

Tough?

I was sitting on the couch next to my brother. The living room seemed so much darker than it should even though it was early in the evening. Sitting across from us were my mom and dad and my little sister sitting on the floor crying quietly, and then it happened. My mom and dad announced they were splitting up.

Immediately I felt like saying, "No you can't split up," but there was no hope left, and then I felt them. Tears welling up in my eyes and down they came. A raging but silent flood of tears. I hated myself for crying. I was tough and tough people don't cry! Tough people aren't vulnerable. Being tough was the only thing helping me through this and that was almost gone.

Still crying, I went to bed, trudging up my stairs trying to believe what had just happened was real. Even though I had so much on my mind I went to sleep instantly. As I woke up the next morning, I hoped last night had been a bad dream that would go away, but that was too good to be true.

The rest of the morning was a daze until I found myself at my locker almost in tears from keeping them in the whole morning. I started thinking of what was going to happen to me and my family. Would there be no more family vacations with all of us? Would my mom move? Would my dad move? Would I be away from one parent for a while? I didn't know the answers to any of them, and that did it for me, so I started crying.

Kilee, my friend, noticed the tears streaming down my face. I didn't want to tell her what was wrong, because it would make what was happening to me so much more real. I couldn't keep it in any longer though. The act of being tough had finally failed, so I just gave up.

Getting out a piece of paper and a pencil, I wrote, "My parents are splitting up." Just writing it made me feel even worse and I cried even more. Sadness and hurt overcame my eyes, my face was red from crying, and I was shaking. She told me it would be fine and she was there for me. I knew she was being nice and I appreciated it, but it didn't help; nothing helped. Until then, I had never felt so hopeless and vulnerable in my life, and at that moment the split became real.