
Period: 7

I was a really bad kid when I was younger, from elementary school to about freshman year. I constantly lied and was extremely bad at it too. But the thing is, those lies were always small things like not doing my laundry and staying up way past my bedtime. It wasn't even about things that a bunch of people my age do, like smoke and drink, etc. But those lies were constant, so at one point I angered my mom so badly that she snapped my phone in two, leading to me having to get a flip phone for a while. I completely understand why she did that, even though I was distraught at the time.

You see, my mom never had a good relationship with her mom. Before she was even born, her father left because he didn't want children, which caused my grandma to not care enough to take care of her well. She was an alcoholic and lied about her job, pretending to do her work when in reality she wasn't, and almost got sent to jail for it.

My mom had to drop out of high school to get a job to take care of her mother and started cooking at the age of just 5. She was forced to grow up extremely early, and I never learned this until I was, I believe, 14. She grew up depressed, and at one point told me that having me made her get her life together, which is a good thing.

Now her and my father, my biological dad that I don't live with, must have done something bad for my mom to leave him and take me with her when I was two. She never told me exactly what happened, and when I was younger all she said was that we moved out because the cost of living where we lived was too high. I always wondered why he never came with us, and eventually figured out that there must be a deeper reason yet never pressed into it. That's because I grew to not care as much, as I've had a father figure in my life since I was around 5. Even if for a few years we didn't get along, I love both of them.

I feel extremely guilty for being such a bad kid when she has to deal with that, and I never want to do anything to disappoint her again. There are often times when I think about this while lying in bed or sitting at my computer and often think, *What am I doing with my life?* I feel like I don't take control of my life enough, so I want to be successful and make my mom proud. She deserves it because she always works as hard as she can for me and my little sister, my step-dad helping as well. I feel like if I can't do anything for myself, then I need to do it for her. I also know that she's not going to be here forever, so I want to prove to her that I can take care of her in return when she needs it.