

A Mother Daughter Bond.

In the year 2020, had been where a bright young girl (Mercedes) had been going through the most demoralizing state of her life..... This story is a back and forth between her mother and herself, and their point of view. The story also goes back and forth from the big breakdown, leading up to it, and after!

MERCEDES:

Tears overflowed, my eyes dripping onto my cheeks, why is my skin so cold? I was now sitting on the gray tiled bathroom floor. It was freezing. The air conditioner blasting from the ceiling above me. It even smelled cold.

“Mercedes, I want to talk!” I could hear my mother's hand pressing against the door.

“Come downstairs now, or I’ll bring dad into this.” She knew my response would be “moody.”

“He’s not home,” I jabbed as quickly as I could. The knock on the door had now turned into a bang.

“MERCEDES MARIA,” she paused, I could hear the shaking in her voice, “come down right now, I will not tell you again.” Riley (my mother) had now directed.: I hesitated. If I opened the door, she would fiercely stare at me in my eyes and I would cry again. If I waited, I probably would make this worse. I drew myself to the mirror, wiped my face, rolled down my sleeves and

quickly yanked open the door, I stomped down the stairs and plopped down into a kitchen chair. I could hear mom following me behind. She stared me up and down and sat right next to me.

Obviously, she was angry. I hated when she was, her face would get all red, her eyebrows would go down, and her voice sounded heavier and bitter. It wasn't something peaceful. Not something loving.

“Why is it so hard for you to listen? Why Mercedes, Gabe does. I don't ask that much of you.”

You have no idea what Gabe (my older brother) does, I thought to myself.....

“YOU WANT TO KNOW WHY?”

“Yes, tell me!”

“Because I cry myself to sleep, I avoid coming home, I hate being around you, you make me miserable. Mom, I do not know how to iterate, all you do is control. For some reason, when I don't meet your “STANDARDS” you freak on me. You act like I'm crazy. You act like I'm bad. You act like I'm not yours.” I couldn't go anymore. Mom was now sobbing, as was I, I didn't mean to make her sad. But maybe just maybe she would get a glimpse of how I felt. I sighed as I looked at her, but her head was in her hands. I walked quietly upstairs leaving her, leaving the room and God, hopefully leaving the messy situation.

RILEY (MERCEDES MOTHER):

I come home from work every day at about 6:00. I turn on the news, light some freshly autem tinted candles, and start right away on dinner. My husband Jack and daughter Mercedes both come home before me, yet never seem to help out.

“I’m home.” I yelled, knowing I probably wouldn’t get a response. Instead of Mercedes responding, she had plodded down the stairs, with her hood over the head and a moody look on her face.

“How was school?” I asked, hoping to strike a conversation, “good?”

“Um, fine I guess, boring, but fine.”

“As always. Huh?”

“Yeah, I guess I just didn’t do much today.”

“Ah, public education, I’m so grateful for that.” I said in a jokeful way. Which of course she had rolled her eyes, too, in response. I had grown up in Georgia, where my parents had placed me in a top private school. Placing my daughter in Philadelphia’s public high school was hard for me to be okay with, but in the end it seems “fine.”

“What’s for dinner?” She asked, roping my mind back to dinner.

“Hm... I haven’t given it much thought,” I replied.

“Pasta?”

“That’s kind of vague.” I had smirked back at her.

“Spaghetti alle vongole!” She always loved how warm and salty it smelled.

“I don’t have the ingredients for that, sorry.”

But yet again, it’s a no response and heavy thudding up the stairs. I feel bad. “Moody, tough, aggravating, disrespectful, harsh.” These were all words I had read about when I bought my “How to Understand Your Teens” book, when Mercedes had first gotten her period. Little did I know, for her, it was so much worse.

MERCEDES:

I feel bad. It's easy to hurt. I had been taught, from a young age, manners. Mom is hard on me, that's a given. Though I appreciate having the manners I do. I know my thanks and pleases. I'm well aware of how to be nice and helpful, I hold the door for people behind me, I respect adults, I treat people well. Yet, I know I hurt mom every day. Last year was the worst year of my life. Anyone, and everyone, could see that. And going through what I went through hurt my relationship with mom, hurt my relationship with myself, and hurt my relationship with everyone else in the world. Most days, I would come home from school and just stay in my room. But then again, is that different from other teenagers? In my case, it was different from other people. I hadn't known at the time. The time of me walking home. Walking up my old creaky steps and sitting in the bedroom. I would look around, (not literally), but I was happy. My parents were together, I had good friends, good grades... so why is it empty? I never really fully understood why I felt this way until I asked myself and dug a little deeper.

Riley:

"Are you hungry?" I had nudged Mercedes.

"Not really..... No appetite." She had said instead, this was most days, in fact every day for the past month so far. I make good food, (I think).

"Okay, Nana and Pops are coming over tonight, they're excited to see you, they'll be over a little bit later, but I'll have food out if you want to eat then?" I asked more this time, implying the necessity of it.

"Maybe." She said, maybe? What does maybe mean? How do I interpret maybe? Any time I try to talk to her, our conversations never seem to get anywhere.

THE NIGHT MY PARENTS (HER GRANDPARENTS) ARE THERE, AFTER THEY LEAVE.

“You didn’t eat again.” I had interacted with her, pushing for answers.

“I’m sorry, mom, I was not hungry!” Her tone had been raised. She was pissed at me for bringing this topic up again.

“Again?”

“Yes apparently again.”

“I don’t get it!” I heavily sighed at her. “Your constant disruption of eating patterns, I mean, God Mercedes, how do you not see it, you’re way too skinny? I think you should talk to Gabe, when he was playing sports, he ate all weird stuff to make his body a certain way.”

“MOM.” Now she was crying, wiping her bright red cheeks, she had looked up at me.

“Listen, I am not Gabe, I can’t eat, I just don’t understand. I tell you so much, I don’t have an appetite.” I questioned her over and over until she had run upstairs and locked herself in the bathroom. How on earth could I be so stubborn, I am trying to help her?

MERCEDES:

Tears overflowed, my eyes dripping onto my cheeks, why is my skin so cold? I was now sitting on the gray tiled bathroom floor. It was freezing. The air conditioner blasting from the ceiling above me. It even smelled cold.

It had taken me an extremely long time to realize what was wrong. I had been depressed and suffered from an eating disorder. I honestly had not known this about myself until I was better. Going through a period of my life, feeling alone had pushed me to feeling mentally ill. Talking to my mom was my best decision, because I had not trusted someone where I felt like they would not judge or condemn what I had to say other than her. We had decided to have a long sit down conversation with each other. No conversation about physical and or mental progress can ever be easy. I did try my hardest, though. I also realized that to make progress in this conversation, I needed to be open. So I sat, and I talked. I cried and she cried. I constantly paused and wiped my teary eyes and dripping nose. I would look up at her and make sure she was looking back at me.

This was hard. It was difficult to break down in front of her willingly. Though I learned, communication is key. And letting myself be open, really helped our relationship! After this we were able to be more open and help with relating to one another. I never realized how much I needed her.