

Moral of the story with personal story

Life



It was a summer night, August 17 to be exact, at 10: 30 PM. I still remember how quiet it was sitting on the kitchen table with my hands close together. All you heard was the tick-tock of the clock. It was the night that I found out that a secret was released. As I sat down in my wooden chair, with my hands crossed, me eyes wide open, and my feet touching the floor; I heard my aunt Elizabeth speak of what had happen, after I left my cousins house a week ago. “ I heard something very personal, something that wasn’t suppose to be spoken of, ” said my aunt.

She continues to speak and as she speaks, her eyes are looking directly to mine, and she gently grabs both my hands with care. “ I heard terrible things from a person you truly love, a person who you wouldn’t image to judge you, talk behind your back, and would reveal a personal secret that now people know and who knows maybe others too” said my aunt. I was surprised and extremely confused. A lot of things were running thru my mind, I didn’t know what to expect or who to expect.

Yet, I was speechless, my heart was racing like the speed of light, I was in shock, my legs were shaking, and my eyes were watery. “ It was your dear cousin Amy,” said my aunt. My heart felt like it had been broken into a hundred pieces. My aunt continues, “ She said it had slipped out her mouth, because she was anger”. I remember the day I told my cousin. I recall that summer day, 21 of June, where my life had changed. As I listen to my aunt, I remember how I felt that day.

It reminds me of the story Indiana Killer, by Sherman Alexie, where there was a lot of emotion thought the whole novel. An example is an exert from my essay “ Loss of Identity”, “ The way Alexie chose to describe Polatkins
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anger towards her professor was very vivid. You can image her expression and her arguing it her professor because she is confident that she knows all about her cultural”. You can see how much anger Polatkins has towards her professor and compare how much emotions I had inside me as the story continues. It was 2010.

I thought I had it all, my friends, my family, high grades and the love of my life. Who ever thought that my very own cousin would turn out to be someone very important in my life? She was more than a cousin. She was like the sister I never had, someone I call my best friend, and someone who made everything better. Someone to count on, and even trust with just about anything. My mom did say, never be too sure to tell her everything that goes on your life. As a 15 year old girl going on 16, you think that your opinion counts more than your moms.

Everything was great in my life, what else can I ask for. I was happy in every way living my adolesence life, and couldn't image anything going wrong again in my life. Secrets are something extremely important and can be harmful at times. I had one that I had to tell someone. Who else but my cousin. I told her what had happen to my boyfriend and me. I was nerves and afraid that she would judge me. By the look on her face, she was shocked at first but she understood that things happen.

With a pinky promise to never tell this to anyone and our handshake I was relief and I felt that a rock just disappeared from my back; I was my old self again. Amy, my cousin was the only one that I had trusted with everything and even with every secret I had. Years went by and she started to changed. As I sat in the kitchen table with my aunt holding y hands, tears falling down

my cheeks After, my aunt had giving me advice that people sometimes aren't what they seem. It took me about a couple of days to comfort her, because we have been so closed for years how could things gone so wrong.

I thought I had it all, and unfortunately the least person you expected would actually destroy you in everyway. I learned that no matter how great life might seem, I have to think twice who to trust and what to say. Going back to Sherman Alexie, the end of the novel leaves you wondering what happen with Polatkins and where did all her anger and high esteem take her, and what did her professor do? As for me, that night was full of reflection that no matter how tough things can get, there is always a way out and always be confidant to who you trust.