

Narrative essay

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



Narrative Essay “ If only I would’ve listened! ” All my childhood and adolescent years I had a yearning to grow up before my time. As a young child, I fantasized of all the “ great things” that came along with being an adult. I mean, who wouldn’t love being able to make their own rules, never have to listen to anyone tell you what to do, and most of all a fairytale wedding with Mr. Perfect. Boy did I have this picture painted all wrong. My parents tried to warn me not to grow up so fast. They would always say “ Enjoy these years while they last because you will never get them back. ” If only I would’ve listened! The older I became, the worse this urge got. As a teenager, I refused to listen to anything my parents told me. If they said right, I said left. In my hormonally overloaded brain, I know way more than what they did on almost any subject. I was ready for the world no matter and nobody was going to stand in my way. At the age of 15, I dropped out of school. I felt as if I had obtained all the knowledge I needed to get thru this life with no problems. I went and took the General Equivalency test and was awarded a G. E. D. in place of a high school diploma. I scored very high scores in all areas of this test. This only reaffirmed what I had been thinking all these years. I was right, they were wrong. I was too smart for school, parents, or any advice whatsoever. My parents were fed up. They had warned and warned me but felt like there was no convincing me, so they emancipated me. I could finally be my own boss. This was exactly what I wanted this entire time. If only I would’ve listened! By this time I had already found my Prince Charming and my fairy tale was already painted. The only thing I was missing was the funds to get out on my own. Mr. Charming had a job but it wasn’t enough to get us our own place. I had an answer for this too

as I did for everything. I got a job at a restaurant making minimum wage. I quickly realized I would never have the money to live outside of my parents' house with this salary. I decided I would get a trade. I enrolled in vocational school and picked the career I felt would pay the biggest salary, nursing. I knew very little of the detail this course entailed, but at 15 I felt I was ready for anything. The first day of school, as each instructor came in, they asked the class who was the "baby" enrolled in this program. I reluctantly raised my hand not understanding what the big deal was. It was just vocational school, so what if I was only 15. I quickly learned why this question was asked. This was nothing like the "school" I once attended but after 18 long months I graduated. If only I would've listened! At this time, they fairytale was still looking great. Prince Charming and I could finally afford our very own place with my new salary and I was now expecting my first child. I loved my new job, my new house and the thought of having my first child. I finally showed those parents of mine that I knew exactly what I wanted all along. I was wrong again. My son was born and I was the happiest woman alive or so I thought. Now don't get me wrong, I love being a mother and wouldn't trade it for anything in the world. It's just that with bills and responsibilities being able to enjoy being a mother didn't last long. It was back to work for this mommy and my child seen less of me than anyone in his life. This is sure not what I envisioned in becoming an adult but it was too late to turn back now. If only I would've listened! The years passed by and I gave birth to another child. Stress coming from constantly working and more bills than income began to take a toll on my marriage. It seemed my Prince had turned to a frog and the life I once dreamed of was turning into a nightmare. I had no

other choice. After 10 years of showing my parents who knew best, I had to make the dreaded phone call to ask could I come back to the place I swore I would never go back. It was back to my parents' house. This time with more baggage than what I left with 10 years before. I had to admit it finally, the words I thought I would never say, If only I would've listened!