

Why Me? By Brielle G.

I remember that night like it was yesterday. Mom and dad called a family meeting and I could tell by the look on their faces something was up. My little sis and I sat on the couch nervously, and then they told us.

They said it like this: "Sweeties, there is something your dad and I need to tell you," Mom said nervously.

Then dad started talking; he said, "Guys, your mom and I have decided that we need a little time away from each other." I just knew this family meeting wouldn't be good then I spoke up.

"So you guys are getting in a divorce."

"No, no, no!" said Dad. "Guys, we are just going to spend a few months away from each other. I'm just going to move into an apartment and then after your mom and I feel that we want to be under the same roof again I'll move back into our house." Dad was desperately trying to get me and Jules (my 5-year-old sister) to understand.

Then Jules spoke up, "but we will miss you dada!" Jules had a good point. "Yeah, what about us! Did you guys ever think about us in this decision? I can't believe it; you guys just think me and Jules will just be okay with this! Why, we won't even be the Baylee family anymore. We will be separated; you can't call that a family!" I said. And boy, was I worked up now!

"Jess!" Mom said, "NO!" I said, "I don't care anymore, and no you can't change my mind about anything; my minds already made up."

I ran up to my room, slammed the door and punched some pillows. Then I flopped onto my bed. I was exhausted from the night's events. I guess I never introduced myself. I'm Jessie Baylee and I'm 12 years old and at the end of 6th grade. And yes, I have a little sister named Jules Baylee who is 5 and finishing out preschool.

I couldn't believe it! I couldn't believe that mom and dad would do such a thing- not just to me but Jules too! I mean, this is going to be hard on me, but Jules is a 5-year-old!

I was really worked up and that meant I was mad! But there was nothing I could do about it; mom and dad had already made up their minds. I also knew Jules was going to need me with dad being away, and I promised myself that I would take care of her. Even though we would still be living in the same house, and we would still have mom. It will not be the same without dad.

Dad left.

It was devastating to give last hugs and kisses. He told us we could call him anytime, and he would always love it if we visited him. I think he mainly said this to try to calm Jules down. She was so sad. She tried hanging on to dad's leg so he wouldn't get in the car, but after a minute or so, he pulled Jules off his leg, picked her up, gave her one last bear hug and a kiss on the cheek, and then moved on and did the same to me. I didn't ask for it, but I was glad he did it. Then he moved on to mom and they awkwardly shook hands. Then, much to Jules' dislike, he stepped into the car and blew us a kiss. I knew Jules would run after his car, so I picked her up and held her close. She resisted at first and then she realized it was no use and she went limp in my arms.

After Jules went to bed, I confronted mom in the kitchen. I said "you guys aren't really ever going to get back together, are you! You just said that. It's really going to be a divorce, isn't it?" Mom looked down at her feet and said, "Well, it's not official, but it will probably not take more than a few months."

Mom looked at me sheepishly. I should have known this would happen. I had noticed about a week ago that suitcases were starting to pile up; mom and dad hadn't been wearing their wedding rings, either. "That is a divorce! How are you going to break this to Jules?" I said. Mom just sighed and started doing the dishes. I knew then that our conversation was over.

Jules isn't the same. Jules is just not her usual care free, giggly self. She's down in the dumps; I try to help her; I offer to play her favorite games; I try everything she used to love! She turns it all down. I just can't believe mom and dad would do something like this to me and Jules.

Two years go by...

I have learned to accept mom and dad's divorce. Mom finally explained the divorce to Jules; she was devastated, but she has learned to overcome it. She's now in 1st grade and I am in the 8th grade. It's crazy how fast time passes by. Dad lives in a close apartment so me and Jules go to his house every other week. At first, I never thought I would ever be able to get over the divorce, but it's not as bad as I thought it would be. But I still have this small part in me that is still sad and mad at the same time. It's no surprise, but it's Jules who struggles to accept the divorce. She knows I will always be there for her.

It has been very hard to overcome the divorce, but it's better for mom and dad. They are much happier now, and when you have two happy parents, it means that maybe you should be happy too.