

Split

Grade	<u>8</u>
Fiction	<u> </u>
Poetry	<u> </u>
Nonfiction	<u>✓</u>

It's been almost 2 years since my parents split up. At first, it was all okay. I was totally fine. But slowly I realized everything was going to change. It was going to be so different than before, when I lived in 1 house with both my parents.

Not seeing both of my parents everyday was very difficult. I just want everything to go back to the way it was when I was little, we were the perfect family. We were taught that fighting was wrong, we went to church every sunday, as did my grandparents, and we all got along as we should. Sounds pretty great right? Well as I got older I realized that it wasn't exactly like that. It really went more like this: I would fight with my siblings, church was hard to sit through for 3 hours, my parents had some big ups and downs, my dad was gone a lot out of town for work, and being in a lawsuit for many years created a lot of other issues, money being one of them. But thinking about it now, I get it, we weren't the "perfect family" in anyway but the past few years, has definitely made it seem like it.

Realizing this, I've looked back on the things I had when I was younger, and wish I could have that same thing again. Slowly and slowly my life went in two directions: my moms, and my dads. Between my parents moving on, sports, friends, and school, my life was and has been a mess. Life has got better but it just will never be the same.

The divorce is a hard topic to talk about between my parents or us kids. Bringing up old memories makes us all sad. No being able to take all of that back, and seeing how different things are now, it really makes us all want happiness for the future. We want my little brother to grow up knowing that the divorce wasn't any of us kids' fault and we want him to be happy. He was very young when it all happened but old enough to know. Talking with other people about this is kind of a touchy subject so we don't really bring it up. I have many questions, but in fear of getting hurt or hurting someone else, I don't ask. Happiness doesn't always come from the truth though, it comes from comfort and love from the people the truth is about. I love both of my parents with everything, and that's why I don't think about wanting going back to when I was little. We are all happy and that's all that matters, now we just have to keep it that way.