

Parents just don't
understand essay



**ASSIGN
BUSTER**

I used to think my parents could do no wrong. They were telling me all the right things to do in life, simply because they were near perfect. I remember as a kid, hearing the words " I'm disappointed" was worse than any " over the knee" spanking. The purpose in life was to get approval from my parents. I strived for good grades so I wouldn't disappoint Mom and Dad. I was a kid and the Saturday morning cartoon line up had more impact on my life then knowing that the capital of Nebraska is Lincoln. I know that now, because my parents were the law, and disappointment was the death penalty.

Growing up happened and a greater understanding of the world came about. No longer were my parents perfect. In fact, they all of a sudden became liars and hypocrites. High School. The most dangerous concoction in modern day society. Puberty, Independence, and the introduction to various social pressures all at once. This is the first time I realized my parents weren't perfect. I was a freshman at a new school playing on the varsity soccer team. I was fourteen and all my teammates were at least sixteen.

There is one big difference between the two ages, driving. One evening after soccer practice my " new friends" thought it would be a good idea to take me to a party. My parents knowing my age and desperation to meet friends at a new school never blinked an eye when I asked them " if it was alright to hang out with some friends". That night I was introduced to alcohol. One drink turned into five as fast as my innocence as nice boy turned into a teenage drunk. I was entranced in this new feeling until I heard the words " buzz kill" for my first time.

I was only fourteen, I still had an eleven o'clock curfew and my Dad was there to pick me up. I left the house intoxicated confident that my Dad would have no idea I was drunk. As soon as I got in the car my Father asked me if I had been drinking. I looked at him and could not lie. I told him I tried it and waited for my scolding. To my surprise, my dad responded with "Did you like it." I thought that maybe this was a trick and was unsure of how to respond. Honesty was the best policy at this point and I told him "I liked the way it made me feel."

He laughed and then began to tell me a story about how his football team in High School would get the rookies drunk. I was in shock. I just got caught drunk so I'm waiting for this punishment of a lifetime, and my Dad tells me how he used to underage drink. I couldn't believe it, "who is this man?" I thought to myself. I then asked my Dad if my Mom drank in High School too. He said "most the time I was drinking I was with her." My opinion of my parents as "perfect angels" changed in that moment. My parents were human after all.

My perception of my parents changed throughout the years dramatically until I was a responsible adult. I'm now able to reminisce about crazy times I had while in High School without the fear of them "being disappointed." What's funny though is I still strive to make my parents proud and not disappointed. It may no longer be the "death penalty" but still important. Even though my parents went from Godly to real, their importance to me didn't change. Perceptions change the view not necessarily the value.