
My Mom Essay

Prelude

"Why don't I have a mother? Everyone else does". This is the question I would ask my dad every day. However soon, longing for a mother became a reality. That day I came back from school, I saw a pair of bright red stilettos sitting in the doorway. I knew they definitely weren't mine nor were they my dad's, they definitely belonged to a woman.

My Attitude

I dropped my bag and rushed into the living room and in there was a lady laughing and having tea with my dad. My heart thumped loudly as I slowly walked closer grasping a better look at her. The conversation stopped, and they both looked at me. I forced a smile on my face and ran back into my room. She looked horrendous. She had layers and layers of makeup caked onto her face and her skin looked as if it was peeling off with a vibrant coloured lipstick to top it off. Her plump figure made it even worse. I didn't want this lady to be my mother, ever. I felt it was rude of me to just run away without saying anything, I slowly dragged myself downstairs back into the living to face the two lovebirds.

Lily, the Woman for Father

My dad introduced this woman as Lily, hearing the name I almost burst out laughing. Lily of all names was the one that didn't fit her the most. She looked neither pure nor innocent, in fact the exact opposite. Listening carefully her voice was hoarse as if was the voice of a male but not quite either. I didn't know where my eyes should be looking, and decided that looking down towards the floor was the best option. I kept my eyes glued to the floor and sat myself down beside my dad. Their conversation just flowed from one ear out to the other until the mention of marriage. That was the moment when I broke down. "You want to marry her? I've never even met her before and you're talking about marriage?" I walked out and slammed the door. I buried my face in my bed feeling angry and more miserable than I have ever been. At times like this I wish I had an actual mother to comfort me and stroke my hair saying "everything will be ok".

Suffering and sadness I never knew what my actually mother looked like but definitely a lot better looking than her. I can just imagine my real mother elegantly sitting in a field of sunflowers making flower crowns that sit like a halo on her head. and necklaces. Her hair would glisten under the sun and I would be by her side doing the same thing. But what if my mother was not like that, what if she was just like Lily? No, that could never happen, not in a million years. All of my friend's mothers looked like an angel and I'm sure my real mother was one of them too. Suddenly my bed sank down as if a huge amount of weight has been put on top of it. I felt a hand resting against my head, stroking my hair. I continued to keep my face down, until I heard a hoarse voice that didn't sound like my dad's. I jerked up and saw Lily sitting on my bed by my side. She handed me a handkerchief to wipe away what is left of my tears and blow my nose. I thanked her briskly and looked away. Maybe the ideal mother is more than just a pretty face.

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