

Creative writing



**ASSIGN
BUSTER**

Broken Home
In the early years of my childhood, I had witnessed what seemed to be my worst upheaval in family life. It was a day I would never forget.

It plays in my mind as if it were a movie stuck on replay. It was the day where my family and I officially farewelled my father's presence, and residence in the same home. It marked the beginning of a challenging life which was awaiting my first-hand experience. I recall my father's last words before he permanently took off: "Kids, I'll be back in a week or two, depending on how fast I finish the job, I can't promise you that, but I'll see what I can do". I remember looking in his eyes, studying his facial expressions, although I was too young to understand, but it was very clear to me that he did not mean what he said. I knew for a fact that his job was the only way he would get away from the family misery. I didn't feel the strong connection to his soft words, which reassured my other siblings that he would be coming back once his job was complete.

I knew that he simply had enough. We all did. We had no chance but to live a normal life, except with only one parent. My mother struggled to please us, sacrificing her life and happiness just to put a smile on each of our faces. She played the role of a father, a mother, our mentor, and our friend. She was our only inspiration in life. Our only hope that one day we would be reunited with our father.

Every night she would kneel beside her bed and pray to the Lord above to help her in satisfying our needs and wants, being the sun that shines every day, even when the rain is pouring outside. I remember peeking through the

slightly open bedroom door and overhearing her solemn prayers. She cried out???. ??? Oh dear Lord, give me the patience, comfort and reassurance that one day the father of my three children would return to his loving, heart-broken family to make up for the 5 years he spent away from his home, bring back the true happiness to our family life, bestow upon us Your mercy, protection and peace, Amen???.!???? She slowly got off her knees, wiped away those heartfelt tears which escaped her eyes as gentle as a mother stroking her child and restlessly dragged herself onto her cold, king-sized bed wishing that her husband laid beside her. I couldn??™t bare those sweet words that my mother spoke, so I remember that I had rushed to my bed as quickly as possible so I could dream of what my mother had just prayed for.

The next morning there was a sudden knock on the front door, I woke up as quickly as I could, hoping that when I would open it, my father would be standing before me. I had opened the door and quickly prepared to give him the biggest, bear- hug ever, but my I gave my hopes up when I saw the mail man, with another overdue bill. It was the second notice in a fortnight. I took the bill and slammed the door, as the tears trickled down my shunned face. I left the bill on the table, stacked on top of the other, supposedly overdue bills and made my way to the isolated corner of my bedroom and cried endlessly. I asked myself constantly ??? Why did this happen to my family It isn??™t fair! I hate my life...

??? My mother was always running around trying to arrange monthly payment installments so that our electricity and power don??™t cut out unexpectedly. Reminiscence of the times when my mother would run around begging neighbours to help lend her some money to pay the ??? PAY

IMMEDIATELY??™ bills. It was 6 years since my father had called, or tried to contact us in any way. There was a shift in my mothers??™ patience, she became very impatient, very stubborn and angry, and the money was the main trigger to that problem. She couldn??™ t keep up with her bill, or our happiness and food wasn??™ t served as often as it used to.

We were eating one meal a day, but we accepted the fact that being part of a broken home, and making complaints was not the best resolution to our growing problem, it only made it worse for my mother and ourselves as a family. My mother cried on a nightly routine, she got really depressed and it got to an extent where we couldn??™ t place a smile on her face anymore; she was so sick of life. So sick that she made the rest of us feel miserable too. It was the hardest challenge we had ever witnessed as young children growing up with a single mother in a broken home. Our father was a coward and didn??™ t stick to his words. I remember that after 6 years and a week there was a knock on the door.

I didn??™ t know what to do. My conscience was telling me not to open the door. I couldn??™ t come to a mere decision. I took a look at my mother and heart-broken siblings, all were glaring at me with their innocent faces hope-filled faces. I reached for the door knob and I opened