

Personal advice for
parental difficulties a
useful tip



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Personal Advice for Parental Difficulties: A Useful Tip My parents seemed to always be fighting.

Usually me and my brother, my sister being too young before they divorced, would go upstairs when we were told to meaning a fight was about to go down, but sometimes we would sit on the stairs listening until it got too loud and scary for us to handle. They would fight mainly about money and once I saw my dad crying, the lesson I would learn wouldn't occur until high school, nevertheless I was constantly surrounded by arguing whether it be my parents or me and my siblings. As my brother, sister and I grew up, our parent's separated, divorced, for my dad it lead to enjoying alcohol to depending on it every day. Yet they still argued and now argue about everything they can, my dad usually ending it having the loudest, scariest roar. The same would happen when my siblings and I, usually home alone summer time bringing up the most memories, would fight until someone got extremely angry at not getting their way and hit someone or do something else to hurt the other person, thanks mom and dad for our internalized arguing skills. Being the oldest, most mature it was up to me to try to deal with it or call my dad when it got to that point which was almost every other day throughout middle school, being at home with my dad's girlfriend, Tennille's two children of eight and twelve as well. These situations went on until our family split up even more when my brother was taken by the state to a boy's home, and my dad and Tennille split up leaving my dad to take care of me and my sister. This was when my dad and I started fighting much like him and my mother used to and occasionally still proceeds

to do, he often told me how much I remind him of her and would call me awful names and yell at me at the same level if not louder.

These arguments would happen at least everyday if not more for at least two-three years declining in severity as senior year approached and I was never around enough for him to yell at me. He would scream at me loud enough that neighbors from two apartments down asked me if everything was okay and thought they heard my dad yelling from outside when we were in the kitchen the whole time. Also I was kicked out but only long enough for my dad to drag me back inside and tell me if I want to leave to have the police come get me, I even tried unsuccessfully runaway. Our arguments were definitely abusive, with my dad calling me a cunt multiple times, telling me I am and will turn into my crazy cunt mother, ect. I would cry for hours after our arguments, often I just cried all the time because I was becoming very anxious and depressed starting to have small random panic attacks were I start hyperventilating. Than I started doing something that I thought might help me out when facing these arguments with him. Furthermore I figured I could avoid some of my dad's rage by not talking back to him when he yelled at me, and if I could not hold back from explaining myself I taught myself, with practice, to unthreateningly calmly tell my side of the story based on the situation or how drunk he was, measured how much I would actually talk back. The hard part wasn't actually teaching myself to shut up and not aggravate the situation more, it was balancing talking too much and not talking enough.

I noticed that when I just didn't say anything, my dad's response was to yell at me for not listening to anything he says, appearing not to

care, or it made me appear more guilty of the accusation by not correcting him, not saying enough got me into trouble while talking back too much escalates it to an almost physically violent matter. I learned very quickly to avoid confrontation all together and of course being a teenager is relatively difficult, but faced with those situations I??™ve learned to watch what you say and how you say it. It will take practice throughout my life, having to deal with many more of my dad??™s in my lifetime I??™m sure, but its one of the best things I??™ve learned, and has also taught me a lot about myself throughout the process.