

THE DAY EVERYTHING CHANGED

My life was basically the definition of perfect, my family was well off, picture perfect. That was just our image. Behind closed doors, my parents fought constantly. What always threw me off was the fact that they would fight over me. My father never wanted a girl, wanting someone to carry on the family name because he himself is an only child. Mom always defended me; I loved her for that. I knew something my mom didn't, my dad is taking money and putting it in a separate account. I saw this when he left his laptop open when mom was at work. That wasn't the end of it. Dad is talking to some lady called Amara or something.

The day my mother found out she went through seven different emotions at once. I do not have any ideas of why she did not ask for a divorce right there. I sat there, knees to my chest, begging for them to stop shouting. I was ten at the time. Just two weeks after my parents' screaming match, as I wanted to call it, my mom fell clinically ill. Cancer, about 3 months left. At that moment my whole world crashed and shattered into a million pieces. Dad already talked about her in past tense and that made my blood boil.

The day of the funeral, I saw Dad with some woman I knew that it was Amara due to my knowledge. I ended up as the main inheritor but it would be given to me once I turned eighteen. Obviously, Dad didn't like this at all but stayed silent. Three months after that he got married and had a son with Amara and I instantly became invisible. Sometimes I wonder if life would be different if Mom was still alive.

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