

My Fourteenth Year

By : LuminescenceLunaa

I'm doing this because i want to let it all out- all these feelings, worries, and fears. I'm nervous, but relieved because I have somewhere to turn to (at least).

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Chapter 1

When I was younger, let's say around eight to ten years old, i believed I was my parents' first child. I was half right. I am my father's first child, but I am my mother's third daughter. How did I find out? There were days where my mother would look at immigration and citizen papers and suddenly start to cry. At the same time, she would mutter, "I want them to come already." They were the same days when my mom would tell me how much she misses my older sisters and would keep fighting to bring them into this country. Since i was young, i was also naive. I thought that if my half-sisters came to live with us, my mother and father (who was also trying to apply for citizenship for their sake) would stop crying tears of sadness and instead cry tears of happiness. Man, was i wrong.

Chapter 2: Her Eyes

After years of waiting, my mother's wish came true, or should i say only half of it came true. She wanted both of them to come together, but only the youngest was able to come. I don't know the details, but apparently, her papers were prepared faster and easier.

As my family, which consisted of my parents, me, my eleven year old autistic sister, and baby brother, went to the airport late at night, i could easily tell my mom was ecstatic and my dad was glad for her. I, on the other hand, didn't really feel anything. Besides, I've never met my half-sister, so how was i supposed to feel happiness? I've only heard her voice over the phone when my mom practically forced me into making a conversation with her. "She's your sister. Talk to her," she said. I took the phone, ran to my room, shut the door, and introduced myself. After she introduced herself, it became silent. I was hoping she would try to strike up a conversation since i was a shy person in general, but she didn't. Knowing she wasn't gonna talk, I gathered my courage and started to initiate a conversation. However, the more i tried to conversate with her, the more awkward it became. I was relieved when we hanged up.

We waited hours at the airport. I was bored and tired, but my mom wasn't. It was like her eyes were diamonds, never ceasing to sparkle. Finally, the moment we were waiting for- she appeared. I saw my mother reach out to her with tears falling down her rose-colored cheeks. Adriana did the same. She then gave a hug to my dad, my little sister, and my baby brother. I was last.

I looked at her and gave her a hug and a kiss on the cheek. As soon as i looked at her, something caught my attention and in a bad way- her eyes. She has what people may call "evil eyes". If she glanced at you, you'd believe she was actually glaring at you and secretly cursing you out. I didn't like them.

My mom and her talked the entire drive home. Once in a while, i would see her looking at the new and much better world around her. I still didn't like her eyes, even when they were reflected by the window.

When we arrived home, i got out of the car and walked to the front steps like i was used to living the "good" life. Adriana looked at the tall apartment which my dad owns. The city we live in was obviously different from her hometown. You could just tell. As soon as i entered the apartment, i went to my room, changed, and went to sleep along with my baby brother and sister. My mom, dad, and Adriana stayed in the living room and talked until morning.

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