

Autobiographical narrative

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



Autobiographical Narrative Don't you just hate the feeling of moving, or the feeling of leaving something behind? Like your friends, town or house? I don't like that feeling, yet I've experienced quite a few times. This is how it all started. So it was a nice, cold day in Millbrae CA. I was in the library with my friends trying not to get as loud as we usually would be, so that we would not get kicked out. Eventually we did. While I was just hanging out, all of a sudden I get a weird phone call from my dad. I answered and it was quiet in the background and then my dad started to talk. He asked me what I was doing and I told him and then out of nowhere my dad said " Shaina, your mom is at a hospital in Antioch, she had a really bad tummy ache so your uncle took her to the hospital. You need to get ready because I am going to pick you up and we are going to Antioch and we are spend the night there. " My heart was beating faster after he hung up. I was so anxious to go to my mommy. I was worried about her. After about an hour and a half of traveling from Millbrae to Antioch we finally got to the hospital and I finally got to see my mom. So then I asked her what had happened to her and she just told me that it was just a minor stomach ache because of the traveling she has to do from her work since she travels from Millbrae to Antioch every other day and drives back the next day. But at least I was relieved. After I visited her, my dad dropped me off at my cousin's house in Antioch. A few minutes later, I get another call from my dad saying that we are moving to Antioch in a couple of weeks. My heart died for a second. I was pretty sad about all the things that were going on that I didn't understand why we had to move, when all along it was just for my mom's health safety. That moment I really felt bad for being that selfish so I just told my parents that I was okay with us

moving when I wasn't really sure whether I was or not. The next day my dad and I drove back because I had school. I didn't tell anyone yet because I thought my parents would change their minds about moving. So I just let things pass. A few weeks have gone and the problem came back. I got a text message from my dad saying that that week was my last week of school and Friday was my last day. Out of nowhere, those same emotions that I had a few weeks ago suddenly came back. I was sad about the fact that I was really leaving but I had to just go with it. I finally told my friends about it and some of them didn't really take it very well at first but we could not do anything about it. It was pretty sad and it was worst because I was grounded that time too. I couldn't really go and do anything but it was my last week, so I made an exception. And broke my parent's rule. I thought I wouldn't get caught but eventually I did. After that things just change. My parents were furious at first that they forbid me from talking and communicating with them. That was the time my life had a slight change. And it was losing people in my life. This is why you don't do something that is not the right thing because one mistake can change your future.