

Storm

By: Jimena K.

Yelling and screaming coming through the door. My head swirling with thoughts. Sitting on my bed with tears rolling down my cheek. A storm of thoughts in my head, wondering if everything could just go back to normal.

My parents have been fighting ever since I turned 13. I am 14 now. I've always had my sister, Maria, there for me. Every time they start fighting I go into her room. I feel safe in there. Maria has gotten used to all the yelling. I haven't. The reason I get so sad and depressed isn't just because they are fighting, but they are fighting about me. The things I hear like when Mom shouts, "Why can't you ever help out with Emma! All you care about is work, work, work!" I get so tired of hearing the same argument every single time they fight, but it still gets to me because every time I hear my name.

Again, sitting in my bedroom, I hear a scream, I run to my sister's room. Crying and sobbing not saying a word. I can't handle this anymore. I finally take the courage and run to my parent's room and yell, "STOP, STOP, STOP!" My parents look at me with tears in their eyes. They ask why I'm crying. I don't answer. I feel their hands on me with comfort that they are together without fighting. They look at each other with sadness in their eyes. I can tell they are regretting all their fights. I start to talk quietly, "I'm so tired of you two fighting. Why? I can't take it anymore because it's always about me." Their eyes stuck on me. I feel like running. I was stuck in time. They wouldn't say a word.

Finally, Dad said, "I am so sorry Emma, we didn't even realize that we were stressing you out. Everything Mom and I have fought about has been so stupid. I can't believe that we didn't even realize it until now." I started to cry again. It felt like the room was covered in blue. My mom said, "I agree with Dad. We are sorry. You should have come to us earlier we could have talked together. I can't believe we did all of this." Then she laughed, I was so confused. She said, "Instead of fighting we have to talk not yell. Agreed?" We said yes. I ran back to my sister's room and screamed, "I fixed them, I fixed them!" Maria looked at me with joy in her eyes. She said, "I'm so happy for you Emma, all you had to do was put your mind to something and have the courage to do it. That's exactly what you did. You wanted Mom and Dad to stop fighting and that is what you did." I had a huge smile on my face, but I was still crying. I was crying with joy.