

Homework hell

Business



I loved them so much, but at this stage in my life, they seemed to be my worst enemies. I don't think I have ever been this furious about something as minimalistic as this in my life before.

A minor phone call from my mother made me so enraged and heated at the time. I was young, in fifth grade and I didn't understand the importance of education. Really it meant nothing to me. I remember my 19 year old sister picking me up from Elementary School. After a long day of elementary school, my sister and I crashed onto the cold leather couch, watching the Kardashians, which at the time was definitely inappropriate for me, but I was deeply entertained, so I kept watching. My mom was loving enough to call multiple times a day to check up on my sister and I, if we were home alone.

After we were done bingeing The Kardashians, I was planning on inviting a friend, and going outside to play. But I knew I was forgetting something, my homework. I knew my mom wanted me to finish my homework before I did anything else. When I was younger my mom wanted me to always be doing something educational while I was at home. She would buy these thick booklets, a different book for each subject, Math, English and Social studies.

I dreaded these textbooks, it's obvious what she had me do, one page per day, per book. Now this doesn't seem like a lot, but as a fifth grader all I wanted to do was lay out in the sun with my friends having time a good. My mom would call my sister everyday to make sure I finished the assignments. But someone called Gamu, I knew it was my mom and I predicted what she was going to ask my sister. I guessed correctly " Did Viko finish her homework?" Gamu responded with a blunt " no".

This was the daily call my mother made, to ensure I finished my homework. My mom was mad, because there have been many times in which I didn't finish my homework, so this time she made my sister tell me to do my work. I was determined to go outside to play, whether or not I had finished. Gamu followed my mother's orders and made me do my work. This is when it started to go down.

To tell the truth, Gamu really didn't do anything, she was following what my mom told her to do. I was just a nine year old child who wanted to go play instead of doing homework. Every time Gamu told me to finish my homework, my head filled with blood. I was furious, I felt my fist clench to the point where I was in pain. My face felt like it was turning red, and I felt like this was the only way to avoid doing homework. Politely, Gamu asked "Viko can you please do your homework".

I bursted and scurried up the stairs almost instantaneously. I immediately teared through my bedroom door. Then I stopped for a second and slowly began to realize what just happened. I knew I heard a loud bang, but wasn't sure where it came from. My anger quickly turned into careful actions. Once I stepped through the door and closed it, I saw the gaping hole the door knob made into the wall.

Instantly I was scared for my life. I was still so angry at my sister but I knew I had to tell what just happened. She was not as angry as I thought, but she was disappointed. Now I know not to make the mistake of not doing my homework before playing with friends. Since my mom will be upset, and I will be even more upset.