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ENG 112

Formal Assignment #1: Narrative Project

Due: 15 October 2018

A Rough Chapter

The weight of my belongings felt like they were ripping my arms off. I just kept dragging my feet through the grass towards the car to load it. Tears streamed down my face as the bags crash into my legs. My 13 year old arms ached, I have never carried that many bags in my life. Amongst the 4 of us we had more than we could fit in the car and little time. There were so many treasures sacrificed and left behind in the process. It was 8 in the morning, the sun was absent, and it was pouring, this October morning felt bitter. It was so painful to watch everything that's ever been important to my childhood mostly vanish. My heart felt so heavy to see my mother weak, a kind I could barely even recognize. Her appearance screamed she hasn't slept in days, displaying dark under eyes and tangled hair. Sobbing, she sits my 2 siblings Jady, Steven and I down. Preparing us for the news, she looks down at the floor swirling her coffee nervously. "I'm drowning, the trauma is unendurable and cannot keep up with the payments. To me, this house is untenable, and the government notified me they will be foreclosing our home". She looked as if she was shaking, I immediately wanted it to stop.

With trembling hands my sister asks "what, how"? I looked over at my mother's white, blank face and just gave her a hug.

"We'll be okay mom, you can beat this!" says my brother.

We've never seen our mother this weak and torn. She needed us more than ever, it was mandatory of us to step up. I looked out the window and watched raindrops slowly race down the glass. I would always think "when it rains, it pours" and it kept pouring. I felt heartbroken and angry, but I couldn't let that come between my family now. With the foreclosure, there was even less time to say goodbye and transition. All of us were struggling and needed each other in every way. After hours of packing we decide to take a break and sit outfront. The wooden "R" that hung above our front door, standing for my family's last name "Ross" was taken down. There were no plants, decorations, or mark to show we were even there. Staring into my empty house with a new lock on it posting the sign "foreclosed" created a knot in my stomach. I started feeling dizzy, It was all hitting me at once. I have never felt so lost and confused in my life. Not only did I lose my family structure, but my childhood home I've created every memory in. All of us had to be strong, pack and move along to the next house within a few weeks. During this time, my family was miserable and falling apart due to a traumatic event that occurred during that week. As my parents destroyed each other and their love the pressures damaged her. Marriage isn't just love and commitment but being jointed in various ways. For example, income and housing even though only my mother contributed. This significant time in my life it was my mother's decision that negatively affected me. We've lived in the same house since I was born and planned to stay there forever. I loved our childhood home, the memories, neighbors, and environment. My pink bedroom walls, wooden floors, bunk beds and the blue bathroom, I was so comfortable. Although my mother wasn't, she was being tortured within those walls. Traumatized, the nightmares, paranoia, anxiety, and depression were eating her alive. Giving it a few days, she came to conclusion we were to move out and stop fighting for everything she's

built. Our mother willing to give up seemed unusual and never happened before. She is the strongest woman I know who can get through everything and always has. It's so easy to ruminate on the most negative or impactful moments of your life. Negative or positive, this could've been a blessing in disguise. But, I optimistically think of all outcomes and possibilities of what could've been. Importantly, how It's made a difference in life and contributed to my self-growth. Eventually, We would figure out our living situation and knew we had each other as support. While figuring out a living situation, my family and I decided to go to our grandmother's to decompress and vent. At this time it's dark outside and we pile out of the blue minivan into my grandmother's twin house. When we entered her home it's silent but she has the brightest smile from cheek to cheek. "I love you all so much, how are you? She said enthusiastically. We all shrugged our shoulders and don't respond. She takes a deep breath and exclaims, "I talked to my brother and we've found you a place to stay"! My mother starts crying with joy and the entire vibe changed.

My little sister Jadyne smiled, "I knew we were going to be okay! I was so afraid we were going to have to split up".

"No matter what we wouldn't split up, you know mom wouldn't let that happen" my older brother Steven shouted.

I looked at my siblings with great relief and tell them I love them. My grandma smirked and said "I can't wait for you all to see the new house, it's huge"! Excited to move in, this one was a beautiful, temporary home. After two months we were notified to move out immediately. My family was unaware, that our uncle secretly had the home on the market. My mother was trying her best to keep us together and stay strong through the storm. "We can do this, never give

up”! We began repacking and planning once more this time less frantically. Days later, we decided we’d move in with my grandma and finally have a home! My mother had to make those hard decisions because she needed to and it was best for herself and her children. At the time our family couldn’t catch a break but she was always there to catch us. Overall, It was the worst but best thing that has happened but impacted us positively in all ways.