

The Essay I Wish I Never Decided To Write

I have a tendency to procrastinate. It's not my best feature, I know, but it's sort of a habit I can't get out of, a loop I can't escape. The addiction is like trying to put a cigarette down after 20 years of smoking them. *Impossible*. Only 14 years old, and I felt my energy was already simmering to an end. Not once did I get a project that didn't have me staying up super late the day before it was due. Most times, my work ended sometime at 3 am along with an empty can of Red Bull. But it was this one, this one night, it all ended with a few tears.

4:37 pm: I took the house key out of my pocket, and opened the front door. I hadn't seen any cars in the drive way, so I assumed that no one was home. Things seemed quiet, 'till there was the sound of the shower *turned on*. It was all the way in my parents' room, the back of our large, 2 story house.

"Mom? Ya home?" No response.

"Daaaaaad? Are you home?" No response to that, either.

Hmmm... I thought. Great, I have the house to myself, I can binge eat anything in the world. Explicit music at blasting into my eardrums. It's all I ever wanted.

But I couldn't help to think, *Why the heck was the shower on?* I slowly walked to my folks' room, peering each corner slowly and then jolting out just in case some thug was waiting for me on the other side. I finally got to the room, when the door was closed.

"Hello?" I knocked on the door. I did it three more times, too. Clearly no one was there, so I opened the door and walked to the other side of the bedroom, where the bathroom door stood.

"Anybody here?" I knocked twice and after no one answered, I decide that after all this trouble, someone else ought not to be home. And swung the door open wide.

"WILL??" My mom screamed.

"MOM? NO!" I covered my eyes closed the door and ran to my room. *God, ugh. How could I, how couldn't she, why, ew!* Not even my

thoughts could finish properly. I had just laid my eyes on a very naked mother of mine, and it wasn't fun.

After the tragic event, I sat on top of my bed and did my science homework. Homeostasis and the reproductive system could not top the absolute horror I was in. Something 10 minutes later, my mom came into my room, probably naked again, but in a robe.

"Hey, I'm sorry about before," she said.

"Heck yeah, I am too." I returned.

"I was getting ready for a... work event. I guess I was so nervous I didn't hear you knock.

"Well duh," I mumbled.

"I'm going to get ready, 'k? Dad and Mike will be home in about an hour. I have some chili and rice on the stove for you, if you want any."

Silence.

"Hey, we're good about before, right? I know it must've been super awkward getting an early introduction to all this stuff, going through pu--"

"Yeah mom, we're cool," I cut her off. All her attempt to make me feel better did, was make me cringe.

"Okay, well I better get going." She turned around and walked away.

5:02 pm: I finally felt the gut feeling of hunger after having a destroyed appetite. I put my science textbook down on my soft bed, and ran to make myself a bowl of chili. I was pouring some in a plastic bowl, when the stomping of heels on the floor.

"BaDump, BaDump, BaDump!" the heels went.

I looked up to see my mother in a short velvet club dress that I could've sworn I had never seen before. On top, she wore a small black jacket, just enough to cover her shoulder to her elbow.

She was wearing that, to a work event? I knew not to say anything, because it was rude, but my mother worked for a large banking business, something I knew she could not wear there.

“I’ll see you later, honey!”

“But-“ and then the door shut. I had never leave for something so quickly. Something was up.

5:31 pm: My dad and my 17 year old brother, Mike, just arrived. I was in my room, having a chili extravaganza when my dad yelled,

“Will, we’re home!”

“I’m here, too!” I yelled back.

And Mike didn’t say hi. I guess you could say it was just the brotherly kind of love we had. My phone, which happened to be next me buzzed.

Did you start the essay for Canavati? -Cherry

NO! I had completely forgot!

Oml no

-I texted back. Though I wanted to make it seem like I was chill, I was panicking.

“Dad! Can I use your laptop?”

“I’m on mine, right now. But you can use mom’s! Password is Mike’s birthday!

Mike? Why Mike? Did she just not love me, anymore. First cursing me with her horrible figure ,and now this? Whatever.

I walked into the kitchen and opened her laptop. 042699. April 4, 1999, I typed in the password. Strangely, the first thing that popped up was her inbox. I swear I wasn’t snooping, but the first thing I saw was an open email called

Tinder.com Hey, Mel. Wanna hook up on Tuesday? _jack9001

The same thing went down for several scrolls. I opened and closed emails that were already seen. They all said hat they either had a great time last night, or if they could see each other again.

I slowly walked to my room and sat on my bed. I was just confused. Before I knew it tears were rolling down my face.