

# My toy

[Family](#), [Mother](#)



My Toy I lied. I told her I had absolutely no idea where it was. However, I knew exactly where my mommy's long plastic whip was at. Throughout my childhood my nightmares wouldn't be about clowns or dreaming about not having a happy ending; it would be about my mommy's whip. Every time I did something wrong, I knew it was coming. It would hurt and burn, but somehow no one cared because they knew I deserved it. Being the middle child of my family really sucks. All the hopes and ambition goes towards my oldest sister, Cynthia Everyone was always proud of my sister no matter what she did thinking that Cynthia will succeed first. As for my youngest sister, she was the baby of the family. Of course everyone will spoil her and give her all the attention and love she needs. However, I was the child who was just always there. Whether it's succeeding in school with high grades, doing all the house chores, or in fact doing the most work, I was just the person in everyone's eyes who's always there. But, whenever my siblings did something wrong it's my fault. Nobody is going to question what happened it's just always my fault. At least this is how it was in my family. When I was seven, my god father gave me a dark redwood piano; the color was so red it was almost a maroon. My favorite color. Nobody ever touched it except me. I couldn't play the piano yet but I was constantly by it. I would either do homework on it or just goofed around and play random notes causing loud obnoxious music making my mother in rage yelling at me to stop. It was my favorite childhood toy, I never left it alone. One day, I had had enough. The endless pain of the stinging wounds needed to stop. If not, my anger would simply rise and increase causing hatred towards my mother. So I hid it, I hid the whip. When my parents were off to work leaving my older sister home

baby-sitting me, I hid it. I placed it in my toy, underneath the ivory keys of my piano. It was the perfect hiding spot, I thought to myself that no one would ever find out and everything would be okay from now on. Or so I thought, the next thing I noticed was that the keys weren't making beautiful obnoxious sounds anymore, some keys even went mute. I broke my toy, but still no one noticed but me. A Few weeks later my mommy kept asking everyone if we had seen it. I knew I would be in trouble sooner or later when she had found it. So I told my one year old sister Clarisa what I was going to do to: I took it out and gave it to Clarisa who at that time could barely speak. Next thing I heard was a snap. She had snapped the plastic whip as I turned around. My mommy saw. Everything was okay, she thought it was an accident and somehow Clarisa how gotten ahold of it without any knowledge of what it was. Ever since then my mommy threw it away and she never got one again. I smiled.